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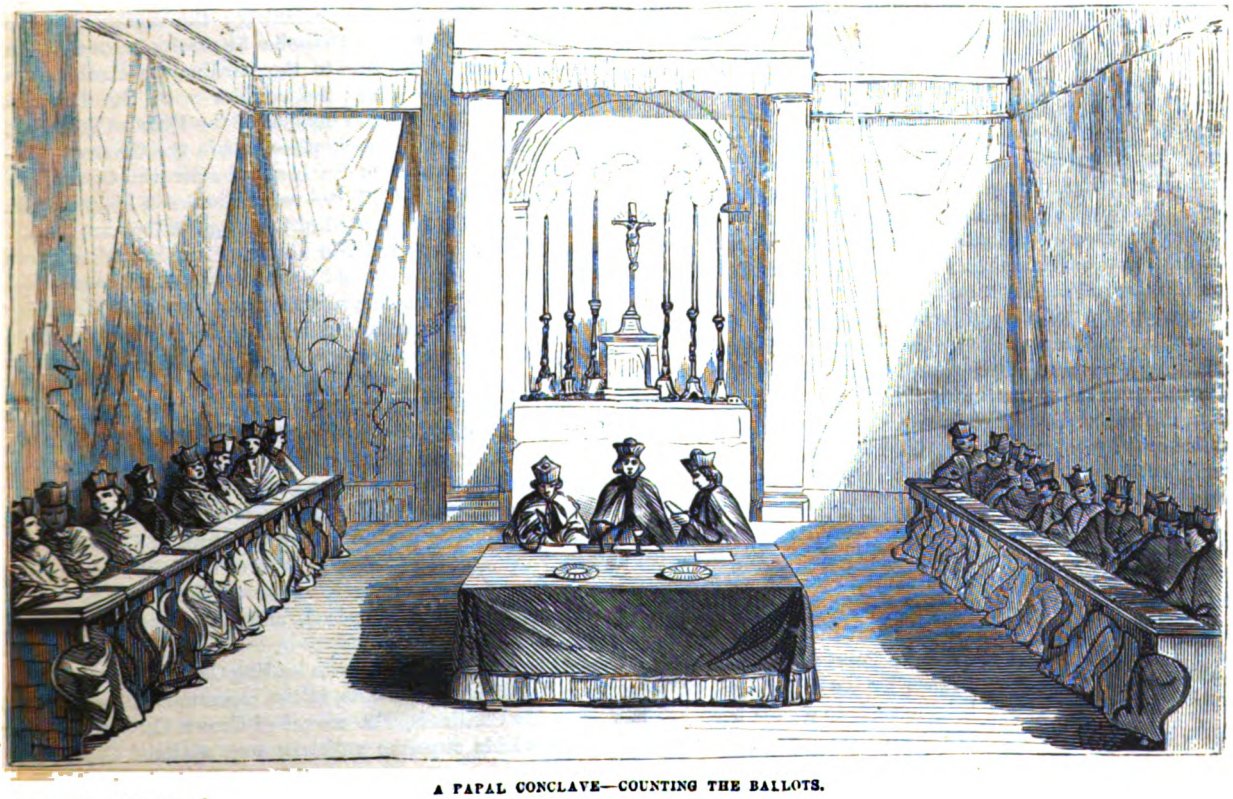
POPES, CARDINALS, AND CONCLAVES.

BY WILLIAM STAUGHTON CHASE, A.M.

The Pope is dead! Such was the rumor flashed throughout Europe, to Asia and Africa, and across the Atlantic to America, on the 12th of November, 1877. It thrilled all Christendom; and, although it happily proved to be unfounded, it has awakened so lively an interest in the venerable Pontiff himself, the Sacred College of Cardinals, and the Conclave in which, sooner or later, the next successor of St. Peter will be elected, that it is deemed opportune to compile, from various reliable sources, a number of facts relative to these topics.

Pius IX. (Giovanni Maria Mastai-Ferretti) was born on the 13th of May, 1792, at Sinigaglia, in the ancient duchy of Urbino. His father, Count Geronimo Mastai-Ferretti, was Gonfalonier of Sinigaglia, and his mother, the pious Countess Caterina, was a descendant of the noble family of Ferretti. His classical studies, which he began in 1803,



A PAPAL CONCLAVE—COUNTING THE BALLOTS.

were interrupted in 1808 by frequent attacks of epilepsy. In 1809 he went to Rome to study theology. Two of his uncles, the Bishop of Mantua and a Canon of St. Peter, were then in Rome. He returned to Sinigaglia in 1810, and continued his studies under the direction of his maternal uncle. In 1812 his name was placed by the French authorities on the list of the Italian guard which they were organizing at Milan, but he was excused from military service on account of his physical infirmity. The same cause thwarted his wish to join the Pope's "guard of nobles." In the Autumn of 1813 he attended, as a layman, the lectures of the Roman Academy. Soon afterward, his epileptic fits recurring less frequently, he was encouraged to resume his clerical costume, and was allowed to receive minor Orders. He was chosen, in 1818, by Monsignore (subsequently Cardinal) Carlo Odescalchi as a companion on a missionary excursion in the neighborhood of Sinigaglia. His zeal and talent in teaching the common people led Odescalchi to recommend him for ordination as sub-deacon. Pius VII. personally gave him permission to receive Priest's Orders in 1819, when he was appointed director of an institution called *Tata Giovanni*, for the education of poor boys. He was chosen in June, 1823, secretary to Monsignore Muzi, apostolic delegate to Chili, where he ministered to the Indian population of the interior. On his return to Rome in June, 1825, he was made domestic prelate to Leo XII., and in December he became superintendent of the Hospital of St. Michael, on the right bank of the Tiber. In 1827 he was nominated Archbishop of Spoleto, and he created, at his own expense, charitable and industrial establishments like those which he had governed at Rome. In 1831 he induced a body of four thousand insurgents to give up their arms to him, obtained their pardon from the authorities, and governed for a time the provinces of Spoleto and Perugia. In 1832 he did much to alleviate the distress occasioned by severe earthquakes, and he was made Archbishop of Imola. On the 23d of December, 1839, he was created Cardinal, and he was proclaimed as such on the 14th of December, 1840. When Gregory XVI. died, on the 1st of June, 1846, Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti was immediately designated, by representative men of the moderate national party, as the most suitable successor. On June 16th, while the Austrian Cardinals, known to be unfavorable to his nomination, were still on their way to attend the Conclave in Rome, he was elected Pope.

One of the first acts of Pius IX. was to consult with Count Rossi on the reforms most likely to reconcile the papal sovereignty with the claims of Italian patriotism. The zeal with which His Holiness entered upon a course of reforms, the avowed object of which was to realize by successive steps the Giobertian ideal of a confederated Italy, aroused universal enthusiasm.

The popularity of the Pope did not begin to decrease, at least in foreign countries, until 1850 had almost expired. In December of that year, New York voted him an address of grateful sympathy and encouragement.

But at the very outset Pius IX. had honestly declared that he could yield no part of his prerogative as temporal sovereign if it would trammel his independent action of governing the Church. Austrian intrigues, and the excesses, in word and in deed, of the Republican party, after the French revolution of February, 1848, and finally the assassination of Rossi on November 15th, 1848, together with the fact that on the next day the populace, the civic guard, the gendarmerie, the troops of the line, and the Roman legion, besieged the Quirinal, and forced the Pope, whose secretary, Monsignore Palma, was shot down by his side, to accept a radical ministry, at length led Pius IX. to escape from imprisonment in his own palace, and, disguised as a simple priest, to seek refuge at Gaëta. Here he was received with great honor, and declarations of attachment and sympathy poured in upon him from all parts of the world.

He immediately issued a protest against the acts of the Revolutionary Government, and in February, 1849, he called upon the Catholic powers, particularly France, Spain, Austria and Naples, for armed resistance. Rome capitulated to the French forces on July 1st, 1849.

The Pope re-entered Rome on April 12th, 1850. Although he proclaimed a partial amnesty, his progressive tendencies had, naturally enough, been checked, and the reactionary policy of the late Cardinal Antonelli, his Secretary for Foreign Affairs, became dominant in his councils.

On September 24th, 1850, Pius IX., by a letter apostolic, restored the Catholic hierarchy in England, making, in accordance with the reservation of the Catholic emancipation bill, no See at any city where there was a bishop of the Established Church.

In 1854, he invited the bishops from all parts of Christendom to meet at Rome, and, with their consent, he formally defined the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception to be a dogma of the Catholic faith. The ceremony took place at St. Peter's, December 8th, 1854. Other important acts of his pontificate have been the conclusion of concordats with Spain, 1851; Baden, 1854; and Austria, 1855; all of which have since been revoked or annulled; the foundation at Rome of English and American colleges for theological students; a bull of excommunication, March 26th, 1860, and published with the usual formalities on March 29th, against all persons concerned in the invasion and dismemberment of his dominions; his reform of the great religious bodies, begun by the encyclical letter of June 17th, 1847, and since consummated, so as to make the period of probation more protracted, and to raise the standard of discipline and intellectual training; the publication, December 8th, 1864, of the encyclical *Quanta Cura*, and the accompanying *Syllabus*, or catalogue of propositions condemned by him at different times; the celebration, in 1869–70, of the first session of the Council of the Vatican, which ended with decreeing and promulgating the dogma of Pontifical Infallibility; the creation in the United States of a vast Catholic hierarchy, crowned in March, 1875, by elevating to the cardinalate Archbishop McCloskey, of New York; the conflict with the Russian Government, after 1863, in defense of the Polish Catholics; and the conflicts which took place within the German Empire and the Republic of Switzerland after the Council of the Vatican; and, in 1877, the restoration of a hierarchy in Scotland, with the full accord of the English Government.

Pius IX. has conferred the honor of canonization upon more persons than any one of his predecessors. He completed the twenty-fifth year of his pontificate in June, 1871, and by reigning longer than any predecessor, he has contradicted the traditional words: *Non videbis annos Petri*—used at his coronation.

From this brief outline of the career of Pius IX., let us turn to the Sacred College of Cardinals, the highest Church dignitaries after the Pope, whose counselors and electors they are, and from whom his successor is generally chosen.

The appointment of a Cardinal rests exclusively with the Pope, who is empowered to bestow the rank of Cardinal on any individual of the clergy, or even of the laity, whom he may select. But this power, so far as the latter point is concerned, is seldom exercised, and has sometimes been contested.

According to stipulations with leading Catholic sovereigns, a Pope occasionally appoints, at the recommendation of the latter, a few Cardinals, who are called Crown Cardinals. As the Pope wields supreme authority over national Churches

in various parts of the world, he seeks the advice of wise and learned men in all civilized countries, in order to make his administration truly catholic, and in compliance with directions to this effect by the Council of Trent and the Constitutions of Sixtus V.

Various causes have led to the fact that the majority of the Cardinals are of Italian birth. Most of them reside in Rome, where they either hold ecclesiastical benefices or are employed in the administration of the Church. Some of them belong to monastic Orders, and remain in their convents even after their election.

The Cardinals are divided into three classes—cardinal-bishops, cardinal-priests and cardinal-deacons. The maximum of these classes is respectively six, fifty and fourteen. The first class consists of the bishops of the six suffragan sees of the former States of the Church—Ostia, Porto, Albano, Tusculum, Sabina and Palestrina.

The *Almanach de Gotha* for 1877 catalogues as cardinal-bishops, Cardinal Patrizi, dean of the Sacred College, and Cardinals Amat di San Filippi e Corso, Di Pietri, Guidi and Bilio. It also gives a list of forty-three cardinal-priests, several of whom are archbishops, and a list of eight cardinal-deacons. The names on the former list most familiar to our community are those of Cardinal Riario Sforza, lately deceased, and Cardinals Donnet, Antonnucci, De Bonnechose, De Hohenlohe, Bonaparte, Simeoni, Franzelin, Cullen, Manning and McCloskey.

One of the eight cardinal-deacons, Cardinal Capalti, died recently. Other deaths of members of the Sacred College have occurred during the past year, and a few of the vacancies still remain unfilled.

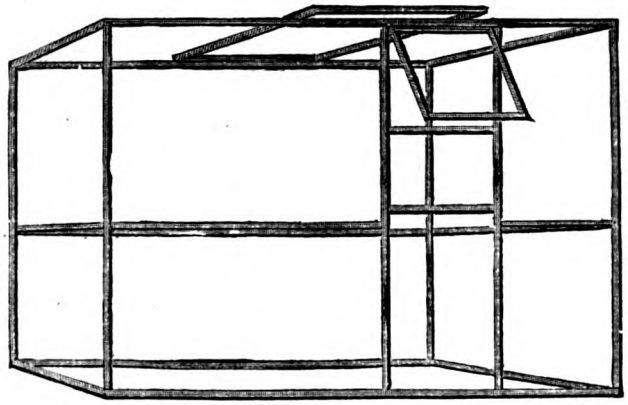
A sprightly letter from a correspondent in Rome has been published in the London *Times*, giving sketches of the "Home Cardinals"—that is, of the Cardinals residing in Rome. The correspondent is manifestly an Englishman, but he must have dwelt long enough in the Eternal City to catch the infectious familiarity with which the Romans—true children of old facetious and satirical Pasquino—are accustomed to speak of the purpled Princes of the Church, and even of the Holy Father himself.

According to this writer, the influence of Cardinal Simeoni, Secretary of State, and the triumvirate of Monaco La Valetta, the Cardinal Vicar of Franchi, and Bilio, is supposed to be supreme at the Vatican. The Pope is withdrawing, day by day, from the management of public affairs, and leaving them in the hands of the Congregations, of which Cardinals are the nominal heads, but the real minds and souls of which are the secretaries. These nineteen secretaries, and those of the eleven pontifical chanceries, are, he asserts, the real Popes of the present day. Sketches of these "powers behind the throne" would be not less interesting than those given of the Cardinals at Rome.

Some of the latter are very old men—such as Amat, 81 years old, disabled by repeated apoplectic fits; Asquini, 75 years old, a good-hearted, scrupulous man; and Bizarri, of the same age, but a confirmed invalid; on none of whom the choice of a Conclave would probably fall, unless the Sacred College were a prey to hopeless division, when the expedient of naming a Pope with one foot in the grave—of provisionally filling the Papal chair with a view to a better organization of the parties for a new trial of strength—might suggest itself. The votes of these venerable gentlemen may be predicted. The amiable and moderate Amat would be in favor of conciliation. The two others would recommend extreme measures, and give their suffrages to a candidate pledged to enforce them.

Cardinals Di Pietri, De Luca, Mertel and Nina are named as likely to some extent to sway the deliberations of the conclave. Di Pietri is a Roman noble of high and gentlemanly feelings, lavish of his money, not aspiring himself to the Papacy, but disposed to back some moderate and appreciative candidate. De Luca is a Sicilian, earnest, deeply learned, moderate, a man of action, well versed in worldly affairs, highly honorable, formerly Nuncio at Vienna. He keeps up a brisk intercourse with men of liberal opinions, meeting them, however, not at his own residence, but at friends' houses, or at their own villas. He is in his seventy-second year. Mertel, a great jurist, seventy-one years old, is one of the wisest and most moderate men in the Sacred College. The correspondent takes pains to draw almost a full-length portrait of Mertel, adding that "a more desirable Pope could certainly nowhere be found, but as surely he never will be Pope, for he is too modest and reserved." Nina, a Roman, an intelligent, reasonable man of unblemished reputation, is one of the rising men of the moderate party. We can only allude to the correspondent's profile sketches of some of the other cardinals—the upright Consolini; Barardi, whom the clerical party (so-called) has nicknamed "the priestly Cagliostro"; Borromeo, who signs the circulars laid before him by the Loyola Fathers, "and fancies himself the chief mover, the head and heart of the Association"; Bonaparte, with his truly Napoleonic brow and set of features, under which may perhaps lurk extraordinary powers that have not yet found an opportunity for development (and may not, unless the Bonapartists succeed in overthrowing the French Republic and help make him Pope); Chigi, who is credited by his friends with "a sublime ambition"; Martinelli, who once went to sleep a mere sacristan of St. Augustine's Church, being a monk of the Augustinian Order, and awoke in the morning to find himself a Cardinal; Pacca, an accomplished courtier, a collector of old coins, and the Romans make fun of his squinting, "prismatic" eyes; Franzelin, a Jesuit, who despises all vanities, is a profound theologian, widely and deeply learned; Panebianco, "a fierce and most obstinate monk," learned in theology, but with a temper tried by a sleeplessness that has been tormenting him for years; and Pecci, "a man of blameless character, sincerely religious, well versed in Church matters," and whose appointment is considered one of the wisest acts of Pius the Ninth's pontificate. These, says the English writer, are the luminaries revolving more immediately round the sun of this Vatican firmament.

Shorn as this sun now is of its former temporal power, it is intently watched in its setting by all nations, and all await with deep interest the rising of another in its place on, probably, some not far distant day. Citizens of the United States are so much accustomed to the separation here between Church and State as scarcely to realize that in Europe a religious question is at the bottom of almost every political question that agitates the public mind. They will, therefore, be apt to lend less importance than it deserves to a telegram sent on November 26th to the London *Times* by a Paris correspondent, explaining from this point of view many things otherwise incomprehensible in the actual French situation at that time. Light is shed on the obscure causes of the action of May 16th, and of the formation of a new Cabinet which was unacceptable alike to Republicans and Bonapartists, when, according to the telegram, one great obstacle to the reconciliation of the public powers is discovered to be that "the prompters of the Executive foresee that at no distant date, through a vacancy in the Holy See, France may have to play an important part, and are resolved, at any cost, that that office shall not then be held by the Liberals, who not only would not pursue traditional French policy, but might add immense strength to quite an opposite cause." There is more in this, perhaps, than may appear on the surface. But as Pius IX. comes of a



THE FRAMEWORK OF A CARDINAL'S CELL.

long-lived stock, both the French reactionary faction, which thus anticipates the death of the Holy Father, and the Republican poet, Victor Hugo, who has advertised that as soon as it occurs his manuscript, *Le Pape*, will be published, may well wait a while quietly.

It cannot be denied however, that the extreme old age and debility of Pius IX., who is now (Nov. 28th,) confined to his bedchamber by a severe cold, warrant apprehensions of his death, which would be mourned throughout the world.

The Conclave, in which the choice of a new Pope is to be determined by the Cardinals in Rome, therefore commands special attention in advance, and a leading question of the day is—How is a Pope elected ?

Anciently, the Pope was elected by the clergy and the people. During the era of persecutions, the position of Bishop of Rome, like that of Bishop of Constantinople, or of any other important See, was a perilous one, for which it was likely that none but candidates the most eminent for piety, virtue and wisdom, would be chosen. But as the Church increased in numbers, wealth, spiritual influence, and political power, the choice of men to fill such great Sees as those of Rome and Constantinople, became the occasion for stimulating human passions on the part of both aspirants to episcopal office and of those who had the power to bestow it upon them.

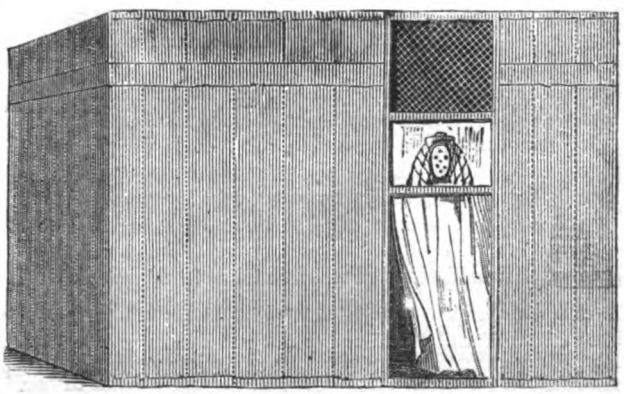
Unseemly intrigues and turbulent scenes often attended the early elections of a Pope. The Emperors, from motives of policy, wished to have seated in the Papal chair men who would subserve their own interests. From first protecting the liberty of ecclesiastical elections, they soon came to oppress it. Justinian claimed the right of confirming the choice of the Roman clergy and people, and this practically meant setting it aside. It was claimed that Adrian I. had conferred on Charlemagne the right of choosing the Pope. However this may have been, the German Emperor continually interfered in papal elections.

In order to protect the freedom of the papal elections, and to put an end to the scandalous disorder which frequently accompanied them, Nicholas II. decreed, in 1059, that in future the election of the Roman Pontiff and the administration of his See, during the vacancy, should be the exclusive right of the Cardinals of the Roman Church. The chiefs among the clergy are called cardinals, as the principal virtues are called cardinal virtues. After a violent struggle with the imperial power, the statutory dispositions of Nicholas triumphed through the energy of Gregory VII. In 1179, Alexander III. solemnly confirmed the decree of Nicholas, which prescribed that a two-third vote should be necessary to a valid choice. Meanwhile no statute existed compelling the Cardinals to reclusion while they performed their duty as electors. Several instances are on record, however, where reclusion was resorted to with the most beneficial effect. Honorius III. was elected two days after the death of his predecessor, in consequence of the strict reclusion to which the Cardinals then submitted; while Gregory X. was chosen only after a vacancy of two years and nine months, because the electors were not shut up. These two extreme cases induced Blessed Gregory X., in 1274, during the Council at Lyons, to decree a strict reclusion thenceforward, together with other conditions which have substantially come down to our times.

Conclave is derived from *cum*, with; and *clavis*, a key; and is applied either to the assembly of Cardinals engaged in electing a Pope, or to the apartment formerly in the Quirinal, and now in the Vatican, wherein they are locked up during the election. This shutting up of the Cardinals on such an occasion used often to be an involuntary imprisonment. Thus, after the death of Innocent III. in 1216, the Perugians kept nineteen Cardinals imprisoned until the election of Honorius III. was completed. Gregory IX. was similarly elected in 1227, by Cardinals who had been shut up against their will by the senators and people of Rome. In 1270, Blessed Gregory X. was elected at Viterbo by fifteen Cardinals, who were not only shut up against their will, but over whose heads the roof of the building in which the Conclave was held was removed by the citizens, in hopes that the inclemency of the weather might hasten their deliberations. Indeed, Ranieri Gatti, captain of the city, might well have been provoked to hurry them up in this rude fashion; for they could not agree upon a candidate, and the Conclave had lasted three years, when they resorted to the expedient of authorizing six of their number to name the Pope, all promising to recognize the one thus chosen.

"In proceeding by compromise, the six Cardinals put an end," says Chevalier Artaud de Montor, "to the longest vacancy of the Holy See that had taken place since the persecutions." The same Blessed Gregory X., who was thus elected, promulgated in 1274, in the Council at Lyons, a code of law for conducting the papal election, comprised of fifteen rules. And these rules, though modified by subsequent pontiffs in some respects, and supplemented by a vast number of more minute regulations, remain to the present day the foundation and origin of all the law and practice of the papal elections.

The substance of some of the more important of these provisions is given summarily by Mr. T. A. Trollope, author of a volume on the Papal Conclaves, as follows:—Cardinals to go into Conclave on the tenth day after the Pope's death, attended by one person only, unless in a case of evident need, when two may be permitted. Cardinals to live in Conclave in common, without separation between bed and



A CELL ERECTED WITH THE CARDINAL'S ARMS SET UP

BRINGING IN MEALS TO THE CARDINAL ELECTORS.

bed by wall, curtain or vail (modified by subsequent rules to the present practice of a wooden cell for each Cardinal). No access to Conclave to be permitted. An opening to be left for food to be passed in. No vote shall be given save in Conclave. Cardinals who quit the Conclave by reason of sickness cannot vote. Those who arrive after the closing of it may enter and vote. Cardinals who may have been censured or excommunicated cannot be excluded from Conclave. An election can only be made by a two-thirds majority of those present.

Any man, lay or ecclesiastic, not a heretic and not canonically incapacitated, may be elected Pope. No entreaties or promises to be made by one Cardinal to another with a view to influencing the vote. All bargains, agreements, undertakings, even though corroborated by an oath, having such an object, to be of no validity; and "let him that breaks such be deemed worthy of praise rather than blame of perjury." The severest penalties have been affixed to any violation of the last of these rules.

The greater continental Catholic powers—France, Austria, Germany and Spain—were formerly understood to have the privilege, through one of the Cardinals, of placing a veto upon the election of a candidate. It has even been said that, on the death of Pius IX., the Emperor of Germany, or Prince Bismarck through Kaiser Wilhelm, will claim the right of veto, in order to prevent the election of any candidate of the Jesuits. In that case, aside from the quality of these distinguished personages as Protestants, a question might be raised as to the validity of Kaiser Wilhelm's claim to the title of German Emperor, which the Emperor of Austria asserts to be his own by inheritance. Moreover, in old times, a German Emperor could not style himself such until he had been crowned by the Pope, although he might rightfully wear the title of King of Rome. The son of Emperor Napoleon I. left no heirs to his crown as King of Rome. But if the Emperor of Germany, who has never been crowned by the Pope, and probably never will be, should claim that title, Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, as well as Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, might have something to say about it.

Amidst all the proverbial uncertainties of French politics, it is as little likely that the son of the late Emperor of the French will become Napoleon IV. and exercise any influence in the coming Conclave toward making Cardinal Bonaparte the immediate successor of Pius IX., as that Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India, will ask Mr. Disraeli—we mean the Earl of Beaconsfield—to induce the Sacred College to make Cardinal Manning or Cardinal Cullen the next Pope.

Most Americans, Protestants and Catholics alike, were glad to have Archbishop McCloskey become Cardinal, and would be equally glad to have him elected Pope. But long usage prescribes that the Pope, save by extraordinary exception, shall be an Italian. The late Cardinal Riario Sforza was by many regarded the most probable successor of Pius IX., who may yet outlive many other Cardinals.

The whole ceremonial observed by the Conclave is thus briefly described, according to Patrizzi and other modern authorities: Nine whole days are given to devotional exercises for the eternal repose of the deceased pontiff. On the ninth day his obsequies take place. On the tenth day the Cardinals assemble at the Sistine chapel, where a mass in honor of the Holy Ghost is celebrated by the Cardinal-dean, who then intones the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, and the Sacred College, with their officers and attendants, go in procession to that part of the Vatican set apart for their reclusion, immediately adjoining and including the Sistine and Pauline chapels, with three courts and the surrounding apartments. On their arrival in the Pauline Chapel, the Cardinal-dean chants before the altar the prayer, *Deus qui corda fidelium*, and the Papal Constitutions on Conclaves are read, all present swearing solemnly to observe them.

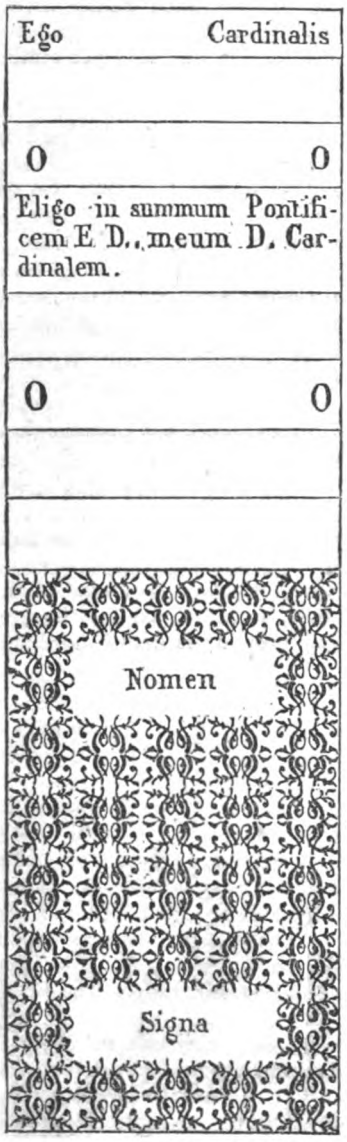
Formerly it was the custom to begin from that moment the rigorous reclusion prescribed by the pontifical decrees. In modern times it commences only on the evening of the tenth day. As soon, however, as the signal for the prescribed reclusion is given, all meet in the chapel, Cardinals

EXAMINATION OF FOOD BROUGHT IN.

and Conclavists (all the authorized officers and attendants in the Conclave), the oath of fidelity and secresy is administered to the Conclavists and guardians, and three Cardinals (chosen, one from each of the three orders of bishops, priests and deacons), accompanied by the high chamberlain (*camerlingo*) and the first master of ceremonies, make a scrupulous examination of every room and corner, from cellar to garret, in order to see that there are no intruders. The only door of communication having been closed, with two strong locks on the outside and two within, the Conclave is formally begun.

The cells in which the electors are locked up are simple in their construction and their furniture. They are draped in purple for the Cardinals created by the last Pope, and in green for all others.

The following daily routine is observed so long as the reclusion lasts. At six o'clock in the morning a master of ceremonies knocks at the door of each cell, to warn the inmate to proceed to chapel. At seven, the mass of the Holy Ghost is celebrated, after which all the Cardinals withdraw. The Cardinals then recite the penitential psalms and the litany of the Saints, and a first vote is cast. Then the Fathers retire to their cells, breakfast, and take a short walk in the open air. At two o'clock P. M. they meet again in the chapel for the second ballot. After this they dine, walk out if they choose, or retire to their respective cells, where a religious silence is observed after dark.



BALLOT USED BY THE CARDINALS.

Gregory XV. decreed that the cardinals in conclave should vote by secret ballot. Papers of uniform size, texture and color are distributed to the cardinals. They are folded in such a manner that the part on which each elector writes his name cannot be opened, while that on which he writes the name of his candidate can. The ticket is then folded, closed with sealing-wax and stamped with the common seal of the Conclave. The elector then, kneeling, takes the solemn oath prescribed, and deposits his vote in a chalice placed on the altar. The votes of such as are detained by sickness in their cells are taken with every precaution and formality. When all have voted, three cardinals, chosen one from each Order in the Sacred College, take the papers one by one from the chalice, read them aloud and register them, each in succession. As soon as a two-thirds vote is obtained the fact is announced.

The elect, if he accept, immediately chooses the name by which he is to be known, and receives the first homage of all present. He is next clad in the vestments and insignia of his office, and receives homage a second time. Thereupon the first in order of cardinal-deacons, preceded by a cross-bearer, goes to a balcony in the Vatican and proclaims the name of the new Pope.

The coronation and consecration ceremonies attending the inauguration of a Pope are of a very solemn and impressive character.

But we are now chiefly concerned with the ceremonies and laws relating to Papal elections. The laws which Blessed Gregory X., remembering the length of the Conclave in which he was elected, passed in order to prevent similar delays in future, were frequently suspended, and then restored when there was too long a Conclave, which often happened. Thus, after the death of Nicholas IV., on the 4th of April, 1292, the Holy See was vacant two years, three months and two days. There were twelve Cardinals in the Conclave, but they were divided in opinion—six Romans, four Italians and two French. Villani says: "*Quærentibus illis quæ sua, non quæ Jesu Christi, tantum dilata est electio*—the election was so long delayed because they cared for their own interest, and not for that of Christ." At length Saint Celestine V., originally called Peter of Morroni, the eleventh of twelve sons of Angelerio, a farmer, and who, after being a Benedictine monk and spending five years in solitude in the caves of Morroni, a mountain near Sulmona, had founded the Order of Celestines and become its prior, was elected Pope at Perugia on the 5th of July, 1294. This election was principally due to the solicitations of the cardinal-bishop of Ostia. The Cardinal, to put an end to the discords which rent the Sacred College, proposed that they should choose this hermit, well known for his sanctity, and who was then at Rome on a visit to a house of his Order. Peter of Morroni, therefore, was unanimously elected, and the decree of his election forwarded to him. But he firmly refused to accept. His refusal was only overcome by the en treaties of the Cardinals, of King Charles II. of Naples, and of Andrew, King of Hungary. Francis Petrarch writes that Peter had meditated escaping from the importunities of the two last-named princes by flight, but the people flocked about him, and he was obliged to yield to their cries and commands. Almost frenzied, Peter set out for Aquila, which he entered on an ass, the bridle of which was held by King Charles and the King of Hungary. He had written to the Cardinals that, on account of the heat, he could not proceed to Perugia, and they repaired to Aquila to take part in the ceremonies of his coronation on the 29th of August, in the church of the Celestines, of Collemaggio. Afterward, mounted no longer on an ass, but upon a beautiful white horse, he made his entrance into the city amidst the acclamations of a multitude of people who had gathered from all parts to see the first personage in the world, who so recently had been only a lowly hermit, poor, often suffering from hunger. Celestine, soon regretting his liberty, resolved to recover it. He showed that resolution more plainly after the death of Cardinal Latino, to whom he had intrusted the principal business of the pontificate. Celestine knew that the Cardinals were ill-pleased with him. Twelve new members of the Sacred College, whom he promoted, seven French and five Italians, had been created without the former Cardinals being consulted. He began to be spoken of as a man reared in the woods, and unfit to wear the tiara. Impelled by such considerations, he first declared that the Pope might freely renounce the pontificate, and then he soon desired to make that renunciation—

not, as some authors have pretended, because Cardinal Benedict Gaetani, who succeeded him, told him through a trumpet (anticipating the modern telephone), as though the voice came from Heaven, that he ought to resign the tiara. This, says Artaud, is a wretched fable, unsupported by any contemporary evidence.

Two kings, as we have seen, held the bridle of the ass which bore the hermit-pope, Saint Celestine V., and pages might be filled with the names of powerful and illustrious monarchs who were proud to render, in medieval days, a similar service to Sovereign Pontiffs, while the latter rode on white palfreys, richly caparisoned, to take possession of St. John Lateran's basilica, after their elevation to the papal chair.

Among the striking accidents which have occurred on like occasions, is the one that befell Clement V. at the time of his coronation in St. Juste's Church, at Lyons, in 1275. The ceremony was very brilliant. King James of Arragon was present, as was also the King of France, accompanied by Charles of Valois, and Louis, Count of Evreux, his brothers, and John, Duke of Brittany. During the ceremony of the cavalcade, which took place in imitation of the Roman custom, a wall fell down, and the Pope's horse took fright. Clement fell, the tiara rolled upon the ground, and a ruby of great value was detached from it, and vainly searched for after the accident. John of Brittany, who held the bridle of the Pope's horse, was knocked down, and perished in the tumult. The King and his brothers were themselves wounded. The Conclave that ended in Clement's elevation had lasted nearly ten months.

At another long Conclave, which lasted four months, and resulted in the election of Pope Pius IV., in 1559, a stratagem was employed to cause the vote to fall upon Cardinal Bartolomeo della Cueva, a Spaniard. His Conclavist, an able man, secretly visited thirty-two of the Cardinals separately, begging each to give a single ballot to his master, who would be very grateful for this *solitary* token of esteem. Each Cardinal thus solicited, imagining that he alone was asked for that graceful act of politeness, promised his vote. When all met in the chapel, and each was asked how he intended to vote, and each replied that for that single time he should give it to Cardinal Cueva, this trick of Torres was discovered; but they could not prevent his master from attaining seventeen votes. As thirty were needed, however, the trick was useless.

Party spirit used sometimes to run very high, almost to extreme violence, in a Papal Conclave. After the funeral of Innocent IX., fifty-two electors entered into Conclave on the 10th of January, 1592. The Spanish party in the Conclave soon showed a preference for Cardinal Santorio, who, on the 11th, was on the point of being elected by *adoration*. Thirty-five of the electors had given their votes; but Cardinals Altemps, Gesualdi and Colonna put a stop to the tumult which, for several hours, prevailed in the chapel. They constrained those who were clamoring for the adoration to consent to the scrutiny. Here Santorio, a fanatical partisan of the Spanish faction, had no more than thirty votes—five too few. But Providence had decreed the tiara to Cardinal Aldobrandini. A single Cardinal was here seen to exercise a sort of power of exclusion. Cancellieri says: "The Cardinals were divided into two parties. Ascanius Colonna, desiring the elevation of Santorio, Cardinal of San Severino, wished the election to proceed by way of adoration. The excitement of the two parties was so intense that the Spanish party shut themselves up in the Hall of Scrutiny, while the other party retired to the Pauline chapel, and everything seemed to menace scenes of violence. The tumult was such that the senior Cardinals could not count the votes, which, at that instant, were sufficient—thirty-five. Ascanius received a slip of paper from his relative, Mark Antony Colonna. Ascanius read it and exclaimed, 'Ascanius will not have San Severino for Pope, *because he is not the choice of God!*' And he rushed from the chapel, in spite of the efforts of the other Cardinals to detain him. The effect of this renunciation was so rapid, that Santorio (San Severino) was at once excluded by a very great number of votes. Other candidates were proposed, but rejected. A Cardinal suddenly named Aldobrandini. He was accepted with acclamation, and elected at nineteen o'clock (Italian reckoning)—*i.e.*, noon, on the 19th of January, 1592."

Before accepting the dignity, which he had not contemplated, Aldobrandini demanded permission to approach the altar. Yielding to an impulse of sublime humility, he said, with an emotion that excited universal enthusiasm, "O, my God! let my tongue dry up that I may not consent to this election, unless it be for the good of Thy Church, which I love from the very bottom of my heart, and of Christendom, whose glory and prosperity I desire."

This admirable manifestation of modesty greatly impressed the Cardinals. They sent for the pontifical vestments. They almost forcibly seized the Cardinal and attired him. He kept silence; but when he saw them remove his red cassock, which he was never to see again, he exclaimed, "Give us back our beads and the Office of the Blessed Virgin, which are the witnesses of our devotion!"

Aldobrandini could no longer withhold his consent, as he had used the Papal first person plural—"Give *us* back *our* beads"; and he declared that he would take the name of Clement VIII.

Remarkable predictions and prognostics have often anticipated the elevation of a Pope. Saint Philip Benizi, the Servite, predicted that of Adrian V., who became Pope in 1276. Callixtus III., who became Pope in 1455, predicted his own; he had said some years previously that he should undoubtedly be Pope. Of Pius II., who succeeded Callixtus III. in 1458, it is related that on the night before he was born, Victoria, his mother, dreamed she should give birth to a son with a mitre on his head. A second prognostic was that when he was seven years old his playmates created him pontiff, crowned him with a mitre composed of green leaves, and then kissed his feet. No less than three personages—King Alphonso of Naples, Emperor Frederick III. and a Cardinal at Rome—pointed him out, at different times, as "the future Roman Pontiff."

The natural sagacity of more than one Pope, and their familiarity with the character and antecedents of a Cardinal, have enabled them, without extraordinary gifts of prophecy, to designate, half in fun and half in earnest, their successors. Thus, the venerable Pius VII. foretold both the elevation of his immediate successor, Leo XII., and that of Leo's successor in 1829. Transacting some business with the latter, Pius VII. said to him: "Your Holiness, Pius VIII., may one day settle this matter." About two centuries and a half before, Sixtus V. (Felix Peretti) had made a similar prediction to Cardinal Castagna, who became, in 1590, his successor, with the title of Urban VII. As they dined together at a country house, Sixtus, helping himself to some pears, found a decayed one, and said: "Just now the Romans do not like *pears* (Peretti); they will soon have *chestnuts* (Castagna)."

This little chapter on prognostics may be concluded with two pretty auguries. The first relates to Cardinal Barberini, who became Pope Urban VIII. in 1623. It had been remarked in Rome that a swarm of bees from the direction of Tuscany had alighted in the rooms of Cardinal Barberini, and that was deemed a favorable augury, because the armorial bearings of his family were three bees, placed two and one. In allusion to these bees in his armorial bearings the

Holy Father was called the *Attic bee* when he received ambassador from the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and conversed with those representatives of the Greek Church in their own language, which he spoke with as much facility as they did. The second augury relates to Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti (now Pius IX.), when the death of Gregory XVI., in 1846, summoned him to Rome. As he passed through Fossombrone the crowd gathered around the carriage of the Prince of the Church, when suddenly a white dove, undisturbed by their noise and regardless of their attempt to drive it away, settled on the carriage. Taking it as an omen, the people cried out, "*Evviva! evviva!* behold the Pope!"

We will not go back again to the ancient Papal Conclaves—not even to the one in which Nicholas Breakspeare, the only native of England ever elected Pope, became Adrian IV., in 1154; nor to that in which Urban VI., subsequently deposed, was elected in 1378, but, in order to appease the fury of the Roman populace who would have none but a Roman for Pope, poor, decrepit, old Tebaldeschi had to be dressed up in the Papal vestments, in fine, to personate a Pope; nor to that in which, in 1623, Cardinal Barberini refused the tiara on account of a strange irregularity in the balloting, and demanded a new vote before he consented to be Urban VIII.

ENTRANCE TO THE VATICAN PALACE—VICTOR EMMANUEL'S GUARD.

Let us rather hasten after the carriage of Cardinal Mastai Ferretti, on its way to Rome in 1846. We can arrive there in time to witness at least the closing ceremonies—perhaps some of the opening ceremonies—of the Conclave which assembled after the death of Gregory XVI.

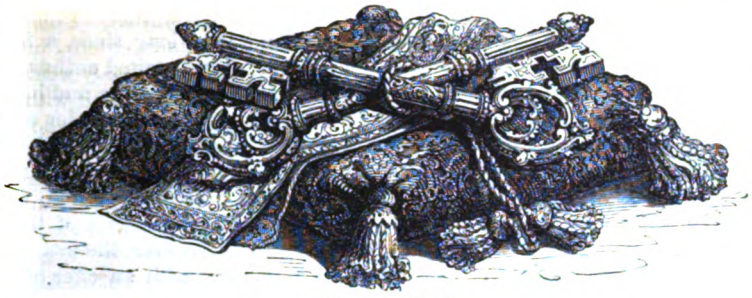
An Italian liberal shall be our *cicerone*.

His translated and abridged description will not lose all its sprightliness even if a few drops of subtle malice and partisan prejudice be omitted. Preferring a past tense, he tells us that the Cardinals entered into Conclave on the 13th of June. The diplomatic body went to compliment them. This body usually contents itself with commonplaces. But upon this occasion Count Rossi, who was delegated by his colleagues to speak, broke through routine, and formulated a desire in the name of the Italians and the diplomatists, that the Conclave might choose a man capable of comprehending the greatness of his position, the exigencies of the times, and the wishes of the people. Cardinal Micara replied to him, laconically, that "the Sacred College knew its duty, and would perform it."

The doors of the Quirinal were then closed. All of the windows had already been plastered up, to intercept all communications from without. But, adds our *cicerone*, the first care of the Cardinals, who were interested in keeping up these communications, was to contrive, with the assistance of their servants and of the conclavists, the making of a small hole in the still fresh plaster, through which a packthread might pass, that by this means they might send and receive letters.

The dinners of the Cardinals were sent to them from without upon handcarts, escorted by a butler in a carriage, bearing the arms of the Cardinal for whom the viands were intended; there could be seen the splendid dishes and plates of some, the meagre fare of others—these were compared, commented and jested upon. All the dishes were in turn examined by a commission of Bishops, in the dress of the Pontifical ceremonial, under the supervision of Prince Ghizi, who, by hereditary right is the guardian of the Conclave. They disemboweled the poultry and the fish, they broke the

eggs, they examined the bottles, they peeled the oranges, they examined the soup-tureen. . . . . But notwithstanding all their precautions, means were always found to convey a message and to receive a reply.



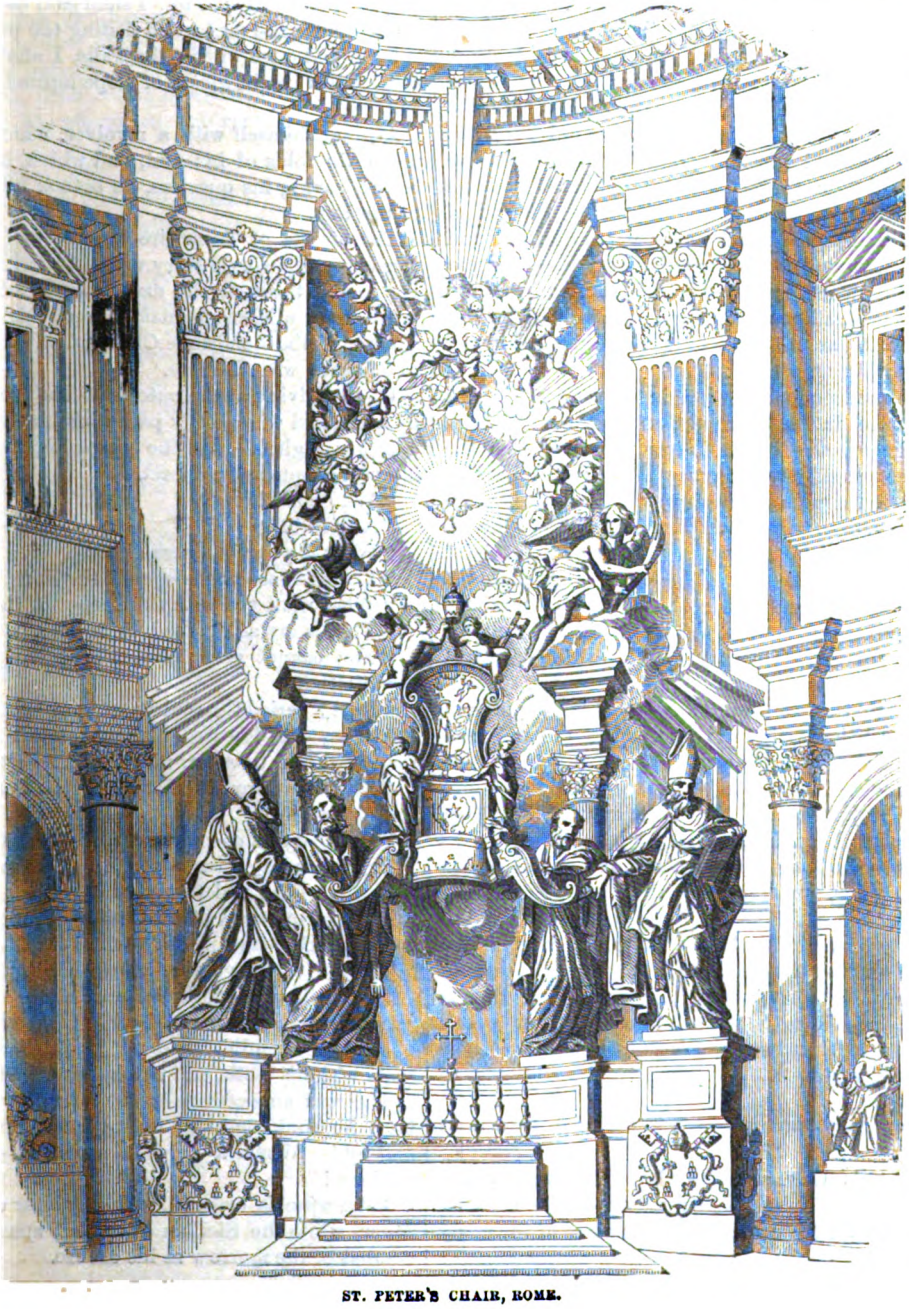
THE PAPAL ARMS.

Indeed, Cardinal Lambruschini, it was said, sent the news of his trouble, after the second scrutiny, to the Minister of Austria, and solicited the arrival of Cardinal Gaysruck, Archbishop of Milan, a person of great influence, particularly with the Neapolitan Cardinals. His Eminence received a reply, under the double ticket of a bottle of champagne, to prolong the contest, as the Cardinal was on his way.

Cardinal Piccolomini, it was also said, sent to Cardinal Bernetti, in the carved handle of a knife from which the blade had been broken, the solicitation of a Roman princess, an old friend of the Cardinal, requesting him and his friends to give their votes to Cardinal Mastai.

In the meantime, after having said the *Veni Creator* in the chapel, the Conclave opened and held its first session. Outside, the Cardinals were divided into four factions; but once within, once abstracted from exterior influences, the position of affairs became modified. The influences acted only from a distance, and greater interests took the place of private animosities and ephemeral ends.

The Conclave separated under two banners. One under that of an inflexible Papacy; the other under that of a Papacy of reform. Lambruschini stood as the candidate for the first, and for the second there were four candidates, nay, even five, with Bernetti, to wit—Falconieri, Soglia, Gizzi and Mastai. . . Besides Cardinal Gizzi, whom the Austrian Minister vetoed with his own authority, for the sole reason that this Cardinal was the candidate of the liberals, it was known that Cardinal Gaysruck bore also the exclusion of Cardinal Mastai. So that, if the Austrian Cardinal had arrived in time, Mastai would not have been nominated for Pope. But Gaysruck had scarcely reached the frontiers of Tuscany, when he received the news that the Pope was elected.



ST. PETER'S CHAIR, ROME.

On the 14th of June, after night set in, and the vast palace of the Quirinal again fell into silence and shadow, the real battle begun. It continued throughout the whole night. At last the morning of the 15th of June arrived. The Cardinals, with slow steps; silent and preoccupied, wended their way toward the chapel. Soon the voice of Cardinal Micara was heard within it.

Although seriously ill, he was carried into the chapel by his own directions, and he there delivered an allocution to the Sacred College. A few days afterward, Mr. Scarlett wrote from Florence to Lord Aberdeen, as follows: "The sudden election of the Pope has been principally attributed to the determination of the younger Cardinals to commence voting before the arrival of the foreign Cardinals, aided by an energetic appeal made to the Conclave by Cardinal Micara, President-in-Chief of the Apostolic Chamber."

Extreme excitement followed Cardinal Micara's discourse. Then the votes were collected.

The questors, to whom appertained the duty of opening the ballots, were Cardinals Mastai, Vannicelli and Fieschi. The counting of the votes commenced. The name of Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti began to be heard. When it had been repeated the thirtieth time, Mastai silently sat down. He was afraid of being attacked with a fit of epilepsy. He besought Cardinal Fieschi to be still. But the Cardinal, on the contrary, continued, and raised his voice with more solemnity, with more emphasis. At the thirty-third vote Mastai-Ferretti fainted and fell senseless. It was the number necessary to elect a Pope. Nevertheless, the counting went on as far as thirty-six. It is impossible to describe the joy of the party which gained the victory. The Conclave had no longer the air of an august congress, but of a hall of schoolboys at play. They threw themselves on the still insensible Cardinal Mastai, and with frantic exclamations they carried him to the altar. Cardinal Mastai was invested with the pontifical robes. When, by the aid of Cardinal Oppozzani's snuff-box, he returned to life, he found himself Pope. Immediate proclamation and adoration was then demanded. The conduct of Cardinal Lambruschini was admirable for steadiness and dignity. Cardinal Mastai, fatigued, and white as the laces on his alb, was left alone, incapable of speaking a word.

From the tumultuous agitation in the chapel, it was quickly understood in the Quirinal that the Pope had been elected. In the evening, when it was perceived that the usual hour was passed at which the white little cloud of smoke rose above the pipe of the stove where the ballots are burned, the commotion throughout Rome was extraordinary. The next day, June 17th, the artillery of the castle of Saint Angelo announced to the city the election. At last the hammer was heard demolishing the curtain of masonry which concealed the gallery of the Quirinal. The plaster was still fresh, for since Gregory XIII. no Conclave had lasted for so short a time. Complete silence reigns. Thousands of eyes are turned toward a space of a few yards in extent. The partition falls, and finally the Pope is seen upon his portable throne (*sedia gestoria*), surrounded by his court of Cardinals, Bishops and Prelates, splendidly and picturesquely dressed—something of the oriental, dazzling, striking to the most hardened imagination. Then a Cardinal advances to the front of the gallery, and, with a strong and sonorous voice, proclaims Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti Pope, under the name of Pius IX. Very pale, and moved to tears as the cry arises, "We have a Pope! he loves us, he is our father!"—Pius raises his eyes to heaven and gives to the kneeling multitude his first Papal benediction. He was crowned in St. Peter's on the 21st of June, 1846.

After a little more than thirty-one eventful and memorable years, the question now is, Who shall be the successor of Pius IX.?

THE REFORMER'S REWARD.—He who writes against the abuses of the age in which he lives must depend on the generosity of the few for his bread, and the malice of the many for his fame.

A MODERN GLADIATOR.

IN Tunis, not long since, a Sicilian athlete attached to Rinaldo's circus excited enthusiastic admiration on account both of his manly beauty and his feats of strength. Formed like Hercules, his head sat his superb shoulders like a god's, while his hand was small and white as that of a woman. Among many of his extraordinary and daring performances was that of overcoming a lion, which, however, was trained to yield to him. Hearing of this feat, the Bey of Tunis—with whom, however, life was held but at little cost—sent him a message with an offer of one thousand ducats if he would fight to the death a lion of which he was the possessor. This offer was accepted by the athlete almost with a joyful alacrity, and without the faintest hesitation.

A day was appointed for the combat, and the encounter publicly proclaimed opposite the mosques, by both gong and bell.

"Just as I had hoped," said the Sicilian. "Everything shapes itself to my wishes. I shall gain entrance to the Bey's palace under the pretext of visiting the pit in which the lion is kept, and once within the walls, I shall bribe my way to *her*," and a bright gleam of hope lighted up his magnificent features.

Arming himself with a revolver, which he concealed beneath the folds of his vest, and which he carefully loaded before leaving his quarters, he betook himself to the Palace of the Bey.

The streets of Tunis are narrow and dirty, the houses consisting of a single story without windows on the exterior. He passed through the main streets, and as he strode onward many a Moorish maiden cast admiring and pitying glances at the handsome Christian who on the morrow was to do battle with the lion.

Upon arriving at the outer gate his progress was arrested by a sentinel who slowly paced his lonely round.

It was nightfall, and the purple light of evening was dying on mosque and minaret.

"Who goes there?"

"A friend!"

"What is your business?"

"I want to see the keeper of the lions."

"What want you with the keeper of the lions?"

"That is my affair, lead me to him."

"You cannot pass;" and the soldier pointed his gun at the Sicilian.

"Fool!" cried the athlete, "I am Giacomo Giovanilli."

The sentinel lowered his musket and in a respectful tone requested him to enter, giving him the password.

"Ah!" muttered the Sicilian, "the thin end of the wedge well driven in."

Further on he encountered the officer of the guard.

This personage was a youth, almost a boy, to whom the company of the athlete was as dayshine. He was vociferous in his exclamations of pleasure at seeing him, invited him to his quarters and made much of him.

Thus it is with youths, from India to the Pole.

The Sicilian was in brave spirits, and completely won the affection of the young officer. He performed several feats of strength, bending pieces of iron, lifting tables, taking up seats with his teeth, and similar circus tricks.

This was an occasion in the youthful warrior's life; what tales he would have to tell over his pipe and sherbet, by-and-by! What a crow he would have over his companions!

Palm wine is ordered, and cup after cup drained by the Moor, while the Sicilian drank but sparingly, pleading the combat of the morrow as his excuse.

The officer became communicative, bragging of his feats against the Kabyles—of his non-allegiance to the Sultan, of his lion, panther, lynx, boar, and wolf hunting, and soon reached that stage of intoxication in which a man is ready to sacrifice anything, everything for his friends.

This was the moment which the Sicilian hoped for. It had come at last.

"You are that class of man who would do a courageous act."

"Try me," said the officer. "Put me against that lion to-morrow, and I'll—shoot him!"

"You would do a generous thing?"

"I would. If you want a camel you shall have one, or two, if you prefer it."

"I want very little; but little as that is, it is hedged round with difficulty, if not danger. I want some one of a daring courage to assist me. You are that man."

The palm wine had filled the officer's veins as with molten fire.

To be thus addressed, thus extolled by the great Giacomo Giovanilli, was indeed high honor.

"I pledge you, mighty athlete," he said, tossing off the contents of another bumper. "Tell me now how in aught I can assist you, and, from riding down a dozen Kabyles to storming Mahomet Abyn's harem, command me. I am at your word."

Giacomo hesitated a little.

"I scarcely like to ask you," he began.

"Half confidence is no confidence—it is written in the Koran," burst in the officer.

An Italian idiom is spoken by the traders and better classes in Barbary—Arabic being the dialect.

"Be it so. I now claim your earnest attention. I was born in the little village of Castellaman, in Sicily, five and twenty years ago. My father was a dealer in amber, which is found in large quantities in Catania. I had a sister whom I loved better than my own life, and when my mother died, my father, in a frantic grief, gave himself up to the demon, drink, neglecting his business and plunging us into absolute destitution. I went to work in a sulphur mine, and Bianca was sent to Palermo to learn needlework, with a kinswoman of my mother's. She was then fourteen years of age. She learned to write. I did not; and after a time letters came to us, full of love and affection and hope. My father fell into the shaft of a silver mine, and was taken up a shattered corpse. Bianca still wrote, and I could not reply to her save through one of my companions. At last came a day when her letters ceased altogether, and I became distracted. After some weeks, I saved a few scudi, and begged my way to Palermo on foot. There I learned that Bianca had left the city. Whither I knew not. I was homeless, penniless, despairing, when, by accident, I met with one of Rinaldo's circus in a low eating-house. There I obtained a meal for beating a desperado who insulted the wife of the proprietor. My strength was always very considerable, and my agility about on a par with my strength. I became engaged in the circus, and have followed its fortunes ever since."

"And your sister?" asked the young officer.

"I am coming to her. I have never given up a search for her—never thrown hope overboard. Every city, every village that I've performed in, I have pushed inquiries on all sides, but without success. At last I dropped upon a clew. A sailor from Palermo with whom I got into conversation, and to whom I spoke concerning Bianca, told me that he was on board a trading-vessel that carried Trapani and his family to Tunis—Trapani being the name of my mother's kinsman. Luckily the circus was coming here, and a few evenings ago I met Trapani in the street. I seized him by the throat and demanded my sister. He told me that she was no longer with him, and my very soul sickened when he hinted that Bianca might be in this palace."

"Here!" exclaimed the officer, in astonishment.

"Yes, here."

"In what capacity?"

Giacomo's reply was a groan of anguish.

The officer, guessing his apprehensions, hastened to assure him that the harem of the Bey had not been enlarged for some years; that with the Bey the idea of monogamy had taken a serious hold on account of an intense affection for one of his wives; and that it was quite possible—nay, probable—that Bianca was attached in the capacity of attendant or companion to one of the ladies of the harem, if in the harem at all.

"If she is here," exclaimed Giacomo, "I must have this letter carried to her to-night."

"Impossible!"

"I do not recognize the word."

"The harem is in custody of the harem guard. The gates are locked at sunset. 'Tis death to be seen within the shadow of its walls."

"It must be done through the guard."

The officer shook his head.

"Will money do it?"

"It might, but to-night—impossible."

"I must have my worst fears confirmed to-night, as I wish to make the release of my sister the price of my combat with the lion. I now call upon you to aid me. You have sworn by the beard of the prophet——"

"It is unnecessary to remind me of my oath," said the officer, haughtily. "Give me the letter!"

"If there is any danger, I'll share——"

"Give me the letter!"

Giacomo handed him the letter.

"Wait my return," said the officer, as he strode from the apartment.

An hour passed, during which the Sicilian suffered the keenest mental anguish, an hour that appeared a year, a century.

What if this chivalrous youth, in obedience to his pledge, had gone forth to his doom; what if the letter had fallen into other hands and had sealed the fate of his sister; for the harem guard did its duty silently, swiftly, and surely.

Soldiers had come in and gazed at him, slaves had peeped timidly through the blinds,

His right to be within the palace had been challenged, but provided with the password he remained unmolested.

At last a slave appeared, approaching him furtively, and making signals of secrecy and caution.

Dropping something beneath a hard mat that decorated the floor, the slave disappeared as he had come.

Lifting the mat Giacomo's heart gave one great bound—a letter!

He snatched it up eagerly, tearing it open

It was from Bianca.

The young officer had kept his oath.

It contained a few words of love and joy.

"Now to make my terms," said the Sicilian.

Vast was the concourse assembled at the lions' pit upon the following morning, Turks, Jews, Moors and Christians, all filled with a frantic desire to witness the deadly duel between the athlete and the lion.

A message came to the Bey that the athlete wished to have speech of him.

"Let him approach," said the Bey.

Giacomo Giovanilli, attired in rich circus costume, which showed his magnificent figure to the fullest advantage, came forward, and bowed low; a murmur of admiration ran

through those who immediately assembled around the Bey.

"You desire speech of me?" The Sicilian bowed.

"What would you?"

"I would crave your Highness to alter the terms of my agreement."

"So you are afraid."

"Do I look like one that is afraid?" drawing himself up with a proud gesture.

"You want another thousand ducats—Be it so."

"I would not put all the money in Tunis, in the wide world, in the balance against the boon I now crave at the hands of your royal Highness. The forthcoming struggle is one in which either I or the lion must die. In the walls of this palace my only sister is a captive. Upon the issue of the conflict let her release depend."

"*Your* sister," exclaimed the Bey.

"My sister."

"A Sicilian?"

"A Sicilian, by name Bianca Giovanilli."

"I know her not," said the Bey, and a great wave of joy passed over the athlete's heart.

The Bey turned to one of his attendants, and asked some questions in a low and rapid tone.

"I have made inquiries," said the Bey, "and there is no such person in my harem."

"Your Royal Highness, there is. I received a letter from her last night——"

He could have bitten his tongue out as the words passed his lips.

The countenance of the Bey became overcast by a terrific scowl, while anger, like a black thunder-cloud, settled upon his brow.

"What means this?" he thundered. "Is my harem a bazar, an open street, through which any man can pass at will?"

The attendants looked terrified.

"I'll see to this myself; and, by the beard of my father, there is blood in the air. Meanwhile, let the contest proceed."

"And my sister, your Royal Highness?"

The Bey paused for a moment, as if in consideration.

"You can take her if you are the survivor."

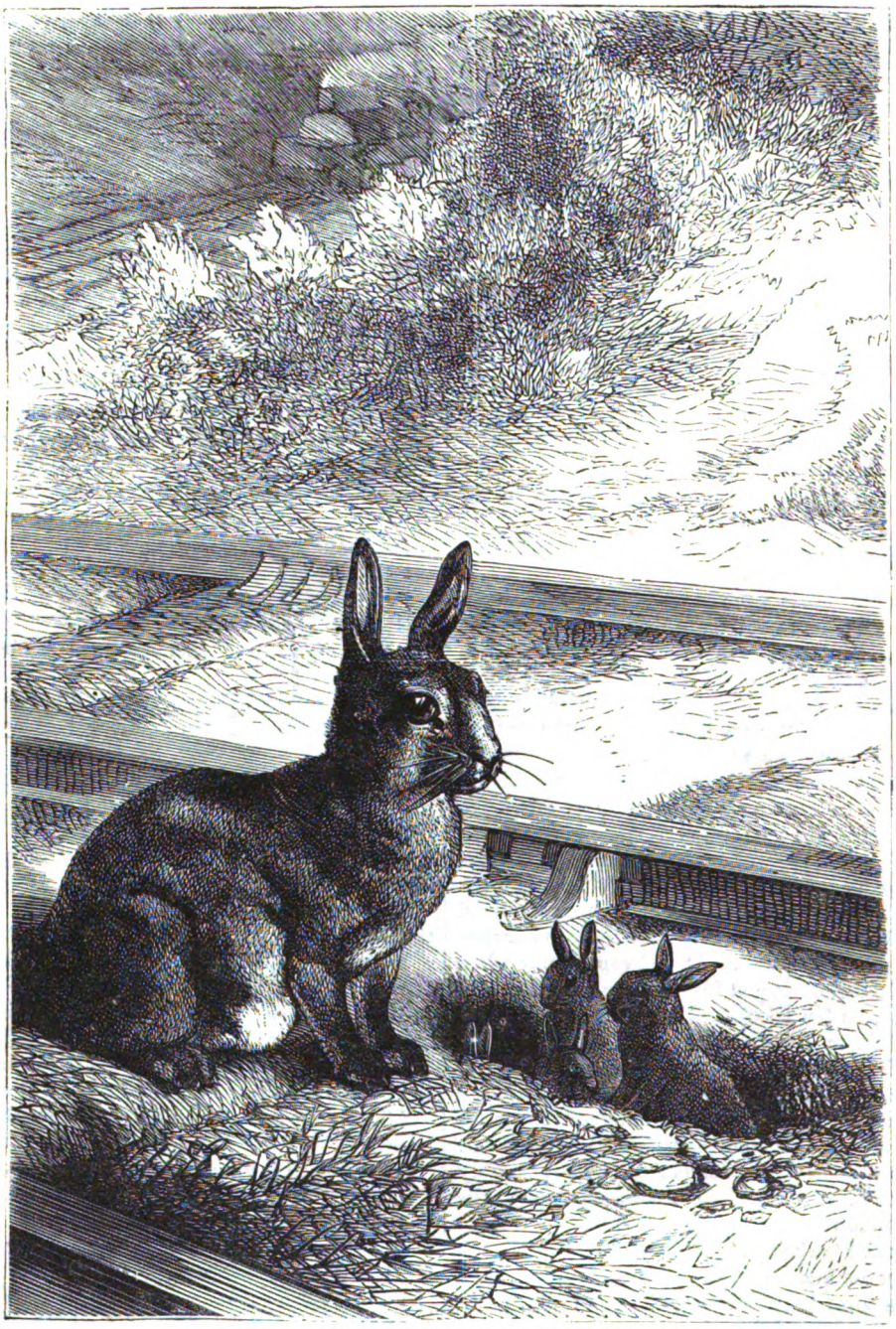
Giacomo Giovanilli's face betrayed the secret workings of his heart.

"One word, your Royal Highness. There is no one to blame but myself in reference to this letter, and——"

"Sound the trumpets!" cried the Bey, and the athlete's words were drowned in the brazen *fanfare*.

The ferocious animal was kept three days without food in order that the pangs of hunger would goad the fierceness of his nature to madness, and his roaring caused the more timid in the crowd to shrink almost instinctively. It was an awful moment when the door of the pit was thrown open, a moment of deadly hush, a moment when men's pulses ceased to beat, but instead of the superb form of the athlete, the fearfully fascinated assemblage beheld an abject, trembling dog, that immediately took refuge, cowering, in a corner.

The lion, who was at a distance, turned his bloodshot eyes in surprise at the humble intruder. His tail ceased to



A RABBIT'S CURIOUS HOME.—SEE PAGE 14.

FRENCH METHOD OF PIGEON-CATCHING IN USE IN THE PYRENEES.—SEE PAGE 14.

lash his sides, his roars suddenly dropped into a sort of whine, and he lay with head and mane erect and paws extended, contemplating his victim. This state of suspense lasted but a moment, for, propelling himself forward upon his stomach until close to the dog, he finally gathered his immense frame together and made a spring. The dog, who had watched him with a vigilant and terror-stricken gaze, the instant the lion bounded at him, sprang aside, flying in the opposite direction.

The lion, apparently astonished at missing his prey, rolled over twice or thrice, and, again propelling himself forward upon his stomach, sprang at the dog again, only to be baffled by a similar manœuvre. Again and yet again did the victim elude the terrible claws of his pursuer, turning with piteous and imploring looks to the lookers-on, who laughed, extending him no succor. At length, however, the Bey, in pity for the dog, ordered a cord to be lowered for him, and, while the lion was gyrating preparatory to a renewed effort, the dog intelligently seized the cord in his teeth and was instantly drawn up into safety. As he ascended the lion sprang high in the air, but was just too late.

At this moment the Sicilian appeared, calm and fearless, as though about to play with a lamb, instead of to wrestle for dear life with a ferocious beast who thirsted with a mad thirst for his blood. The athlete was in rich, circus costume, that developed his magnificent *physique* to its fullest extent, and he carried a heavy mace. He moved quietly into the same corner as that recently occupied by the dog, and then faced his terrible opponent. At first the lion did not perceive him, but, on turning and beholding this new object for his vengeance, his eye expressed a vague inquietude.

It was a thrilling sight to behold the lion gazing at the man, and the man gazing at the lion, each measuring the combative strength of the other. The lion slowly withdrew a few steps, watching his enemy with a furtive and sidelong glance, his tail lashing his sides. The Sicilian, on the contrary, looked straight into his eyes and watched every movement with concentrated earnestness. The lion evidently had misgivings, and would possibly have delayed the combat; but impelled by hunger, he sprang upon the athlete with a terrific roar. A low murmur of horror ran through the vast assemblage as the beast flashed at the man—a murmur that changed into a shout of admiration as, stepping lightly aside, the Sicilian dealt him a violent blow on the head with the mace, causing the animal to bite the dust. The mace was again lifted in that powerful hand, and the death-blow about to descend upon the almost insensible brute, when the Bey interposed, pleading for the life of the lion, and the luckless animal was permitted to live.

Giacomo, so soon as the combat was over, repaired, by order of the Bey, to a private apartment of the palace.

"Your sister awaits you," said the Dey; and at that moment Bianca rushed in, to be enfolded in her brother's arms.

A few short words told her story. A few short words that filled his soul as with melody.

She had *not* been sold to the Dey, as stated by Trapani, but as nurse to one of the ladies of the harem. But once within its walls, she was as much a prisoner as any of the sultanas.

She could not tell by whom the letter had been borne to her, but she had heard that the messenger had suffered death.

All efforts to obtain information relative to the fate of the faithful young officer proved fruitless, and the joy of Giacomo Giovanilli was tempered with sadness as he thought how nobly he had gone to his death.

A RABBIT'S CURIOUS HOME.

We have often heard of rabbits rearing their young in strange places, but the following fact seems to us to be most extraordinary: An official on the London and Northwestern Railway, in the Midland counties, had constantly noticed a rabbit passing to and fro on the permanent way. Curious to know where it came from, he examined the locality, and eventually discovered beneath a "railway sleeper" a nest of four young rabbits. Continuing his observations, he noticed that whenever the parent rabbit left her young she carefully closed the aperture with sand and small stones. Considering that during the day some dozens of trains, often heavily laden, passed over this identical sleeper, we think you will agree with us that in choosing such a place wherein to give birth to its young the mother displayed a reckless disregard of life.

FRENCH METHOD OF PIGEON-CATCHING IN USE IN THE PYRENEES.

Our illustration shows a mode of catching pigeons as practiced by the people on the southern boundary of France. The writer was once stopping at Bagnères, a famous watering-place in the province of Gascony, when, chancing to hear of the great numbers of wild pigeons taken in the *palombières*, or pigeonries, he determined to visit them and see how it was done. A long ride through one of the most beautiful of countries at last brought him to the scene of action.

The first thing that took the eye upon arriving on the ground was a number of uprights which towered above the trees and commanded the surrounding country. The uprights consisted of two long poles firmly driven in the ground, connected at the top and forming an elliptical figure. One of the poles was crotched at the top, through which the other, furnished with pegs for climbing, passed, thus forming a kind of crow-nest above the point of connection. Tempted by curiosity, we ascended one of the perches to view the scenery. The view was very fine. To the left extended the long range of mountains, with here and there a crater-like basin which was filled with the clearest water. Right behind, looking north, lay the valley of the Garonne, with the river winding like a silver thread far in the distance. The fertile valley far below, and the snow-capped peaks towering above the gap which we were in, formed a curious contrast. Becoming chilled by the wind, which was blowing strongly, we commenced our descent and arrived safely on *terra firma*.

We were told that the pigeons begin to come in from Spain about the first of November. As it was near the middle of that month when we visited the *palombière*, the game was plenty and the catchers were momentarily expecting a flock. Our informant was interrupted by a hail from a watcher in one of the crow-nests; the pigeons were coming, and in a few minutes all were ready for action. In the first place, a number of boys dressed in a close-fitting costume emerged from a hut, and each took his place at the ascending-pole. Then some of the men concealed themselves in the shrubbery below the uprights.

At a signal the men drew up a huge net—which had not been perceived before—which hung from the tree-tops to the ground. The foot of the net was fastened to the ground by means of wooden pegs, and the top was so arranged with pulleys and weights that it could be made to close like a bag. The boys then ran up the poles with the agility of monkeys and took their stations. Each of the boys held an instrument resembling a bird and having

wings which revolved when it was swung or otherwise put in motion. This contrivance, which was called the *pigeonier*, was attached to a long cord, and was intended to frighten the pigeons into the net. A loud whistle from one of the boys warned the men below to be ready. Immediately afterward the flock came up, and then ensued a scene of excitement. The boys in the crow-nests whistled shrilly and threw out their *pigeoniers* with a dexterous cast among the flock.

The pigeons, frightened at the eccentric movements of the supposed enemy, wheeled and began to fly in circles. By skillful management the boys contrived to drive the fluttering mass to the far side of the net. When they exhibited a desire to fly up and get beyond reach, the *pigeonier* was thrown in front of them, and they were driven back. When the pigeons were got well within bounds the signal was given, the ropes were pulled and the flock entangled in the net. On taking the imprisoned birds from the net, their necks were broken by a twist of the finger, and they were thrown in a heap. In this way thousands of pigeons are annually captured and sent to the different markets. In this country, especially in the woods of Pennsylvania, the pigeons are taken at night. They have favorite places for roosting, and in some localities the roosts extend for acres. During the day the pigeons are off looking for food. At nightfall they return to their roosts by thousands, sometimes breaking down heavy branches with their weight. Then the hunters, provided with guns, clubs and every conceivable kind of weapon, take torches and go into the roosts. The pigeons, blinded by the glare, do not move, and so are killed in great numbers. We fancy this is not as exciting sport as that shown by our illustration.

THE SPONGE FISHERIES.

RETURNS of the sponge fisheries belonging to Greece show that there are at present 150 boats engaged in this trade, forty of which have English diving-bells. Twenty-four of these belong to the island of Ægina, and the remainder to the islands of Kalamnos and Simi. Each of the boats which are supplied with diving-bells has a crew of from eleven to fifteen; the others are manned by only four sailors, so that the total number of men engaged in the sponge fisheries may be put at about 1,000. They took last year more than 240 tons of sponges of different qualities, the total value being $368,000. Sponges of the finest quality are sold upon the spot at from $3.12 to $3.40 a pound, and the second qualities for rather less than $1.44. The fishermen have to pay a tax of ten per cent. on the gross value of their takes. The cost of a diving aparatus is $1,067, or $12,680 for the forty now in use, and each vessel makes four voyages a year, taking about a ton of fine sponges.

The divers remain under water six hours a day when they are fishing, and it is said that many of them die of suffocation, and that a great number of them lose their hearing after a few years of this work. The island of Ægina, whose divers are very renowned, profits, annually, nearly $145,500 by its sponge fisheries.

BENEDICT formed the first regular catholic monastery under rules, on the site of a temple of Apollo, in 543, under the direction of two angels and three crows. Pope Gregory the Great and St. Pietro Damiano record his life and miracles, and tell that the devil often appeared to him as a blackbird, or with his hoofs and horns, and that he wrought miracles as a habit, raised the dead, and sang psalms before he was born.

A FIGHT WITH THREE GRIZZLIES.

WE now had all the buffalo meat we needed, and at once set out for the mountains. After reaching them, we skirted along their base, looking for deer and elk, and succeeded in capturing a number of fine animals.

A pleasant temporary camp was located, where we rested for a day or two, and then set out for any adventure that might come in our way.

We had left the base of the mountain one morning, soon after daylight, and were moving across the plain, when we noticed three objects going in the direction of a cañon a mile in advance.

Whipping up our ponies, we were not long in coming up with three grizzly bears. In a moment all was excitement, and we dashed forward, endeavoring to head them off from the cañon, where we surmised they had a den.

We knew that to attack them on the open plain would greatly lessen the danger of the conflict, so we rode hard; but despite our efforts they reached and entered the cañon ahead of us.

My horse had outstripped those of my companions; and, seeing the bears about to escape, I spurred on until I passed the grizzlies, and then turning, fired a shot, hoping to turn them back or bring them to a halt.

They, however, came steadily on toward me, and I rode to the side of the cañon, and endeavored to climb its steep bank. I succeeded, and for a time lost sight of the animals. I waited several moments, expecting to hear the guns of my friends in the conflict below, when I would ride down and join them.

All remained quiet, however, and, becoming impatient, I dismounted, and, leaving my horse, walked to the edge of the cañon. I could see nothing of the bears or horsemen, and ventured down the bank.

I was straining my eyes in all directions, when I heard a noise above me, and, looking up, saw on the ridge, not more than fifty yards from me, the three bears. They had followed me up the bank, and skirted along the crest until they came near my horse. I heard the pony snorting and trying to break his lariat rope, and a moment afterward he was dashing along the ridge, dragging the rope behind him.

I had hoped that the bears would follow him, but instead of doing so, they sat down to watch me. The hillside was thickly strewn with shaggy little pines, blown down by the wind, and among these I took up my position. The bears, seeing me apparently moving off, followed, and one came within forty feet before he saw me. Hoping to frighten off the brute, as well as attract my friends, I fired my revolver in the air.

The bear gave one angry growl, and came still nearer. Glancing up the cañon, and seeing nothing of my friends, I concluded to fire; and raising the hammer of my Henry rifle, I took a steady aim at the beast's heart, and pulled the trigger. With a roar that made the hill shake, she fell to the ground and rolled over.

In a moment more she got up, and shaking herself, fixed her blood-red eyes upon me. My heart sank in my breast, for I saw I had missed the vitals of the animal, and only enraged by wounding her. The other two bears, which I now saw were large cubs, lay crouching near their mother, and apparently watching the battle.

Seeing the old bear about to rush upon me, I hastily threw the exploded shell out of my Henry, and, raising the hammer, sent a ball at her, but, owing to her sudden change of position, missed her, and hit one of the cubs that was just behind her. The cub bellowed lustily, and the dam ran to him. This was most lucky for me, and I lost no time in

putting three more shots into the old bear. Once more she came bounding toward me, and I plumped a shot into the cub, that made him yell with agony. The old beast was within a few feet of me when, unable to withstand the piteous cries of her cub, she turned and went to him. I now plumped the shot into her as fast as possible, but presently she came on again, when once more I hit her cub, and sent her back to lick his wounds. She had received thirteen balls, when she made off, followed by the cubs, one of which was so lame he could scarcely walk.

I was debating in my own mind whether I should pursue and finish the bears, or let well-enough alone, when I perceived my companions coming, riding down the cañon, and directly in front of the grizzlies. I hallooed to them to head off the bears and attack them in front, while I followed up my attack in the rear.

I ran as fast as I could, and coming up to the hindmost cub, laid him out at one shot. I next shot the other cub, and fired twice at the old bear, but she was getting too far ahead for my balls to be effective. La Frombe and the Santee headed her, when she came running back to her dead cub, sat down, and howled most piteously. Then she took her paw, and rolling him over and over, shook him as if to wake him. Smelling his nose, she seemed to understand he was dead, and cried as if her heart would break. Suddenly she saw me, and standing on her hind feet, looked at her persecutor. She made no attempt to come at me, but seemed to be waiting for her death.

A FIGHT WITH THREE GRIZZLIES.—"SHE MADE NO ATTEMPTS TO COME AT ME, BUT SEEMED TO BE WAITING FOR HER DEATH."—SEE PAGE 15.

Never did I see so magnificent a beast, as she stood there, with ears flattened against her head, her eyes blazing like coals of fire, her neck stretched out and her mouth wide open, disclosing four rows of immense white teeth. I did not long keep her in suspense, but fired at her heart, and she fell down and rolled over, catching her cub, and seemingly trying to embrace it as she died.

This bear would certainly have weighed over one thousand pounds, and after my severe contest with her, I had a desire to possess her skin. La Frombe helped me skin her, while the Santee went to hunt up my pony. We left on the claws and skin of the head.

Just as we had finished our job, the Santee came back with my pony, and, taking the entrails out of the smallest cub, we lifted him upon La Frombe's horse, and all set out to return to our camp.

We had gone but a mile or two, when we saw several men riding furiously across the plain, apparently with the intention of heading us off. It needed no second look to convince us they were hostile Crows, and, dropping the bear, we broke for the hills.

It was a sharp ride for life, as there were fully fifteen Indians in the other party, and we knew if we were caught they would burn us at the stake, for they were at war with the Sioux, and, what was worse for us, we were taking game in their hunting-grounds.

Suddenly the Crows halted, and, apparently without any cause, put back as fast as they had come. On ascending a little knoll, we saw the cause of their alarm, for there stood our camp, half hid among the trees. The Crows had seen the camp, and, thinking our party was strong, and that we were decoying them into an ambuscade, they began their hasty retreat.

In a few moments not a Crow was to be seen, and we rode quietly into camp, laughing heartily at the needless alarm of our enemies.

After a good supper we packed up, and, fearing the Crows would return and discover our weakness, when we should all be killed, we determined to move off at once. All night long we rode briskly forward, and when the sun rose, gilding the mountain-peaks with silver and gold, we were nearly fifty miles distant from where our camp had been.

We breakfasted on fresh antelope, and rested until noon, when we again set forward, and continued our journey for two days. Being now far in the mountains, we felt safe, and pitched our camp, intending to hunt for a season.

THE Roman occupation of Britain is a historical blank. They held the country four hundred years, a period sufficient to change its character, but left few evidences of improvement. For twelve hundred years after their departure the country was in the lowest state.

ONLY A CARPENTER.—"FOR A FULL MINUTE HIS GAZE SEEMED RIVETED UPON THE PAPER CLARA HELD IN HER HAND."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

ONLY A CARPENTER.

By Eleanor Kirk.

NO place on earth was more charmingly situated than the country residence of the Honorable Robert Leonard. Everything that wealth, taste and art could suggest or furnish was brought to bear upon the perfecting of this establishment. The family consisted of the father and daughter, Clara Leonard, twenty-two years of age, and Margaret Tracy, about eighteen, daughter of the beloved wife of Robert Leonard by a previous union.

Both parties had contracted marriages early in life, Clara being the offspring of a youthful and exceedingly unfortunate attachment. Mrs. Leonard had died a year or two before, leaving Margaret in delicate health, and almost inconsolable. Mr. Leonard, who loved his wife's child quite as tenderly as his own, had put aside his great personal sorrow in the endeavor to win back to life and enjoyment this sweet and fragile girl. His efforts had been crowned with partial success.

At the time our story opens, the kind-hearted man sat at his desk, in the library, looking over some papers. Clara was embroidering by the table, while Margaret, on the other side, seemed entirely absorbed by the contents of a book.

"I wish you would talk to me!" exclaimed Clara, petulantly, after a long silence. "When papa goes to fumbling over those horrid old papers, and you get your nose poked into a book, it is too stupid here for anything! Heigho! I shall be glad when we get back to New York, and can have some society. What are you reading, any way?"

"De Stael," was the quiet answer of the young lady as she closed her book.

"'Corinne,' I suppose?"

"Yes, 'Corinne.'"

"How many times have you read it?"

"Once, before this."

"Well, how you can spend your time over such stuff I can't imagine——"

"Stuff?" interrupted Margaret, with heightened color. "You never would say that, if you were to read it in the original."

"Bah! Original! Do you suppose I'd poke my eyes out translating that love-sick nonsense? You'd feel a great deal better if you were to drop such writers, and go to doing something useful. There's your mother's charity school, for instance. They haven't had a teacher since she died. I never had any taste for ragamuffins, but, as long as *you* profess to have, it would take you out and do you good. Papa told me to speak to you about it last night. For pity's sake!" she continued, rising and pushing away her chair, as Margaret, at this unfeeling mention of her mother, buried her face in her hands, and leaned them on the table, "don't get up a scene now! for I am sick of them. It is impossible to say anything to you, for your own good, unless you turn it into an excuse for tears. Cry, cry, cry from morning till night."

"Margaret," said Mr. Leonard, who, a little deaf, had not heard a word of this conversation, "come here a moment. I have something to say to you."

Margaret arose, wiped her eyes hastily, and went over to the old gentleman, who received her with both hands, and drew her down on to his knee.

"Weeping again, dear?" he tenderly said. "I thought you promised me you would try and be strong. We can't any of us get along in this world, Margaret, unless we hold on with all our might. Some of us need a curb-bit, too, and if we don't put it on ourselves, somebody else will do it for us. I never knew it to fail. Now, I am going to ask you to do a very hard thing, for love of me! You love me, don't you, Maggie?"

"How can you ask me such a question, papa? Who else have I to love?" and the girl struggled heroically with the emotion which she knew so distressed her adopted parent. "What is it you would like me to do?" she continued, calmly.

"I want you to go up-stairs," the old man answered, "and look up your dear mother's charity account-book, and bring it to me, in my sitting-room. I want to go over it carefully, and see if there isn't something that needs doing. Do you think you feel strong enough?"

"I ought to be strong enough to find it, and bring it to you, if you are strong enough to look through it," she answered, smiling through a mist of tears, and kissing him fondly, left the room.

"Poor child!" said Mr. Leonard, as she closed the door. "Her trouble is, indeed, greater than she can bear. She is a little brighter, though, don't you think so, Clara?" turning to his daughter, who had been all this time excessively annoyed by the tender conversation of her companions.

"She would get on well enough if she'd let novels alone, and all such trash," was the unsympathetic answer. "I have heard of folks nursing their anger to keep it warm. I think she takes the same course with her grief."

"Novels *are* pernicious, without doubt," replied the old gentleman. "I don't think, though, that you can safely set up any standard of behavior for Margaret to copy. You are very practical; she is exactly the reverse, but as good and loving a child as any father need to have."

Clara made no answer, and Mr. Leonard continued:

"I wanted an opportunity to speak to you alone. this evening."

The changed tone arrested the young lady's attention. It was sad and husky, and had withal a strange formality about it which Clara could not understand. She looked up inquiringly, and he went on:

"I have thought a good many times, Clara, that I ought to say something to you in regard to my business affairs. I am well along in years, and of late have been frequently reminded that my stay on earth is likely to be a short one."

"Don't talk that way, father," said Clara, with considerable feeling.

"I will say what I think necessary now," he answered, "and then there will be no need of reverting to the subject again. I made my will a long time ago, and have twice had occasion to alter it and add to it. The first alteration was caused by my second marriage, and the next by the death of my wife. It is a very simple affair, indeed, and won't take much time to read or understand. I have made you and Margaret equal sharers in my property, with the exception of this house, which I have bequeathed to you. I desire that you shall ask Margaret to live with you until her marriage, and, above all things, I desire that you shall love and cherish each other. Promise me, Clara, that my wishes shall be sacredly regarded."

Thus exhorted, the young lady lifted a very pale and woebegone face to her father. The marks of an inward struggle were exceedingly plain, and her efforts at self-control did not escape the kind eyes of her companion, who construed all as meaning grief for the loss he had so clearly led her to anticipate.

"Don't distress yourself so, child," he said, soothingly, as she made no answer. "I may be spared years yet. It is always best to consider such contingencies. If anything should happen, Clara, you will find what I speak about right in here," tapping the drawer of the library-table. "In the back, you know, just behind the little sliding partition. You know what I mean, don't you?"

"Yes, father, I know," replied Clara, with a shudder; "and now, if you love me, please don't add another word. Kiss me, and change the subject."

Saying this, she rose and presented her cheek for the salute she intended should close the interview.

"But, dear, you haven't——" said the old gentleman, kissing her fondly.

"Say no more to-night, please," interrupted Clara. "Truly, I cannot bear it. I feel very faint, father," she continued, as the old man did not leave her at liberty to go.

"Faint, do you say? Bless my heart! I ought to be ashamed of myself. Faint! why, that's something new for you, isn't it?" And he led the excited woman to a chair, opened a window to admit fresh air, and then waited anxiously for her to recover.

"I am all right now, father," she said at last, rising and walking toward the window. "Margaret will be expecting you in the sitting-room," she continued; "and I had very much rather be alone now for a few minutes."

"All right, then," said Mr. Leonard. "If you think you won't be faint any more, I will go and take off my boots, and prepare for my work with Margaret. You will look in before you go to bed. I shall be worried if I don't see you again."

When the door had closed upon her father, Clara Leonard gave free vent to her excitement and passion. Up and down the room she walked, talking and gesticulating wildly.

"Divide with *her!*" she muttered. "What business has my father to beggar his child? Not a drop of my blood runs in that creature's veins, the whining, pusillanimous fool! In there, is it?" she went on, tapping, as her father had done before, the little drawer—"in there? I wonder how it looks! I never saw a will. I should like to know just what he *has* done. Clara Leonard and Margaret Tracy joint heirs—that sounds well, doesn't it?"

With these words Clara Leonard opened the little drawer, drew out the simple slide, grasped the document, opened it carefully, and, the very embodiment of fury, seated herself to examine it.

So busy was she with her thoughts and emotions, that she did not hear the door open, nor notice the presence of a visitor.

A young gentleman of wonderfully prepossessing appearance, tall, well-formed, and with an air of grace about him singularly fascinating, entered the library without announcement, as if he were entirely at home.

He looked about him for a moment, discovered that the object of his search was seated at the table, back toward him, in her father's easy-chair, and then tiptoed across the room, and, with a most loverlike expression on his handsome face, looked slyly over her shoulder.

For a full minute his gaze seemed riveted upon the paper Clara held in her hand; then, recovering himself with an effort, he walked softly back to the door, opened and closed it again with unnecessary noise.

"Good-evening, Miss Leonard," he said, with difficulty hiding his embarrassment.

The young lady started as if detected in some disgraceful act, then folded the paper, and, as she replaced it in the drawer, said, carelessly:

"Good-evening, Mr. Stanford. How is it you are down to-night?"

"I thought I told you I might be here this evening?" he answered, going forward and offering his hand.

"Perhaps you did," replied Miss Leonard, with indifference. "I find that my memory is getting very treacherous of late."

"A treacherous memory must be an unpleasant mental trouble to deal with," he answered, with considerable deliberation; "but, then, if conscientiousness and one or two other kindred qualities are all right, why, then, you know, there is no great harm done."

During the delivery of this singular speech, Mr. Stanford had been very busily engaged drawing off the glove from his left hand; and now he looked up and caught the eyes of his companion fixed full upon his face.

"Basil, your sermons are always excellent," the young lady remarked, having fully recovered her equilibrium. "It's a pity you haven't studied for the ministry! I never listen to your moral dissertations without deploring the fact that you had a fortune left you."

"It won't be necessary for you to deplore that fact any longer!" was the immediate and quiet retort. "But what in the world is the matter with us?" he went on, with a light laugh. "How strangely we act to each other. I wonder if I seem as odd to you as you do to me?" and Basil Stanford led his companion to a chair, and seated himself beside her.

"You are more eccentric than ever, Basil," she answered. "What am I to infer from that last singular remark of yours?"

"About the fortune?"

This question was asked carelessly, and another light laugh concluded the sentence.

"Yes, of course, about that."

"I have lost it."

The *sang-froid* of the young gentleman's manner as he made this announcement was inimitable.

"Lost it! Basil Stanford, I don't believe you!"

"Whether you do or not, Clara, I assure you it is true. An unlucky real estate investment, together with a fraudulent action on the part of the man I most relied upon, has wiped me out entirely. I haven't a thousand dollars to-day that I can call my own! But I never felt so jolly in all my life!"

Clara Leonard's face darkened. Not a word of sympathy or encouragement for the brave man by her side dropped from her lips. She was cold as ice, and impassive as marble.

"I shall soon have a bank account again," Stanford continued, keeping his eyes fixed upon the frowning countenance before him. "I can get plenty to do, and I am quite sure that brains will tell in the long run."

"Plenty to do!" sneered Clara. "Brains!"

"It will give me a chance, at any rate, to see what I am made of; an opportunity I have long desired. How is your sister, Clara?"

"Miss Tracy is in her usual low health, I believe. I have no sister, as I have informed you several times before."

"It is a little strange that I have never seen that young lady," persisted the gentleman, in the same unruffled and nonchalant manner.

"I don't know why it is strange," replied Miss Leonard. "She was in Europe when you first commenced to visit me, and since she returned has never been willing to see any one that called."

"But one would suppose a fellow would stumble upon her once in a while. Is she pretty?"

"Some persons think so. But don't let's waste time talking about her. I am anxious to know what you intend doing about this loss of yours?"

EDWARD II. AND THE MINSTREL.—SEE PAGE 23.

The hard, altered manner, the effort to restrain the exhibition of passion, the work of privacy she had been found engaged in, had a marked effect upon this high-minded, and generally unsuspicious young man. For some time past he had been wavering in his allegiance. Certain traits of character had hurt and annoyed him on many occasions; but the fascination she had thrown about him at all times had generally succeeded in removing all trace of his distrust. This she had not been able to do at the first of their

interview, and had evidently thought not worth while after his frank avowal of his financial difficulties.

"Do about my losses?" he answered, with a start. "Do about it? Why, I shall go to work like a man, I hope, and do the best I can. I have about made up my mind"—and the young man's face lighted up with real pleasure—"to go to work at the trade I learned when a boy—that of a carpenter, you know."

"This is all a joke, of course," said Clara, haughtily, "and a very stupid one at that."

"But I assure you I am not joking. I shall need a little practical experience, and then I have no doubt that I can take my place as a first-class architect. I have always known that my resources in that direction were something more than ordinary."

"No doubt, Mr. Stanford; but if this is your real decision, then I beg to inform you that our engagement is at an end. I have no sympathy with trades——"

"Or tradespeople!" interrupted Basil.

"Exactly, sir. You have expressed my idea with your usual wonderful lucidity."

The visitor rose, and without another word, save to bid his companion a polite good-evening, withdrew.

TESTING HER INNOCENCE.—SEE PAGE 23.

That very night the Leonard household was summoned to the deathbed of its noble and kind-hearted master. The messenger came so suddenly that there was no time for arrangements or leave-taking. With indescribable anguish, Margaret Tracy saw her last earthly friend pass away into the unknown; and when all was over, she was borne to her bed insensible, and for many weeks was deaf, dumb and blind to all her surroundings. When she did recover, it was to find that the man she so fondly loved had made no provision for her future; had not even mentioned her in his will. This she believed to have been the result of carelessness. That he meant to care for her she knew, and nothing could influence her to think otherwise. Clara's coldness and unkindness were so marked, that the poor girl found it necessary to seek another home, and with two or three hundred dollars raised from the sale of her jewels, she quietly crept out of the house where she had experienced so much happiness and so much misery. Miss Leonard had a very plausible story to tell her friends. "Sometimes she thought Margaret must be insane. She had refused to accept the very liberal sum offered her, and no amount of coaxing could induce her to remain with her. Clara was very sorry; she had no idea what would become of the girl; but, then, her instincts were always low; she would probably gravitate to her own level," etc., etc., etc.; and so it came to pass that the haughty plotter was heir to the immense property of the late Robert Leonard, Esq.

Chapter II.

Misfortune seems sure to follow misfortune. Basil Stanford had taken the loss of his fortune gayly. He was strong in body and mind, and while strength lasted what could befall him? It did not take long to discover.

Sickness attacked his best friend, and at last took him off. Friends he had counted upon as advisers, and from whose kindness he expected much, deserted him entirely. But he did not give up. Tedious litigation delayed the recovery of any of his money, and lack of means successfully to prosecute, finally appeared to put an end to all hope of ever recovering a part, even, of the once large estate.

But he went to work like a man, with his hands, as day-laborer. Evenings he read up the best works on architecture, and studied and planned and made beautiful pictures. Not once did his courage or faith desert him. He was still the elegant, nonchalant gentleman, and no amount of shavings or sawdust could disguise his real character.

Six months passed in solitude and hard work. One evening, while engaged in looking over and assorting some papers, he came across the package of letters returned to him, the week after the incidents recorded in the last chapter, by Miss Leonard.

"Why have I not burned these wretched things?" he asked himself. "Apparently anxious to preserve the account of my folly for the amusement of future generations."

The package was just as it left the young lady's hands. He removed the fastenings, and took them one by one from their dainty envelopes, and, with a smile of derision on his handsome face, scanned them carefully. Here was something put in by mistake. What could it be? It was small, and looked like a bill."

"A trifling record of Miss Leonard's expensive tastes," he muttered, as he unfolded the document. A red seal! The names of witnesses! He looked at the beginning.

"And now," it commenced, "I give and bequeath to my dear adopted daughter, Margaret Tracy—" mentioning several valuable pieces of property, real estate, personal and so on—"making half of my entire fortune, with the exception of the house and grounds at Aris Park, which are given to my dear daughter, Clara Leonard."

Basil Stanford saw at once how this mischief had been accomplished. This was the very same paper he had seen in Clara's hands the last time he visited her. It was perfectly familiar to him. A thousand times he had recalled this singular episode to mind. Why had not the wicked girl destroyed the paper? Probably, he argued, the opportunity had not presented itself at the moment of committing the crime, and in her haste to hide it from prying eyes, she had forgotten where she put it.

This was, of course, the only explanation, and proved to be the right one. What should he do? He had not heard of the strange treatment Miss Tracy had received, but a few inquiries served to bring out the situation in bold relief. Miss Leonard was traveling in Europe with a party of friends. Miss Tracy had slipped out of everybody's knowledge, and he could not gain the slightest clue to her whereabouts.

Weeks lengthened into months, and no change. Nothing could, of course, be done until the missing heiress was found.

The young man had so far conquered difficulties by this time as to have gained the notice of scientific men and those on the lookout for genius, and was building himself an excellent reputation, and the foundation of another fortune.

One evening he was summoned to the residence of a well-known, wealthy architect, to consult with him in regard to the safety of some buildings just bargained for by the latter.

He was ushered into the family sitting-room, and judge of his surprise when brought face to face with the woman who had played so cruel a part in his and another's life. The gentleman met him cordially, introduced him to his daughter and his friend, Miss Leonard, and proceeded immediately to business. After all the points had been cleared satisfactorily, Mr. Stanford arose to leave. Casting a searching glance upon Clara, who was apparently busy reading, he said:

"Miss Leonard, will you be kind enough to give me some information about Miss Tracy? I have some good news for her, and am exceedingly anxious to find her."

"Sir!" replied Clara, rising with great *hauteur*, "I know nothing of Miss Tracy. Since she refused to share my home and fortune with me, I have lost sight of her entirely."

"Then I shall be obliged to seek information elsewhere," he answered; "but be assured, Miss Leonard, I shall never rest a moment until I have found this young lady, and helped to reinstate her in the position so fraudulently taken from her."

"I am quite at a loss, sir, to understand what you mean," replied Miss Leonard, with all her old-time fascination; "but I do hope, if you are in possession of any information which will prove to her advantage, your efforts will be speedily crowned with success. She may be more willing to receive assistance from your hands than mine."

This was delivered with studied sweetness, and had the effect of deceiving all present except the visitor.

He made no answer, and politely left the room, more than ever anxious to solve the miserable problem.

The very next day, accompanied by the gentleman of the previous evening, he made an examination of the houses spoken of. They were pronounced unsafe, and the tenants ordered to move immediately.

In a hall bedroom, on the third floor of one of these wretched places, lay a girl, sick and apparently unable to rise. In the course of their inspection it became necessary to enter here.

"We will not annoy you a moment," Basil said to the inmate, disliking to intrude. It was hard to pass the poor sufferer without a word; but, fearing to worry her, he determined to leave silently. A Bible on the bureau attracted his attention. He bent down to examine the gilt name on the cover, and, with sensations indescribable, read the simple name of "MARGARET TRACY!"

"Are you Margaret Tracy?" he asked, turning suddenly to the invalid.

A pair of soft brown eyes looked pleadingly into his face, and a little hand reached out, as if sure that a friend had come at last.

"I am Margaret Tracy," she answered, calmly; "but I don't know you, sir."

"Nor I you, except as the daughter of the late Robert Leonard's wife;" and then, in the gentlest manner, he proceeded to relate his strange story.

"I knew he did not willfully neglect me," she answered, with joyful tears. "It won't be quite so hard to die now."

"Die!" said Basil; "nonsense. You will live to be very happy and very useful yet; but you must allow me to move you from this place immediately, and to see that you are well taken care of until you come into possession of your property. Try and think that I am your brother just returned from India or California, whom you are overjoyed to see, and believe in as you do your own soul; for, so help me God! you shall never have reason to regret your confidence!"

"At last! at last!" she sobbed, smiling through her tears; and this was all the answer she made.

That night a strange scene occurred at a private parlor of one of our hotels. The lawyer who had drawn up the will, the witnesses who had signed it, were all invited to be present to prove their signatures.

Margaret, reclining on a sofa, had been prepared for the arrival of Miss Leonard, who was quite unaware of the part she was expected to play in the little drama. The old family lawyer was the first to address her, as she entered, all unsuspicious, elegantly attired, and handsome as Juno after a fresh conquest.

"Miss Leonard," said he, in his blandest manner, "Mr.

Basil Stanford has been so fortunate as to find a portion of your father's will in some papers sent by you to him a few weeks after your father's decease. How that paper, detached from the original document, came there, is quite beyond us all to imagine, and we shall consider it entirely outside of our business to inquire. Here is the paper, giving to Miss Tracy half of the property now held by you, with the exception of the family country-seat at Aris Park. The witnesses are now ready to make affidavits to their signatures."

"I congratulate you, Miss Tracy," replied Clara, with exquisite irony. "I have no doubt the document is entirely legal, for it has always seemed strange to me that my father did not remember the young lady who was so demonstratively fond of him. I bid you good-evening, gentlemen."

Basil Stanford escorted the royal beauty to her carriage.

"I know *all*, Miss Leonard—I wish you to remember that; but because you were once dear to your noble father—because you bear his name, I refrain from blackening yours."

"As you please," was all the answer she made, and the carriage whirled away.

Of course Basil Stanford married Margaret Tracy. Why not?

EDWARD II. AND THE MINSTREL.

The history of Edward II. of England is remarkable in many respects. In the first place it was during his reign that the powerful Order of the Knights Templars was abolished, and then, though the son of Edward I., the man of iron will and determination, Edward II. appears to have been so completely under the domination of his favorites, that the influence of this unrecognized power in the state which distinguishes the governments of the East from those of Europe, seemed to be almost realized in England. It was during his father's life that Edward II. had formed an attachment to a handsome youth of Gascony, named Piers Gaveston, who soon led the youthful prince into a series of dissipations, which so annoyed his father, that by an Act of Parliament he had Gaveston banished from the kingdom as a corrupting acquaintance for the heir to the throne. After his father's death, and though his last injunction to his son had been not to recall his favorite, Edward II. soon longed to see his friend again. As yet, however, he scarcely dared to act so openly in opposition to the declared will of his father, and of the people through their representatives. While, however, Edward was in this unsettled state of mind, Gaveston, who was in exile, and who had heard of the death of Edward I., and the accession to the throne of his early friend, was not idle. The occasion he had waited for so long and so anxiously had come. Suffering as he did, under a sentence of exile, and fearing lest Edward had been influenced by his enemies, so that his former love had turned to hate, he did not dare to trust himself in person on English soil, until he had received assurance from the king himself that his early feeling of friendship remained unchanged, and that his power would be used to protect him. While trying vainly, therefore, to find some messenger in whom he could confide, the plan occurred to him of disguising himself as a minstrel, and in this guise penetrating to the presence of the king, whose love of, and familiarity with, this class of persons, he well knew. No sooner was the plan conceived, than he set about its execution. Disguising himself, therefore, as a minstrel, he set out for England, and took his way to the court. In those days access to the king was an easy matter. The custom of that time was for all the wealthy to keep open houses, and with a king like Edward, whose tastes were so decidedly in favor of minstrels and others of like profession, access at dinner-time was perfectly easy. Dinner was spread in the open hall, and tables were prepared for all comers. Having reached the court at London, Gaveston entered the hall at dinner-time, and after the repast was over, and the singing and games, which formed the entertainments of the great at this period, commenced, he gave such proofs of his abilities in his assumed profession, as attracted Edward's attention, and he summoned him to his side. Approaching, Gaveston bent upon his knee, in order to hide his face, and handed to the king a letter written by himself, asking his protection to enable him to return to England. Opening and reading the letter, Edward's face flushed with joy, and he exclaimed: "Where is my dear friend Gaveston? Hasten to him and tell him that we love him, and desire his immediate presence at our court." Rising and throwing off his minstrel garb, "Here he is, your majesty!" cried Gaveston, while the courtiers about stood silent with astonishment. Rising and embracing Gaveston, the king then led him to his private apartment, and commenced to shower on him the favors which finally excited the indignation of the barons to such an extent as to lead to their insurrection. How Gaveston lost his life in the subsequent rebellion is an affair of history, as is the course of headstrong indulgence of his private feelings, regardless of the interests of the State, which Edward here commenced openly, and which finally led to his own deposition from the throne and murder by his discontented opponents. Our illustration represents the appearance before Edward of Gaveston in the dress of a minstrel, kneeling and presenting the letter. The scene is most suggestive of the manners of the time and of the event, which, from its results, was the most important action of Edward II.'s reign.

TESTING HER INNOCENCE

The following touching scene recently occurred in a court of justice in Paris:

A poor, pale seamstress was arraigned for theft. She appeared at the bar with her baby of eleven months on her arm. She went to get some work one day, and stole three gold coins of ten francs each. The money was missed soon after she left her employer, and a servant was sent to her room to claim it. The servant found her about to quit the room with the three gold coins in her hand. She said to the servant, "I was going to carry them back to you."

Nevertheless, she was carried to the commissioner of police, and he ordered her to be sent before the police court for trial. She was too poor to engage a lawyer, and when asked by the judge what she had to say for herself, she answered:

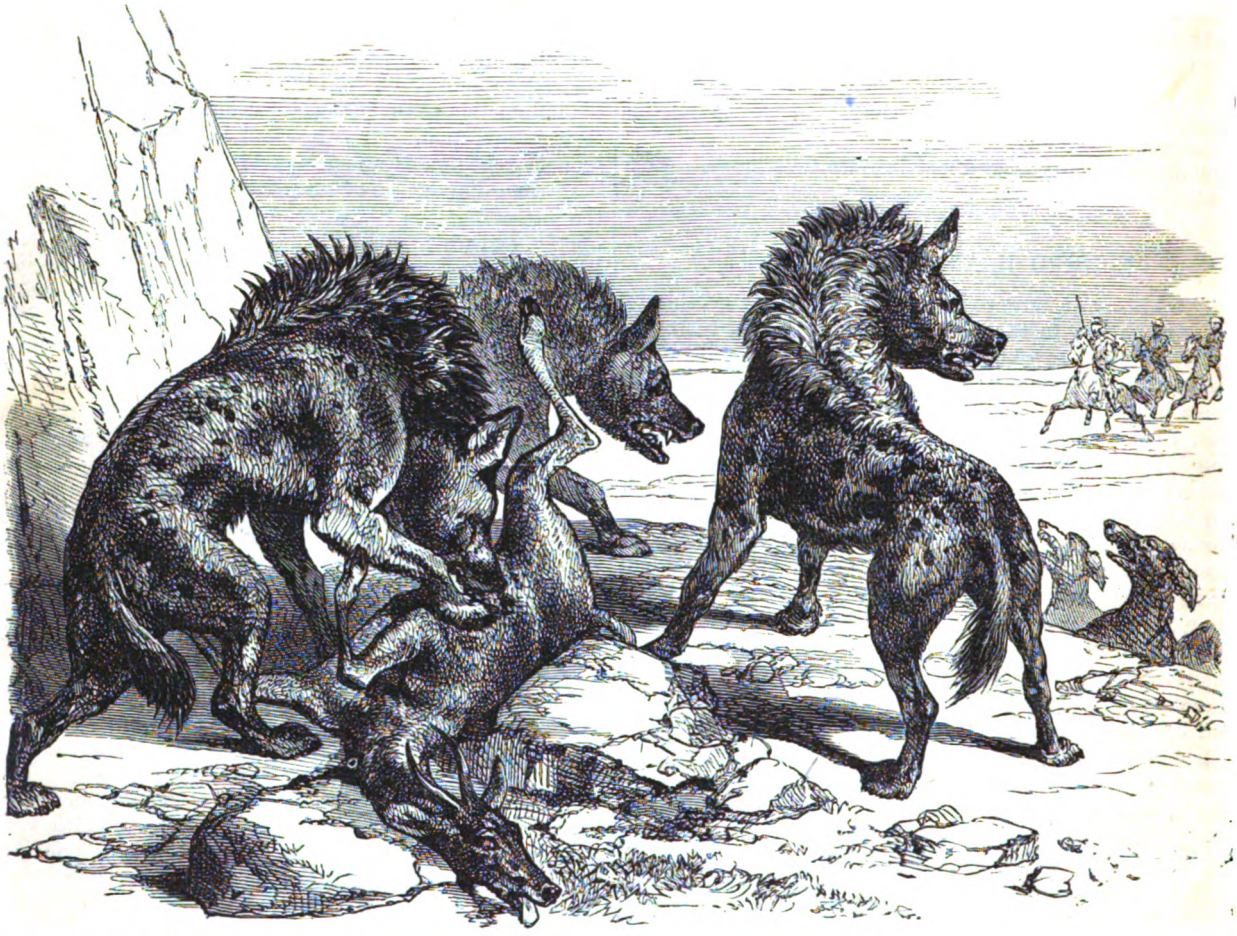
"The day I went to my employer's, I carried my child with me. It was in my arms as it is now. I was not paying attention to it. There were several gold coins on the mantelpiece, and, unknown to me, it stretched out its little hand and seized three pieces, which I did not observe until I got home. I at once put on my bonnet, and was going back to my employer to return them, when I was arrested. This is the solemn truth, as I hope for Heaven's mercy."

The court could not believe the story. They upbraided the mother for her impudence in endeavoring to palm off such a manifest lie for the truth. They besought her for her own sake to retract so absurd a tale, for it could have no effect, but oblige the court to sentence her to a much severer punishment than they were disposed to inflict upon one so young and evidently steeped so deep in poverty.

These appeals had no effect, except to strengthen the poor mother's pertinacious adherence to her original story. As this firmness was sustained by that look of innocence which

the most adroit criminal can never counterfeit, the court was at some loss to discover what decision justice demanded. To relieve their embarrassment, one of the judges proposed to renew the scene described by the mother. Three gold coins were placed on the clerk's table. The mother was requested to assume the position in which she stood at her employer's house. There was then a breathless pause in court. The baby soon discovered the bright coins, eyed them for a moment, smiled, and then stretched forth its tiny hand and clutched them in its fingers with a miser's eagerness. The mother was at once acquitted.

He is rich who saves a penny a year; and he is poor who runs behind a penny a year.



GAZELLE-HUNTING IN EGYPT.—"SHE HAD, IN AVOIDING THE DOGS, BEEN SEIZED BY THREE HUGE HYENAS, AND AS WE APPROACHED WE SAW ONE STANDING OVER HER BODY, WHILE THE OTHER TWO CAME FORWARD TOWARD THE DOGS, YELLING SAVAGELY."

GAZELLE-HUNTING IN EGYPT.

While encamped on the Desert near the old pilgrim route between Cairo and Suez, and about midway between those towns, we were one morning surprised to see two horsemen advancing at a rapid pace over the heights northward, and evidently making direct for our tents. On nearer approach, we recognized one as an old Memlook, or white freed slave, in the service of Halim Pasha, and the other a negro slave, about twenty years of age, owning the same master; and we knew them both as the principal hunters of the pasha's staff, so we had no difficulty in guessing their errand—either to hunt gazelles, or make arrangements for their master to do so, as he was a great lover of all sports, especially gazelle-hunting.

After supplying the newcomers with refreshments—of which they were in great need, as they had ridden more than thirty miles with nothing but some biscuits and one gourd of water—we were informed that the pasha, hearing we were out in that part of the Desert where gazelles could generally be hunted, had sent these two men to inquire if we would show them any tracks in our neighborhood, and afford one night's accommodation to the pasha himself if he came out to hunt. We at once willingly agreed to do whatever we could for him, as he had shown us several kindnesses, and was much respected and liked by the English community in Egypt, from his enlightened views, and generally pleasant and urbane treatment of Europeans in the country. Besides, his being a keen sportsman was by no means the least recommendation to us, who had not joined in a good chase for some months. We mounted our dromedaries, and, accompanied by the two hunters, soon found enough fresh tracks of the beautiful animals to justify them in at once returning to Cairo; and, after taking a small supply of food for their journey, they started, without their horses having had more than half an hour's rest since they had left their stables at Shubra early that morning.

During their absence, we made all preparations we could from our limited stores to receive our guests—for we had no idea how many the pasha might bring with him—fitted up a new spare tent, and built a kitchen in an old tent capable of cooking for a dozen people.

On the third day the pasha arrived, bringing with him only the Memlook, the negro and a French cook, who did

not seem at all comfortable after his long ride on a swift dromedary, laden with the pasha's *cuisine;* indeed, as soon as he dismounted he threw himself on the ground, vowing every bone in his body was broken with the shaking he had received.

GAZELLE HUNTING IN EGYPT.—"AS HE PREPARED TO MAKE ANOTHER SPRING I GAVE HIM THE CONTENTS OF MY SMOOTH BARREL."

The pasha had also brought two capital Arab horses for our use, as he knew our dromedaries were not suited for this kind of chase. And the negro led, attached to his saddle, four fine gazelle hounds. These animals were not unlike English coursing hounds in height, and their long, fine heads and powerful jaws; but their backs, flapping ears and long tails were covered with thick, rough hair similar to that of a colly dog; each was protected from the sun during their journey by a piece of sheepskin covering the head and body—a precaution taken by all Arabs owning these valuable dogs.

After some little rest, the pasha asked us if we would join him in the sport, as he could only spare one day, and must return to Cairo next morning. We were all soon mounted, the dogs uncovered and let loose, and, after frisking about and rolling in the sand, they all started off for the nearest high ground, from which they could get a view over the desert below—for these hounds hunt only by sight. We all spread out in line and moved quickly after them. For some time the dogs ran from mound to mound, and, on reaching the summits, looked eagerly in every direction; but more than an hour passed before one at length, giving a short bark, dashed down the opposite slope of a bluff, and was immediately followed by all the others at full speed.

On our again getting sight of them, they were far ahead of us, racing over a wide expanse of almost level desert; and, with some difficulty, we discovered in the distance five specks, which, although we had had much experience, we could scarcely distinguish as gazelles from the surrounding sand and stones where they reclined. They had not yet discovered their rapidly advancing enemies, but as we horsemen rattled down the steep, rotten slope of the bluff, bringing down a shower of stones and raising a cloud of sand, the quick eyes of the gazelles were instantly upon us, and off they went with the long, tremendous bounds peculiar to them, springing ten to fifteen feet each bound, their heads raised high, and occasionally glancing backward.

GAZELLE-HUNTING IN EGYPT.—"IMMEDIATELY BEFORE US, AT ABOUT FOUR HUNDRED YARDS, WERE THREE FINE GAZELLES STANDING STARING AT US."

These beautiful and graceful creatures seemed as if they would outstrip both dogs and men; and so they certainly would had they kept straight ahead, but, instead of doing so, they turned constantly right and left, slacking their pace, consequently allowing the dogs and ourselves to gain rapidly upon them.

We soon discovered the reason of their erratic movements in the presence of three young fawns, about two months old; and they, not being able to keep up with their elders, kept turning aside and stopping, when the others closed round them, as if to hide them from their pursuers.

The dogs were soon upon them, and as the gazelles bounded off, leaving the young ones to their fate, the leader, a fine buck, halted and turned so suddenly that he caught the foremost dog directly in the chest with his sharp, curved horns, and both were hurled over and over with the impetus of the powerful hound; but before they could disengage themselves the gazelle was seized and instantly killed by the other dogs.

We all passed on, leaving the disabled hound and the dead gazelle, and continued the chase; but the negro dismounted, and after much trouble succeeded in catching two of the young ones, by throwing over them his large white burnoose, and entangling them in its folds.

The four does now led us along at a tremendous pace, but we could see they were getting fatigued; and as one of the hounds ranged up alongside the rearmost, she turned

short off to the right so quickly that her pursuers shot straight ahead, and being unable to follow her manœuvre in time, she was allowed to escape, especially as she was a small, lean animal.

Two others were soon caught and killed, but the foremost, largest and most powerful gazelle kept up at unabated pace straight for the broken ground and ravines at the foot of the Attaka Mountains; on reaching which she bounded from rock to rock, and over the rough stones in the dry water-courses, with the greatest ease, followed by the dogs; but we were all obliged to dismount, as we were several times nearly thrown by our horses stumbling among the stones and bushes.

Halim Pacha, taking a short double rifle which had been carried by his Memlook, now led the way up the ravine, being determined to get this last gazelle, even if he had to shoot her, for the long chase she had given us; and we followed only to see the end of our pursuit, as we had no firearms with us, and the Memlook remained with the horses. But what was our surprise to find, on going some distance up the ravine, all the dogs halted, and barking fiercely, but refusing to advance.

We saw the ravine terminated in a high, perpendicular precipice affording no outlet; the gazelle had rushed up to the extreme end, but among the fallen rocks at the foot of the precipice she had, in avoiding the dogs, been seized by three huge hyenas, and as we approached we saw one standing over her body, while the other two came forward toward the dogs, yelling savagely, and evidently intending to add them to their meal, for very few dogs are a match for those great, powerful brutes; they, however, halted, and then turned back at our appearance, and the next moment both fell, pierced by the bullets from the pasha's rifle; but the third hyena, to make his escape, rushed down toward the entrance, and snapped so savagely at the pasha in passing, that had he not thrust the butt of the weapon forward he would have been seriously bitten. The animal, however, continued to hold the stock in his strong jaws, and gave us time to drive our long hunting-knives into his body, when he fell dead, still retaining his hold of the rifle, which, when disengaged, showed the deep marks of his tremendous teeth.

We should have recovered the body of the gazelle, but as it had been killed by these impure animals, the flesh was considered as unfit for food by our Mohammedan companions, and we did not require it ourselves; so, remounting, we, after a long ride, rejoined the negro, who had secured the two young ones and the two does which had been killed; then made for our camp, which we reached late in the evening; but all managed to enjoy a delicious supper, prepared by the French cook, and afterward a night's rest, most welcome after our fatiguing chase.

A few months after this chase, I and my companion had another for gazelles, but of a very different description. We were encamped in a spot not many miles from the previous one, but the season was in the very hottest part of Summer, when the air seems like a flame, and the desert glitters in white heat; no cloud is seen in the glowing sky, and not a breath of wind is felt to cool the burning surface of sand and stone.

We had been many weeks without fresh meat, owing to the cattle-murrain, when it was difficult to get meat even in the towns; our stores of preserved food had failed entirely, and, finally, we had an invalid friend staying in our tents, to whom even a little soup would have been a great luxury; so we determined to try and get a gazelle, as we knew they frequented a wide open space of desert to the southward of the old road, and the wadys or dry courses formed by the Winter torrents from the mountains.

We started soon after daylight, that we might march during the coolest time of the day, as the places frequented by the gazelles were some four hours' walk from our camp—no joke in that season of the year.

Our costume was of the lightest flannel, but our heads were protected by thick shawl turbans. We carried nothing but our hunting-flasks of water, ammunition, hunting-knives and double guns—one barrel smooth, the other rifled, the most useful of all pieces for desert work. Our two servants had gone to Cairo for provisions, but would return during the day, so we left instructions for them to follow us on their arrival.

As we neared the old road we became painfully aware of what the last caravan of pilgrims, which had passed two months previously, must have suffered; for not only were the skeletons and half-picked bodies of camels to be seen at very short distances from each other, but a few paces beyond the road our attention was drawn by some rags flapping in the light morning wind, and then we distinguished the half-buried remains of some poor pilgrim who had succumbed to the fatigue, want or disease which makes such havoc in every pilgrim caravan. The fleshless skull was still partly encircled by the well-known green turban, and entangled among the remains were the broad leather double belt used by most orientals to carry their weapons around their waist.

We passed quickly by, only to find at a few more paces the remains of another poor victim in a similar condition; near this one lay a rusty, discharged pistol, and, as we journeyed on, we speculated whether this poor fellow might not, perhaps, have defended himself, when almost helpless, against the wild animals and birds of prey which always follow the routes of the caravans.

When we arrived at the wady, where we expected to find the game, the sun was high and blazing fiercely upon us, the light wind utterly gone; and, seeing no trace of gazelles, we almost decided to return to our camp, so thoroughly lonely and hopeless did it seem—no living object to be seen but our two selves in those miles and miles of glowing desert around us, and no shelter nearer than our tents. We had both had long experience of the desert, but we agreed that this day it looked particularly dismal.

However, as we came across tracks of the animals of which we were in search, although some days old, we determined to persevere until we could find something more tangible than footprints. Two hours passed, and still we wandered about on this fearful plain, which extended almost as far as the eye could reach without apparently a rise of ground as high as our shoulders.

At length we suddenly discovered, in the glittering mirage before us, the indistinct form of a standing gazelle, magnified seemingly to the height of a camel. We dropped upon all-fours immediately, and began crawling in the direction of the animal, which we could not now see, or judge at what distance it could be, as in the phenomena of the mirage objects a mile distant sometimes seem but a few hundred yards off. On we crept, occasionally rising to relieve our hands and knees from the burning sand and gravel, and then we again discovered the gazelle apparently in the same position.

At length, after a very long crawl, the heat was so unbearable that we started up, unable any longer to support it; and immediately before us, at about four hundred yards, were three fine gazelles standing staring at us. Down we went again, but next instant they bounded off, and did not stop till they had placed another four hundred yards between us.

We now agreed to separate, and each do our best to stalk to the right and left of them Again we crept forward,

only to see the provoking animals trot gently off another two or three hundred yards; then two of them began nibbling some shrubs, while the third, with his head raised high, evidently snuffing the air, looked straight toward us.

I was now separated from my companion about four hundred yards, and both were rather more than five hundred from the gazelles; but, knowing our rifles would not carry with certainty that distance, we still crept on, but with the greatest difficulty, for the sun struck on my back, and was refracted from the sand to my face—now only a few inches from the ground—so that I felt I should faint if I did not rise up. I drank my last drop of water, and again struggled on, the heat being so great that I could only hold my gun by wrapping my shooting-jacket round it.

Just as I had lessened the distance by another hundred yards, the gazelles still in the same position, and I was wriggling between some bushes about eight inches high, I saw, not more than two feet immediately before me, a large horned snake (*Cerastes*), the most venomous of all desert snakes, and so fatal is the bite, that I have known several instances of death happening to persons in less than two hours after being struck by this reptile. It would never do to fire at him and so lose the gazelles; and as I gently drew my heavy loading-rod to give him a tap, I saw another snake of the same kind on my right, and about the same distance, but raising himself to striking position, with his vicious, ruby-colored eyes fixed on mine. Not a moment was to be lost; I drew the rod wildly out, struck at the serpent on my right, and luckily swept him down with the first blow; but before I could recover myself to strike at the one in front, he darted at me, and as I involuntarily rolled on one side, passed over me. I sprang to my feet, and, as he prepared to make another spring, gave him the contents of my smooth barrel, making him spring high into the air; next moment I heard my friend's rifle crack, and saw a gazelle fall; but though I fired my rifled barrel after the other as they bounded off, my bullet went far wide, so unnerved was I by my long crawl, the danger I had been in from the two reptiles, and the heavy recoil of my heated gun.

When I had somewhat recovered I joined my companion, who laughed at my bad shots, as he thought I had fired both at the animals; but on seeing the dead snakes he owned he should probably have made a worse, as he had a most intense dislike to serpents of all kinds.

We both now made the discovery that we were so exhausted we could scarcely stand; we had no water, were miles away from the camp, and our eyes, tongues and faces so inflamed with the intense heat, that we could scarcely speak without pain. However, we sat down, and cutting slices of the warm flesh from the gazelle, applied them to the inflamed parts, and continued doing so until we were both considerably relieved. Then we laid the animal across our guns, and carrying them litter-fashion, started on our weary homeward trudge.

DOCTOR DORN'S REVENGE.

THEY stood together by the sea, and it was evident the old, old story was being told, for the man's face was full of pale excitement, the girl's half averted from the ardent eyes that strove to read the fateful answer in her own.

"It may be folly to speak when I have so little to offer," he said, with an accent of strong and tender emotion in his voice that went straight to the girl's heart. "It may be folly, and yet if you love as I love we can wait or work together, happy in the affection which wealth cannot buy nor poverty destroy. Tell me truly, Evelyn, may I hope?"

She longed to say "Yes," for in her heart she knew she loved this man, so rich in youth, comeliness, talent and ardor, but, alas! so poor in fortune and friends, power and place. He possessed all that wins a woman's eye and heart, nothing that gratifies worldly ambition or the vanity that is satisfied with luxury regardless of love. She was young, proud and poor, her beauty was her only gift, and she saw in it her only means of attaining the place she coveted. She had no hope but in a wealthy marriage; for this end she lived and wrought, and had almost won it, when Max Dorn appeared, and for the first time her heart rebelled. Something in the manful courage, the patient endurance with which he met and bore, and would in time conquer misfortune, woke her admiration and respect. He was different from those about her, and carried with him the unconscious but sovereign charm of integrity. The love she saw in his eloquent eyes seemed a different passion from the shallow, selfish sentimentality of other men. It seemed to ennoble by its sincerity, to bless by its tenderness, and she found it hard to put it by.

As she listened to his brief appeal, made impressive by the intensity of repressed feeling that trembled in it, she wavered, hesitated, and tried to silence conscience by a false plea of duty. Half turning with the shy glance, the soft flush of maiden love and shame, she said, slowly:

"If I answered "Yes" I should wrong both of us, for while you work and I wait that this may be made possible, our youth and strength will be passing away, and when the end is won we shall be old and tired, and even love itself worn out."

"If it be true love it never can wear out," he cried, impetuously; but she shook her delicate head, and a shadow passed across her charming face, paling its bloom and saddening its beauty.

"I know that poets say so, but I have no faith in the belief. Hearts grow gray as well as heads, and love cannot defy time any more than youth can. I've seen it tried, and it always fails."

"So young, yet so worldly-wise, so lovely, yet so doubtful of love's dominion," murmured Max, on whom her words fell with a foreboding chill.

"I have felt the bitterness of poverty, and it has made me old before my time," she answered, with the shadow deepening on her face. "I could love you, but—I will not." And the red lips closed resolutely as the hard words left them.

"Because I am poor?"

"Because *we* are poor."

For an instant something like contempt shone in his eyes, then pity softened their dark brilliance, and a passionate pain thrilled his voice as he said, with a despairing glance:

"Then I may not hope!"

She could not utter the cruel word "No" that rose to her lips; a sudden impulse ruled her; the better nature she had tried to kill prompted a truer answer, and love, half against her will, replied:

"You may hope—a little longer."

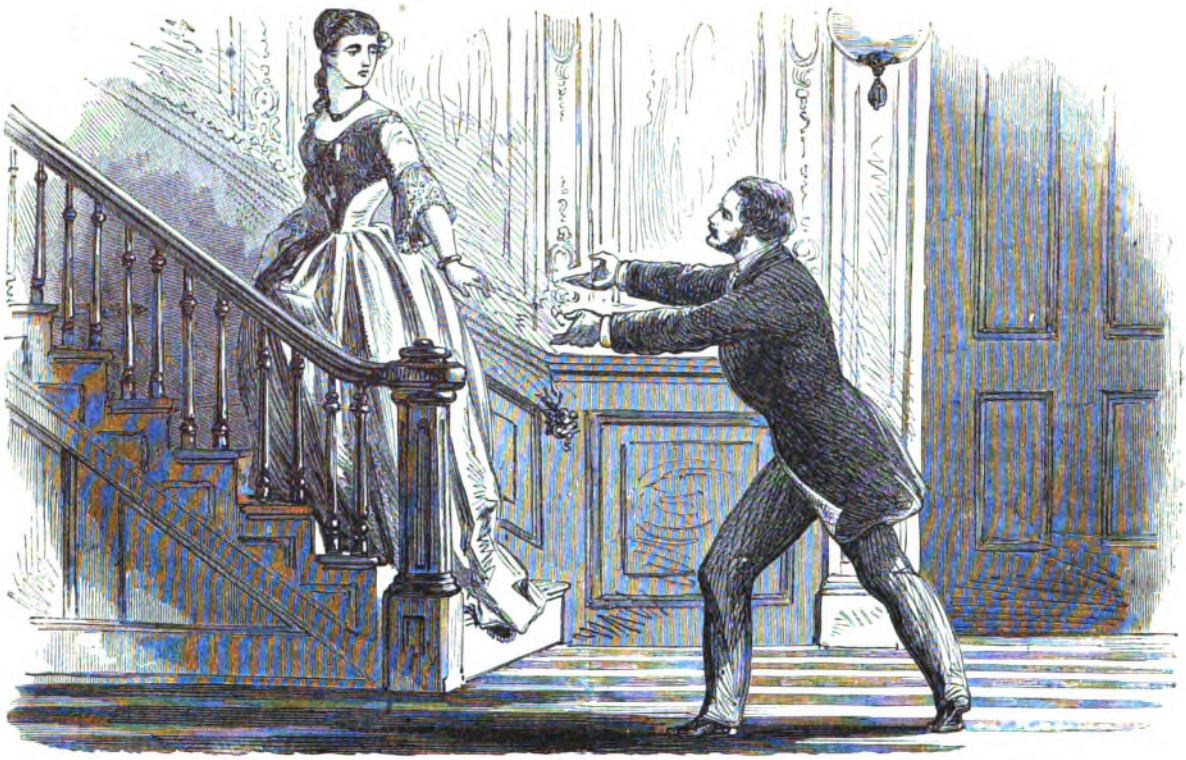
"How long?" he questioned, almost sternly, for even with the joy of hope came a vague disquiet and distrust.

"Till to-morrow."

The tell-tale color flushed into her cheeks as the words escaped her, and she could not meet the keen yet tender eyes that searched her downcast face.

"To-morrow!" he echoed; "that is a short probation, but none the less hard for its brevity if I read your face aright. John Meredith has spoken, and you find money more tempting than love."

Her head dropped on her hands, and for an instant she struggled with an almost irresistible impulse to put her hand



DOCTOR DORN'S REVENGE.—"NO ONE WAS NEAR, AND PAUSING, SHE TURNED TO LOOK DOWN ON HIM."—SEE PAGE 27.

in his and show him she was nobler than he believed. But she had been taught to control natural impulses, to bend her will, to yield her freedom to the one aim of her life, and calling it necessity, to become its slave.

Something in his look and tone stung her pride and gave her strength to fight against her heart. In one thing he was mistaken; John Meredith had not spoken, but she knew a glance from her would unlock his tongue, for the prize was almost won, and nothing but this sudden secret love had withheld her from seizing the fruit of her long labor and desire. She meant to assure herself of this beyond all doubt, and then, when both fates were possible, to weigh and decide as calmly as she might. To this purpose she clung, and lifting her head with a proud gesture, she said, in the cold, hard tone that jarred upon his ear and made discord in the music of her voice:

"You need not wait until to-morrow. Will you receive your answer now?"

"No; I will be patient, for I know something of temptations like this, and I have faith in the nobility of a woman's heart. Love or leave me as you will, but, Evelyn, if you value your own peace, if you care for the reverence of one who loves you utterly, do not sell yourself, for wealth so bought is worse than the sharpest poverty. A word will put me out of pain; think of this to-day; wear these to remind you of me, as that jewel recalls Meredith; and to-night return my dead roses or give me yourself."

He put the ruddy cluster in the hand that wore his rival's gift, looked into her face with a world of love and longing in his proud eyes, and left her there alone.

If he had seen her crush the roses on her lips and drench them in passionate tears, if he had heard her breathe his name in tones of tenderest grief and call him back to save her from temptation, he would have turned and spared himself a lifelong loss, and saved her from a sacrifice that doomed her to remorse.

She crept into a shadowy nook among the rocks, and searched herself as she had never done before. The desire to be found worthy of him swayed her strongly, and almost conquered the beliefs and purposes of her whole life. An hour passed, and with an expression more beautiful than any ever seen upon her face till now, Evelyn rose to seek and tell her lover that she could not give his flowers back.

As she stood a moment smiling down upon the emblems of love, a voice marred the happiest instant of her life, a single sentence undid the work of that thoughtful hour.

"Meredith will never marry pretty Evelyn."

"And why not?" returned another voice, as careless as that sarcastic one that spoke first.

"He is too wise, and she lacks skill. My faith! with half her beauty I would have conquered a dozen such as he."

"You have a more potent charm than beauty, for wealth will buy any man."

"Not all." And the girl's keen ear detected an undertone of bitterness in the light laugh that followed the words. A woman spoke, and as she listened, Dorn's words, "I know something of such temptations," returned to her with a sudden significance which the next words confirmed.

"Ah, Max will not thaw under your smiles or be dazzled by the golden baits you offer. Well, my dear, you can find your revenge in watching Evelyn's folly and its dreary consequences, for she will marry him and ruin herself for ever."

"No doubt of that; she hasn't wit enough to see what a splendid career is open to her if she marries Meredith, and she will let a girlish romance rob her of success. That knowledge is an immense comfort to me."

The speakers passed on, leaving Evelyn pale with anger, her eyes keen and hard, her lips smiling scornfully, and her heart full of bitterness. The roses lay at her feet, and the hand that wore the ring was clinched as she watched mother and daughter stroll away, little dreaming that their worldly gossip had roused the girl's worst passions and given her temptation double force.

"She loves Max and pities me—good! I'll let her know

that I refused him, and teach her to fear as well as envy me. 'A splendid career'—and she thinks I'll lose it. Wait a day and see if I have not wit enough to know it, and skill enough to secure it. 'Girlish romance' shall not ruin my future; I see its folly, and I thank that woman for showing me how to avoid it. Take comfort while you may, false friend; to-morrow your punishment will begin."

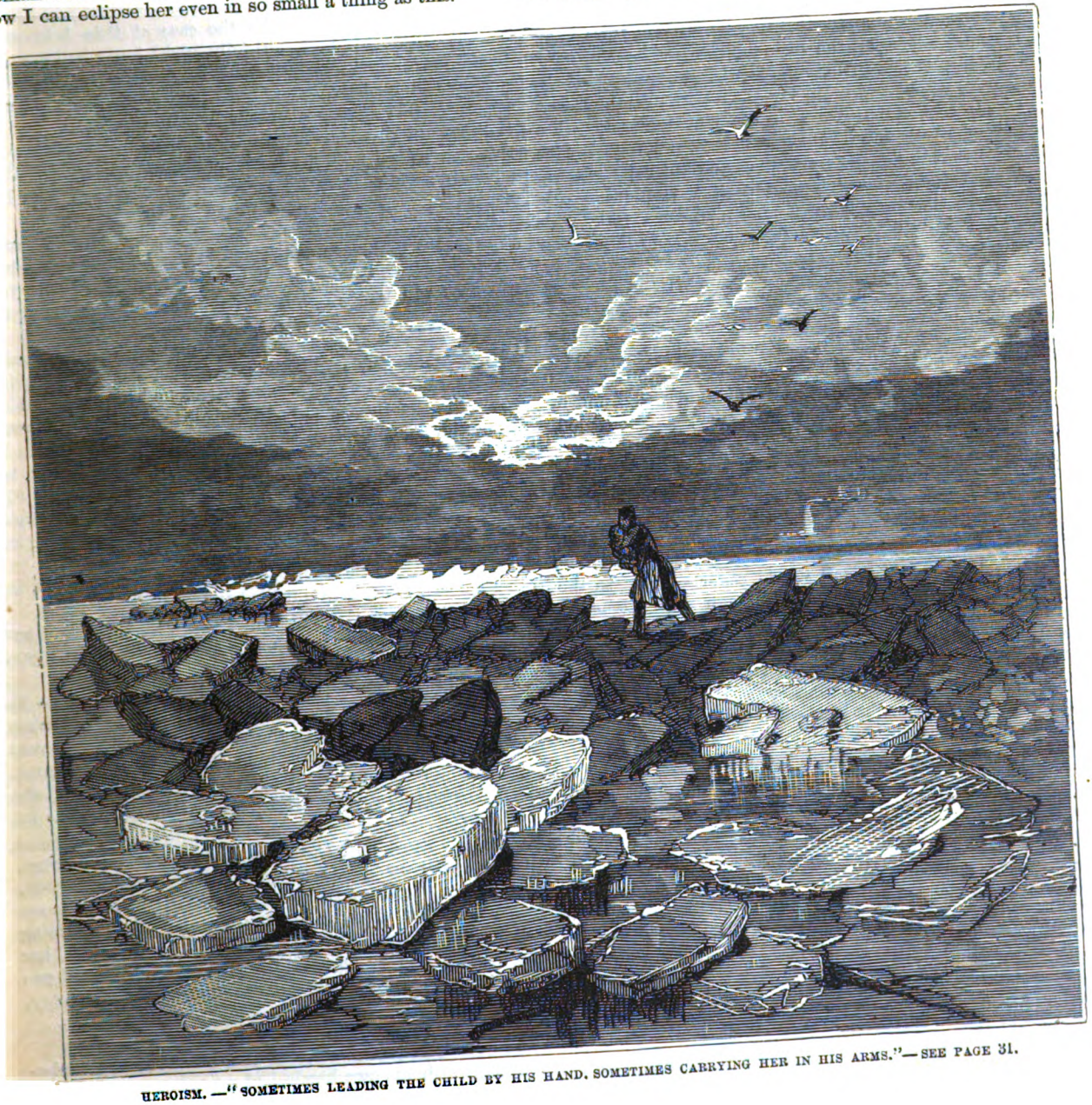
Snatching up the roses, Evelyn returned to the hotel, congratulating herself that she had not spoken hastily and pledged her word to Dorn. Everything seemed to foster the purpose that had wavered for an hour, and even trifles lent their weight to turn the scale in favor of the mercenary choice.

As if conscious of the struggle going on within her, Meredith forgot the temporary jealousy of Dorn, that had held him aloof for a time, and was more devoted than before. She drove with him, and leaning in his luxurious barouche, passed Dorn walking through the dust. A momentary pang smote her as his face kindled when he saw her, but she conquered it by whispering to herself, "That woman would rejoice to see me walking there beside him; now I can eclipse her even in so small a thing as this."

As the thought came, her haughty little head rose erect, her eyes wandered, well pleased, from splendid horses, liveried servants and emblazoned carriage, to the man who could make them hers, and she smiled on him with a glance that touched the cold heart which she alone had ever warmed.

Later, as she sat among a group of Summer friends, listening to their gossip, she covertly watched her two lovers while she stored up the hints, opinions, and criticisms of those about her. Max Dorn had youth, manly beauty and native dignity, but lacked that indescribable something which marks the polished man of fashion, and by dress, manner, speech and attitude betrayed that he was outside the charmed circle as plainly as if a visible barrier rose between him and his rival.

John Meredith, a cold, grave man of forty, bore the mark of patrician birth and breeding in every feature, tone and act. Not handsome, graceful or gifted, but simply an aristocrat in pride and position as in purse. Men envied, imitated and feared him; women courted, flattered and sighed for him; and whomsoever he married would be, in spite of herself, a queen of society.



HEROISM.—"SOMETIMES LEADING THE CHILD BY HIS HAND, SOMETIMES CARRYING HER IN HIS ARMS."—SEE PAGE 31.

As she watched him, the girl's purpose strengthened, for on no one did his eye linger as on herself; every mark of his preference raised her in the estimation of her mates, and already was she beginning to feel the intoxicating power which would be wholly hers if she accepted him.

"I will!" she said, within herself. "To-night he will speak, and to-morrow my brilliant future shall begin."

As she dressed for the ball that night an exquisite bouquet of exotics was brought her. She knew who sent them, and a glance of gratified vanity went from the flowers to the lovely head they would adorn. In a glass on her toilet bloomed the wild roses, fresh and fragrant as ever. A regretful sigh escaped her as she took them up, saying softly, "I must return them, but he'll soon forget—and so shall I."

A thorn pierced her hand as she spoke, and as if daunted by the omen, she paused an instant while tears of mental, not physical, pain filled her eyes with tears. She wiped the tiny drops of blood from her white palm, and as she did so the flush of the diamond caught her eye. A quick change passed over her, and, dashing away the tears, she hid the wound and followed her chaperon, looking blithe and beauful as ever.

John Meredith did speak that night, and Max Dorn knew it, for his eye never left the little figure with the wild roses half hidden in the lace that stirred with the beating of the girlish heart he coveted. He saw them pass into the moonlit garden, and stood like a sentinel at the gate till a glimmer of white foretold their return. Evelyn's face he could not see, for she averted it, and turned from the crowd as if to seek her room unseen. Meredith's pale features were slightly flushed, and his cold eye shone with unwonted fire, but whether anger or joy wrought the change Dorn could not tell.

Hurrying after Evelyn, he saw her half way up the wide staircase, and softly called her name. No one was near, and pausing, she turned to look down on him. Never had she seemed more lovely, yet never had he found it hard to watch that beloved face before. Without a word he looked up, and stretched his hands to her, as if unconscious of the distance between them. Her rich color faded, her lips trembled, but her eyes did not fall before his own, and her hand went steadily to her breast as in silence, more bitterly significant than words, she dropped the dead roses at his feet.

* * * * * *

"Is Doctor Dorn at home?"

The servant glanced from the pale, eager speaker to the elegant carriage he had left, and, though past the hour, admitted him.

A room perfect in the taste and fitness of its furnishing, and betraying many evidences, not only of the wealth, but the cultivation, of its owner, received the new comer, who glanced hastily about him as he advanced toward its occupant, who bent over a desk, writing rapidly.

"Doctor Dorn, can you spare me a few moments on a case of life and death?" said the gentleman, in an imploring tone, for the sight of a line of carriages outside and a crowded ante-room inside, had impressed him with the skill and success of the doctor more than all the tales he had heard of his marvelous powers.

Doctor Dorn glanced at his watch.

"I can give you exactly five minutes."

"Thanks. Then let me as briefly as possible tell you the case. My wife is dying with a tumor in the side. I have tried everything, every physician, and all in vain. I should have applied to you long ago, had not Evelyn positively forbid it."

As the words left his lips both men looked at one another, with the memory of that summer night ten years ago rising freshly before them. John Meredith's cold face flushed with emotion in speaking of his suffering wife to the man who had been his rival. But Max Dorn's pale, impassive countenance never changed a muscle, though a close observer might have seen a momentary gleam of something like satisfaction in his dark eye as he answered in a perfectly business-like tone:

"I have heard of Mrs. Meredith's case from Doctor Savant, and know the particulars. Will you name your wish?"

He knew it already, but he would not spare this man the pang of asking his wife's life at his hands. Meredith moistened his dry lips, and answered slowly.

"They tell me an operation may save her, and she consents. Doctor Savant dares not undertake it, and says no one but you can do it. Can you? Will you?"

"But Mrs. Meredith forbids it."

"She is to be deceived; your name is not to be mentioned; and she is to think Doctor Savant is the man."

A bitter smile touched Dorn's lips as he replied with significant emphasis:

"I decline to undertake the case at this late stage. Savant will do his best faithfully, and I hope will succeed. Good-morning, sir."

Meredith turned proudly away, and Dorn bent over his writing. But at the door the husband paused, for the thought of his lovely young wife dying for want of this man's skill rent his heart and bowed his spirit. With an impulsive gesture he retraced his steps, saying, brokenly:

"Doctor Dorn, I beseech you to revoke that answer. Forgive the past, save my Evelyn, and make me your debtor for life. All the honor shall be yours; she will bless you, and I—I will thank you, serve you, love you to my dying day."

Hard and cold as stone was Dorn's face as the other spoke, and for a moment no answer came. Meredith's imploring eyes saw no relenting sign, his outstretched hands fell at his side, and grief, resentment and despair trembled in his voice as he said, solemnly:

"For her sake I humbled myself to plead with you, believing you a nobler man than you have proved yourself. She took your heart, you take her life, for no hand but yours can save her. You might have won our gratitude forever, but you refused."

"I consent." And with a look that went straight to the other's heart, Dorn held out his hand.

Meredith wrung it silently, and the first tears that had wet his eyes for years fell on the generous hand that gave him back his idol's life.

The affair was rapidly arranged, and as no time was to be lost, the following day was fixed. Evelyn was to be kept in ignorance of Dorn's part in the matter, and Doctor Savant was to prepare everything as if he were to be the operator. Dorn was not to appear till she was unconscious, and she was not to be told to whom she owed her life till she was out of danger.

The hour came, and Dorn was shown into the chamber, where on a narrow table Evelyn lay, white and unconscious, as if dead. Savant and two other physicians, anxious to see the great surgeon at work, stood near; and Meredith hung over the beautiful woman as if it was impossible to yield her up to them. As he entered the room Dorn snatched one hungry glance at the beloved face, and tore his eyes away, saying to the nurse who came to him:

"Cover her face."

The woman began to question him, but Meredith understood, and with his own hands laid a delicate handkerchief

over the pallid face. Then he withdrew to an alcove, and behind the curtain prayed with heart and soul for the salvation of the one creature whom he loved.

The examination and consultation over, Dorn turned to take up his knife. As he did so one of the physicians whispered to the other, with a sneer,

"See his hand tremble; mine is steadier than that."

"He is as pale as a sheet; is's my opinion that his success is owing to lucky accidents more than to skill or science," returned the other.

In the dead silence of the room, the least whisper was audible. Dorn flushed to the forehead, he set his teeth, nerved his arm, and with a clear, calm eye, and unfaltering hand made the first incision in the white flesh, dearer to him than his own.

It was a strange, nay, an almost awful sight, that luxurious room, and in the full glow of the noonday light that beautiful white figure, with four pale men bending over it, watching with breathless interest the movements of one skillful pair of hands moving the glittering instruments or delicately tying arteries, severing nerves, and gliding heedfully among vital organs, where a hair's-breadth slip might be death. And looking from behind the curtains, a haggard countenance, full of anguish, hope and suspense.

With speechless wonder and admiration the three followed Dorn through the intricacies of this complicated operation; envying the steadiness of his hand, firm as iron, yet delicate as a breath; watching the precision of his strokes, the success of his treatment, and most of all, admiring his entire absorption in the work; his utter forgetfulness of the subject. whose youth and beauty might well unnerve the most skillful hand. No sign of what he suffered during that brief time escaped him; but when all was safely over, and Evelyn lay again in her bed, great drops stood upon his forehead, and as Meredith grasped his hand he found it cold as stone. To the praises of his rivals in science, and the fervent thanks of his rival in love, he returned scarce any answer, and with careful directions to the nurse went away to fall faint and exhausted on his bed, crying with the tearless love and longing of a man, "Oh, my darling, I have saved you only to lose you again!—only to give you up to a fate harder for me to bear than death."

* * * * *

Evelyn lived, and when she learned to whom she owed her life, she covered her face, saying to her hungry heart, "If he had known how utterly weary I was, how empty my life, how remorseful my conscience, he would have let me die."

She had learned long ago the folly of her choice, and pined in her splendid home for Max, and love and poverty again. He had prospered wonderfully, for the energy that was as native to him as his fidelity, led him to labor for ambition's sake when love was denied him. Devoted to his profession, he lived for that alone, and in ten years won a brilliant success. Honor, wealth, position were his now, and any woman might have been proud to share his lot. But none were wooed; and in his distant home he watched over Evelyn unseen, unknown—and loved her still.

She had tasted the full bitterness of her fate, had repented and striven to atone by devoting herself to Meredith, who was unalterable in his passion for her. But his love and her devotion could not bring happiness, and when he died his parting words were, "Now you are free."

She reproached herself for the thrill of joy that came as she listened, and whispered penitently, "Forgive me, I was not worthy of such love."

For a year she mourned for him sincerely; but she was young, she loved with a woman's fervor now, and hope would paint a happy future with Max.

He never wrote nor came, and wearying at last, she sent a letter to a friend in that distant city, asking news of Doctor Dorn. The answer brought small comfort, for it told her that an epidemic had broken out, and that the first to volunteer for the most dangerous post was Max Dorn.

In a moment her decision was taken. "I must be near him; I must save him—if it is not too late. He must not sacrifice himself; he would not be so reckless if he knew that any one cared for him."

Telling no one her purpose, she left her solitary home and went to find her lover, regardless of danger. The city was deserted by all but the wretched poor and the busy middle class, who live by daily labor. She heard from many lips praises, blessings and prayers when she uttered Doctor Dorn's name, but it was not so easy to find him. He was never at home, but lived in hospitals and the haunts of suffering day and night. She wrote and sent to him. No answer came. She visited his house to find it empty. She grew desperate, and went to seek for him where few dared venture, and here she learned that he had been missing for three days. Her heart stood still, for many dropped, died, and were buried hastily, leaving no name behind them. Regardless of everything but the desire to find him, dead or living, she plunged into the most infected quarter of the town, and after hours of sights and sounds that haunted her for years, she found him.

In a poor woman's room, nursed as tenderly by her and the child he had saved as if he had been her son, lay Max, dying. He was past help now, unconscious, and out of pain, and as she sat beside him, heart-stricken and despairing, Evelyn received her punishment for the act which wrecked her own life and led his to an end like that.

As if her presence dimly impressed his failing senses, a smile broke over his pallid lips, his hand feebly groped for hers, and those magnificent eyes of his shone unclouded for a moment, as she whispered remorsefully:

"I loved you best: forgive me, Max, and tell me you remember Evelyn."

"You said I might hope a little longer; I'll be patient, dear, and wait."

And with the words he was gone, leaving her twice widowed.

HEROISM.

THE Winter of 1869 (says a Canadian lady in her journal) was unusually severe, and the ice on the St. Lawrence particularly thick; however, while the river beneath was rushing toward the sea, the ice was waiting in abeyance in the middle of the stream until the narrow fastness between Montreal and St. Helen's should burst and allow the whole mass to break into pieces, and then in stupendous confusion to hurry down toward Quebec.

On St. Helen's there was quartered a small detachment of troops; and while the breaking up of the ice was momentarily expected, many of the soldiers, muffled in their great-coats, with thick, storm-gloves on their hands, and with a piece of fur attached to their caps to protect their ears from being frozen, were on the ice, employed in attending to the road across it to Montreal.

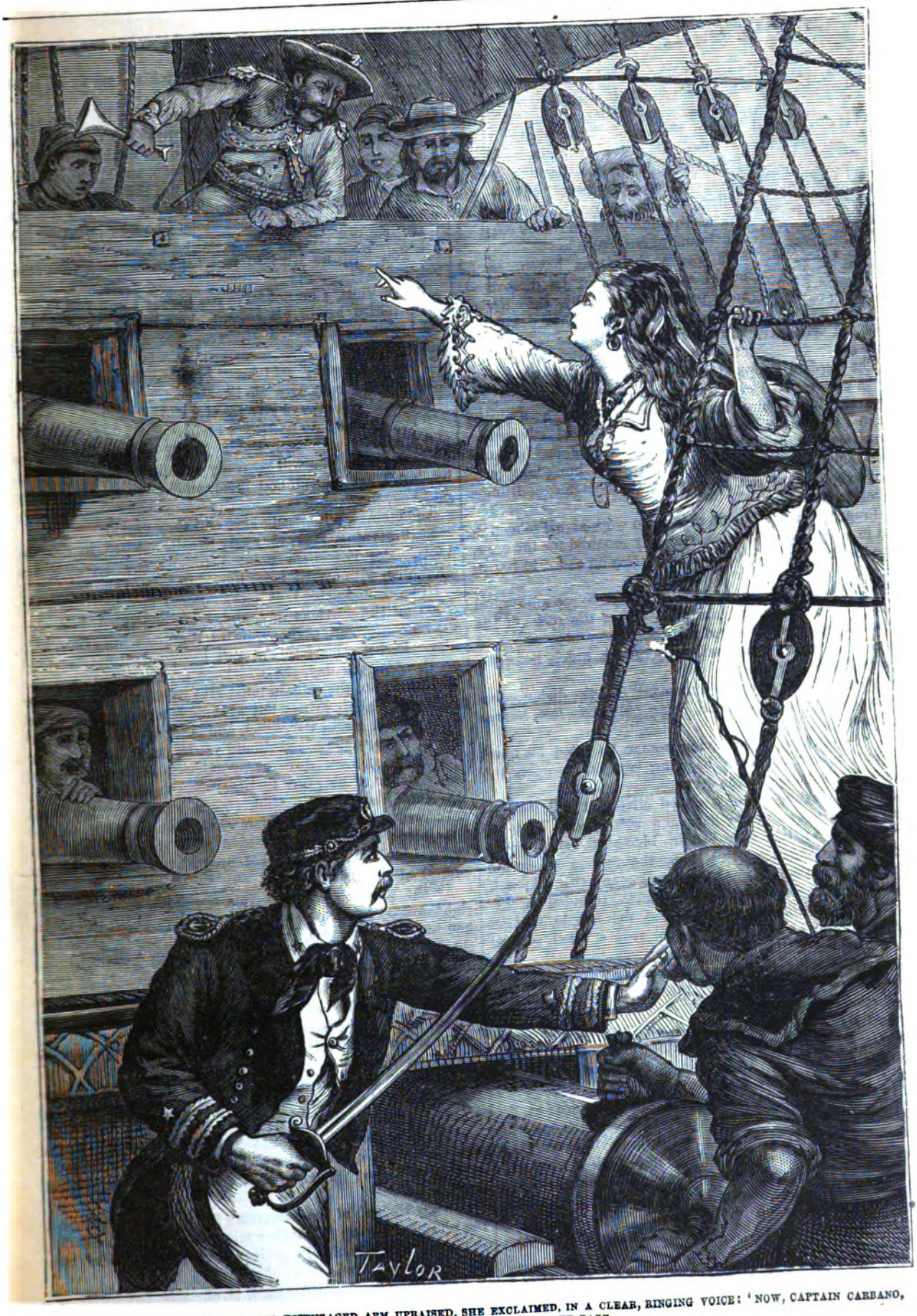
After a short suspense, which increased rather than allayed their excitement, a deep, thundering noise announced to them that the process I have described had commenced. The ice before them writhed, heaved up, burst, broke into fragments, and the whole mass, excepting a small portion, which, remaining riveted to the shore of St. Helen's, formed an artificial pier with deep water beneath it, gradually moved downward.

Just at this moment of intense interest, a little girl, the daughter of an artilleryman on the island, was seen on the ice in the middle of the river, in an attitude of agony and alarm. Imprudently and unobserved, she attempted to cross over to Montreal, and was scarcely half way when the ice, both above, below her, and in all directions, gave way. The child's fate seemed inevitable, and it was exciting various sensations in the minds, and various exclamations from the mouths, of the soldiers, when something within the breast of a young sergeant of the regiment, who happened to be nearer to her than the rest, distinctly uttered to him the monosyllables, "Quick, march!" And in obedience thereto, fixing his eyes on the child as on a parade-banderole, he steadily proceeded toward her. Sometimes before him, sometimes just behind him, and sometimes on either side, an immense piece of ice would pause, rear up on end, and roll over, so as occasionally to hide him altogether from view. Sometimes he was seen jumping from a piece that was beginning to rise, and then, like a white bear, carefully clambering down a piece that was beginning to sink. However, onward he proceeded, until reaching the little island of ice on which the poor child stood, with the feelings of calm triumph with which he would have surmounted a breach, he firmly grasped her by the hand.

By this time he had been floated down the river, nearly out of sight of his comrades. However, some of them having run to their barracks for spy-glasses, distinctly beheld him about two miles below them, sometimes leading the child by the hand, sometimes carrying her in his arms, sometimes "halting," sometimes running "double-quick"; and in this dangerous predicament he continued for six miles, until, after passing Longeuil, he was given up by his companions as lost.

He remained with the little girl floating down the middle of the river for a considerable time; at last, toward evening, they were discovered by some French Canadians, who, at no small risk, humanely pushed off in a canoe to their assistance, and thus rescued both from their perilous situation. The Canadians took them to their home. At last, in due time, they returned to St. Helen's. The child was happily restored to her parents, and the brave sergeant quietly returned to his barracks.

COSTUMES OF THE ISLAND OF RE.—SEE PAGE 35.



THE GIRL RESCUER.—"WITH HER DISENGAGED ARM UPRAISED, SHE EXCLAIMED, IN A CLEAR, RINGING VOICE: 'NOW, CAPTAIN CARBANO, FIRE IF YOU DARE!'"— SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE GIRL RESCUER.

A TERRIFIC gale, which for three days had raged off the Bahamas, had so disabled the schooner *Wingfield*, cruising, in 18—, against the pirates of the Antilles, that her captain, William Howard—a handsome, dashing young naval officer, of twenty-five — was obliged to run for repairs into one of the narrow inlets on the west coast of the Island of San Salvador.

It was a dangerous haven, as he might at any moment be discovered, and pounced upon by the lawless hordes who had learned to dread and hate his schooner, which had made sad havoc among their vessels.

The captain dropped anchor close inshore, where the ocks were covered with trailing vines and the banks shaded with shrubbery, blooming with the flowers of the beautiful farnese and other species of acacia. Beyond, silvery cascades were seen, flashing in misty distance, and gigantic trees, entwined with branches, from which hung long, pendent twigs, full of red, blue and white blossoms, emitting a delicious fragrance.

Howard lost no time in getting to work at his schooner, and in a few days she was sufficiently repaired for the crew, who had been forced to a temporary stay on shore, to return aboard.

Next morning the captain was surprised to see a beautiful apparition beckoning to him from one of the rocks of the coast—a young girl, arrayed in white, with a blue sash, and wearing a broad straw hat, from under which her long tresses fell to her waist.

He had his gig down in a moment, and the distance between the schooner and land being only sixty feet, he was soon ashore.

As he approached the young woman he lifted his naval cap and bowed, his eyes beaming admiration upon the loveliest face he had ever seen.

The complexion was of a mixed olive and delicate rose tint; the eyes were large, dark and soft, shaded by long, curling lashes; the hair had a blue-black shade; the features were faultless. But it was the expression—so full of innocence—that charmed the young man; that piquant, childish look, combined with the smooth, rounded cheeks, eloquent with womanly warmth, and the supple, well-developed form, which, as the full bust rose and fell, seemed to emit an irresistible magnetism.

The voice, when she spoke—in harmony with her appearance—had two intonations: of the organ and the lute, of the woman and the child.

"Sir," said she, "I have come to tell you to leave as soon as you can. There are pirates, thrice your number, scarce a league from here. They will soon discover you, by chance, as I have done this morning."

"And who, gentle friend, are you who thus warns me?"

"I am Viola, the adopted daughter of José Carbano—the fiercest and most powerful of all the outlaws. His craft is a full-sized two-decker, almost as large as a sloop-of-war; and he would gladly die for the satisfaction of blowing you to pieces. He has been in search of you—I expect him back every day. Tarry not, I beseech you."

"But why do you, his daughter, take the trouble to warn me?"

"Because I do not approve of his doings. I have striven hard, but in vain, to induce him to give up his unlawful life. I have warned many a merchant-ship away from this vicinity, and now I beg you will go, too."

"I cannot go for a week, as I have my masts to repair and new sails to get up."

She sighed, and bowing, disappeared in the deep woods beyond. But she came again, the next day and the next, and so on, anxious to see how soon he could sail away.

He would engage her in conversation, and speak to her in a tender, earnest manner she could not misinterpret.

Ten days had passed—he would be ready to sail the next morning—when he again met Viola, who now informed him that her father's vessel was in sight.

"You have no time to lose," she said, in a tremulous voice.

"But, Viola, I cannot leave *you* here. I love you!"

He folded her in his arms, and as her head drooped on his breast, he showered kisses on her warm lips and her bright eyes.

"Beautiful girl!" said he, "I will make you my wife! Will you go away with me?"

"Would you always love me if I did?"

"For ever as I do now—yes!"

"I will go with you, then. I will be here to-morrow morning, when you will be ready to sail. And, now, good-by, lest I am missed, and in searching for me the pirates find you, too."

An embrace, a lingering kiss, and they parted.

Next morning, Howard, ready to sail, watched in vain for Viola. His lieutenant pointed toward the woods, which were alive with armed men, hurrying toward the schooner.

Howard understood at once. Some spy had followed Viola on the previous day, and, lying concealed, had seen the schooner, and, perhaps, heard the girl's interview with him. Perhaps, her father's craft having doubtless arrived on the previous day, she was kept a prisoner aboard the vessel. If so, the captain must give up all thought of now obtaining his fair prize; but at some future time he would come with a larger war-vessel, and carry off the sweet girl whom he was determined should yet be his wife

The armed men drew every moment nearer. Howard brought one of his guns to bear upon them as his anchor was lifted, and fired a shot. Then away went the little schooner, shooting, with a fair wind, toward the mouth of the inlet. Another gun, loaded with shrapnel, was discharged, and yells and curses broke from the pirates as several of their number fell.

As the schooner emerged from the inlet, an unexpected sight greeted her crew—a large two-decker, which the rocks had hitherto concealed, lying in wait for them! There was the pirate flag at her mizzen, and through her port-holes glimpses of dark-faced men could be seen already at their guns. Huge and black, she loomed up, ready to sink, at one broadside, the schooner, which, to escape the rocks astern, must now pass close alongside.

"It is Carbano!" cried Lieutenant Hawthorne, shrugging his shoulders.

"Ay, ay!" answered Howard, as a tall, dark man, springing, trumpet in hand, on the quarter-deck, hailed him in a voice of thunder:

"Ho, Americano! You and your crew shall go down like dogs! No chance for quarter—no time for prayers!"

Howard looked quickly round him, but saw no way of escape.

Already the end of the schooner's flying jibboom touched the pirate's quarter; in another minute, brushing alongside, she would be completely at her mercy, right under her double tier of guns!

"We'll give her a parting shot, at any rate, before we go down!" said the young man, coolly, springing to the two

guns on his port side. At that moment a young girl was seen pleading with Carbano. It was Viola!

But he thrust her away from him; then, as the schooner passed alongside the huge pirate, in the shadow of her frowning guns, so near that her rigging scraped her enemy's quarter-rail, Carbano was seen to raise his trumpet to his mouth, probably to give the command to fire.

And now a silence like death reigned aboard the smaller vessel; her men forward, in a group, stood with white lips, dumb and appalled, awaiting the dreaded moment when those guns, belching destruction upon them, should rend their craft into a thousand pieces, and send them all in blood and ruin to the dark depths of the sea.

But at that critical instant Viola, who had sprung on the rail, seizing hold of the schooner's main topmast backstay, which was within easy reach, descended swiftly to the top of her bulwarks.

Howard, who had just been about discharging his two port-guns, paused, signaling his gunners to desist, while with admiration and awe all eyes now were turned toward the beautiful apparition.

Holding to the stay with her left hand, and balancing herself on one foot, she stood upright, her lithe form inclining toward the very muzzles of her father's guns, while, with her disengaged arm upraised, she exclaimed, in a clear, ringing voice:

"Now, Captain Carbano, fire if you dare!"

And Carbano, who could not now give the fatal order without blowing into eternity his noble daughter, as well as his enemies, called like a madman on some of his crew to board the schooner and bring the girl back.

But ere he could be obeyed, the little craft had darted past the pirate, and was winging her way onward like a bird out to sea, the cheers of her men rolling to the skies.

As soon as he could veer his craft round, Carbano started to give chase; but his heavy vessel, while awaiting his enemy near the inlet, had drifted too near the rocks, upon one of which she now struck, and lay wedged almost on her beam-ends.

Howard ran down to Havana, where he was united to the beautiful girl who had so nobly saved his schooner and the lives of his crew.

COSTUMES OF THE ISLE OF RE.

The Isle of Ré furnished French history with one of its most interesting episodes. In 1627 the Duke of Buckingham laid siege to it with 120 vessels and 8,000 men, under pretext of succoring the Huguenots of Rochelle, from which place Ré is separated only by a canal. The Marquis of Toiras, who was in charge of the island, not having sufficient forces at his command, was compelled to retire to the fortress of St. Martin. Buckingham then surrounded him, and prevented all communication with the outer world, determining to reduce the garrison by famine.

To hasten this crisis, all the women in the island were assembled, and were then driven by force of arms to the citadel, and, being repulsed by the garrison, who had but scanty provisions for themselves, the English admiral ordered his soldiers to fire upon the defenseless creatures, to prevent their retracing their steps. The garrison was, of course, obliged to open the gates of the fortress to those who escaped the murderous fire. One unfortunate, who bore an infant in her arms, was reached by a bullet in her flight, and fell to the ground. Maternal tenderness triumphed over the agonies of death, however, and to still the cries of her babe she placed it to her breast. The soldiers of the fort, touched by the piteous sight, hastened to her relief; but, when they reached her, the infant, smiling and happy, was drawing nourishment from a bosom from which the life had fled!

No provisions reached the devoted garrison. Buckingham's blockade by sea was effectual, and it now became a question of immediate surrender or of death by starvation. In this emergency, three bold spirits resolved to swim over to the continent. One dark night the attempt was made, and they plunged into the sea. One was drowned; a second found his strength unequal to the task, and he returned; the third persevered, and succeeded in evading the pursuit and bullets of the English, and in disembarrassing himself of the fish which impeded his progress, and, in a state of utter exhaustion, reached the coast, and dragged himself on his hands and knees to the quarters of the Duke of Angouleme. Suspended around his neck was a leaden box containing a letter from Toiras, informing the duke that unless help came within five days he should be compelled to surrender. Before the expiration of that time, however, a dozen vessels, laden with provisions and munitions of war, were enabled to make their way to the foot of the citadel, as the English vessels had suffered greatly by a storm.

Fortune had now turned in favor of the besieged, and within a week the fort was relieved of all its necessities, and the Duke of Buckingham abandoned the hope of reducing it by famine. His efforts to take it by assault proving equally futile, the English troops retired, and were pursued, and their ranks so utterly decimated by Schomberg that the survivors speedily returned to England.

Our illustration, from a drawing taken from the life, represents the curious costume of the women of this island, which had such a bitter experience of the horrors of war.

TOMB OF AN ANCIENT SCANDINAVIAN MEDICINE MAN, AND ITS CURIOUS CONTENTS.

Men in Europe are just waking up to the fact that they have found around them, almost at their hands, in caves and mounds and shell-heaps, material, and abundant material, for the social history of the earliest inhabitants of that quarter of the globe.

The living red man of America, whose state marks about as many degrees in the metre of progress, helps us to explain and identify many of these articles.

One of the most curious finds was in a mound in Lyngby parish, northwest of Copenhagen, in the island of Zealand. A peasant, in 1845, needing earth to fill up, began removing this mound, and at last struck on large stones in the centre. Fortunately he notified the authorities, who invited archæologists to explore it. Mr. Thomsen, of the Museum of Antiquities at Copenhagen, with two assistants and an anatomist, sketched and then opened it.

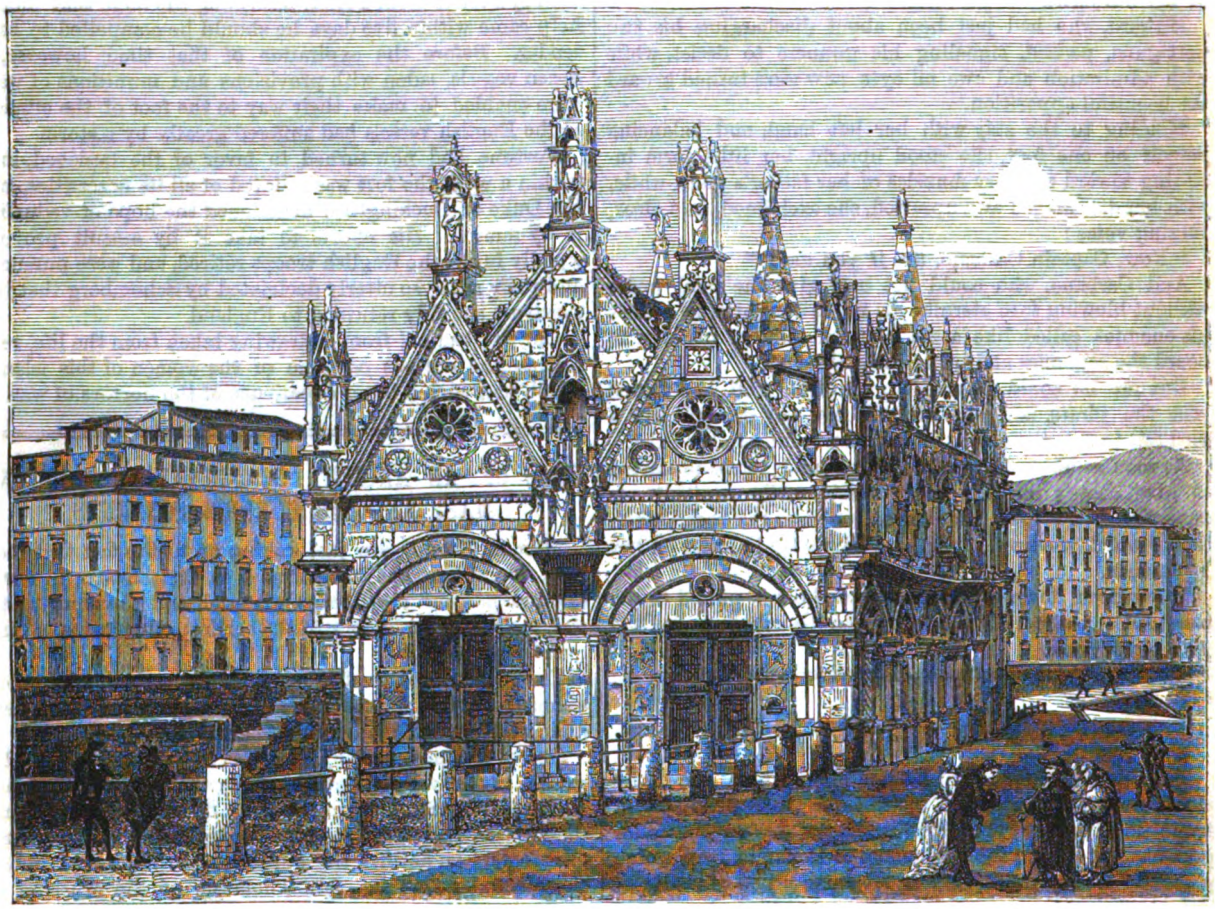
The tomb was rectangular, lying northwest by southeast. The sides were of flat stones, leaving a place about six feet nine inches in length, by one foot six inches in width. At the bottom was a flooring of flint pebbles, on which was spread a rude woolen blanket; beside it, a bronze sword in its sheath; under it, a kind of leather bag, a small bronze clasp, sword-belt and bones. Below the blanket was a skin, the hairy side up.

The leather bag was at once varnished well, then opened, by drawing out a bronze pin run through rings or eyelets. From a piece of leather adhering to it, this bag was evidently like the sword, suspended by the belt. It contained a piece of amber, a red stone, a shell (*Comes Mediterraneus*), some dried roots, a bit of bark, a snake's tail, a hawk's claw, a bit of bronze, a bronze knife with convex blade, a razor of the same metal, and part of a flint spearhead; while in a little

outside pocket were some pebbles and a squirrel's jaw-bone.

It was precisely such a gathering of charms as fills the bag of a medicine-man in an Indian tribe; and the antiquarians had no difficulty in deciding the tomb of Hvidegaard to be that of a *chaman* or medicine warrior of the Bronze era. The sword was well preserved except the hilt, the blade and guard being in fine condition. The scabbard is a bark case, with thongs of rawhide, all covered with leather. The knife and razor also had leather sheaths.

This curious and well-preserved set of ornaments gives us, in all probability, the entire outfit and equipment of one who in an early day moved with a perfect atmosphere of awe around him, as though in the contents of his bag were the fate of thousands.



THE CHURCH OF THE SANTA SPINA, AT PISA.

THE CHURCH OF THE SANTA SPINA, AT PISA.

Besides its vast and magnificent cathedral, Pisa possesses several remarkable churches, among which that of Santa Maria della Spina merits the attention of every traveler with feeling to appreciate what is really beautiful.

The façade of white marble, glowing in the warm rays of an Italian sun, is mirrored in the blue waters of the Arno, on whose banks it stands.

Its name alludes to a relic which it prizes, and which it was built to enshrine: a thorn, believed to be from the thorny crown placed on the Saviour's head. This relic was brought to Pisa, in the thirteenth century, from Palestine, by a rich merchant of the city.

Some of the statues that grace its exterior are due to the chisel of John of Pisa, and the interior of the church is adorned with other sculptures by the same hand, and by Nino of Pisa. It also contains a fine painting attributed to Sodoma.

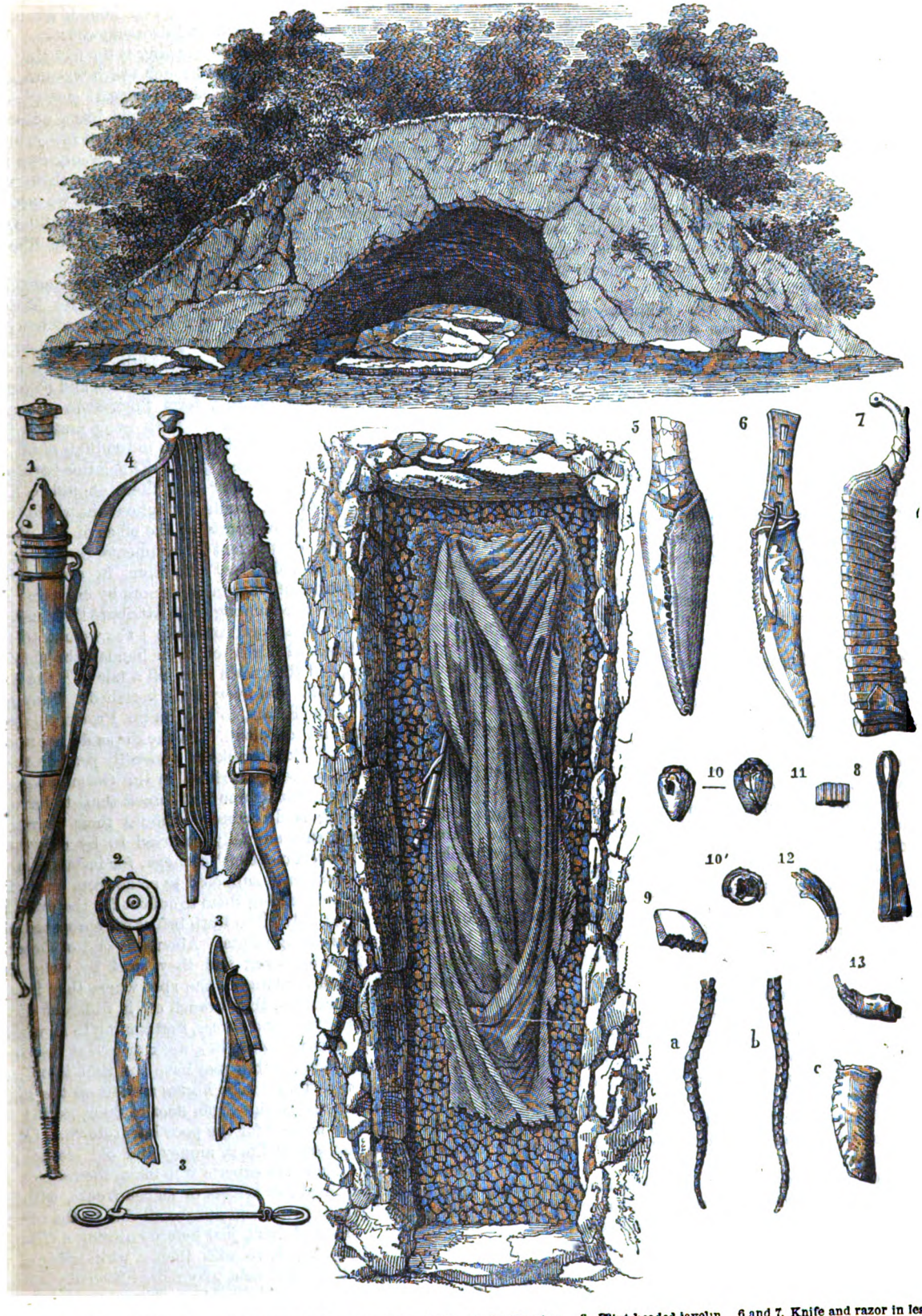
THE BEGGING TRADE IN RUSSIA.

Among the many trades plied by the peasant population of the Government of Moscow, we find that of begging, with an organization and character so original, that certain facts concerning it, collected on the spot, may not be devoid of interest to the general reader.

The word "beggar" usually brings before the mind's eye the image of some unfortunate human being, deprived in one way or other of all means of earning his or her daily bread.

To the strong man, able to apply his strength to work of any kind, begging seems ignoble; and yet, in the Government of Moscow, in the centre of industrial Russian life, there are places where begging formed from of old, and now forms, a distinct trade, practiced by the young and old of both sexes, independently of any degree of worldly wealth they may possess. Such places are the bailiwick of Zaponorsky, in the district of Bogorodsky; and the bailiwick of Weyshegorodsky and part of Simboochoffsky, in the district of Vereïsk. This latter radius bears the general name of Schouvaloffshin, and its inhabitants are usually known as Schouvalikoffs, because they were for more than a century the serfs of the Counts Schouvaloff, the ancestors of the present Russian Ambassador at the English Court.

Schouvaloffshin consists of fifty-two villages, lying close together, and according to the last census, each with a



1. Sword with part of hilt. 2 and 3 Fragments of copper-studded belt. 4. Leather bag. 5. Flint-headed javelin. 6 and 7. Knife and razor in leather case. 8. Pincers. 9. Amber. 10. Shells. 11. Wooden dice. 12. Bird's claw. 13. Squirrel's jaw. *a* and *b*. Snakes' tails. *c*. Outside pocket.

TOMB OF AN ANCIENT SCANDINAVIAN MAGICIAN AT HVIDEGAARD.—SEE PAGE 35.

population of 4,348 souls. Agriculture is now, as it was formerly, the chief occupation of the inhabitants; not only the culture of different kinds of grain, but extensive onion crops, forming important items in their revenues. The onion fields demand copious manuring, and enforce the necessity of raising cattle. As a general rule, the material condition of the Schouvalikoffs in no way differs from that of the other peasant population of the district. In many ways, indeed, they possess advantages which their neighbors do not: low fertile prairies along the river Protva, vacant seigneurial lands where their cattle may graze at leisure, abundant woods, and the vicinity of three large towns—Borovsk, Mojaïsk, and Vereï. And yet begging, as a trade, only appears among the peasantry who were formerly the serfs of the Schouvalikoff family; in adjacent villages, belonging to other landed proprietors, there is no trace of it. How is this to be accounted for?

Direct indications as to the primitive conditions of peasant trades in general can rarely be come at, particularly if the trade has been carried on "from of old." "We had to feed ourselves somehow," say the peasants when you ask them why such-and-such a trade, and no other, sprang up in such-and-such a place. "The land alone, without a trade of some kind, is never enough." In conversing, however, with the old and aged among the Schouvalikoffs, we have gleaned facts which partly explain the matter. A hundred years ago or more, runs the tradition, the peasantry of the localities in question, besides being tillers of the ground, were also carpenters, and went "on their rounds" into the Western Border, where the begging trade was spread to a considerable extent. It was a new business to them, but they had every opportunity of becoming familiar with it; and after the war of 1812, when their dwellings were burnt down and their fields laid waste, they turned to it themselves, unwillingly at first, until they found "what a profitable trade it was." They were encouraged also by the fact that theirs was no regular feudal service: they never saw their absent masters, who generally held high posts in St. Petersburg, and after 1812 the peasantry had invariably no one to look to but the German land-steward. He did not care what their occupations were, provided they fulfilled the heavy obligations laid upon them; and these obligations might always be got over for certain sums of money. The burden of the statute labor was little felt; but the absence of any local earnings, the necessity of paying the poll-tax with ready money, the withdrawal of all regular solicitude on the part of the proprietor, and the winking of the German land-steward—these were the circumstances which led to the introduction and development of begging in this part of Russia. Such deep root did it take in Schouvaloffshin that the repressive measures afterward resorted to by the local administration neither abolished it nor weakened it. Such measures were: prohibition of all passports for residence in large towns, confinement in bridewells for vagrancy, dispatch to respective homes under military escort, and so forth. But they did not check the spread of begging, and only brought about the by-word—"There is never a prison where you won't find a Borovsky thief and a Vereïsky beggar."

This is comprehensible when we remember that the Russian peasant, once grown accustomed to a trade, sticks to it most tenaciously until a more profitable one turns up. Bad crops and long years of scarcity forced the villagers of Monakoff, for instance, to have recourse to begging, and soon they looked on it as their legitimate trade. But fifteen years ago wagon-making somehow made its way to them, proved more profitable than begging, and soon supplanted its ancient rival. Indeed, even in Schouvaloffshin begging has been decreasing for some time past, and its substitute is forest-wood sawing and the hauling of the timber to the nearest railway station.

Some of the richer peasants have even gone to St. Petersburg and started as draymen and droschky-drivers. What has been most prejudicial to begging is the fact that "the trade has spread. Before the French war it was unknown, and now every corner of Russia has beggars enough of its own. In old times a good beggar would bring home of a Winter from 100 to 200 roubles; for the last few years the same beggar will only fetch from fifty to seventy-five; and as for this year, some of them could hardly get their horses dragged home by carnival time." From this we see that the falling-off in the profits has been serious; and yet, at the present moment, not less than one-half of the fifty-two Schouvaloffshin villages still carry on the trade.

Let us now say a few words about its organization and technology. In Autumn the peasants start for Moscow, Borovsk, Mojaïsk, Vereï, or any other adjacent town, to sell their onions. On the road they manage to find out from the corn-traders in which Governments the harvest has been most abundant, and after selling their onions and collecting all necessary information, they form themselves into gangs of from ten to twenty persons. Each gang musters from five to ten wagons, and must contain individuals of all ages—men and women, boys and girls. This latter regulation is strictly adhered to, in order that there should be a just distribution of labor and profits throughout the whole trade. They get half-yearly passports at the office of the district bailiff, and set out for different Governments, each gang going, of course, in a different direction, in order not to awaken the distrust of charitable donors by crowding into one locality. The aged among them attribute their necessitous position to old age and infirmity; the women to having small, helpless children on their hands; the children are all orphans, and the grown men tell a tale of "the fire," in which izba, cattle and everything perished. They generally go to Little Russia, to the Baltic Provinces (especially Finland), and to Poland. As the Finns do not understand Russian, the Schouvalikoffs generally provide themselves with begging letters written in the German tongue, in which the great misfortune that forced them to have recourse to begging is described. Should their course lie through Governments annually resorted to by crowds of holy pilgrims (Government of Voronège, for instance), they prepare false documents supposed to come from ecclesiastical dignitaries, authorizing them to collect for the building of a church, or for holy oil to burn before the embossed pictures of miracle-working saints. About the end of October their preparations are over, and they start by "the first Winter-road." On arriving at the spot where they intend to commence operations, they branch off in different directions, in groups of twos and threes, first coming to an understanding about meeting again in a week or two at the nearest town, to sell whatever they may have had time to collect. On driving up to a village their horses are left on the highway and the beggars trudge from door to door, asking for charity in Christ's name "for the poor burnt-down." Corn, barley, coarse homespun linen, money and old clothes are given to them. There are experts who maim themselves, or dress up in half-burnt fur jackets or smock-frocks, without even a shirt beneath them, and ascribe all this to the effects of "the fire." Many of them, just before entering a village, give the children they have with them a whip-lashing, in order that real tears and sobs may more effectually soften the hearts of the charitable public. Traveling along the highway, the Schouvalikoffs see from afar a long train of sleighs—a little business may likely be done. So the octogenarian of the party is stretched in a little sledge, a piece of matting thrown over him, and when the sleighs come

alongside the drivers and occupants are implored, with tears and moans, to give a little help toward burying "the poor old father" (or grandfather), "who has died on the way." I knew a peasant, Alexis Egoroff by name, who led about his wife on a chain and told the sad story of how she had gone mad. He always had a crowd of listeners, and the woman did her best to corroborate her husband's statements. She beat her head against the walls, tried to crawl into the stoves, stooped on all-fours to drink out of cattle-troughs, and always finished up with a rush at her husband to strangle him! This line of conduct resulted in such bountiful donations that in a year or two the aforesaid peasant built himself a fine izba, cultivated a large field of onions, and lived comfortably with his wife, "whom he knew to be a clever woman," he said, "when he married her." The Russian beggar trade demands a spirit of combination, a dexterity and quick-wittedness worthier a better cause. There are Schouvalikoffs, it is said, who buy children from nurses in foundling hospitals, mutilate them, and go about with them collecting alms for "the poor, foolish natural."

The gangs all return home before Easter, by the "last" Winter-road, and remain at home until the end of Autumn. Only very old men and women, quite unfit for field labor, or families who have for some reason or other quite abandoned husbandry, follow the begging trade all the year round. Of such there are very few, for, in spite of begging and all itinerant trades, "the bit of land at home" is always the main-stay. Besides the Gang Association there exists a Capitalist Organization, consisting of manager and hired laborers. The peasant Anton Cemenoff, for instance, hires six boys (apprentices!) every Winter, and sends them "trading" to different places, assigning to each his task. The task is to gather from five to ten old shirts per diem, according to the age and capacity of the boy, and should the task not be fulfilled the apprentice undergoes heavy punishment. The exclusive business of the manager is to sell these gathered rags in Moscow. Parents willingly give out their children to such apprenticeship; for not only under an experienced master do they receive good wages—from ten to twenty roubles a Winter—but they learn the art of the trade, and may themselves afterward become "experienced beggars." That is the main point; for they say, "No girl of decent family will marry a beggar who does not know his trade."

I have said that during the last five or six years the earnings of the Schouvalikoffs have been greatly on the decrease; still, even now, on an average, every grown beggar can make forty roubles a Winter, besides keeping himself and his horse. The fodder for the horse is, in their opinion, of the greatest importance. The horse fed on charity feeds long and well, fattens speedily, and on coming home would sell for double what he would have done had he not been taken out. The horses of the peasant householders who do not follow the beggar trade cannot get through half as much work in the Summer as the beggars' horses do. This circumstance is of great importance to them, for agriculture is the chief business of the Summer, and their onion fields demand a great deal of very careful tillage. In this manner the beggar trade lends a helping hand to peasant agriculture, and, as a general rule, the beggar *ménage* looks prosperous. Their domiciles and out-houses are in good repair; they have more cattle than their neighbors, and no arrears on their land. The worst feature of the trade, in the opinion of the peasantry themselves, is that it leads to drunkenness, thanks to which the most skillful beggar can never rise even to moderate well-being. "The more he gathers the more he spends in drink." Neither is respect for the property of others much developed among them. Indeed, many of the Schouvalikoffs look on petty thefts as misdemeanors in no way derogatory to their dignity; but this is by no means the case with all.

An oppressive feeling weighs down the honest man's heart when he contemplates begging organized into a regular trade. How great must be the moral fall of those who calmly turn to parasitism as a means of existence, and look upon begging, whining and lying, not with contempt, but with respect! It is clear that this is one of the sickly phenomena of social life in Russia—one which they are striving to eradicate, and against which their most effective weapons are schools. Within the last two years the Vereïsky Local Board has provided funds for the building of four school-houses—the first ever seen in the land of the Schouvalikoffs; and if the children attend them the whole Winter through, that alone will keep them from going a-begging. But four schools are not enough for sixty villages; and if, besides reading and writing, some useful trade were taught in these country schools, it would enable them to give up begging all the more speedily. As to repressive measures, in the existing state of things they simply lead to nothing. "Were we forbidden to beg," say the peasants, "we might starve."

ANECDOTE OF HENRY IV.

Henry IV. was a kind father. Once, when caught on all-fours carrying one of his children, by the Spanish envoy, he looked up and said:

"Is your excellency married?"

"I am, and have a family," was the reply.

"Well, then," said the monarch, "I am satisfied, and shall take another turn around the room;" and off he galloped, with his little son, flogging and spurring, on his back. "I have sometimes thought of breaking myself of what are termed boyish habits; but reflection has satisfied me that it would be very foolish, and that I should esteem it a blessing that I can find amusement in everything, from tossing a cricket-ball to negotiating a treaty with the Emperor of China."

Men who will give themselves entirely to business, and despise (which is their term) trifles, are very able in the general conception of the great outlines of a plan, but they feel a want of that knowledge which is only to be gained by mixing with all classes in the world, when they come to those lesser points upon which its successful execution may depend. Of this I am certain. Besides, all habits that give a man light, elastic spirits are good.

THE MARRIAGE OF RUSSIAN PRIESTS.

Makar, the priest, very kindly offered me a bed in the bath-house, which is frequently used as guest-chamber in Russian country homes. My host took me around the confines of his little kingdom, and from his conversation I gleaned much information concerning the rural clergy in these regions, and a short sketch of his own happy career. He told me that he had two daughters belonging to his wife by a former marriage, who were at school in St. Petersburg, and that "only" the seven on the island were his own. A Russian clergyman must be married before his ordination as parish priest, and Makar had married the widow of his predecessor. He told me that these matters are arranged by the bishop of the diocese, as by far the easiest mode of providing for the widows and orphans. In this instance the union had certainly turned out very happily, and I was told that the same was true in most cases. It is only natural that it should be so, as there is no divorce, and the clergyman can only marry once, making it the interest of both parties to make the best of each other.

THE LAST SCENE.

By William Winter.

Here she lieth, white and chill;
  Put your hand upon her brow;
Still her heart is—very still,
  And she does not know you now.

Ah! the grave's a quiet bed,
  She shall sleep a pleasant sleep;
And the tears that you may shed
  Will not wake her—therefore weep!

Weep! for you have wrought her woe;
  Mourn—she mourned and died for you;
Ah! too late we come to know
  What is false, and what is true.

PICTURES OF NEW JAPAN.

By Thomas W. Knox.

The Japan of to-day is a great change from that of twenty or even ten years ago. The natural features of the country remain the same, and one sees carefully cultivated fields and hills terraced to their summits just as he might have seen them before the advent of Commodore Perry and his treaty-persuading cannon. There is no part of the world more picturesque than Japan, and the stranger finds that the pictures on fans and screens and boxes, so apparently full of exaggerations, are repeated over and over a thousand times in the country of the Mikado. Land in Yokohama and take an afternoon ride to Mississippi Bay, and you will see a dozen, yes, fifty, originals of Japanese fan pictures, with all the additions of reality and color. You will see sharply crested hills, with terrace above terrace, and at times pass the thatched roofs and open fronts of houses shaded by trees and surrounded by vines and bushes and bamboo fences, just as we find them depicted on paper or lacquer ware.

Between the rows of hills the ground is carefully laid out into rice fields, and it needs but a glance to tell you how exact and pains-taking is Japanese agriculture. Not an inch of ground is neglected and not a drop of water is allowed to run to waste. If the land slopes gently the fields are laid out in little levels, one a few inches above another, so that the water may pass from plot to plot without the aid of pump or bucket. Scattered among the rice-plants are some enormous mushrooms, and you think how gigantic and Brobdignagian must be the beefsteak to which these mushrooms can form an appropriate sauce. A second and more careful glance shows you that these apparent mushrooms are the straw hats of men who are squatted among the rice-plants and engaged in removing the weeds from the fields. The hat of the Japanese peasants, or rather one of their several styles of hats, is of plaited straw or bamboo, and of the shape and size of an umbrella. It is held in place by cords which pass under the chin and are securely tied; the stranger cannot help thinking that the comfort secured by the sun-repelling hat must be offset, in part at least, by the disagreeable fastenings.

Down to a few years ago the stranger in Japan would have frequent views of the samurai, or two-sworded gentry, and he ran the risk of an encounter with them and a practical knowledge of the keen edges of their weapons. But the samurai are no more, at least in name, and likewise two-sworded equipments; the government abolished them as a class, and forbade the wearing of swords, except to officers of the army and navy. The samurai were the literary and military class, and were attached to the daimios or feudal princes, the same as were the retainers of the feudal princes of Europe. They were very numerous, and as they did no work their sustenance was a heavy burden upon the country. It is said that under the old system nine-tenths of the product of the soil went for taxes in one way and another, the heaviest drain being for the support of the samurai. When this class was abolished the government gave each of them a sum of money to set him up in life, and then left him to shift for himself. Many of them soon wasted their substance in riotous living and were reduced to poverty; others engaged in business, but being quite unused to it, they soon lost their money, and found themselves face to face with starvation. Many sought service in the army or navy, many others became clerks or salesmen to native or foreign merchants, and others were forced into manual labor to support

COL. THOMAS W. KNOX.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A CHINESE ARTIST.

themselves and their families. I found many of them in the employ of merchants of my acquaintance, and the testimony to their honesty and fidelity was universally in their favor.

The "banto" or clerk of a friend of mine at Yokohama was formerly the second officer in rank with one of the ex-daimios, and I found at Hiogo a man once of very high position keeping the books and accounts of a foreign merchant who had large dealings with the Japanese. One day a laborer on a building in Yeddo was pointed out to me by a resident American, with the information that the laborer was formerly a samurai, holding high position with the Prince of Tosa. When I saw him he was handling stone and brick like a common coolie for eighteen cents a day!

The recent revolution in Japan was mainly due to the destruction of the samurai class. In the south of the empire they suffered more than in the north, for the simple reason that they were more numerous. They had everything to gain, and nothing to lose except their heads, by an insurrection. All they needed was a leader, and when one arose, they readily joined his standard. They are likely to be found in every revolution in Japan for the next half a century, and perhaps longer. Their feeling against the foreigners is very bitter, as they consider them the cause of all their troubles. Since they were disarmed there have been very few attacks upon foreigners, not because the samurai feels differently than before, but because of the lack of weapons. Most of the old encounters were mainly the result of accident. Two or three samurais would become half intoxicated with saki, and then start out for a stroll. They meet a foreigner, one makes an insulting remark, another repeats it, lays his hand upon his sword, and in a minute the stranger who offended by his presence was cut down and killed. Dozens of murders occurred in this way; sometimes these two-sworded swash-bucklers would dine and drink together, and then start out under an agreement to kill the first foreigner they met. The German consul at Hakodadi was murdered in this way, and so was Mr. Heuskan, the interpreter of the American legation at Yeddo, in 1861.

There are many who think the government is moving too rapidly on the road to reform, and that the process of Europeanizing the country should be carried on more slowly. Certainly a great portion of the people are disaffected, the public debt is increasing frightfully, and the expenses of living are enormously in excess of what they used to be. A dollar will purchase to-day not more than a fifth of what it would purchase twenty years ago. Formerly a coolie could support his family comfortably, according to Japanese notions, for ten cents a day, or even less; now he has a hard time of it at twenty or twenty-five cents. The condition of the tillers of the soil has been improved by the changes since 1858, but that of nearly every other class has been made worse. I found a very general belief among foreigners living in Japan that the present government will not be of long continuance, and that within five or ten years at furthest the Tokugawa family, that of the late Tycoon, will be again on the throne. The Tokugawas appear to be abiding their time. After the overturn in 1868, the Mikado offered the Tycoon an important position, but the latter refused it, and retired to the country. He has since remained quiet, but is supposed to be watching the turn of affairs, and waiting a proper chance to strike a blow. It is a noticeable fact, that, while the Government took away the revenues, or the principal part of them, of the other daimios, it left those of the Tokugawas undisturbed. The Mikado has repeatedly tried to induce the Tycoon to take part in the present Government, but always without success.

STATS BASHI, THE LAST TYCOON OF JAPAN.

A stranger arriving in Japan is forcibly impressed with

the sights that greet his eyes. Land with me at Yokohama. As the steamer halts after her long run of twenty days across the Pacific, we find her surrounded by native boats or "sampans," to the number of several dozen. These sampans are a curiosity. They are, or were formerly, built entirely of wood, dovetailed and morticed together, and without a particle of iron. Even at the present time we see only a very few bolts and nails, and these almost invariably of copper. They are neat and comfortable, almost invariably clean, and they have a flooring of loose boards very convenient to sit upon, especially when equipped with a mat of native make. The propulsive power is furnished by one or two men, generally the former; and only one oar is used by a boatman. He never rows after our manner, but he manages to get a very handsome rate of speed out of the boat by the simple process of sculling. The handle of the scull is held at a certain height by a cord, which regulates the position of the oar and reduces the labor of the man to a back and forward motion of the handle. I have seen sculling in various parts of the world, and freely credit the Japanese with the best system that has yet come under my observation.

The boatmen are rather deficient in the matter of wardrobe, though they are better clad than was their custom before the Government edict compelling the people to dress decently. Most of the boatmen wear a loose, cotton robe, with wide sleeves, and generally this is their only garment, with the exception of a strip of white cloth encircling their loins. In warm days they throw off the cotton robe while out in the harbor, but are careful to don it on approaching shore. They are a hardy race, capable of great endurance, and it is rare that a patron finds them uncivil.

Seated in the boat, we are rapidly propelled to the shore. The Custom House formalities are brief, as the duties on foreign imports are only five per cent., and it does not pay for the authorities to overhaul the baggage of travelers, unless in too great quantities.

Outside the Custom House inclosure, we find a group of jinrikishas, and as the weather is warm and the fares low, we engage one. You naturally ask, "What is a jinrikisha?"

It is a carriage like an overgrown baby-cart, and is drawn by a man; hence its name, *jin*, man; *riki*, power; *sha*, carriage. Two small persons may ride in one of these vehicles, but they are intended for only one individual. The man between the shafts will draw you four or five miles an hour for long distances, and six miles an hour for short ones. And he is capable of remarkable feats, of which he seems to think nothing.

With three men to my carriage, I have traveled fifty-four miles in twelve hours, with three halts of about fifteen minutes each. I have traveled sixty miles in two days, over bad roads, with two men to the carriage, and I was so lame at the time as to be unable to walk up the hills. The brace of fellows took me along cheerfully, laughing gayly all the time, though there was a pouring rain the second day that wet them to the skin, and, what was more, rendered the road difficult in many places.

The jinrikisha was invented only a few years ago (in 1871, I believe), but it is now found in all parts of the Empire, and I can readily believe what was told me by a Japanese, that there are more than 100,000 of these vehicles in use. They are mounted upon steel springs, and are not at all uncomfortable, though somewhat inclined to give you the backache after a long ride. But what vehicle, short of a railway carriage, will fail to do this?

Riding may be said to be quite as cheap as walking in Japan. You can hire a *jinrikisha* for ten cents an hour or fifty cents a day, provided you have but one man. For long or rough journeys two men are desirable and even necessary, and when you wish to go fast over country roads, and happen to be heavy of body, three men are not too many. This little vehicle is a sign of progress in Japan, and its introduction marked a new era in the affairs of the nation. It came near the time of the abolition of the samurai and their two-sworded privileges and gave great facilities for locomotion, while it furnished employment to thousands of coolies. Wherever you go at present you find these carriages, except in the most hilly regions. There the *cango*, a basket slung from a pole and carried by two men, is still in use. I tried the cango several times but cannot say that I like it. A small man may use it, but I am not small, and therefore didn't like it. You have to sit doubled up almost in a knot, and it is very difficult to change your position. If I could have unscrewed my legs, and had a boy to carry them, I might have got along, but such an arrangement was not practicable, and therefore cango and I are not friends. But down to a few years ago, the saddle, the cango, and the *norimon*, were the only means of inland travel other than pedestrianism. The norimon is a superior kind of cango, a box of lattice work in which you sit doubled up, and can see without being seen. The bearers walk at a slow trot, and every eight or ten minutes they stop to change from one shoulder to the other. Norimons are still used by some of the natives of the old school, principally nobles and high dignitaries, and I have frequently met them on the country roads. Sometimes it is followed by a crowd of the retainers of the great person within, but such processions are yearly becoming more and more rare. The largest I saw was in Kioto, where a hundred or more men of the noble class were following a norimon, which was carried by four coolies. The retainers did not eye me very amiably, and had it been ten or twenty years earlier I should have run a great risk of attack. But to-day they carry no weapons, and not having the means of fighting they do not engage in conflict.

The Japanese have adopted the railway, and two lines have been opened — one from Yokohama to Tokio, seventeen miles; and the other from Kobe to Kioto, fifty-three miles. The railways were built and are run on the English system, and many of the employes are English. But the natives are rapidly learning the railway business, and in a few years will dispense entirely with foreign help. They have a steamship company with a heavy capital, partly subscribed by individuals and partly by the Government. Their ships for this company are all of foreign construction with the exception of a few launches and other small craft. The company runs its ships to the principal native ports, and has a weekly line each way between Yokohama and Shanghai, touching at Kobe and Nagasaki. Most of the native passengers travel in the steerage, so that the foreigners usually have the first class to themselves. The captains and most of the officers are foreign, but the crew is invariably Japanese and Chinese.

Previous to the treaty between Japan and the United States, Yokohama was a small village inhabited by a few fishermen and their families. The treaty named Kanagawa as the place of trade, but Yokohama was preferred by the merchants and also by the Japanese. The former found it a better site for a town, and the latter favored its settlement on account of its greater distance from Yeddo, and the consequent diminution of the foreign tendency to crowd toward the great city. The foreign ministers protested, but to no avail, and Yokohama became the settlement. The business part of the town is on a low plain known as "The Settlement," the resident portion is on a high bluff just back of the settlement, and contains many fine houses. The country around the bluff has been beautified by the construction of roads, and as every well-to-do resident boasts his carriage

(not to mention some that are not by any means doing well), the drives on the bluff in the afternoon are a sight by no means unpleasant. The horses are mostly Japanese ponies, quite small, when compared with imported stock from California, but capable of good speed. Yokohama boasts a race-track where the residents meet at stated periods to try the speed of their animals, and they also have boating and rowing clubs and other institutions peculiar to a community that is mainly English in its nationality. Some of the houses are luxuriously furnished, and altogether, the inhabitants of Yokohama succeed in making their lives comfortable.

But it is the native rather than the foreigner that is under our consideration at present; and to study him we will proceed to Jap-town, as the native part of Yokohama is called. The change from the foreign to the native quarter is quite sudden; one minute we are among the stone buildings of the English or American merchants, and the next we are in Hancho Daro Street, where we find none but Japanese. Here the shop fronts are exposed, and you do not have to open the door, for the reason that there is scarcely a door to open. The floor is about two feet above the ground, and the same distance from the street, and the goods for sale are spread upon this floor, or piled upon shelves just back of it. If we want to purchase, we sit upon the edge of this floor, and the squatting or kneeling shopman brings us the articles we want.

The Japanese are unlike the Occidentals in this respect: they generally have their poorest articles exposed to view, and if you want to see their best merchandise you must say so, and induce the merchant to take you to the apartment in the rear. There he will open drawers and closets, and you will often be surprised at the amount of valuable material that will be brought to view. Very often the front of the store will be a very poor criterion by which to judge of the rear. The Japs do not always put their best foot foremost.

Pictures have made us familiar with the Japanese dress. The principal feature is a long robe, like a dressing-gown or wrapper, held at the waist by a belt or *obi*. Properly made and donned, this garment is the only one visible, and the shapes for men and women are pretty much the same. Oftentimes one has to look at the head-dress to distinguish the sexes, as the Japanese men are generally of small stature, and very rarely wear beards. The women wear, usually, a wider belt than the men, and it has a broad fold or knot directly across the back, while the men do not sport this decoration.

Shoes, as we understand them, are not worn except by the modernized Japanese; the common people wear clogs or sandals, the former for wet weather and the latter for dry, though they do not make very close distinctions. The clog is on two pieces of wood, like the corks of a horseshoe, only much larger, and they make a clattering noise as the wearer moves along. The sandal is of straw, and just covers the bottom of the foot. Clogs and sandals are kept in place by a thong, which starts from a point in the forward end, and is carried backward on both sides of the foot to near the heel. Stockings are made so that the great toe has a place for itself, like the thumb of a mitten, and when a Japanese puts on his shoes, he simply places his foot so that the thong comes between the first and second toes. Clogs and sandals are always left outside, and the native walks on the clean, matted floor, either barefoot or in his stockings.

Japanese houses are among the cleanest in the world, and the people dislike to have us step upon their floors with our boots. Generally, but by no means always, they will consent that we shall do so, if the weather is dry and our boots are carefully dusted. But if we wish to be polite, we will offer to leave our foot-gear behind us under all circumstances, and only refrain from doing so when the people answer us that we need not take the trouble.

The goods we find for sale here are greatly varied in character. Lacquered ware is abundant, and generally of a variety to suit all tastes and purses. Everybody who comes to Japan thinks himself in duty bound to carry away some of its lacquer; the Japanese have become aware of this, and consequently it is the first thing they offer you. It is of all kinds and qualities, and the novice is surprised at the variety of prices among things which are pretty much alike to his eye.

A great deal of cheap lacquer has been made in late years for the foreign market, and it is not an easy matter to find a really good article. What is known as "old" lacquer, is becoming every year more and more scarce, for the reason that much labor and time are required for its preparation. The advanced price of labor and the interest on capital, with the desire to put things on the market as soon as possible, have led to a new state of things.

The Japanese have been "modernized" quite as much in the lacquer trade as in anything else. Old lacquer is in such demand among those who know it, that the country has been searched from one end to the other in the effort to procure it, and some very high prices have been paid.

Ivory and wood carvings are also abundant, but, like lacquer, the good specimens of this work are steadily growing scarcer. Most of these carvings are small, and some of them are of great beauty and finish. They illustrate very forcibly the skill and patience of the Japanese workmen, and the taste for the ludicrous is also well displayed. Many of the subjects are comical, while others are made to represent historical incidents, and would be very interesting if we could understand them. Sometimes they represent battle scenes, and show wonderful ability in the display of passion on the faces of the participants. I have seen a pair of carvings, perhaps six inches high and half as much in diameter, one representing a land and the other a sea fight. In the former, several horsemen and dismounted warriors were contending in the front, while an army on a range of hills filled the background. In the other, two war-junks were in collision and their crews in active combat, and, in spite of the limited space, the artist succeeded in giving the details with great fidelity. Bear in mind that he was not working upon canvas, but upon a bit of ivory which you could put into your pocket and carry away, provided, of course, you had the owner's consent.

Silks, plain and embroidered, will be offered to us at prices which are very high for Japan, though they seem exceedingly low to our American ideas. Most of the embroidery comes from the western part of the empire, though a great deal is made in Tokio, and quite an industry in this line has recently grown up at Yokohama. For fancy patterns the Japanese silks are excellent, but I am told by those thoroughly familiar with the business that the plain goods do not equal those of French manufacture. But even if we do not want to buy, we shall find a Japanese silk-shop very interesting, especially when we compare it with a similar establishment at home. The salesmen sit on the floor and unfold the parcels, which are brought by small boys trained to the service. Very few goods are in sight, but nearly all are folded and rolled in drawers and boxes piled at the rear of the store. There may be a million dollars' worth in the establishment, while we cannot see the value of a hundred-dollar bill. The Japanese are not much given to display, and the most they have in this way has been the result of foreign intercourse. People dress very plainly, and blue is the prevailing color for garments. The greatest elaboration is in the dress of the women, for whom most of the figured silks not intended for export are made. The

FORMER DAYS.—THE TYCOON'S COURT—DISTRIBUTION OF MONEY.

dancing and singing girls in the restaurants and tea-houses are the most gorgeously dressed of all, and some of their wardrobes are very expensive.

In the streets outside the shops we see parties carrying heavy burdens slung from the ends of a pole, whose middle rests on the man's shoulder. Boxes and bales are slung between two men, or piled upon carts which are pulled and pushed by several men, who sing or chant so that they may exert their strength in unison. A perambulating restaurant goes by; it consists of a couple of bamboo boxes or cases

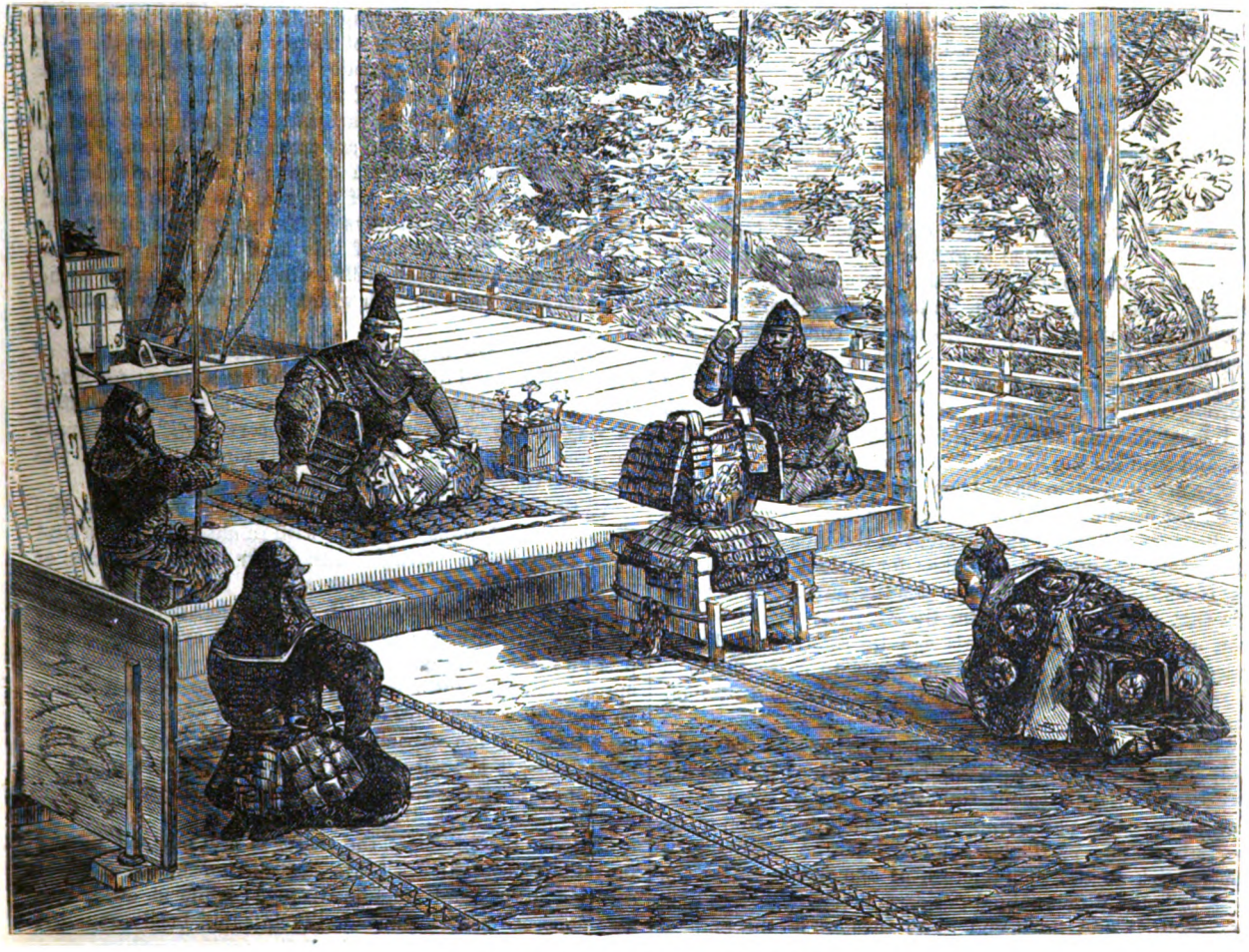
PRESENT DAY.—THE MIKADO OF JAPAN.

THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN.

of drawers and shelves at the ends of a short pole. One box has a little fire of charcoal, and the whole is carried by a man who is at once porter, keeper, head waiter and all hands. He sells boiled rice, fried fish, and a few other things, and if we are cheaply inclined we may dine here for a couple of cents. When a customer appears the restaurant stops and supplies him, and when there are no more customers it moves on. Nearly every one of these itinerants has a corner which he frequents at certain hours, and here the coolies come for their meals. Boiled rice is the national dish, and it is astonishing what an amount of muscle and endurance the Japanese are able to extract from this very simple food. The *jinrikisha* coolies, the porters, and all others who perform heavy work, live almost entirely on rice, and will outdo some of the most able-bodied eaters of beef and pork in other lands.

Men and women are shuffling along in their clogs and sandals, and there is great animation in the streets, except in the middle of the day. Then everything becomes quiet for an hour or two, as all the Japanese who can afford it are then at rest. The rays of the noonday sun are very fierce and it is best to avoid them as much as possible. Consequently the middle of the day is a very quiet time in all Japanese towns and cities in Summer, while in Winter the custom is continued from force of habit. As the house fronts are all open, we can see many natives asleep; they rest their heads upon little blocks of wood which serve them as pillows and are especially necessary for the women, whose hair is so elaborately and stiffly dressed that pillows after our model would be an impossibility. Sometimes a whole family may be seen asleep, down even to the stump-tailed cat, which reclines peacefully on a mat near the front. We remark, by-the-way, that all native cats in Japan are stump-tailed; they are not de-tailed in kittenhood like some unfortunate grimalkins of America, but are born so. I leave the why and wherefore for somebody else to explain, but let it be said that Japanese cats look upon long-tailed felines from other lands with great contempt, and refuse to associate with them upon terms of anything like friendship.

Japanese cities are very bright at night; not only are all the shops open, and wide open, too, but portions of the streets are occupied by persons who spread their wares along the pavement or upon little stalls, and wait for customers. Of course each one of these temporary shops has its light; the permanent shops and tea-houses are likewise brilliantly lighted; the crowd is so dense, that sometimes you find it not easy to circulate with anything like rapidity, and you had best go with the crowd and not be in a hurry. Everybody is polite and good-natured, and if you stop to buy anything a crowd is sure to gather to look at you. So many lights are burning, so many people are moving about, and there is so much amiability everywhere, that the whole picture is exceedingly pleasing. We may look long and far before we find a brighter and more cheerful scene than an evening on the streets of a Japanese city.



FORMER DAYS—THE INVESTITURE OF A KNIGHT.

A MAN to be happy must be friends with himself.

TOY-LAND.

In a romantic and beautiful district of the Southern Tyrol, at no great distance from the town of Botzen, stands the flourishing village of St. Ulrich. It is, indeed, more a small town than a village, and extends itself widely along the right bank of one of those rushing streams that dash through nearly every valley, and are fed by the melting of the snow on the lofty mountain ranges of the neighborhood. It contains several good and comfortable inns; and boasts of two churches—one of which is old and small; the other new and large, and handsomely carved and decorated outside; while in the interior, besides some richly painted windows and a good altar-piece, there is a great variety of statues and small figures, all of wood, most of them very delicately carved, and many of them, as well as much of the internal ornamentation of the church, tastefully gilt and colored.

This wood-carving is, indeed, the staple manufacture of the place, and has raised it to its present condition of evident prosperity. There are no signs of poverty anywhere visible; the people look healthy, happy, well fed and well clad, and their houses roomy and clean. Let us see how this pleasant state of matters has been brought about.

Wood-carving is the chief occupation of many a mountain village, both in the Tyrol and in Switzerland; but in no place has it been carried to greater perfection, or been entered into more thoroughly by the inhabitants, than at St. Ulrich. One branch of it, indeed—the manufacture of wooden toys, particularly dolls—may be considered almost a specialty of the district; for the little town of St. Ulrich is the great storehouse from which the chief toy-traders of Europe, we might almost say of the world, draw those rich and inexhaustible supplies which brighten so many nurseries and gladden the hearts of so many little ones.

The art is said to have been introduced into the valley about the beginning of the last century, since which time it has been the principal employment of the inhabitants, male and female, young and old alike; for ancient grandfathers and grandmothers may be seen steadily pursuing the vocation that has been theirs from their earliest years; and as soon as the little boys or girls can be safely trusted with knives, they begin their rude endeavors to carve the form of some animal or toy which is the peculiar line of their family.

This is one of the odd things in connection with the trade, that, as a general rule, each family or group of families has its own special department, from which they do not deviate. Some carve, some paint, some gild; the painters often working only in one particular color; while the carvers constantly stick to the manufacture of one or two, or, at the most, of half a dozen animals, of certain toys or certain portions of toys and dolls, and so on through all the endless ramifications of their Lilliputian industry.

It is a most curious sight to watch them at work. They use no models, and work entirely by rule of thumb; long practice having made them so perfect that they turn out the tiny articles without the slightest hesitation, every one as precisely alike as if they had been cast in a mold. In this way is manufactured the varied collection of animals found in a Noah's Ark.

Some families will cut out lions, tigers, camels and elephants; others, sheep, oxen and deer; others, chiefly birds; while another group will produce the wonderfully dressed little men and women popularly supposed to represent Noah and his seven human companions.

The coloring of these productions is quite another branch of the trade; and while the carving goes on at all times with unabated regularity, the painting of the various articles is only added as they are required—that is, when orders come from the toy-dealers; and this frequently varies according to circumstances; so that the coloring and gilding business is not, on the whole, so steady and profitable as the carving.

There are several shops and warehouses where the articles thus manufactured are sold; but there are two leading merchants who act as wholesale exporters, buying the carved work, either from the people themselves or from minor agents, who realize a small profit by acting as middlemen.

Permission can readily be obtained to visit those establishments; and it is a curious and amusing sight to walk through their vast repositories, and inspect the extraordinary collection of dolls and toys gathered together under one roof. The dolls are in themselves a very wonderful exhibition. There are rooms upon rooms quite filled with them, of every size and style, small and large, painted and unpainted; their size varying from tiny atoms scarcely an inch long, to huge figures of nearly a yard in length, most of them jointed, and the greater part uncolored, and just as they came from the hands of the carver. They are carefully sorted, according to their various sizes; and great shelves and cases in every direction are crammed with them. Some sizes are more popular than others; a very favorite length being about two inches. Of this size one of the great doll-merchants of St. Ulrich buys 30,000 every week during the whole year! The makers of this kind can turn out about twenty dozen a day, each skillful worker; the painting being quite an after concern, with which the carvers have nothing to do.

Here, also, are bins filled with wooden animals, also of different sizes and different degrees of excellence; for while some are merely roughly shaped, and the production often of very young children, others are carved with very great care and dexterity, and are faithful representations of the creatures they are intended to imitate.

All the numerous toys with which we are familiar in the shops, or which we have played with in childhood, here first sprang into being. Noah's Arks, empty and full; armies of wooden soldiers, on horseback and on foot; farmyards of various dimensions, stored with every article needful for the juvenile agriculturist; dolls' furniture of every shape and pattern; sets of teacups and saucers, and all kinds of domestic utensils; little wooden horses, little wooden carts. In short, it is toys, toys everywhere; and even with all our experience of the capacity of children for acquiring such possessions, it is really difficult to credit the fact that this enormous manufacture and unceasing distribution go on, like the poet's brook, "for ever."

Quitting the premises, the visitor is still pursued by the prevailing occupation. Carts are coming and going, all carrying the one universal load—toys; while at every cottage door are seated some of the inmates, busily engaged with their own special branch of the trade; mothers singing to the children on their knee while they yet deftly carve a cow or a goat; old men and women whittling away, the ground at their feet strewed with the chips and shavings; and quite little boys and girls gravely cutting the portions entrusted to them, and soon acquiring a skill which enables them to add materially to the family gains.

The men are usually employed on carving of a higher class—chairs, boxes, brackets, or on the superior quality of toys; as well as on that special branch, which has attained very great perfection in St. Ulrich, the cutting out and ornamentation of crucifixes, figures of Christ, the Virgin and the Saints, and of numerous other articles employed for the decoration of churches and sacred buildings.

As we have already said, it is an interesting sight to watch the people at their work. They are very willing to gratify the curiosity of visitors, and will readily communicate all

the information in their power regarding their trade and its emoluments.

The trees from which the different articles are made, are a soft kind of pine, very easily cut and worked. They grow in abundance in the district, and are the main source of its prosperity. But with this prosperity the steady and industrious habits of the people themselves have also much to do. The youngest members of a family begin to work as soon as they are able to do so; and this regular occupation is continued through life, till the trembling fingers can no longer hold the carving tools.

As a rule, the inhabitants of St. Ulrich are simple and domestic in their tastes; they are fond of flowers, and their little gardens are carefully cultivated, and gay with bright coloring. As yet their isolated position, remote from the track of the ordinary tourist, has preserved them from many of the hurtful follies and vices too often found in more frequented districts, and but few of the villagers have ever passed beyond the bounds of their own secluded valley. And yet this little hamlet has a world-wide reputation.

The toys of St. Ulrich have delighted generations long passed away; they are to be found in palace, hall and cottage; in the populous cities and quiet country homes of Europe; in far-distant nurseries of Asia and America; and in all probability they will continue to be poured forth in inexhaustible profusion when this and many a succeeding generation have gone from the whirl and bustle produced by the less innocent toys and amusements of maturity, to that silent land whose shadows are still deeper than those of the dark and majestic pine-trees that close in round the little valley of St. Ulrich.

THE INVENTOR OF A NEW LANGUAGE.

Who that has heard of George Psalmanazar, the arch-impostor, the audacious inventor of an imaginary language, an imaginary people, an imaginary country, and has paused over that strange name as it floats across the pages of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," amid all those names which are as familiar to us as our own, knows anything of the extraordinary incidents of his extraordinary career?—how from a profligate vagabond he became "one of the best Christians in London"; how at sixteen a shuffling and shameless mendicant, he became at sixty the universally respected philanthropist of Old Street; how, when a young man, he was a degraded, opium-paralyzed sensualist, distinguished for nothing but his unparalleled ability for lying; how, when an old man, he became almost an ascetic, distinguished for nothing so much as for his indomitable energy, and for a veracity so unimpeachable that Doctor Johnson said he would as soon think of contradicting a bishop as of contradicting him. At sixteen the chosen companion of the worst people of the worst paths of life; at sixty the valued friend of the sternest and most exacting of English moralists: at twenty the impudent fabricator of the most extraordinary fictions which ever imposed on the credulity of mankind; at fifty the most valued contributor to one of the most accurate and conscientious historical works in the eighteenth century. Surely a strange career this, and one which, if read aright, is instructive, too. We have, fortunately, the fullest materials for tracing it, for unraveling its perplexities, for explaining its paradoxes. Psalmanazar has told his own story. As his Memoirs, however, is a decidedly rare volume, and as his style is not remarkable either for precision or terseness, we shall, we doubt not, be conferring a real service on our readers by laying before them the main incidents of his romantic life. These Memoirs were mainly written with the intention of making a full confession to the world of the shameful imposition of which their author had been guilty in his youth. He had represented himself as being a native of Formosa; he had given a fabulous account of that island; he had described at length its institutions, its habits, its customs; he had given accounts of the scenery which surrounded it; had entered into the minutest details with respect to its commerce and its legal procedure; had drawn elaborate parallels between its polity and the polities of Europe; had described its manufactures, and made proposals about encouraging and introducing them into England. Nor was this all. He had invented a language for his imaginary island, an alphabet, a grammar, a vocabulary, and, by a miracle of inventive ingenuity, he would probably have gone on to invent a literature for it also. With an impudence at once portentous and grotesque, he had proposed to the Bishop of London that funds should be raised to convert this airy island to Christianity, and that a stop should be put to the frightful massacres which he represented as going on every year to feed the altars of the gods with human victims—the only means, so he said the people thought, of appeasing their angry deities. The History of Formosa must always hold the first place among apocryphal narratives, and the Formosan Grammar the first place among literary forgeries.

One of the most interesting, but at the same time melancholy, chapters in the varied annals of literary history, is assuredly that which records the triumphs and the failures of such perverted ingenuity as this; for they were triumphs which brought no glory, and they were failures which taught no lessons.

Though Psalmanazar would never tell either his real name or where he was born, or to what country he belonged, that he might not throw any discredit on the nation which produced such an impostor, it was conjectured that he first saw the light in some part of Languedoc, as his pronunciation of French had a strong Gascoigne accent about it. His father, who belonged to a good family, had fallen deeply into debt, and had been obliged to separate from his wife, so that young Psalmanazar—to call him by the name he afterward adopted—was left pretty much to his own devices. His mother, however, watched over him with affectionate interest, and to her pious care he owed that strong religious instinct which, often obscured and sometimes all but obliterated, guided him at last into the paths of rectitude.

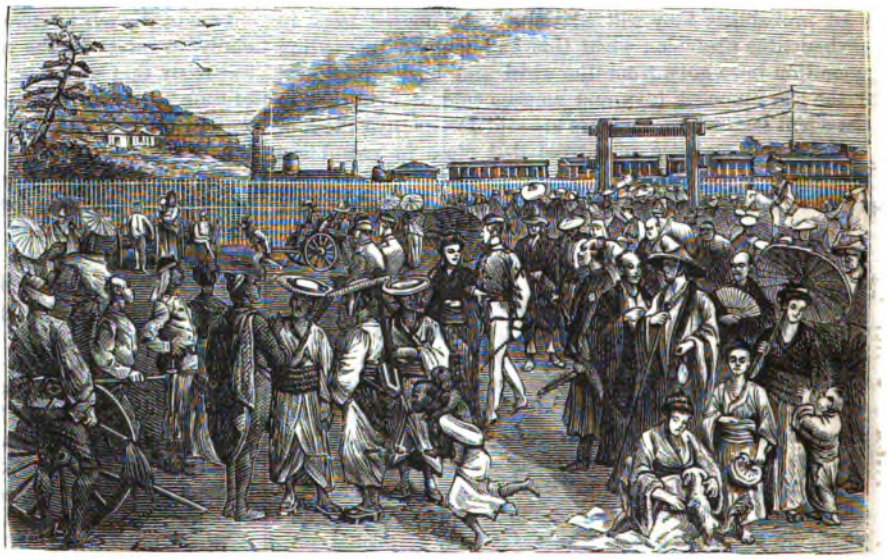
But, while a mere child, he was put into a monastery to be educated; he became a great favorite with the principal monk, began to learn Latin, and made good progress with his studies, which were, however, occasionally interrupted by some schoolboy freaks very amusingly described in his Memoirs. One afternoon, it seems, he and his schoolfellows had a holiday given them. Not far off there was a girls' school, and young Psalmanazar, gallantly thinking that it was only fair that they should have a holiday, too, persuaded some of his schoolfellows to join him in procuring one for them. Accordingly, the youths started off, and not being able to effect their purpose with words, proceeded to force. They turned the schoolmistress and the young ladies out of the schoolroom, and then locked the doors and decamped. The next day he was called up before the monastic authorities to answer for the freak of which he had been the ringleader, and it required all the influence of the good monk who was so fond of him to prevent his expulsion. He staid at this monastery for upward of two years, and was then entered at a Jesuits' College. In addition to Greek and Latin, for which he had a natural taste, he proceeded to master the dry and repulsive logic of the schoolmen, for which, like Swift and Goldsmith, he soon entertained unmitigated contempt. Before long, he discovered that his teacher knew as little as himself; so after master and pupil

THE OLD DRESS AND THE NEW.

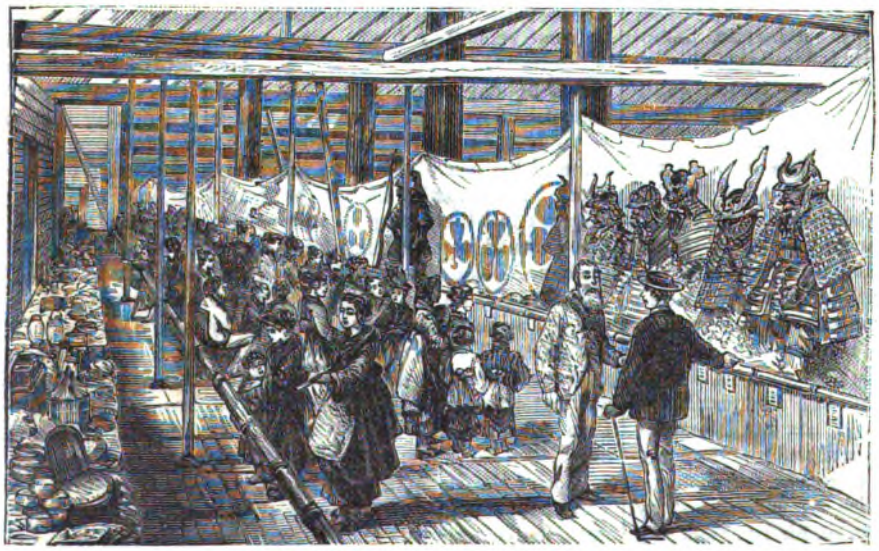
tutorship in a private family, and here, for the first time, he began to contract a habit of lying and to practice systematic hypocrisy. He did it all, he tells us, to ingratiate himself with the mother of his pupil; for he thought, poor fellow, his "sheepishness," slovenly appearance and want of address would only insure contempt, unless he could counterbalance their unfavorable effect by creating the impression that he was an ascetic, intent only on religion. Such deceit is soon seen through, and Psalmanazar only staid in the house six months.

And now began his wanderings and real miseries. First, he betook himself to Avignon, whither he had gone just after he left the Jesuit College, and lived on

had blundered on together for some time, they took to reading heraldry, geography, and the art of fortification, instead. Much time was wasted; but this was not the worst. The college was situated near a large city (in accordance with his usual practice, he does not say what city it was), and here the young student became initiated in dissipation, and contracted a restless habit of mind, which materially impaired his powers of study. He grew dissatisfied with the monotony of collegiate life, and as his mother was unable to continue the allowance necessary for his maintenance at the monastery, he was glad to embrace the opportunity of getting out into the world. He took a



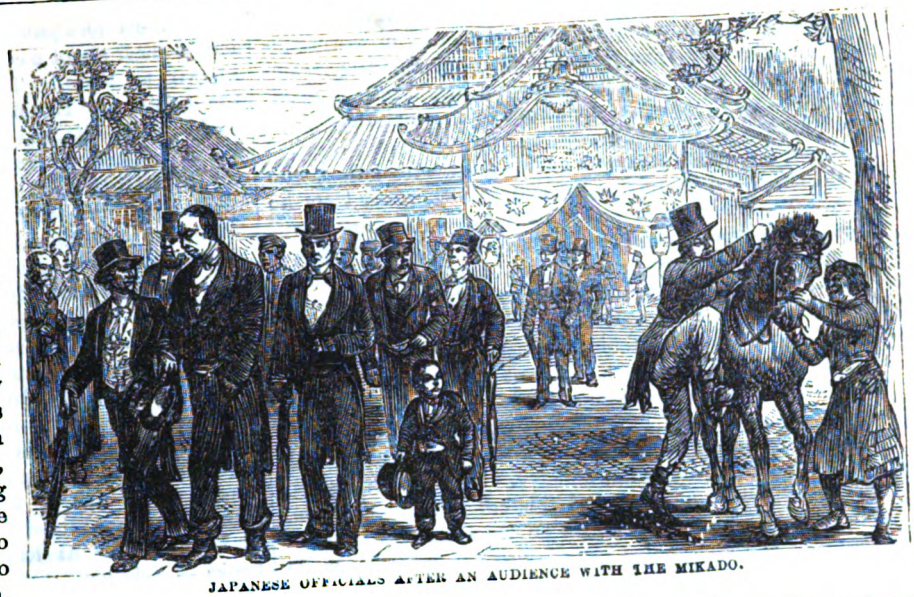
ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST RAILROAD TRAIN IN JAPAN.



THE FIRST INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION IN JAPAN.

the charity of a poor widow and some kind-hearted friars; thence to Beaucaire, in Languedoc, where he found a large fair going on. Here the young mendicant came upon some merchants from his native town, who gave him a little money, and a great deal of good advice. The money was, of course, soon spent, and the good advice met with its usual fate. It now struck him that it would be a good thing to set up for a wandering pilgrim, to pretend that he was a sufferer for religion's sake, and to claim alms in the name of ecclesiastical charity. But he had no staff and no cloak, nor had he the means of buying them. This difficulty he solved by an act of sacrilege. He deliberately

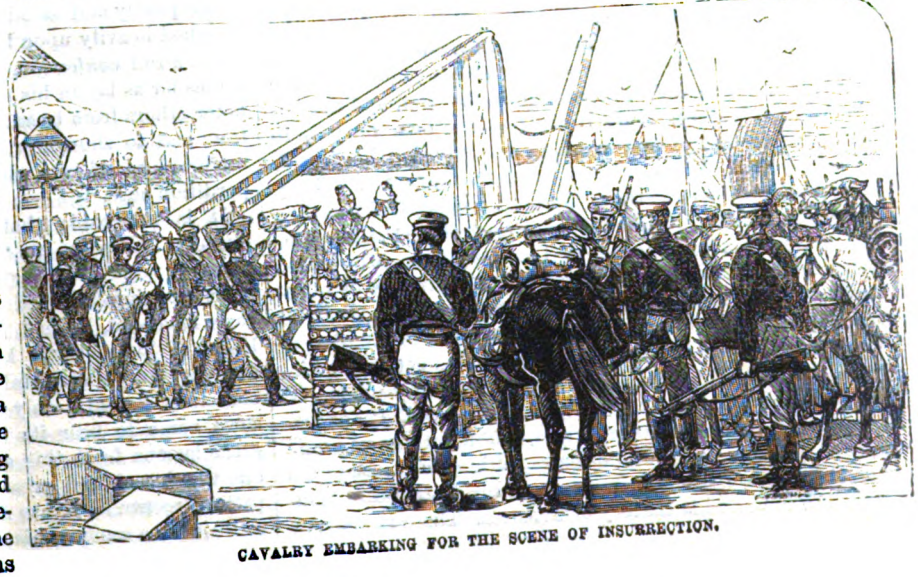
marched into a city chapel, one day at noon, saw what he wanted, "threw the cloak over his shoulders," and "walked with a sanctified gravity with the staff in his hand till he had got out of the city." He no longer employed the French language in his appeals to charity, but took to begging in Latin, taking care only to address ecclesiastics. After some unimportant adventures, and some very natural hesitations, he determined now to visit his mother. She was overjoyed at seeing him, though not a little puzzled, poor soul, to account for his garb. Being herself unable to help him, she persuaded him to pay a visit to his father, and see if he could do anything to assist him; though,



JAPANESE OFFICIALS AFTER AN AUDIENCE WITH THE MIKADO.

JAPANESE INFANTRY.

as she confessed, she was not very sanguine. He gives a very interesting account of his journey, which lay in the direction of Lyons. He found his father, whom he describes as a great traveler and an accomplished linguist, very sympathetic, very polite, and, like the good merchants whom he had met before, very full of good advice, but quite unable to relieve his necessities. It was at this period in his career that he conceived the idea of passing himself off for a native of the East, thinking he could make money by pretending that he had become converted to Christianity. He began, therefore, to lay the foundation of the marvelous series of fabrications which were destined to confer on him a scandalous immortality, and to put him in the foremost rank of literary forgers. First, he invented an alphabet, and arguing from the analogy of Hebrew and other Oriental languages, that it would be necessary to represent the inhabitants of his imaginary country as writing from right to left, he began to practice himself in doing so. He then went on — studiously concealing his efforts from his father, who he felt sure would never become a party to such an infamous fraud—to invent a calendar which divided the year into twenty months, a new system of religion, and a whole social and political *régime*, all of which were to be palmed off as Japanese originals. He made some way, also, in formulating a new



CAVALRY EMBARKING FOR THE SCENE OF INSURRECTION.

grammar and a new language, and before he left his father's roof he had not only acquired perfect facility in writing his feigned characters from right to left, but a singularly retentive memory, aided by a pregnant and inexhaustible imagination, had enabled him to complete the materials afterward worked up in his Formosan history.

It now became necessary for him to leave his father, who could support him no longer, and so with many tears he took leave, intending to make his way into the Low Countries. He wrote to his mother, acquainting her with his purpose, but he never saw either of his parents again. "Both of them," he touchingly says, "have bewailed my loss at a much greater rate than I deserved, if it did not prove the means of shortening their days." From this time, he represented himself as a Japanese "converted to Christianity by some Jesuit missionaries."

Then, afterward, we find him the waiter at a fashionable coffee-house at Aix-la-Chapelle, amusing the *habitués* with his pretended Japanese experiences. True to his restless disposition, he soon abandoned this comfortable situation, and proceeded to visit the cities on the Rhine. At one of these places, where he was again invited to enlist, he made the acquaintance of a "good old Capuchin," who, hearing that he was a Japanese, was anxious to convert him to Roman Catholicism; but the honest monk was no match for the cunning and sophistical young vagabond, who found at this stage in his career that it paid better to be a heathen. When he came afterward, however, to write his Memoirs, while alluding to this time of his life, he makes a very just reflection: "Where religion and reason have unhappily lost their influence, or yielded it to a predominant and ungovernable passion, how easily the indulging of it will by degrees come to quench all remorse and conviction, and, unless the Divine grace interposes, hurry a man into utter perdition!" At a place called Landau he prevailed on a Doctor James, the chaplain of a Scotch regiment, to "convert him to Christianity," and he went through the impious farce with his usual hypocritical ability. We cannot stop to follow him through his subsequent wanderings, adventurous and interesting though they are, but must hurry on to his meeting with Doctor Innes.

This odious man was, with sorrow we write it, a member of the Church of England. He was a shrewd man of the world, and he very soon saw through Psalmanazar's pretensions, assuring himself by a very ingenious stratagem. He took one of Cicero's works, and asked his young friend to translate a passage from it into Formosan, and then to construe his version into English; this Psalmanazar found no difficulty in doing. Innes, suffering a short time to elapse, bade him to repeat the same process, without giving him the opportunity of committing the first version to memory. The result was that there were not above one-half of the words in the second that there were in the first, and the imposition was patent. But Innes had his own purpose to serve, and instead of reprimanding and exposing his friend, he merely warned him to be more careful in future. They henceforth worked together. Innes, knowing that the then Bishop of London, the amiable and venerable Dr. Compton, was always a liberal patron of those ministers who could succeed either in converting pagans to Christianity or in restoring to the true fold the luckless souls who had strayed from it, thought that he would introduce Psalmanazar to him, pretending at the same time that he had converted him to Christianity. Accordingly, they both came to London. The good bishop was delighted with Innes's zeal. Psalmanazar was not only introduced to him, but to all the scientific men of the day; and Innes encouraged him to translate the Catechism into Formosan, to compose his Formosan Grammar, and to write his History of Formosa. These monstrous fabrications were greedily received by people naturally anxious to hear about a country whose very name was scarcely known to them. Though some sensible people, like the celebrated Dr. Mead, suspected imposture, nobody could prove it, and the majority believed in him; for it seemed impossible that a youth who had not yet completed his twentieth year could be so accomplished an impostor. With the assistance of Bishop Compton and others, he was sent to study at Oxford. There he took to opium-eating, and to idleness, leaving a light burning in his window all night, that it might be supposed that he was deep in study; and leaving his bed untouched while he slept in his chair, that his servant might spread wonderful tales of his indefatigable industry. It is painful to have to follow him through this degrading career of complicated hypocrisy. Suffice it that he soon left Oxford, repeated for a while in England his Continental experience, and became a party to many wicked impositions—particularly that of introducing into England a white sort of japan, invented by one Pattenden, as a Formosan piece of *vertu*. At length he came across two religious books — Nelson's "Method of Devotion," and Law's "Serious Call" — a work which first roused Dr. Johnson to a sense of his spiritual responsibilities. These made him realize his degradation and unworthiness. He began to read the Bible; he betook himself to the study of Hebrew.

The wonderful abilities which he had for so long a time been so systematically abusing were at last applied to a legitimate end, and Psalmanazar made himself by degrees an accomplished Hebrew scholar. He became acquainted with a Mr. Palmer, a well-known printer, and this put him in a way of getting literary work. The first thing he was engaged on was a History of Printing, and as he gave great satisfaction in this, and succeeded also in gaining the confidence of his employers, he was invited to assist in the compilation of the Universal History. This furnished him with occupation for a considerable time, and gave him the means of gaining an honest livelihood. Still, however, he did not break entirely clear from the consequences of his old life, for he had incurred an infamous notoriety from his wicked fabrications, which still submitted him to many insults and many mortifications. He was also the slave to a pernicious habit, contracted originally from motives of mere vanity—that of opium-eating. But he struggled manfully with it, and very nearly succeeded in altogether emancipating himself from its tyrannical fetters. Every year he lived he became a better man, and, as the light of religion burnt more purely and steadily, his remorse for his past offenses weighed heavily upon him. He could not rest till he had made a full confession, and so he wrote his Memoirs to undo, as far as lay in his power, the evil that he had done; to deter others from treading the same perilous path of deception, and to show how, by the mercy of God, a man may retrieve himself even when ruin seems imminent, and utter perdition sure.

It is noticeable that he has attributed many of his miseries and vices to "indolence, vanity, and bad economy."

In the insolence of youth, and amid the vanities of early manhood, he had forgotten the lessons which he had learnt at his mother's knee; but long after she, who had done her duty so faithfully by her child, had passed away—conscious, perhaps, only of failure — the good seed she had sown came to bear its fruit. And so we may learn two great lessons from this strange life—not to despair of any one who has abused great abilities, and wandered from the path of rectitude, but to do all that lies in our power to recall him to a sense of his real position, and to win him once

more to what is pure and true, however hopeless such a task may seem. And, secondly, we may learn how important it is to imbue the plastic mind of childhood with the great truths of religion, in reasonable hope that, in spite of the thwarting accidents of life, such a training can never be thrown away, and may unexpectedly ripen into a rich harvest long after we who have sowed it have gone to our rest.

George Psalmanazar died full of years, and universally respected by all who knew him, in 1763. He left directions in his will that his body should not be inclosed in any kind of coffin, "but only decently laid in what is called a shell, of the lowest value, and without lid or other covering which may hinder the natural earth from covering it all round"—a pathetic testimony to the sincerity with which he realized his former errors.

THE BECHE-DE-MER.

On the reefs of the Southern Ocean is found a kind of sea-slug termed the Beche-de-mer. There are as many as sixteen different species found in Fiji alone, and known all over the group by the generic name of Dri (pronounced Endree); and this word we will continue to use throughout this article, as being shorter and more definite than the French term. It was the French who first came across the mollusc in China; and in that country it is held in great esteem, and commands a very high price, two hundred pounds a ton being paid for the best sorts. The mandarins and the porcelain-makers cannot do without their favorite dish of dri soup; and even in Paris it is coming into use; and in Melbourne beche-de-mer is by no means an uncommon dish. When cotton came down in Fiji from four shillings to one shilling a pound, many a planter, not knowing what else to do, turned to dri-fishing; but several years ago the price fell from one hundred and seventy pounds to seventy pounds a ton, and the inferior sorts became unsalable. Some Chinamen say the fall was in consequence of the death of their emperor, and while in mourning for him (a year), they were obliged to give up their favorite soup; hence the fall. But some whites say that the Europeans in Sydney bought inferior dri, and shipped it to China direct on their own account in a leaky ship: the dri was all spoiled, the merchants lost heavily, and refused to have anything more to do with the article; and the Chinamen have the trade in their hands, and give what they like, and that the price in China still remains the same. However, it yet pays to fish for the two best sorts, the tit-fish and black-fish, which are now (1876) worth from $300 to $350 a ton in Levuka—ten or fourteen cornbagsfull making a ton.

The first thing required in dri-fishing is a good boat from twenty-five to thirty feet long, with plenty of beam; then a dri-station is settled on—an island, or on the coast close to the big reefs, as may be. The next thing is to get thirty or forty boys and girls, and curiously enough the girls are the best fishers and divers by far. At half-tide, all hands sail off to the reefs. Sometimes you fish the day, sometimes the night tides, according to the sort of fish you are getting and the stage of the moon; the tit-fish being a day-fish, and the black only coming out at night. When the tide is nearly low, you put your laborers on to the reef, and anchor yourself in a deep spot. The water on the reef is from six inches to three or four feet deep, according to the moon and state of the tide, and your laborers walk about and pick up the fish here and there, each having a basket and stick. Sometimes a shark comes up, looking for a tit-bit, when he is pelted off. If a black one, the most dangerous, it is hard to make him go; and if the water is deep (three or four feet), they generally sing out for the boat. You generally remain with the boat. Sometimes you go overboard and fish for yourself; but three hours in three-feet water is cold work, and if not accustomed to it one is apt to catch cold. The laborers pick up shell-fish, crabs, etc., for themselves. At the end of two or three hours, the tide begins to make fast, the boat is poled on to the reef, and you pick up your fishers and start for home.

After measuring the "take" in order to pay your fishers, the fish are placed in large boilers. After being on the boil for half an hour they are done, taken up, a stick driven through them to clean and knock the water out, and are then taken to the smoking-house, where they are put on large frames of reeds over a slow, smoky fire. These frames are technically called *vatas;* and they are left on the lower vata about three days, and then removed to the upper, where they are left eight or ten days longer. They are by that time smoked hard and dry; then sorted carefully—one improperly dried fish will injure the rest—and put in bags for sale.

Besides paying, you also feed your laborers, giving them yams or Indian corn or sweet potatoes, with what shell-fish they get themselves. They work for two, three, or six months, or even a year; and on a good, calm night an expert fishing-girl will fill what is termed a *qui* case and earn a shilling, occasionally two—not bad for a little thing twelve or thirteen years old. In some parts of Fiji—Maenate, for instance—the natives get and smoke the dri themselves, and sell it to you cured; you giving about five shillings a bag for good cured fish. On dark nights, when there is no moon, torches are used; but the tit-fish is got during the day-tides. Five or six big tit-fish will fill a good-sized hand-basket. The laborers, after fishing, can scarcely keep awake, and sleep all over the boat in every position.

Dri is an extraordinary sort of sea-slug; it moves very slowly, and has hundreds of little suckers or legs. It seems to feed on the small insects that live in the reef-sand, and very small fish. It has no bone. It has the power of covering itself with sand, to hide its whereabouts, and gives out a sort of gummy fluid, which makes the sand stick to it. This is only correct with regard to the tit-fish. The black-fish is not half the size of the other. The latter comes out only in calm, sunshiny weather. Let a shower come, or even dark clouds, and scarcely a slug will be got; it slips into holes in the rocks in no time. It has one or two young ones at a time, and is very domestic; where you find one, its mate is generally close by. Like many other favorite delicacies, such as the oyster of Great Britain, the beche-de-mer has been over-fished, and unless the Government establish a close time, the employment of gathering it must cease to exist.

OLD CHURCH CUSTOMS OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

Among the old customs still kept up in England by the civic and legal magnates is the annual meeting of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London with the Judges, at the afternoon service at St. Paul's Cathedral. It takes place generally on the first Sunday of Easter Term, the Lord Mayor (such is the traditional etiquette) receiving the Judges in the vestry-room. All are in their robes of office—the Lord Mayor in red velvet and ermine, the Sheriffs in red cloth and bearing white wands. The Judges come in black silk robes, with their wigs on. They are each presented with a bouquet, which they hold in their hands during the service. This feature of the antique ceremonial has survived in many forms, and in our day, when flowers are associated in

DRINKING-CUP MADE FROM A HUMAN SKULL.

our minds almost exclusively with women, the sight of a large bouquet in the hands of a grave official personage seems all but ludicrous. At the state ball and reception given at Guildhall to the Prince of Wales on his return from India, the Princess appeared, leaning on the Lord Mayor's arm, the latter in his robes and holding with his other hand an enormous bouquet with streamers of white satin; and in less dignified places, custom still prescribes that coachmen and footmen attending their masters to a royal levee or drawing-room shall wear, fastened to the breast of their livery-coats, a huge nosegay of costly flowers. The presentation of flowers to royal personages on their visits is by no means of modern date, although it has been so far modified by modern notions that you scarcely ever hear of a bouquet being presented to a *prince*.

The Judges and the Corporation now form a procession from the vestry-room to their seats in the body of the cathedral. The Lord Mayor sits in a sort of niche or canopied chair let into the paneling, above the rest, while the judges sit in a row beneath in carved stalls under a gallery; the arrangement of the seats, as well as the costume of their occupants, giving one a good deal the impression of a hall of justice. The style of St. Paul's is not calculated to dispel this impression, while, on the contrary, in the choir of Westminster Abbey almost any costume and any arrangement of seats would look subordinate to the ecclesiastical air of the surroundings.

Canon Siddon generally preaches the sermon on these occasions of state attendance at the church of the representatives of Law and Order.

Last year this visit was combined with the more general interest belonging to "Hospital Sunday," and the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs attended morning service at Westminster Abbey, besides the customary afternoon service at St. Paul's. When the civic body go anywhere outside the old limits of the "city," their presence (of course only when official) is intended as a distinct compliment and mark of interest or attention. Westminster Abbey is outside the "city," and this visit is made to give greater weight to the universal appeal made on that day from the pulpits of more than 800 London churches and chapels in behalf of the Hospital Sunday Fund. Some of the city churches also claim as a right a yearly official visit from the Worshipful Corporation; for instance, St. Lawrence Jewry, where the Mayor and Sheriffs attended in state at the morning service one Sunday last July, the occasion chosen suggesting rather a modern need in the Church of England—an appeal for the funds of the "Society for Promoting the Employment of Additional Curates." It was preached by the Reverend Archdeacon Hessey.

The history of some of these old city parishes, of their relations to the municipality and to their dead and gone benefactors of various city "companies," of the "doles" and "foundations" connected with them, and of the present decay and loss of congregation of some, while others remain active and prosperous, is not the least interesting thing about old London.

DRINKING-CUP MADE FROM A HUMAN SKULL.

Among the curious articles exhibited in the Chinese department in the London Exhibition of 1862, was an elaborately-mounted cup, made from a human skull. It was taken from the Summer palace of the Emperor of China, at Pekin, when the palace was sacked by the French and English.

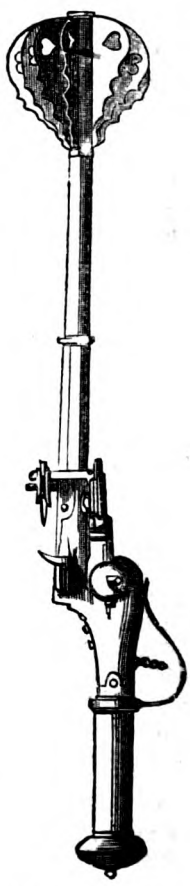
The skull is set in massive gold, and a few very small jewels are added; the arch-shaped base, the triangular foot and the cover being entirely formed of solid gold.

The ornament of the base is of a singular character, and in its parts does not correspond with the decorative forms usually employed by the Chinese, being composed of little members similar to convention flame or "cloven tongues," which we so often see in mediæval work, but it is probably rather a treatment of water than of flame.

From the corners of the triangular foot rise three little heads of a most imperfect and unusual aspect; they are not skulls, but are nuggets of gold, probably cast into the form which they now assume. In the horizontal band, which may be regarded as the rim of the cup, a series of small stones are set, and in the broad vertical band surrounding the lid there are also jewels; likewise in the knob at the top there are stones, but these are much larger than the others.

AN ANCIENT MACE.

The last Emperor of France had a magnificent collection of arms. From the curious relics of the past there gathered we select the curious mace in our engraving. It is a transition between the middle-age and modern warfare. It is the mace of the Crusader, but the handle is a pistol—the firearm to be used



AN ANCIENT MACE.

as the enemy approaches, the mace to descend on his head if your aim fail you. Instead of having the head of the mace solid, a thing impossible in the present case, the whole affair being of necessity comparatively light, it has eight wings, adding to its cutting power without much additional weight. But such expedients availed not; the mace is a thing of the past, and the pistol rules the day.

BRIDE AND GROOM A CENTURY AGO.

To BEGIN with the lady. Her locks were strained upward over an immense cushion that sat like an incubus on her head, plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled with white powder. The height of this tower was over a foot. One single white rosebud lay on its top, like an eagle on a haystack. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front by a bosom-pin containing her grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in a satin dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice worn outside, from whence the skirt flowed off and was distended at the top by an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches elevation inclosed her feet, and glittered with spangles as her little pedal members peeped curiously out. Now for the swain. His hair was sleeked back and plentifully befloured, while his queue projected like the handle of a skillet. His coat was a sky-blue, lined with yellow; his long vest of white satin, embroidered with gold lace; his breeches of the same material, tied at the knee with ribbons. White silk stockings and pumps, with laces and ties of the same hue. Lace ruffles clustered around his wrist, and a portentous frill, worked in correspondence, and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his genteel appearance.

FLAMINGO-SHOOTING IN SPAIN.

OUR illustration is taken from the account of a voyage in Spain, made by Gustave Doré and Charles Davillier. The scene is on a lake near Valencia. The party having followed the grand canal called Acequia del Rey, whose waters unite with the Albufera, came finally to a lake bordered by the steep Sierra Falconera and the mountain of Monduber, which is said to be one of the highest in that region. No description can give an idea of the animation of the scene around the borders of the lake.

It was a sort of holiday; the inhabitants of the surrounding country had come in crowds to the borders of the lake, and, despite the early hour of the morning, were formed in groups, preparing for the chase, taking their breakfast in the open air, patronizing the itinerant venders of orange-water cooled with snow, and other refreshments always found in any Spanish fair; while numerous musicians were on hand providing music with their guitars and citaras.

SHOOTING FLAMINGOES IN LAKE ABULFERA, SPAIN.

The signal for pushing off in their boats was finally given, and the hunters pushed off in a long line, moving toward the centre of the lake, which was covered with thousands of birds clustered together in groups. One of these groups soon rose and filled the air; then the slaughter commenced. A regular fusillade was kept up, growing more and more furious as the circle of the huntsmen contracted toward the centre. When the birds finally sought refuge in a distant portion of the lake, the same operation was repeated.

In one of these encounters Doré killed a magnificent specimen of a flamingo, measuring more than a yard from the tips of his wings. This successful shot, which forms the subject of our illustration, from the pencil of the artist-hunter, was received with acclamations from all sides.

THE LAST OF THE KNIGHTS-ERRANT.

FEW men have played a more prominent or brilliant part on the world's stage than the subject of this brief memoir—Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough and Monmouth. Yet the wide-spread renown he acquired in his own day has failed to secure for him that distinguished place on the roll of great historic names which his character and achievements would seem to merit. From an early age he took a leading part in public affairs, his career extending from the reign of Charles the Second to that of George the Second—eventful and turbulent times alike in domestic politics, civil and foreign warfare, and the struggle for ascendency of the partisans of opposing faiths. He was of a restless, energetic nature, and, in the course of a long and checkered period of public service, filled the office of First Commissioner of the Treasury; was a member of Queen Mary's "Council of Nine"; held the commission of Commander-in-chief of the armies and fleet during the Spanish War of Succession; was made a Knight of the Garter, and, as a subtle diplomatist, was on two or three memorable occasions employed as special envoy or ambassador. He was also an accomplished scholar, a poet, a brilliant wit, and a liberal patron of learning and the arts; but he had the vices of the age, and amidst its dazzling and dissolute society was conspicuous as a skeptic and dissipated man of pleasure. His vices were, however, counterbalanced by many virtues; and at a time when corruption had reached its most nefarious extent and public virtue was well-nigh extinct, his character stood almost alone in its freedom from the reproach of those self-seeking, interested views which then influenced the conduct of official men, even of the first rank and station.

England at one time resounded with the fame of Lord Peterborough. His daring deeds of valor astonished all Europe. Yet his military career was but as the flash of a fiery meteor across the sky, its transient splendor startling beholders, but leaving no abiding traces of its glory behind. The names of Marlborough, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, and even others of inferior note, his contemporaries, are familiar as household words—their fame resting on the substantial services they rendered to their country—but the name of the brilliant and eccentric Lord Peterborough survives rather as the hero of a once-popular romance. His wonderful exploits were ever characterized by so much recklessness and wild adventure that it has been asserted that no man of really sane mind would, for a moment, have given countenance to the bare suggestion of such enterprises as he undertook, entered upon with the utmost levity, and carried out, it must be admitted, with astounding success—the success alone excusing his extreme rashness and folly. His victories have been compared to the extravagant feats of a Sir Lancelot and Amadis de Gaul, and his encounters with corsairs, his chivalrous rescue of fair and noble dames, his strange stratagems and intrigues to attain his ends, both as a stern warrior and gay Lothario, his fearlessness, his astonishing heroism and endurance of fatigue, his rapid journeys, his hair-breadth escapes by "flood and field," his high-bred courtesy and gallantry toward the fair sex, his lavish munificence and utter disregard of honors and money, but gained for him a fleeting renown in his own day, and the reputation, in a later one, of a "rash and vain-glorious knight-errant, loving the excitement of conflict, and caring only to make men stare." Yet this, perhaps, is meting out but scant justice to one who, doubtless, possessed many of the qualities of a great commander, though often carried away by daring courage and uncontrollable impetuosity of temperament.

The Mordaunt family is descended from the Norman knight Osbert le Mordant, to whom the Conqueror made a grant of the lands of Rodwell, in Bedfordshire. In 1532 a son of the then Sir John Mordaunt was created Baron Mordaunt by Henry the Eighth, and the earldom of Peterborough was conferred on his descendant in 1627 by Charles the First. Yet this first Earl of Peterborough, who had renounced Catholicism after hearing the arguments advanced against it by the learned Bishop Usher, took the Republican side in the wars between Charles and his Parliament. His sons, Henry and John, remained stanchly devoted to the Royalist cause. They even raised an army to support it, and, at Newbury, fought for their king with the desperate valor that ever distinguished the brave but unfortunate cavaliers. They also joined Lord Holland and others in the unsuccessful attempt to rescue Charles from imprisonment. And while the father, under Cromwell, was made Master-General of the Ordnance, the sons were denounced as traitors to the Commonwealth, and their property confiscated. They, however, succeeded in baffling the vigilance of spies, and escaped to France.

The younger of these brothers, Lord John Mordaunt, was the father of our hero, the celebrated Charles Mordaunt. Both Henry and John returned to England at the Restoration, and Charles the Second, contrary to his usual habit, was neither oblivious of nor ungrateful for the services and sacrifices of these zealous partisans of the Stuarts. Their estates were restored, and Henry, who had succeeded to the earldom, was made Governor of Tangiers. Lord John was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Mordaunt and Viscount Avalon. When a mere youth he had married Elizabeth, the granddaughter and heiress of the Earl of Monmouth, and Charles was the eldest son of the eleven children of his marriage. He was born in 1658 or 1659. The exact date is uncertain, and but little is known of his early training and education; but as he was brought up in the vicious atmosphere of Charles the Second's profligate court, it is not surprising that his mind became deeply imbued with its skeptical and licentious notions, or that, as religion and morality were recognized there but as subjects for airy jests, playful sneers and witty sarcasm, young Mordaunt should have been, at an early age, both an unbeliever and a libertine. It is singular, however, that the great devotedness to the House of Stuart that had led his father and uncle to risk life and property in its cause, should have awakened no similar feelings in him. He would seem to have adopted the views of his Republican grandfather, for as he grew up he evinced a deep hatred of both the royal brothers, and a determined antagonism toward the Catholic party.

To suppress Algerine piracy and prevent the frequent corsair depredations on British merchant-ships, was at that day an attractive pastime to ardent youths of the Mordaunt temperament, fond of adventure and ambitious of other distinction than that of figuring in frivolous court revels. Remonstrances and threats had been vainly addressed to the Dey of Tripoli and Algiers; he treated them with utter derision; but in 1674 he and his barbarian subjects, immensely enriched by plunder, and holding in slavery many hundreds of English captives, had become so daring and formidable that even Charles's feeble ministry felt compelled to bestir itself and to attempt to put an end to these piratical attacks, so detrimental to British commerce and menacing to the life and liberty of British subjects. Accordingly a squadron was sent out under the command of Sir John Narborough, and young Charles Mordaunt, then about sixteen, soon after sailed in Admiral Torrington's ship to join the Mediterranean fleet as a volunteer. In 1675 he had an opportunity of distinguishing himself in an action fought under the very guns of the Fort of Tripoli. Four corsairs were surprised; desperate fighting ensued; the vessels were

burnt, the greater part of their crews killed, and those that escaped death imprisoned. Cloudesley Shovel, then a lieutenant, commanded, and was promoted for this daring achievement. Young Mordaunt was complimented on his great courage and the ability with which he had acquitted himself in the subordinate post intrusted to him. Another successful encounter brought the Dey to terms. His enraged people immediately deposed him, and further fighting ensued, resulting in his successor being equally glad to sue for peace and to agree to all the Admiral's conditions.

Charles Mordaunt returned to England with the fleet in 1677. His father had died during his absence, at the age of forty-eight. On succeeding to the title he married, being then in his nineteenth year. His bride was the daughter of Sir Alexander Fraser, of Mearns. But domestic life proved to be so much less congenial to him than one of excitement and wild adventure, that we find him, in the following year, leaving his young wife and again setting out, as a volunteer, to look after the pirates of the Barbary coast. At Portsmouth he joined the *Bristol*, 42-gun frigate. The chaplain of this ship, Teonge, relates, in his quaint diary, that, during some very blustering weather in the Bay of Biscay, being unable to perform his duties as chaplain, Lord Mordaunt asked Captain Langston's permission to preach in his stead the next day, Sunday. Teonge, lying sick in his berth, heard something of their conversation, but, knowing that his lordship was very far from being a religious man, did not suppose his request made in seriousness. To his dismay, he found out that Lord Mordaunt was sitting up all night composing and rehearsing a sermon for the morrow; that he intended to read prayers, and had appointed Mr. Norwood, his secretary, to act as his clerk, and to sing the Psalms. Regarding this more as a profane joke than a desire to edify the ship's crew, Teonge, in great agitation of mind, and still suffering from sea-sickness, yet thought it his duty to prevent this great scandal. He "found the zealous lord," he tells us, "in the greate cabin discoursing with the captain, and whom I did so handle in a smarte and shorte discourse, that he went out of the cabin in a greate wrathe." Prevented from preaching, "the Reverent Lord was so vexed that he borrowed the carpenter's tools and worked all day, himself, in nailing up his hangings. Being done on the Sabbath," continues the pious Teonge, "and no necessity, I do hope the worke will not be longe lived." In various ways, according to Teonge, Lord Mordaunt made himself extremely disagreeable on board, and Captain Langston, though much irritated by his behavior, "hesitated to take any steps against him." For in those days, *noblesse*, it appears, did not *oblige* its possessor to observe the rules of courtesy, but rather gave him an immunity from any such obligation, when he chose to make use of his privilege. But the worthy Teonge when he wrote up his diary was perhaps, himself, in a "greate wrathe," and unconsciously exaggerated a little—for Mordaunt was always considered a model of courtesy. However, the *Bristol* soon fell in with the Admiral's ship *Rupert*, and Mordaunt and his retinue transferred themselves to her. "So his Sunday's worke is come to nothinge," writes Teonge, exultingly.

In the course of the next few years Lord Mordaunt made several voyages to the Mediterranean, and took part, as a volunteer, in many desperate engagements with the still troublesome Algerine pirates, who had then learned to know him as their relentless foe. On returning from these expeditions, he would assiduously devote himself to the acquirement of classic learning and to the study of the works of the best English and foreign writers.

He held much aloof, at that time, from the unsatisfying gayeties of the Court, and took every opportunity of thwarting its aims and views. "Charles, the voluptuary, and James, the bigot," he thought equally unfit to reign; and he had the courage to express his hearty sympathy with Lord William Russell and Algernon Sydney, both of whom he accompanied to the scaffold. Though still so young, he was a very formidable opponent—displaying toward James, especially, a most persistent enmity, and giving the most zealous support to the party that sought to exclude him from the throne.

On the 9th of November, 1685, he addressed the House of Peers in one of the most remarkable speeches of the day, on the subject of James's violation of the Test Act and the determination he had expressed to maintain and increase the standing army, "whose services," he said, "he might soon be in need of."

Mordaunt spoke with characteristic eloquence, sprightliness and audacity, and blamed the Commons for not taking a bolder line. "A standing army exists," he said, "and it is officered by Papists. We have no foreign enemy; we have no rebellion in the land. For what then, is this force maintained, except for the purpose of subverting our laws and establishing that arbitrary power so justly abhorred by Englishmen?" Yet this inveterate opponent of Popery and despotic power, though he chose to uphold an independent faith and constitutional king, had no real attachment to either. They were, in his estimation, the least of a choice of evils that threatened to befall the country, and he had begun to look for them in the direction of Holland.

Lord Mordaunt's vehement and fearless public denunciation of the acts of James and his government drew upon him so much hostile feeling, that in 1686 he left England, giving out that he proposed to accept a command in the Dutch fleet.

William of Orange then kept a very vigilant eye on English affairs, and exercised considerable influence over them. The impatient Mordaunt urged him to action, but the more prudent William preferred to remain quiet until the Princess Mary's undisputed title should give him a right to govern.

At the Hague, Mordaunt met the philosopher, John Locke, with whom he formed a firm friendship, and for several years kept up an interesting correspondence.

But at length James had exhausted the forbearance of his subjects, and William—impelled, as he professed to believe, by a sacred duty—assembled his fleet, embarked his army, and sailed from the Flats, near Brill, on the 20th of October, 1688. He was accompanied by Lord Mordaunt and other notabilities who had sought a refuge in Holland. Admiral Herbert commanded, and William's flag bore the motto, "The Protestant Religion and the Liberties of England."

A heavy storm came on; the ships were separated, and news of the supposed destruction of the fleet reached James while conversing with the French Minister, De Barillon. He relates that, "In a tone of animation quite unusual with him, the king laughingly exclaimed: 'At last, then, the wind has turned Papist,' adding with lowered voice, and much seriousness, 'for three days I have had the Holy Sacrament carried in procession.'

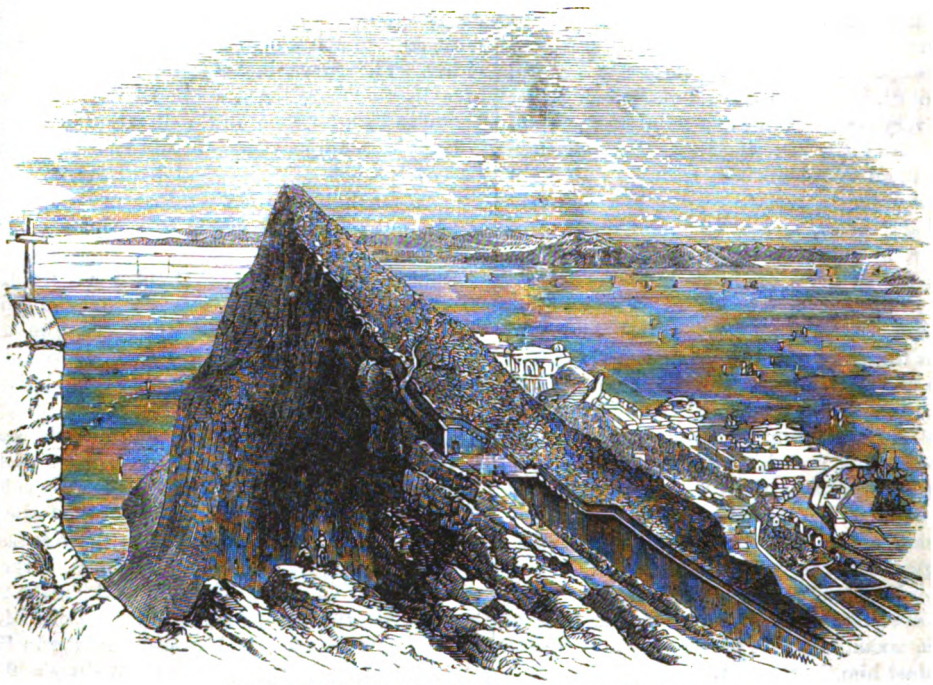
His exultation was doomed to be but short-lived. The Dutch fleet ran before the gale, received no damage, and no lives were lost. On the third day the ships reassembled and made for the Straits. On the 4th of November—William's birthday and wedding-day—his fleet was discovered off the Isle of Wight. Mordaunt immediately landed on the Dorset coast to raise troops in the name of the "Liberator," William of Orange. His energy and enthusiasm incited the men of Dorset and the adjoining counties to flock to his standard by hundreds, and on the 8th he began his march. Exeter surrendered to his first summons. There

was an enthusiastic reception of the "Champion of Protestantism"; and the flight of James and the accession of William and Mary soon followed.

Lord Mordaunt, for his great services, was created Earl of Monmouth—the title of his maternal grandfather being revived in his favor—a Lord of the Bedchamber, Custos Rotulorum of Northampton, and captain of a regiment of cavalry of which King William was colonel, and which, headed by Lord Monmouth, as he was now called, formed part of the pageant that accompanied William and Mary from Whitehall on the occasion of their grand state visit to the city. Lord Monmouth also obtained for his friend Locke the offer of the post of envoy to the Court of Berlin; but the philosopher preferred retirement, and excused himself from accepting this mark of Monmouth's friendship and William's favor.

The King's first speech, prepared by himself, for the opening of his Parliament in 1689, when submitted to the Council, was—Lord Monmouth excepted—unanimously approved. He took objection to the phrase, "The Church of England is *one of the greatest supports* of the Protestant religion." In reference to him, William altered it to "*is the chief support*," etc.

This occurrence, though seemingly of little moment, was much commented upon, and gave rise to the suspicion that the man whose cause he had so lately upheld, and the success of which his own exertions had greatly contributed to bring about, was already obnoxious to him. From Monmouth's well-known restlessness of spirit and constant craving for excitement, he was generally regarded as dangerous to both friends and foes. The line of conduct he would adopt, or continue to pursue when adopted, could never be foreseen or relied upon.



THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR FROM THE SIGNAL STATION.

Honors or emoluments for himself he disregarded; but it is said that at this time his demands for places of trust, as rewards to the friends who had aided him in opposing James and preparing the way for William, quite outran the patience and sense of obligation of the latter, and that he replied to one of Monmouth's requests, "I have done for your friends all I will do, all I can do, and much more than, justly, I ought to have done." But such a speech would have made the irascible noble lord the irreconcilable enemy of the constitutional king he had helped to set up.

Like many other royal speeches, this one was probably invented for William, or he would scarcely have placed Lord Monmouth, shortly after, at the head of the Treasury, and appointed him one of the Council of Nine—"the nine kings"—who were to advise the Queen and help her to govern during the absence of William in Ireland. Queen Mary had, however, talent and shrewdness enough to govern her Council, instead of being governed by it, and to conceal the fact that she trusted none of them. Six were believed to be in constant communication with the "exile of St. Germain," the other three amusing themselves with some one of the numerous more or less harmless plots then afloat.

Monmouth she particularly distrusted; and when he placed before her the famous "lemon letters"—a supposed intercepted correspondence, in which all the secrets of the Council were detailed for the benefit of James—and insinuated that they were the work of an enemy in their camp. the Queen at once attributed their authorship to him, and the copying of them, in lemon, to Major Wildman, a notorious intriguer, and Monmouth's secretary. She judged him from Burnet's point of view, which was not a very favorable one; for, while admitting that he was brave and generous, the bishop considered that he had "no true judgment," that he was "a man of much heat, and full of discourse, his thoughts crude and indigested, and his secrets soon known."

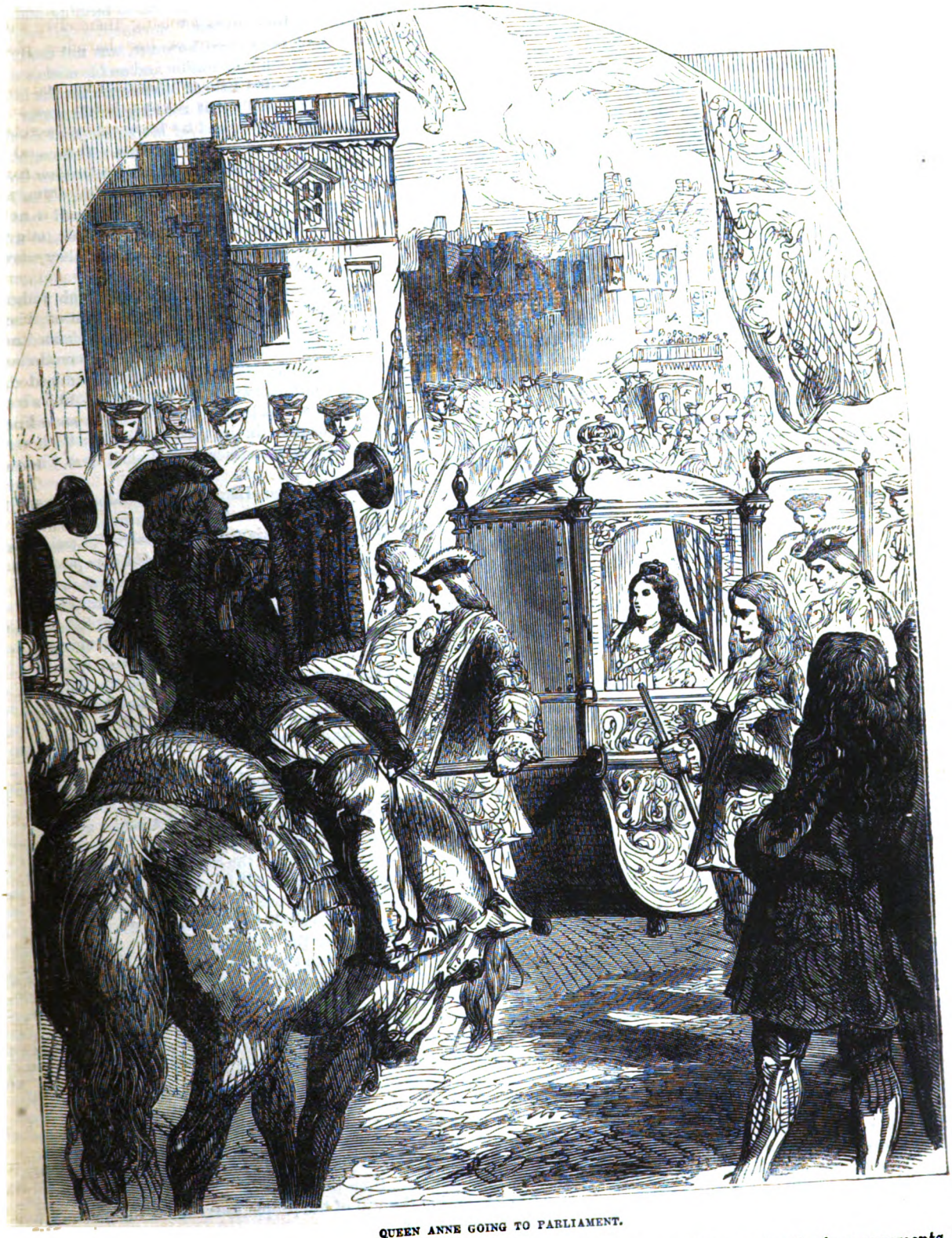
Though at the head of the Treasury, his dislike to financial business was so great that he soon wearied of his office, gave little attention to its duties, and in 1690 retired from it. Politics were more congenial to him, and his time was then fully occupied in persecuting the Tories. Such leisure as he had he devoted to love-making, verse-making, dressing and traveling to and fro between Whitehall and Fulham—his unceasing activity in these various pursuits affording the wits of the day a subject for many a *bon mot* and epigram. His regiment being stationed at Portsmouth, he put in a claim to the command of a vessel, intending to join Admiral Torrington's squadron, and expecting to receive the Queen's orders to exercise some sort of control over its movements. A French fleet was then in the channel, and before Monmouth could reach Portsmouth an engagement had taken place off Beachy Head, in which Admiral Torrington was defeated.

In 1691-2, he served with distinction under King William, in Flanders. At the end of the campaign a coolness sprang up between them, which, on Monmouth's part soon grew into intense dislike. He became disgusted with the world, and for the next three years withdrew from public life, seeking solace in "graceful indolence" and perfect retirement at Fulham.

He was extremely fond of gardening, and often worked with his laborers in the fine grounds and gardens of the

Parson's Green mansion. They were more than twenty acres in extent, and laid out and planted from Monmouth's own designs, and were then "unsurpassed in the fine taste displayed in their arrangement." He had a magnolia tree seventy-six feet high, and he gave so much time to horticulture that the fruits and flowers he raised were brought to most unusual perfection.

One would expect to learn something of his domestic life while he sojourned in this pleasant retreat; but although he had an accomplished and amiable wife, two sons and a daughter (she afterward became Duchess of Gordon), he and his family seemed to have lived "parted lives," sharing but little, scarcely at all, in each other's amusements, joys or sorrows. Indeed, so little enjoyment did he find in domestic life, that when not wholly occupied with some favorite pastime or study, or in entertaining—often with



QUEEN ANNE GOING TO PARLIAMENT.

foreign dishes of his own cooking—the wits and choice spirits of that day, he divided his time in paying assiduous court to one or more of its flaunting, unscrupulous *belles*, and in drinking, gambling, and a course of unrestrained, reckless profligacy. For what is astonishing in a man of his, in many respects, high character and intellect, he had the miserable weakness of desiring to be thought even "worse than the worst" of the dissolute, swaggering fops of the period.

In 1696, Sir John Fenwick's plot against the king's life was discovered, and Lord Monmouth, growing weary of seclusion, took an active part in the proceedings. The bill of attainder, after a great party struggle, was carried in the Commons by twenty-three votes. In the Lords, papers were read incriminating Lords Marlborough and Shrewsbury, and other Whig peers suspected of holding treasonable intercourse with James. Marlborough denied the charge. His denial was accepted. He then disdainfully pronounced it "the invention of Lord Monmouth—the worst of men." Monmouth, disregarding this, spoke undauntedly and with fervor and eloquence for upward of two hours in favor of the attainder, and the bill was carried by a majority of seven. The unfortunate Sir John Fenwick, being condemned to death, turned upon his inveterate antagonist, and accused him of having endeavored to make a tool of him in order to injure certain persons toward whom he had an ill-will. A paper handed over to the House by Lady Fenwick contained very explicit directions as to the manner in which Sir John's defense should be conducted, so as to afford him a loop-hole for escape, while it implicated those peers against whom it had been attempted to advance treasonable charges.

The notorious Duchess of Norfolk was produced as a witness against Monmouth. She asserted that he had confided this paper to her, to be delivered to Sir John through the agency of his wife. Some exception was taken to her trustworthiness as a witness. The duke (who had sought a dissolution of his marriage with her on account of her numerous gallantries, and had hitherto been baffled by the ardor with which Lord Monmouth, her first cousin, had espoused her cause), replied:

"My Lord Monmouth thought her good enough to be wife to me; I am sure she is good enough to be a witness against him."

These disclosures caused great sensation. With all his faults, his boastful skepticism, immoral private life, and unbounded license of speech, the honor of the chivalrous Lord Monmouth, the uncompromising enemy of corruption, had never been questioned. But now, amidst general disgust and horror, he was accused of vindictive subornation. He solemnly denied the charge. Then, in his usual forcible style—now persuasive, now pointedly sarcastic, witty, contemptuous, fiery, indignant—he declaimed for some hours; with ready inventiveness turning against his opponents the arguments they had used to bring discredit on him. "I have built no palaces," he said, "I have bought no estates, yet I am £20,000 poorer than when I began public life."

In the course of his speech he made some very severe but very just reflections on the character and conduct of Lord Jeffreys, whose title, and a large portion of his infamously acquired wealth, had been inherited by his son, a dissolute young man, just of age, and who was then present in the House. Wrathfully he rose up and threw back on the reviler the opprobrium cast upon his father's name. The violence of the disputants forced the House to interfere, and to exact a promise that the matter should go no further.

Monmouth was declared guilty of the charges brought against him. He was deprived of all his offices; his name was struck out of the council-book, and he was committed to the Tower. "Violent as a caged falcon," and solely occupied in devising wild schemes for obtaining freedom and avenging himself, "he would have died had he been long detained." His term of imprisonment was, therefore, made short; but the stigma remained attached to his name, and he was so poor that he talked of "taking to farming and making a dairymaid of his countess."

The elasticity of his nature, however, was not easily subdued, and when, after his liberation and on his uncle's death, he exchanged the tainted title of Monmouth for the leading one of Peterborough, his spirit rose higher than ever. By that title he is best known, and by his subsequent deeds he unquestionably gave it lustre and renown. It brought him but a small addition to his income; his predecessor having been as extravagant as he himself was lavish. The lands and family residence at Drayton the late earl had bequeathed to his daughter, the Duchess of Norfolk, at whose death it was settled, after some litigation, that they were to revert to his nephew.

For some considerable time Lord Peterborough withdrew almost entirely from public life. He went abroad, visited France, and at Cambrai was the guest of its celebrated archbishop, the amiable Fénelon, with whose conversation and character he was greatly delighted. He discoursed with him on religion, and, notwithstanding his professed skepticism, was so much struck by Fénelon's precepts, and affected by their exemplification in his mode of life, that he wrote, "If I remain with him another week I shall be a Christian in spite of myself."

In 1701 his eldest son, Lord Henry Mordaunt, then just of age, was elected member for Chippenham, and at about the same time Lord Peterborough reappeared in public life. King William had seen reason to pardon his past offense and again to place confidence in him. He was deputed to conduct the affairs for the negotiation of the Grand Alliance against France, which he successfully accomplished. He had latterly paid great court to Lady Marlborough, and had established a correspondence with her. His wit, playful fancy, and the pretty compliments and delicate flatteries he addressed to her, had won her over to his interests and secured her good offices in effecting a reconciliation with her husband, with whose rising fortunes his own (after William's death) rose also.

And now began the Spanish War of Succession, in which England supported the claim of the Archduke Charles, afterward Charles the Sixth, Emperor of Austria, against that of the grandson of Louis the Fourteenth, Philip the Fifth, who, by the will of Charles the Second of Spain, had been nominated his successor. All England then raged with indignation against the French King; for Louis, contrary to the advice of his Council, had, on the death of James, acknowledged his son, the Pretender, as King of England. He was moved thereto by the tears of the ex-Queen, Maria de Modena, and the entreaties of Madame de Maintenon. The English nation felt insulted by this pretension to exercise despotic power in Europe. "Are we to yield," it was said, "to the will of a sovereign who has employed fire and sword and the galleys to exterminate the Protestants of his own country?" William was to take the command of the armies in the Spring of 1702, but in the interval he died. He was riding a sorrel pony that belonged to the ill-fated Sir John Fenwick; the animal stumbled on a stone and threw his rider, who, already in an enfeebled state of health, did not rally from the effects of the accident. Queen Anne, following the will of the people, carried out the plans of her predecessor.

Lord Peterborough, still "all air and fire," was formidable by his dauntless courage, and popular from those amiable qualities that contrasted so strangely with his vices.

Taking advantage of the favor in which he stood with "the great Sarah," and of her personal influence with the Queen, he solicited employment, and, through her interest, was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Northamptonshire, Governor of Jamaica and Commander-in-chief of the fleet and army about to be dispatched to the West Indies to destroy the rich Spanish settlements. This expedition was afterward abandoned for that sent to Spain to support the claims of the Archduke Charles. The chief command of it, both naval and military, was given to Lord Peterborough. And thus, while "the cool-headed Marlborough was reaping glory in the Netherlands, his hot-headed, impetuous friend," and, in some sort, rival, "was reveling in the daring and hazardous adventures of a partisan leader."

"The English," says Voltaire, "were under the orders of one of the most extraordinary men his country ever produced—the Earl of Peterborough—a man who resembled in every respect those heroes with whose exploits the inventive imagination of the Spaniards has filled so many romances. He had lost, given away and regained a fortune more than once. He now carried on the war in Spain partly at his own expense, and also provided for the Archduke and the whole of his retinue."

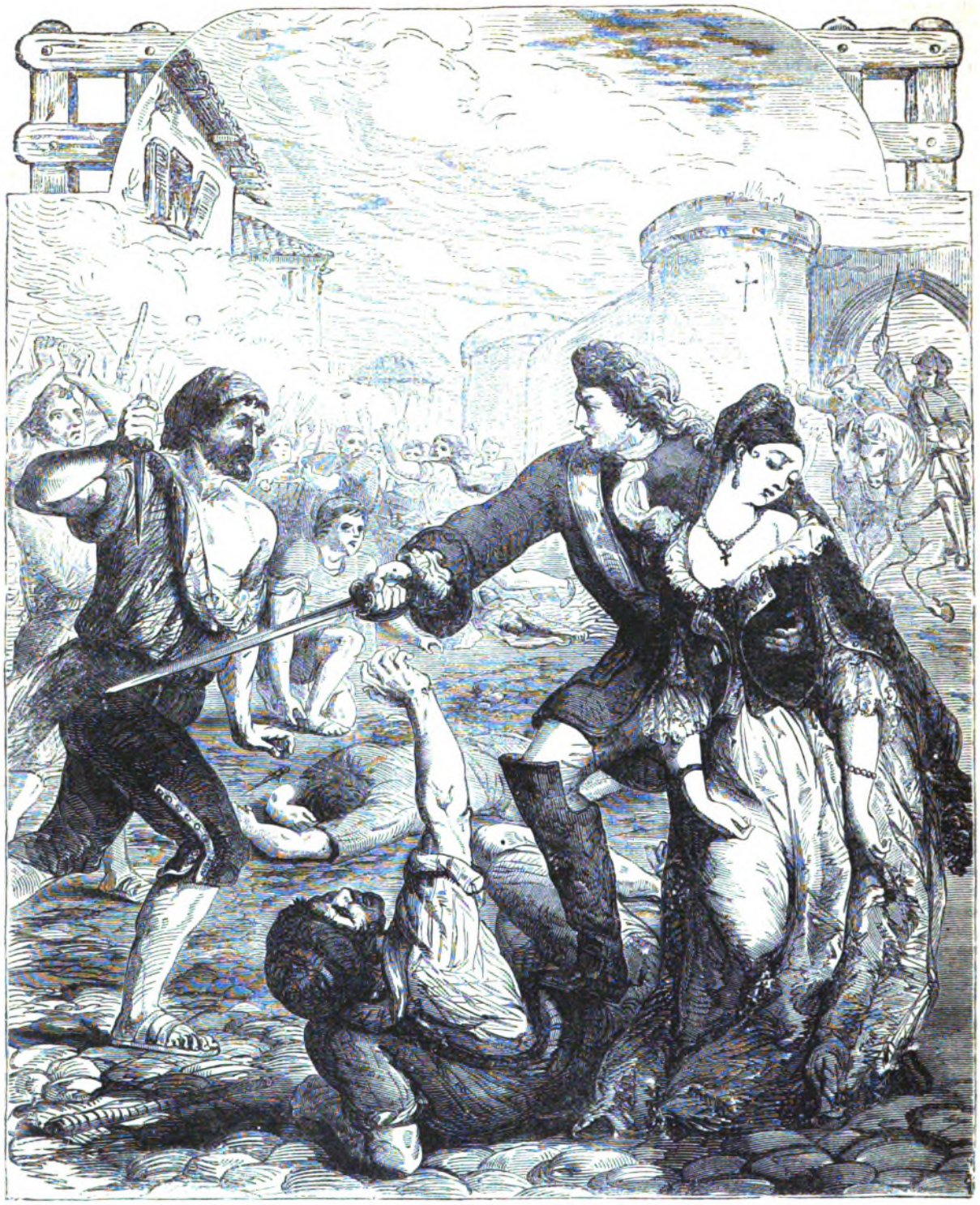
On the 21st of July, 1704, Gibraltar was taken, its easy conquest being chiefly owing to the false security of its small garrison, composed of about one hundred of the citizens. Disregarding the enemy's guns, and trusting in the supposed impregnability of the fortress, they neglected their duty and allowed a party of sailors from the Vice-Admiral's (Sir George Rooke) ship to approach unmolested under the Mole and to reach the battery, of which they took possession. A detachment of 1800 soldiers followed, and Gibraltar surrendered to the English. The great importance of the service Sir George Rooke had rendered in the taking of Gibraltar did not prevent his recall when, shortly after, having fallen in off Malaga with the French admiral's fleet, a naval battle took place with indecisive results.

In little more than six weeks the indefatigable Lord Peterborough had conquered Valencia and Catalonia for the Archduke Charles. His siege of Barcelona has been considered one of the most daring and brilliant military achievements on record. The Duke of Darmstadt, who commanded under him, perished in the entrenchments, which were carried sword in hand.

"A shell bursts in the fort, the powder magazine explodes, the fort is taken, the city capitulates. A parley takes place at the gates, between Lord Peterborough and Don Francisco de Velano, the Viceroy. The articles are not yet signed, when, suddenly, fearful cries rend the air, and flames are seen ascending from one part of the city. 'You betray us,' exclaimed the Viceroy; 'we capitulated in good faith, while your English troops have entered by the ramparts and are now slaughtering our people, and pillaging and burning our houses!' 'You mistake,' replied Peterborough; 'they are Darmstadt's Germans, not Englishmen: and I see but one way of saving your city. Allow me and the officers of my staff, with the English troops now with us, to enter immediately; I will speedily put a stop to these outrages; then return to conclude with you here the terms of capitulation.' His air of truth, and the lofty tone of his address, together with the pressing danger of the moment, induced the Viceroy to consent to his proposition. The gates were thrown open, and Peterborough, followed by his staff, dashed through the streets of Barcelona. The German and Catalonian soldiers, joined by some of the rabble, were sacking the houses of the principal citizens. Rushing upon them, he compelled them to desist, and to restore the plunder they were about to make off with. Having, as he had promised, put a stop to the outrages, and restored order amongst the troops, Peterborough returned to the city gates to sign with the Viceroy the terms of capitulation."

He afterward happened to fall in with a party of brutal Catalonian soldiers who were carrying off the beautiful young Duchess de Populi. Naturally, she had fainted from terror, when fortunately the gallant Peterborough rode up. The sight of beauty in distress would at any time have nerved the arm of our hero to scatter a host; the conduct of these semi-barbarous soldiers inflamed him still more, and he immediately struck down two or three of them, and promptly rescued the lady. The enraged and baffled ruffians, on recovering from their consternation at the sudden and furious attack on them, fired some shots after her valiant deliverer. But both he and the trembling fair one escaped unhurt. He rode away with her in triumph and placed her in the arms of her husband, who was encountered in frantic pursuit of her. The chivalry, heroism, and magnanimity of their conqueror astonished the Barcelonians. They knew that the English were heretics—therefore, as they had imagined, necessarily destitute of the principles of honor and the common feelings of humanity. Their admiration of Lord Peterborough, whose conduct had dispelled this error, at once became boundless.

But some portion of the populace, burning with resentment toward the Viceroy for offering to capitulate—though their city by that means alone was saved from the horrors of a sack—rose up furiously against him, and probably would have put him to death had not the heroic Peterborough stepped in to save him. He resolved that such a stain should not rest on him as the assassination of the man who had intrusted his life to him. He inquired of Don Francisco what part of Spain he wished to retire to, then gave him a guard of 800 men to conduct him through the conquered provinces to his destination in safety. Many ladies of high rank had taken refuge in the convents, and over these the gallant Commander-in-chief placed a strong guard. This gained him general esteem and admiration, especially with the priests and the ladies, whose confidence it was a part of Peterborough's policy to acquire, and to keep up a good understanding with them. To please the *belles* of Barcelona, he gave balls and bull-fights, and entertained the people of distinction magnificently. For the royal entry of Charles he arranged a splendid pageant, and as the people thronged in to see the sight, he stood in a balcony of the temporarily prepared palace, and threw out handfuls of dollars amongst the crowd. So highly was he favored by the clergy, that he was even requested to say where he would wish the services of his own religion to be performed. He replied, "I shall, myself, have conveniency enough to worship God in whatever place my quarters may be. As for the rest of the army, they shall follow strictly the rules of war, and perform divine service among themselves without causing disturbance or giving offense to any one"—so politic was the respect he publicly showed to the religion he reviled. While in Valencia, two of his officers had contrived to obtain secret meetings with two young nuns, and had persuaded them to elope from their convent. When this was discovered, the sensation it caused was so great, the feeling of horror it inspired so overwhelming, that the delinquents, fearing the vengeance of the people, secretly decamped, leaving the poor, helpless girls to their fate. They were seized by their incensed relatives, and delivered over to the tender mercies of the heads of their convent, who condemned them to confinement in a dark cell and the lingering death of starvation. This was cruelty the chivalric Lord Peterborough was not disposed to tolerate. The disgraceful conduct of his officers had made him furious, but their victims he vowed he would rescue, even from the iron grasp of the Church. He first made an appeal on their behalf to their families. In vain. "A nun violate her vows and be pardoned?" "Forbid it, Heaven!" As no time could be lost, he then addressed himself to the convent authorities, making known that, failing to persuade, he was ready to employ force. He had won great respect and



LORD PETERBOROUGH'S RESCUE OF THE COUNTESS POPOLI.

much influence in Valencia by his magnanimity toward the people he had conquered; and this, aided by substantial bribes to ecclesiastics and others in authority, obtained, first a mitigation of the cruel sentence, and, by Peterborough's perseverance, the pardon of the erring sisters was secured.

The French tried to retake Barcelona. The Count de Toulouse blockaded it with twenty-five ships; Marshal Tessé besieged it with a large force of horse and foot. But Peterborough's forces defeated the French both by sea and land—Marshal Tessé abandoning his wounded to the victor's mercy, to the number of 1,500. Many of these owed their lives to the humanity of the noble Commander-in-chief, who gave orders that they should receive the same care as his own disabled men. His Spanish campaign has been called "an epitome of his life," as in the course of it "he displayed some of the highest qualities of human nature and not a few of the lowest." Queen Anne sent him the additional appointment of Minister Plenipotentiary to the "Catholic King" whom her forces and their commander had helped to enthrone. But her ministers thought his dispatches too informal, and indicating the possession of more wit than discretion in their writer.

One of the most extraordinary exploits of the campaign was his daring pursuit, with only 150 dragoons, of General Las Torres and his detachment of 7,000 men. Supposing that his pursuer had an army following to support him, Las Torres fled from town to town with the utmost precipitation. The art employed to keep up the deception, the perseverance in it, the audacious summoning of the garrison of Villa Real to a parley; the bold capture of 200 horses, with which he mounted the weary remnant of Lord Burgoyne's regiment of infantry—giving the officers cavalry commissions—are feats that can here only be named; but in the wildest pages of romance alone can they find a parallel. From both friends and foes he is said to have effectually concealed his military plans, and any calculation as to the course he would probably take was sure to prove erroneous. But he so exulted in the desperate chances of war, that a sudden resolve, a happy chance, insensibility to fear, and the "spirit of malignant fun" which always seemed to impel him, more frequently led to his victories than any well-combined strategical plans. The opinions of his generals respecting the conduct of the war were of course often adverse to his own; but the chief responsibility of it lay with him, and as success attended him to the end, to him belongs the chief glory of this brilliant campaign, as well as the further "merit of having led an army through a sanguinary war without the slightest imputation of injustice or cruelty from either friend or enemy."

The great Marlborough gained a dukedom and a splendid palace, and hoarded enormous wealth while in the public service; the gallant Peterborough nearly ruined himself, and often, out of his own pocket, paid the troops he led. He might have said with his contemporary, the distinguished French General, Duc de Villars—when replying to some envious murmurs of the courtiers who, under the Regency, had enriched themselves at the expense of the State—"*Pour moi, je n'ai mais rien gagné que sur les ennemis.*"

The campaign being ended Lord Peterborough embarked in the *Resolution*—commanded by his younger son—intending to land in Italy, and to proceed to Vienna, for the coronation of the Archduke—the "Catholic King" of Spain.

Off Leghorn the English fell in with a part of the French fleet, were fired into, and after a vigorous defense, in which the *Resolution* was much damaged, and her captain severely wounded, the vessel was run on shore, and they succeeded in escaping and in making their way to Turin. There Peterborough was obliged to leave his gallant son to recover from his wounds and fatigue. He was himself unhurt, and fatigue he knew not, but the delay had changed his plans. He, therefore, with great speed, crossed the continent and visited Marlborough in his camp at Genappe. Thence he went on to Sweden, to see Charles the Twelfth, of whom he wrote, "It is undecided whether he is very wise or very foolhardy; but he has 50,000 men mad enough to obey readily all his commands."

In August, 1707, Peterborough arrived in London, and was received with unbounded acclamation. The populace felt a pride in the hero and his dazzling achievements, and heartily welcomed him home from the field of glory. Poets and men of letters vied with each other in lauding his valor and magnanimity. Dr. Stanhope, Dean of Canterbury, sounded his praises from the pulpit of the new cathedral of St. Paul's, and in the presence of the Queen, who ordered the dean's discourse to be published. Also, there was printed, "By command, 'The triumph of Her Majesty's Arms, both by sea and land, under the direction of His Excellency, Charles, Earl of Peterborough and Monmouth.' The praises his *courage* everywhere met with were so overwhelming that though said to be "insatiably vain," he yet felt irritated by them rather than flattered, and on one occasion replied, with some acerbity, to a fulsome panegyrist, "Sir, show me a danger that I think imminent and real, and I promise you I shall be as much afraid as any of you." But the Archduke Charles, who had discovered, on the departure of Peterborough, that it was not the "Catholic King," but the magnanimous Commander-in-chief, who had gained the hearts of the Spaniards, secretly sent to the English courts complaints and charges against him. Consequently—great as was his popularity and the enthusiasm of his friends, who, like Lord Rochester, exalted his deeds, as "equaling if not exceeding in importance those of Marlborough"—he was not publicly thanked until after he had given in the Lords some explanation of recent affairs in Spain. The Queen was present on the occasion, and the sitting terminated with a formal and unanimous vote of thanks; also, in acknowledgment of his services, the Queen created him a Knight of the Garter.

In 1709 Lord Peterborough lost his wife, his two gallant sons—the elder a colonel in the Scots Fusilier Guards, the younger the brave commander of the *Resolution*—and some other members of his family, all within a few weeks, and by that terrible disease smallpox. But he was so much a man of action, and had found so little enjoyment in domestic life, that this sudden desolation of his home, an affliction that would have overwhelmed most men with grief, affected him but slightly—an apparent want of natural affection incompatible with greatness of mind. In the same year he was made a member of the Queen's Council, and sent on a special mission to Vienna, to settle the differences that had arisen between the Emperor and the Duke of Savoy. The instructions confided to him being at variance with his own views, he chose to adopt a different course from that which the Ministry had recommended to the Queen. The consequence was a letter of recall, which he returned with his dispatches, not even deigning to notice it. But when his business at Vienna was concluded, he sent home by express an account of it; then leaving servants, baggage, etc., to follow when ready, he set out alone, and traveled with a rapidity that seemed marvelous in those days of rough roads and ponderous slow coaches, and reached London before his dispatches—surprising the Queen, who received him most graciously, by his unexpected appearance at Kensington to give a *vivâ voce* account of his proceedings.

"This hero was small in person and singularly spare, but had great capability of endurance. Hardship and fatigue told not upon him; and unusual, indeed, must have been the powers of the slender frame that fulfilled the behests of so indomitable a spirit." His appearance, when a young man, was prepossessing. He had a very lively eye, keen in its glances; rather prominent features, brown hair and clear complexion. Dean Swift's doggerel verses convey some idea of his appearance and the restless activity for which he was so remarkable:

"A skeleton in outward figure;
His meagre corps, though full of vigor,
Would halt behind them were it bigger.

In journeys, he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politics and gives the toast.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion,
He's with you like an apparition.

Shines in all climates like a star;
In senates bold and firm in war;
A land commander and a tar."

Later in life he became "extremely meagre, and his long

thin face wore the fretful, impatient expression of his disposition." In his portraits he is represented in the fashionable full wig of the period. Though differing so greatly in person from the handsome Duke of Marlborough, yet one day, after the popularity of that great commander had declined, Peterborough was followed by a mob, who jeered at and insulted him by many offensive epithets, believing him to be their but recently much-lauded duke. Very coolly he reined in his horse, and, turning toward his assailants, said: "Gentlemen, I have two means of convincing you that I am not the great personage you take me to be: first, I have but five guineas in my pocket; secondly, they are at your service." He then threw them amongst the crowd that had collected around to listen, and quietly rode on, followed by deafening cheers and loud hurrahs.

After the Peace of Utrecht the governorship of Minorca was given to him, but he did not enter upon its duties. On the death of Queen Anne, who regarded Lord Peterborough favorably, his influence at court declined, and George the First received him but coldly. The general depravity of society in the reign of the boorish king, and the evils arising from the open profaneness of the many atheistic clubs that then flourished "under distinguished patronage," induced Lord Willoughby de Broke to introduce a bill, the object of which was to give a check, at least, to the increasing profanity of those infamous infidel meetings. The clause, "That it be made a penal offense to speak against the Thirty-nine Articles," was resolutely opposed, and by none more vehemently than by Lord Peterborough. In the course of his speech he said: "I am for a parliamentary king, but not for a parliamentary God."

Early in 1714 he married the operatic singer Anastasia Robinson—the *prima donna* of her day—and induced her to consent to their marriage remaining private for a time, Lady Oxford attending it as witness and friend. Anastasia, having a remarkably fine voice, had become a public singer in order to avert the poverty that threatened her family when her father, attacked by a disorder in the eyes, was compelled to give up his profession of portrait-painter. She made her *début* in 1712, in Bononcini's opera of *Griselda*, with great success, which her subsequent performances confirmed. Very soon her professional income exceeded £2,000 a year, which was then considered a large one, even for a *prima donna*. She maintained this position till 1722, when a circumstance occurred that obliged her to retire from a profession always uncongenial to her, but which in deference to her noble husband she had continued to follow. He who had braved public opinion in all other matters shrank from acknowledging his wife. Yet she was a woman of irreproachable character, well-educated, ladylike, of very pleasing manners, and held in general respect. Lord Peterborough always spoke of her as his "best friend," and invariably accompanied her to and from the opera. Her apparently equivocal connection with him exposed her, however, to many very unpleasant annoyances, and at last Senesimo, an Italian singer, presumed to make advances which she thought insulting. Peterborough was then in the theatre; Anastasia sought him and complained to him bitterly of the insults she was subjected to. With his usual impetuosity he rushed on the stage, seized Senesimo, dragged him off, and compelled him to go on his knees before the lady he had insulted and to ask her pardon. This affair caused immense sensation, and was for some time "the talk of the town," but the town, from that day, heard no more the voice of its favorite *prima donna*.

Many were the jests this occurrence gave rise to at his lordship's expense. General Lord Stanhope—between whom and Lord Peterborough a coolness existed, owing to some differences of opinion respecting the conduct of the Spanish campaign—venturing to make a few witty remarks on the "irrepressible spirit of the old Don Quixote," was immediately challenged by him. Lord Delamere consented to act as his second; but the affair being discovered, both parties to it were put under arrest, and only released on a promise that no further hostile steps should be taken.

But Peterborough had not, even then, the generosity to own that his "best friend" had for eight years been his wife. She lived with her mother in a very pretty cottage at Fulham, near the mansion of her lord and master; often assisting, with Bononcini and other operatic celebrities, at his musical entertainments, many of his guests being aware that she had really a right to be there as their hostess. Amongst his minor accomplishments, "my lord piqued himself on his talent for cooking," and often, in the costume of a *chef de cuisine*, prepared a specimen of his skill, as a *cordon bleu* of the art, to please the palates of those choice spirits of the age who frequently assembled at Parson's Green. Amongst them came Swift, Pope, Prior, Lewis, Gay, and many others distinguished for their wit and learning. Peterborough began to be fond of "fighting his battles over again," a symptom of failing vigor. After listening to some of these marvelous tales, Swift, apparently giving little credence to them, wrote "'Tis the ramblingest, lying rogue on earth." But the Dean highly valued the letters of his friend, and had a great regard, even affection, for him, which he rather oddly expressed by, "I do dearly love the hang-dog." There was, indeed, something sympathetic in their eccentric natures, even to a touch of unsoundness of mind, with which Peterborough has been credited; and in their treatment, respectively, of those two devoted women, Stella and Anastasia, there were many points of resemblance.

In 1722 the Duke of Marlborough died, and at his funeral, "in splendor never paralleled," his former opponent, rival and friend attended as one of the ten chief mourners. In the same year the honorary distinction of General of the Marine Forces was conferred on Lord Peterborough. In 1727, George the First gave place to a second George, even more worthless than the first. Lord Peterborough was then in Paris. Being asked by a Frenchman, "*Sacre-t-on les rois chez vous, Milord?*" he answered, "*On les sacre, Monsieur, et parfois on les massacre.*"

Lady Peterborough still continued to live in seclusion, while her lord, in spite of his frequent ailings, rushed pretty frequently to and from France and other parts of the continent. While traveling in Italy, he was arrested at Bologna by order of Clement XI. His papers were seized, and he was confined for a month in Fort Urban. The English Government interfered, and the Pope apologized. But whether at home or abroad, he still kept up his various *amourettes* and the ridiculous amatory correspondence he had always more or less been engaged in with one or other of the fair and frail dames of fashion. The most notorious, and probably the last, of these effusive, epistolary love-affairs, was begun in 1723 with Mrs. Howard, afterward Countess of Suffolk, and continued till within a very short time of his death. The lady, who had already passed her fortieth year, was living with her husband. Peterborough was about sixty-five. She is described as "fair, remarkably young-looking, and charmingly dressed; neither brilliant nor witty, incapable of any keen feeling, and the type of a moral system whose morality is expediency, and whose religion is good breeding." Her lover addresses her in verse as "Chloe," praises her for "gentle wit" and beauty, with which his imagination rather than nature had endowed her. In prose, he tells her: "I can as well live without meat and sleep as without thinking of her who has possession of my soul," and so on in the same strain, for nearly twelve years. In the task of replying to these love-lorn epist s

she had the assistance of the poet Gay; but the fact of his collaboration was a secret between him and the lady.

While Lord Peterborough amused himself, when health permitted, with this silly intrigue, his self-sacrificing, gentle wife lived alone in her cottage, summoned thence only when her lord required the services of an attendant and nurse. In his latter years his favorite residence was Bevis Mount, a small but beautifully situated villa with charming grounds, and overlooking the Southampton Water. On a fine broad lawn were arranged the trophies of his Spanish campaign, flags, guns and other weapons of war. Here, in 1732, finding the attention of his wife absolutely necessary in his infirm state of health, he urged her to join him, graciously permitting her to wear her wedding-ring. "The world," as he wrote to his fair *inamorata*, "had become so indifferent to him that he could even amuse himself with the thoughts of going out of it." But there was still so much vitality in that meagre, shrunken frame, that under Anastasia's kind care he rallied, and for a time Peterborough was almost himself again.

In 1735 he was attacked by so serious a complaint that he knew then that his end was near at hand. On the chance of eking out life yet a few months longer, he was ordered to Lisbon. The society of his wife had now become as indispensable to him as her thoughtful care and attentions, and he wished that she should accompany him. Her friends urged him to consider the unkindness and injustice of asking her to go with him in a dubious position, and she was herself roused by them firmly to object to doing so.

The preparations for his voyage went on, but found him still hesitating. One evening, however, he asked her to meet him next day at the apartment of his relative, Mr. Poyntz, in St. James's Palace.

"She went, not knowing for what purpose, and found all the Mordaunt family assembled there, as she, and they, too, supposed, to bid him a la t farewell. Presently he began to address them with much feeling, and, as he proceeded, with some slight return of the old animation. He told them of a lady, accomplished, talented, of spotless purity of life, endowed with exemplary patience and enduring affection, to whom he owed his best and happiest hours; his comfort in suffering and sorrow. His heart had a ways done her the justice which his weakness and vanity, he said, had refused her, and that he had loved her with a true and abiding love. That lady, he continued, had been always his best friend, and for twenty-one years his affectionate and devoted wife. He then rose from his se t, took Anastasia by the hand, and presented her to his relations as Lady Peterborough."

Unprepared for this scene, poor Anastasia was so overwhelmed with emotion that she fainted. They afterward returned to Bevis Mount, where Pope paid him a visit, to take a final leave of his friend. Before leaving England, at Peterborough's desire, he and Anastasia were again married, as the clergyman who had performed the first ceremony was dead. On the voyage he suffered greatly. He survived his arrival at Lisbon only a few days, and on the 25th of October, 1735, with his "best friend" by his bedside, calmly breathed his last. So passed away the eccentric Lord Peterborough and Monmouth—if not a great man, at least an extraordinary one, endowed with many great qualities. "Brave to temerity," says one of his biographers, "liberal to profusion, courteous in his dealings with enemies, a protector of the oppressed, an adorer of woman"—"the last of the knights-errant." "He lived," said Walpole, "a romance, but was capable of making it a history."

He had kept from an early age a minute record of his actions, opinions and feelings. In his later years he prepared it, in the form of a memoir, for posthumous publication, and intrusted it with the rest of his papers to his wife. After examining both, she considered that she would best show her respect for his memory and the honor of his name by destroying them. Perhaps she was right; yet their destruction was a loss to posterity, for they would, doubtless, have helped to unravel many a mystery of the policy and diplomacy of the governments he served under, and, from the playful sarcasm he delighted in, have afforded many a piquant picture of the court life and society of his day.

A STATE GOVERNED BY WOMEN

Among the colonial possessions, or more correctly, dependencies, of Holland, there is a remarkable little State which, in its constitution and the original costume of its inhabitants, surpasses the boldest dreams of the advocates of women's rights. In the Island of Java, between the cities of Batavia and Samarang, is the kingdom of Bantam, which, although tributary to Holland, is an independent State, politically without importance, yet happy, rich, and since time immemorial, governed and defended by women. The sovereign is indeed a man, but all the rest of the government belongs to the fair sex. The king is entirely dependent upon his State Council, composed of three women. The highest authorities, military commanders, and soldiers are, without exception, of the female sex. The men are agriculturists and merchants. The body-guard of the king is of the *élite*. These amazons ride in the masculine style, wearing sharp steel points instead of spurs. They carry a pointed lance, which they swing very gracefully, and also a musket, which is discharged at full gallop. The throne is inheritable by the eldest son. In case the king dies without issue a hundred amazons assemble to choose a successor from among their sons. The chosen one is then proclaimed lawful king. The capital city of this little State lies in the most picturesque part of the island, in a fruitful plain, and is defended by two well-kept fortresses.

AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW.

According to popular belief, the extremities of a rainbow always touch streams, whence it draws water, by means of two large golden dishes. That is why it rains for three days after the appearance of a rainbow, because the water must fall again on the earth. Whoever arrives at the right moment at the spot where the rainbow is drinking, can take possession of the golden dish, which reflects all the colors of the rainbow; but if nobody is there, the dishes are again drawn up into the clouds.

Some say that the rainbow always lets a dish fall. This once happened at Reutlingen, in Swabia. It broke in several pieces, but the finder received a hundred gulden for it. At Tubingen, people used to run to the end of the rainbow, which appeared to be resting over the Neckar or the Steinlach, to secure the golden dish.

Usually, it is considered wrong to sell the dish, which ought to be kept as an heirloom in the family, for it brings good luck. A shepherd in the Swabian Alp once found such a dish, and he never afterward lost a sheep. An unfortunate native of Heubach, who sold the treasure at a high price, was struck dumb on the spot.

Small, round gold coins, marked with a cross or star, are frequently found in Swabia, and the peasants declare that these were manufactured from the rainbow dishes by the Romans when they invaded Germany. In the Black Forest, the rainbow uses a golden goblet, which is afterward dropped. A shoe thrown into a rainbow comes back filled with gold. The Servians have a theory that passing beneath a rainbow changes the sex—men become women and *vice versa*.

LA FRILEUSE,"

By the French Painter Greuze.

Jean Baptiste Greuze was born in Tournus, Burgundy, in 1725, and died in Paris, March 25th, 1805. He commenced his career as a portrait-painter, but, failing in that department, he devoted himself to pictures of *genre*. His first works in this class, "A Father Explaining the Scriptures to his Family" and "The Paralytic Father," gained him admission to the French Academy as an Associate. He soon after went to Rome to study the old masters, as he had an ambition to become an historical painter; he, however, soon saw that his forte was *genre*, and so he wisely abandoned the heroic school. His pictures are highly prized by collectors, and command enormous prices. Among the most celebrated are "La Frileuse" (of this we give an exact copy), "La Jeune Nourice," "The Blind Man Cheated," "The Village Bride," and "The Broken Pitcher"; all of these have been repeatedly engraved, and enjoy much popularity.

"La Frileuse" is a lady of that day, with the curious head-vail, through which she is peeping. It is chilly, and in those days house-warming was not a science. Indeed, it is still among the unknown arts in Italy and Spain. Various curious contrivances were resorted to in olden time to keep off cold. Chafing-dishes with hot coals were common, but the fume of charcoal was unpleasant. Vessels of warm water, such as the chilly lady is using, did better, but the caloric soon vanished and the article gave but cold comfort.

"LA FRILEUSE."—BY THE FRENCH PAINTER GREUZE.

In the centre of Ceylon is a mountain called Hamallel, like a sugar-loaf; on the top is the print of Buddha's foot when he ascended into Heaven, about 900 B. C. The area of the summit is seventy-two feet by fifty-four, and the impression of the foot in the hard rock is covered by a wooden building and inclosed by a frame of copper ornamented with precious stones.

It is one of the wisest provisions of Fortune that the same vices which ruin our estates take away also the means of enjoying them by depriving us of health.

MY WIFE.

By Hubert Vere.

When I left college I fully intended to marry within a year, but my unfortunately romantic ideas hindered the execution of this excellent design. I was wealthy, an orphan, and had no relatives to thrust upon me their unwelcome advice; consequently, I was free to choose whom and when I liked. I had delightful visions of a Boadicea, with tall and queenly form, glittering black eyes and superb air, and fancied that such a woman, fitted to command, would render me blessed among men.

But sometimes, in the long Winter evenings, when I held my cold bachelor toes to the smoldering fire, and my book fell unheeded to the floor, I fancied that I should love best a delicate little fairy, with short, golden curls and deep blue eyes. With the loving arms of such a wife around my neck, with a glowing fire and a cheerful home, oh, what a happy thing life might be! But I wavered between the two. Pride, which was in the ascendant when I attended parties and gay assemblies, urged me to find and wed a Boadicea; but, when I became tired and gloomy, then I longed for the sunshining fairy, whom in my heart I christened May.

The years moved on, and when I reached the age of thirty I was a misanthropic old bachelor, and had never seen either of the two perfect women I had pictured to myself. I had seen plenty of commonplace and pretty girls, any one of whom would doubtless have made a true and gentle wife, but my mind was too preoccupied to notice them. When, however, I beheld the tracings of a crow's foot in the corners of my eyes and detected a gray hair among my raven locks, I began to bestir myself in a search for one of my ideals. I went to Saratoga with a crowd, arrived at the United States Hotel on a hot day in July, went to the dinner-table in a state of profuse perspiration and inward vexation, and met my Boadicea.

She came in late, and attracted universal attention by her queenly carriage and magnificent dress, as well as by the Eastern beauty of her face. She looked as cool as an iceberg, amid all those wilted beauties, and I immediately claimed her in my heart as the future Mrs. Vere. I pictured to myself the attention she would always attract in society and how I should be envied and admired and hated!

I watched her jealously, and could have challenged the fatherly old man who sat beside her and watched her every movement. He looked like an East Indian merchant, with a parchment skin the color of saffron, a carbuncled nose and a generally apoplectic air. This old gentleman I fancied was her papa, the amiable paternal relative who was to bless us in the style of sensational novels, and this idea was confirmed when I noticed the somewhat supercilious air with which my queenly Boadicea treated him. At last she left the table, leaning on the saffron-faced gentleman's arm, and I immediately hurried after them.

Encountering a friend in the hall, I begged him to tell me the name of that magnificent women.

"You mean that tall one on the yellow man's arm, eh, Vere? Why, she's Mrs. John Smith, wife of the rich East Indian merchant——"

"And the old fellow?" I gasped.

"Is the fortunate Mr. John Smith! She married him for his money, and she has plenty of it, but the old fellow is jealous enough, I assure you. You want an introduction?"

I left Saratoga within an hour, and henceforth abjured the type of beauty of which Mrs. John Smith was an example. I returned to New York and began to look for my lovely May.

The next Summer I went to Long Branch, and on alighting from my carriage I beheld a group of merry maidens on the piazza. Among their voices I noticed one laugh more silvery than the rest, and the next moment I beheld my May.

MY WIFE.—RACHEL GILBERT'S HEROISM.

She was a sweet, merry little thing, with a witching way of tossing back her golden curls from her face. From the moment I saw her the last regret I had felt for Boadicea vanished and she became the star of my life.

A week had passed before I succeeded in obtaining an introduction to her, but at last I had the pleasure of dancing with her.

She was Ella Everley, and the daughter of a New York merchant, whom I knew well by reputation. For the rest of the season I was perfectly devoted to her, danced, bathed, rode and drove with her. She was not as deep as I could have wished, didn't know the name of one star from another, and rather thought they were sparks of fire to light up our dark evenings and make sleigh-rides splendid, but for all that I loved her.

She didn't like newspapers either. The only good she

saw in them was their adaptability for curl-papers, but she did love dancing and ice cream, and fun and flirting. I was a serious and thoughtful man, too old and too grave for my years, and her pretty prattle pleased me.

The season drew near an end, and I felt sure that Ella would accept me, because on several occasions a rosy blush had suffused her cheeks when I ventured to press her hand and she had returned the pressure; and I have often noticed how quickly her long lashes would hide her blue eyes from my earnest gaze, if that gaze grew lover-like. I was in a state of supreme blissfulness. Her smiles intoxicated me, the touch of her hand bewildered me: and I have no doubt I acted like a perfect idiot one evening when I entreated her to walk with me upon the beach. She ran up-stairs for her hat, a gypsy affair, and I am sure I heard laughing and whisperings on the landing, but she soon returned with a demure face, and we wandered along the beach.

At length Ella paused near an old wreck; and now I thought was my time.

The play of moonlight on the waters, the skimming to and fro of little boats, the strains of music from the house, and more than all, the pretty girl beside me, all nerved me for the effort.

I sank to her feet and entreated her to be my wife.

I must have looked like a stagestruck fool, for in the midst of my enthusiastic speech I heard her laugh, that same mocking, silvery laugh, so devoid of all feeling, as I now recognized it; and this laugh was echoed from behind the wreck, and half a dozen girls started into view. She, the girl I loved, began to tell me that she made a wager that I would propose during the season, and she clapped her hands as she declared that she had won.

I rushed from the heartless girl, who shouted gleefully after me that she couldn't think of marrying her father.

I didn't die.

I returned to my house, grew more misanthropic than ever, hated the sight of blue eyes and golden curls, and banished all the pictures of brunettes and blondes, that I had once gathered with so much satisfaction, from my library and establishment. I began to dislike my housekeeper because she was a woman, but consideration for her age and long service in the family, years before I was born, prevented me from dismissing her.

When I was thirty-five I went off to Vermont, for change of air and scene. I hated all sorts of watering-places, and determined to look for a quiet rural village, where I could angle a few weeks peacefully. I found such a place in the interior of Vermont, on the banks of a broad river, and here I settled myself for the Summer.

Two or three days after my arrival I walked out into the little street, and noticed that it was a fair-day, or something of the kind. To avoid all this bustle and the curious glances of the well-meaning farmers and their helpmeets, I wandered down to the riverside. Two or three children at play on the shelving bank interested me, and I halted at a little distance from them.

Suddenly one of their number missed his footing and fell into the stream, giving utterance to a loud scream. Before I could stir a young girl rushed from a neighboring cottage and threw herself into the river. I was about to plunge in after them both, when I saw her swimming toward the shore, and was in time to relieve her of the boy, whom I carried into the house, before the mother, an elderly and hard-working woman, comprehended what had occurred.

The girl who had acted so promptly and heroically soon made her appearance, and I regarded her earnestly. Her dripping garments clung to her form, and her face was wet with the water of the river; but I decided that she was a very plain girl, remarkably plain. She retired to assume dry garments, and the good mother invited me to take a seat, and proceeded to question me concerning myself as soon as she had bundled Tommy up in a hot blanket and put his feet in the oven.

I replied in brief terms, and told her that I should like to board with her, if she would take me. After glancing doubtfully at my suit of fine black clothes, and asking if I were a minister, she explained that their fare was plain, but if I could pay well she could afford better. I assented, and she conducted me to a neat little room off the "keeping-room," which she said I might occupy.

It fronted the river, was neatly papered and painted, and the floor was covered with a bright, home-made carpet. A blue pitcher filled with flowers was on the mantelpiece, and a few rude charcoal pictures adorned the walls.

"Rachael's bin used to sittin' in here lately," remarked the woman, "and them flowers and pictures are her fixins. I can move 'em out."

"Oh, no!" I hastened to declare; "I like the odor of those field blossoms. I can't get those in the city. Leave them, and the pictures too. I will take this room, if you are willing, and your husband does not object."

"Oh, no; he told me that I might take one of the farm hands on Squire Williams's place to board here, if I wanted to. My husband is a shoemaker over to the village, and the pay is worth considerable to us, since his wages are small."

"How much shall you charge?" I asked, after making a further examination of the view from the window.

The woman hesitated.

"Would two dollars and a half a week be too much?" she ventured, after a moment's pause.

I assured her that the view from the window pleased me well, and I wished to stay all Summer, so I should pay her five dollars a week for three months.

A flush of joy overspread her sallow and careworn face, and she thanked me without reserve.

A moment after she left the room, and I heard her talking to Rachael in the kitchen, and enjoining her to dress up and look as well as she could, for the gentleman had offered such extravagant pay that they must put the best foot forward.

When I re-entered the kitchen I placed my honest-hearted landlady at her ease, discovered her name to be Mrs. Gilbert, and told her that I would go over to the village, and order my trunks to be sent over.

In the village, on making inquiries, I found the Gilberts to be very respectable and hardworking people, struggling along in the world, and doing the best they could toward giving their younger children an education. I immediately ordered my trunks sent over to the humble cottage of the Gilberts, and I walked over.

Dinner was ready on the table, it being noon, and I took my seat. One of the boys had already been sent over to the village with "father's dinner," and there were three left, besides Rachael, to dine with us. I never saw a better-behaved set of children in my life, and it was due to the gentle touch and low, soft tones of Rachael.

Mrs. Gilbert talked volubly, and looked as if a pleasant change had come over her life, but Rachael was silent, save when she spoke to the children.

It was Rachael who cleared the table and washed the dishes, Rachael who swept and "cleaned up" the kitchen after dinner, while I stepped out into the garden and contemplated the beauties of the early cabbages. Mrs. Gilbert joined me, with her head hidden in the depths of a huge sun-bonnet, and pointed out all her early "garden sass," which I admired as much as she did.

"Your daughter did a very heroic thing this morning," I said, at length.

"Oh, Rachael! she is a good girl; I couldn't get along without her. Always the same, always sweet tempered. She does nigh all the work, while I do the sewin', and teaches the children, and is a comfort to father and me. Rachael hasn't got but one fault."

"Indeed!" I answered. "May I ask what her fault is?"

"Settin' up nights to study. She spends all the money she can earn by sellin' fruits and garden sass in books, and studies all the time she can get. I like to have her learnin' something, but a district school education ought to do her. I didn't have any better. But then, Rachael's smart, and I don't know as I ought to say anything ag'inst her studyin'."

I saw from the manner of Mrs. Gilbert that Rachael's fault was a matter of pride to her, no matter how much she might appear to condemn it. When we returned to the kitchen I observed the girl narrowly.

She was sitting by an open window, the blinds of which were closed, and was humming quietly as she wove together some coarse straw braids.

"That's a new idea of Rachael's," said her mother, pointing to a basket of straws at the girl's side. "She's taken lately to making men's hats, and has sold quite a lot of them a'ready."

Rachael's face was colorless, and, though plain, expressed character and refinement. Her forehead was broad and low, shaded by straight, brown hair, drawn smoothly away from her brows. Her eyes were large and of a clear, dark gray hue. Her mouth was well formed, and the only color about her face was in her lips, which gleamed like coral. Her hands were not small and were dark, but they were well shaped, and looked pretty as they wove the straws in and out.

She did not say much to me, and all my efforts to draw her out were fruitless, until I began to speak of my favorite authors, and then her gray eyes showed fire and feeling, and she met me on even ground. Where she admired, she admired with an enthusiastic fervor, and her criticism evinced a cool and clear judgment that would have done honor to any man. Her words showed that she had read and thought much, and the more I heard her speak the more I felt, with a painful sensation at my heart, how I had wasted all the years of my life.

When her father returned from his day's work, she arose and laid the table for supper, and his eyes followed his best-loved child with a glance of pride and love. He was a man of average abilities, kind-hearted and fond of his home, but no one would have guessed that this quiet girl, with her strong and cultivated intellect, could be their child.

The Summer deepened, and the old feeling of unrest forsook me. A deep peacefulness came over my soul, and my misanthropy was gone for ever. I had learned of this self-taught country girl that there are other things besides self to care for, that there are great burdens laid upon all, even if we ignore them, and that the burden of some is to help to carry the burdens of others.

My wasted years arose before me like spectres. I had lived half the allotted life of man, and what was my record? The river that passed by the cottage, the hills that environed it, the valley in which it reposed, all assumed a new and strange beauty to me, as I went about them, ennobled and enfranchised from the selfishness which I now realized was the cause of my misanthropy.

The golden Autumn came, and still I lingered at the cottage by the river. The earnest eyes of Rachael Gilbert held me a prisoner, although neither she nor I recognized the fact. We went berrying together, and strolled along the riverside, or read and talked, without ever speaking of love. One evening, however, when the family had separated for the night, and after I had retired, I heard the sound of voices in the kitchen. Without intending or wishing to listen, I heard a good deal of what they said.

"How long has that city fellow been here, wife?" asked the voice of Mr. Gilbert.

"Goin' on five months, Jacob," was her reply. "I hope he won't think of going back to the city yet. I've laid by a'most a hundred dollars since he came. Don't you think he's picked up wonderful, Jacob, on good country livin'?"

"Yes; he looks healthier'n he did when he come and no mistake. But he said he was going home in the Fall. What's the reason he don't?"

"Why, Jacob, you talk jest as if you didn't want him to stay!" exclaimed Mrs. Gilbert. "What is come over you?"

"What's come over Rachael?" asked Mr. Gilbert. "I hope you ain't gettin' blind, wife. She goes around kind o' preoccupied all the time, when I see her. If that fellow has talked love to her I'll——"

"Now, Jacob," appealed his wife, "Mr. Vere wouldn't talk love to Rache, nor the girl wouldn't listen to him. She knows that she ain't no match for a rich city gentleman, nor wouldn't be suited to marry one. Come, let the girl look out for herself, and don't say nothin' about the matter to either of them!"

"I'll hint to him that he'd better go home, though," said Mr. Gilbert. "The neighbors are talking of his hanging on here so long, and say he don't mean Rachael no good. If he means her harm I'll——"

Again good Mrs. Gilbert broke off her husband's threat with a soothing observation, and they soon retired to their own room.

But I could not sleep. Their words had awakened me to the fact that I loved Rachael Gilbert with the strong and enduring love of manhood, that I could not leave her, and that without her life would be a desert. I realized that if I could have won her love, the deepest love of her strong, pure nature, that I was indeed blessed.

The next morning I did not heed the cold looks of Mr. Gilbert, nor the appealing expression on the face of his wife.

"Can I speak with you a moment?" asked my host, after Rachael had left the table and had gone out into the garden with the shadow of a great grief upon her face.

"Certainly, sir," was my reply; "but grant me a moment's conversation with you first.'

A look of curiosity appeared on his face as he assented.

"I love your daughter, Mr. Gilbert, and desire to make her my wife. Have I your consent to our marriage if I can gain hers?"

Mr. Gilbert regarded me with astonishment, while his wife glanced triumphantly at him.

I easily gained the consent of the good couple, and soon after found Rachael standing under the shadow of a tall hollyhock in the garden. I told her how I loved her, and trembled in anticipation of a refusal, but she shyly assured me that she loved me, and would gladly follow me wherever I should go.

Before returning to New York for a few bridal presents which I wished to give her, I asked Rachael what I should bring her for her best gift—diamonds, pearls or laces? She whispered that she would rather have the deed of the red cottage and the lot on which it stood. I understood the feeling that prompted the reply, and bought the place of Squire Williams, and on our wedding day presented my wife with the deed of it, made out to her father.

With a shy expression of her joy she laid it in her father's hands, and we were overwhelmed with her parents' gratitude.

I brought my wife to New York, and found that she was fitted to adorn any society, and that she soon took her place as a refined and cultivated woman.

Her love for me—ah, that is too strong and true to be weakened by anything except unworthiness in its object, and I daily bless the kind fate that denied to me my ideals —Boadicea and May—and gave to me the pure and noble woman who is now my wife.

A FAVORITE STORY OF DICKENS'S.

THE following story may have gone the round of the newspapers, but it is good enough for re-telling, since Dickens said of it: "You must know that I appropriated that story, and acquired an immense reputation by it!" It occurs in a paper of reminiscences in *Scribner* for October, entitled, "A Yankee Tar and his Friends":

"On one of Captain Morgan's voyages from America to England, he had under his care a very attractive young lady, who speedily distinguished herself by reducing five young gentlemen to the verge of distraction. She was quite ready to marry one, but what could she do with the five? In the embarrassment of her riches she sought the captain, who, after a few moments of thought, said:

"'It's a fine, calm day. Suppose by accident you should fall overboard, I'll have the boat lowered ready to pick you up, and you can take the man who loves you well enough to jump after you.'

"This novel proposition met the young lady's views, and the programme was accordingly carried out, with the trifling exception that four of the young men took the plunge, and being picked up by the boat, presented themselves a dripping quartette upon the ship's deck. The object of their undaunted ardor, no less wet than themselves, fled to the stateroom and sent for her adviser, the captain.

"'Now, captain,' she said, in despair, 'what am I to do?'

"'Ah, my dear,' replied the captain, 'if you want a sensible husband, take the dry one!' And she did."

HUMILITY.—Do not affect humility. The moment humility is spoken of by him that has it, that moment it is gone. It is like those delicate things which dissolve the instant they are touched. You must seek out the violet; it does not, like the poppy, thrust itself upon your notice. The moment humility tells you "I am here," there is an end to it.

MY WIFE.—REJECTED BY BOTH.—SEE PAGE 65.

IN THE "HERALD."

Is it a dream, or can it be
That the final vow is plighted?
In the cruel lines traced fair and clear
Is there no chance of error here
By which my hope is blighted?

She a bride, in her silk and lace,
With a girlish blush on her downcast face!
Did her accents never falter,
As in her snowy robes she stood,
In the bloom of her early womanhood,
Before the holy altar?

Did never a thought of bygone times
Come with the sound of the wedding chimes
As she set her foot in the carriage?
Did she think of one who was far away,
And wonder inly what he would say
When the *Herald* announced her marriage?

Did she think of hours of twilight gloom
In the window-seat of an antique room,
When her words were murmured faintly?
When from their frames of tarnished gold
The family portraits, grave and old,
Looked down on us so quaintly?

Did she think—but what are her thoughts to me?
How can the bride of another be
Mine, even in dreams to cherish?
Even the past is no longer mine,
It must go with the hope I here resign.
So—let her memory perish!

And yet, lost love, for the broken vow,
And all the woe thou has cost me now,
I hold thee freely pardoned.
A noble lord for thy future spouse
Made thee oblivious of former vows—
Thy fresh young heart was hardened

Maidens, fair maidens!—bought and sold
For the pride of place and the pride of gold
While the heavens look on and wonder
Think of the barren and wasted lives,
The ill-matched minds of men and wives
Man may not put asunder.

Married! married! and not to me!
Is it a dream, or can it be
That the tie is bound for ever?
Back to the gay world's busy mart,
I go with a void in my aching heart,
But love shall fill it—never!

MRS. RADCLIFFE'S REVENGE.

By Karl Drury.

"I am going to have two guests at Elmdale the day after to-morrow," remarks Mrs. Radcliffe, carelessly, one morning, to the old husband who adores her, and who is fully thirty years her senior.

"Yes, my dear Ophelia?" is the amiable answer, whilst Mr. Radcliffe stirs the coffee his wife has just made him. "I am so glad to hear you say so. I was on the verge, my dear, of proposing some such social distraction. And pray whom have you hit upon?"

Ophelia Radcliffe's handsome dark eyes are studying the table-cloth now, and there is the tiniest little fragment of a smile at either corner of her mouth as she answers ambiguously:

"A lady and a gentleman."

"Indeed!" responds Mr. Radcliffe, with an assumption of interest which he in reality possesses for little except his green-houses and his vegetable-garden. "Who have you selected, my love? That is, do I know them?"

"You have met the lady, I am sure. She is Miss Eloise Bristow, and the gentleman is Mr. Parker Folsom."

Mr. Radcliffe considers this response for a moment, and then up go his gray-touched eyebrows in unmistakable astonishment.

"My dear, you must be making some mistake. I have heard you say very hard things about both these people. I remember your being very angry indeed at Eloise Bristow, just before your marriage, for—for——"

"Can't you recollect why?" interrupts Mrs. Radcliffe, in smiling interrogative. "This was my reason for being angry: Eloise chose to spread abroad certain reports about me when I was poor little Ophelia Shelton, which, whether they were true or false, concealed behind them the design of preventing our marriage. You were sensible enough not to believe the gossip, and so she was defeated."

"But have you forgiven her, Ophelia? I thought not."

'Pshaw! my dear Radcliffe. what is the use of cherishing grudges?"

"True, Ophelia! And this Parker Folsom? You used to dislike him, I well remember. What was it, by-the-by, that he did to offend?"

MRS. RADCLIFFE'S REVENGE.—"ELOISE BRISTOW LEAPS TO HER FEET. 'A FORTUNE-HUNTER!' SHE BURSTS FORTH, INDIGNANTLY. 'I—I DO NOT UNDERSTAND YOU, MR. FOLSOM, UNLESS YOU MEAN WHAT YOU SAY FOR CRUEL SATIRE.'"

"Oh, it was two years before I met you, and during the year that I lived in Philadelphia with Aunt Fannie. Ah, husband mine, what a memory you have!"

"I'm getting old, Ophelia."

"Nonsense. You're as young as I."

"Thanks for the delicious compliment. I waft a kiss to you across the breakfast-table. Now tell me what it was that your Philadelphian friend did?"

"He set a very dear friend of mine, a Mrs. Farren, against me, by telling her that I was trying to make her husband fall in love with me. He never knew that I had found the truth out before I left Philadelphia, but I *had*."

"And you are going to have these two people, both of whom I know you hate, up at Elmdale!" murmurs Mr. Radcliffe, lifting both hands in mock intensity of amazement. "I never could understand some of your whims, Ophelia; they are quite beyond me! By-the-by, do these forthcoming guests know each other?"

"No; I doubt if they have ever heard each other's names. Parker Folsom has always lived in Philadelphia, you know, and Eloise in New York. Mr. Folsom is on here now for a month or so, I have lately heard from Mary Waldron, an old Philadelphia friend. He is here for business reasons—trying, Mary writes, to save a little from the wreck of his fortune."

"Ah! he has, then, met with severe losses? I knew he was rich—or, rather, I remember your telling me so."

"He has lost next to everything, they say, by the failure of Rushit & Stammer."

A little silence follows. Presently Mr. Radcliffe looks up from his coffee with the least suggestion of a sly twinkle in his pleasant eyes.

"And, my dear—ahem!—how about this Miss Eloise Bristow? Is she—ahem!—well off?"

"Not at all. A church-mouse is in handsome circumstances compared with her."

Five or six days after the above conversation Mrs. Radcliffe's guests arrive at Elmdale. Each of them is bewildered by the invitation, and each takes it as a sweet sign of peace and goodwill.

"Now that she is Mrs. Algernon Radcliffe," Eloise Bristow tells herself, "she feels that she can afford to pardon the past."

"She has heard that I have lost my money," muses Parker Folsom, "and she concludes to show herself magnanimous and all that. Well, it's strangely wonderful what strange things happen. I thought that woman detested me."

The guests find every hospitality awaiting them on the charming estate of Elmdale.

"You have a most excellent home here," Parker Folsom tells his hostess, whilst they are left alone together for a few moments, on the night of his arrival.

"Yes. Do you really think so?" is the sweet answer. "I'm so glad everything pleases you. And how about your fellow guest, Miss Bristow? Is not she lovely?"

"I never *specially* admired brunettes," is Parker Folsom's reply, with a covert glance at the flaxen tresses of Mrs. Radcliffe.

"Ah, it doesn't much matter, I fancy, whether one be blonde or brunette, if one has immense wealth."

"Immense wealth? And is Miss Bristow——"

"Wealthy? Oh, enormously—one of the greatest heiresses I know of."

"Indeed!" Parker Folsom responds, beginning suddenly to stroke his dark, silky mustache with considerable energy.

Not long afterward Miss Radcliffe is alone with Miss Bristow.

"My dear Eloise," she begins, "you are looking so well! By-the-by, Mr. Folsom paid you a compliment."

A slight flush tinges Eloise Bristow's cheek.

"Really! What was it?"

"He said you were pretty."

"He is very kind," Eloise answers, a little disappointedly. She *is* pretty, and knows it very well, having been told so again and again.

Mrs. Radcliffe taps her reprovingly with a costly ivory fan.

"My dear girl, you should not undervalue such a compliment from a millionaire like Parker Folsom."

Eloise's glossy, dark eyebrows suddenly lift themselves.

"A millionaire, Mrs. Radcliffe."

"Yes. Oh, his wealth is immense! I thought you knew it."

"No, I have not heard."

"Well, that is not strange, when one remembers. He is a Philadelphian, you know."

Five days pass. During this time Parker Folsom and Eloise Bristow are much together. Each soon discovers in the other a charm which lies wholly apart from that which first brought them together in such close mutual attraction; but it is doubtful whether, except for certain spurious intelligence imparted by Mrs. Radcliffe, either of these two young persons would have had sufficient interest in the other's acquaintance to have made the delightful discovery which has now resulted for both,

Eloise Bristow has always told herself that she means to respect and honor the man whom she marries; but she has also repeatedly told herself that wealth, or at least an independent competence, must belong to this same favored individual.

As for Parker Folsom, finding himself stripped of nearly all his former possessions at an age when to begin a business life is to alter habits of idleness and ease that have almost become a part of the man's nature, he, on his side, has more than once assured his inner self, since the crash of his pecuniary misfortune occurred, that to marry for money would be the most completely sensible course of action he could possibly enter upon.

It is no wonder, then, that this man and this woman, each well-favored in looks, each soundly educated and with abilities above the average, coming together as they do with a mutual aim toward making a good impression, should, after first satisfying all worldly considerations, soon discover that there is such a thing as marrying for money and at the same time devotedly loving the object of that crafty manœuvre.

Yes, Eloise Bristow and Parker Folsom are thoroughly in love with each other at the end of a week's time. More than once, whilst thinking of how superbly her revengeful scheme had succeeded, Mrs. Radcliffe's eyes flash with malicious triumph.

At last Parker Folsom tells himself that he is foolish not to avow his love, since Eloise has given more than a single marked sign, by which, if he cannot read the exact truth, he has at least had reason to guess it.

One day, whilst passing the library-door, he catches the gleam of a pink muslin morning-dress.

"If it is she," he mentally murmurs, "and provided she is alone, I shall not leave her until I have declared the truth."

Eloise proves to be alone. Parker Folsom seats himself at her side, and in a few moments has spoken words that bring the rich color glowingly to the girl's cheeks and make her eyes sparkle with brilliant fire. He finished with these humble words:

"I have no right to address you as I am doing; for oh,

Eloise, even should you consent to become my wife, the world would call me little else than a scheming fortune-hunter."

A moment after these last words are uttered Eloise Bristow leaps to her feet.

"A fortune-hunter!" she bursts forth, indignantly. "I—I do not understand you, Mr. Folsom, unless you mean what you say for cruel satire."

He rises now.

"Satire? Why, of course I do not. The facts are plain enough. My fortune is now a mere wreck of what it once was, and you are immensely wealthy."

A bitter, bleak sort of laugh leaves Eloise Bristow's lips.

"Did Mrs. Radcliffe tell you that—that I was immensely wealthy?" she questions, excitedly.

"Yes."

Eloise sinks back into her seat. Fixing her eyes on Folsom's face, which has become very pale, like her own, she now continues:

"And Mrs. Radcliffe told *me* the same thing regarding *you!*" A slight pause. Suddenly she asks: "Have you ever thought, in past time, that Mrs. Radcliffe had any dislike toward you?"

Parker Folsom's answer then comes promptly enough:

"Yes; I used to believe that she hated me."

Eloise laughs again, though less bitterly than before.

"And I *feel* that she hated me all along, now. This is her revenge."

Those four words exercise a strange effect upon the man who hears them. He seats himself at her side. He fixes upon her face a pair of eyes that glow strangely.

"Eloise Bristow," he begins, with solemn, determined voice, "the story of my wealth is what first attracted you toward me; but now that you *know* me, is there not any feeling in your heart wholly apart from all this?"

Eloise makes no answer. She lowers her eyes and begins to tremble. The man at her side draws nearer, nearer.

"Eloise, I love you well enough to die for you—yes, even in these queer, prosaic times of ours. And if this be the case, surely I love you well enough to *work* for you! What is your answer, darling? Lift up your head, and speak it out bravely. When Mrs. Radcliffe next meets us, shall she laugh to herself in malignant delight, and silently murmur, 'My revenge is accomplished'? or shall she grind her handsome white teeth in secret rage, whilst looking on our happiness, and be forced to confess that we have conquered her with the very weapons she sought to use against us; turning her revenge into that which may be our life-long future joy—and such joy, Eloise, as no money can purchase?"

There is a momentary silence, whilst Eloise sits motionless, with eyes still lowered; and then, an instant later, she has flung herself upon his breast, and hidden her passionately tearful face against his shoulder. He needs no other answer.

HUT OF A MANGO CHIEF, NEW CALEDONIA.

East of Australia is a tolerably large island, known by the name of New Caledonia. Its inhabitants, divided into several tribes, are nearly black, and resemble the Australians, though less degraded and savage. In dress they are nearly naked, the men actually using a leaf as the only cover for decency. Like our ladies, they make false hair out of grass and bat's hair, and thus secure artificial tresses, which hang down the back.

Near the southwest coast are the Mango and Kahova tribes, and we give the hut of a chieftain in the former. In architecture, New Caledonia is far ahead of Australia. These huts are nearly conical in shape, and reach from ten to twenty feet in height. They begin by digging a hole in the ground, and then plant a tall, stout pole in the centre; a number of smaller poles running up to this form the framework, which is woven together by a kind of basket-work, and then the whole is made water-tight by dried herbs and earth, till the wall is some inches thick.

The entrance is about three feet wide, and closes with a rude door. The floor is well covered with mats, and the main post adorned with carving, while the hanging shelves, called "paite," serve to receive some of their few articles. Each house is surrounded by a substantial fence, four or five feet high—an unusual thing in savage lands.

AT THE VILLA NARDI.

A GROUP of persons sat on the terrace at the Villa Nardi; one of the party leaned over the low wall and looked down the cliff to the sea. Vesuvius stood up just across the bay, with the gray smoke floating over it like a plume. Capri and Ischia were there, "like Summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea." Over the groves of olives a silver mist seems to linger, but everything else is steeped in golden light. On the blue sea, schooner and ship float about as in a dream.

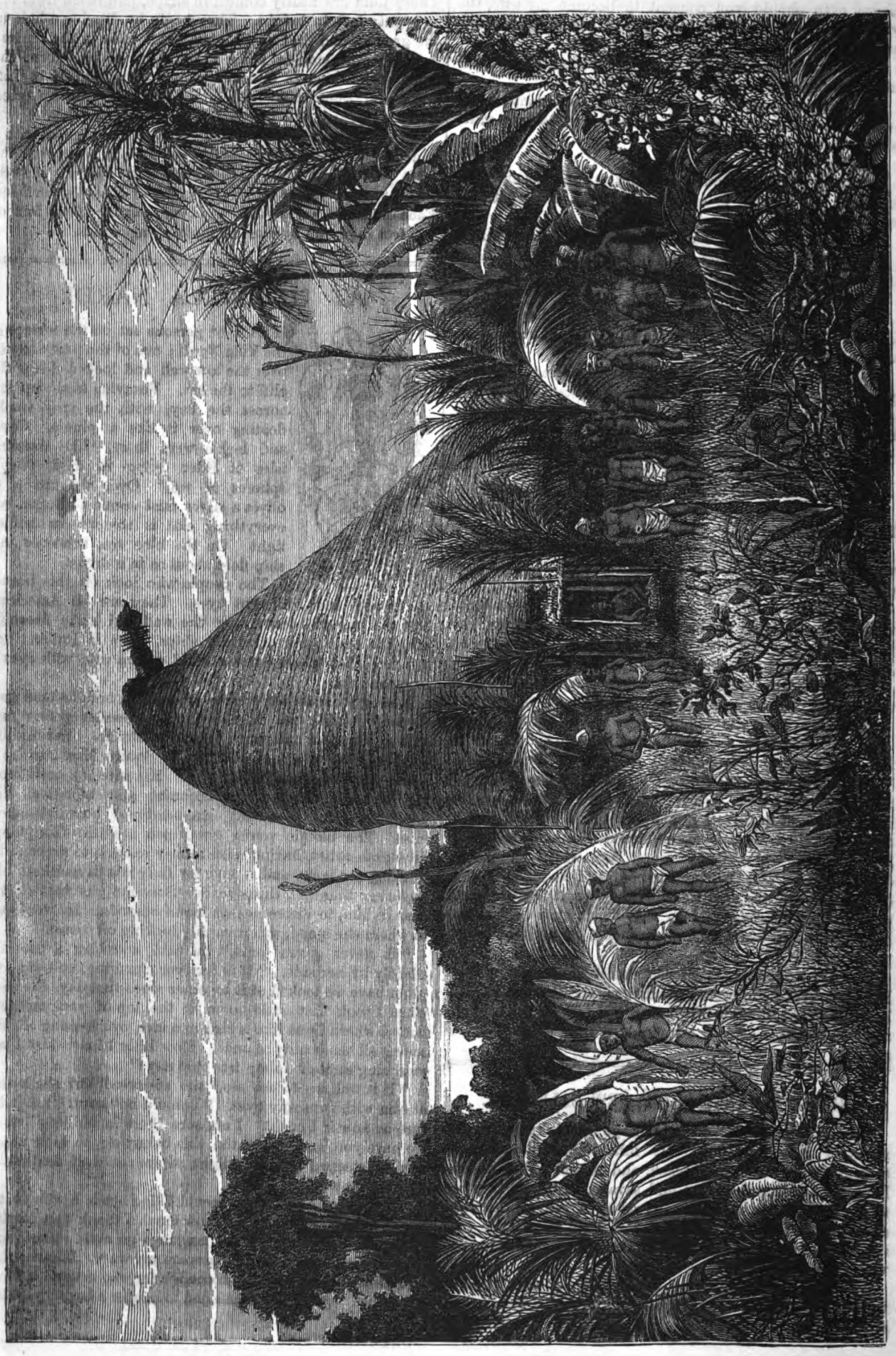
The people who look on this beauty see it with such different eyes. They are all Americans but the one who leans over the wall and looks dreamily into the sea, at the dreaming ships. She is Italian; you can read that in her face—a child of the sun, with eyes of tropical dusk.

Among those on the terrace are a stout, middle-aged gentleman, his wife and daughter, and a slender young man with golden hair and much blonde mustache. The middle-aged gentleman is Squire Marsh, or Squire Mash, as he is called when at home in Vermont. His wife is a good-looking, red-cheeked woman, ignorant and talkative. His daughter, Jemima, a silly, good-natured boarding-school miss. The blonde young gentleman is Philip Campion, a dilettante artist, having just money enough to prevent his working for fame, and a love for Italy which had kept him lingering there for three years. Sorrento was particularly dear to him, for there he had found his wife. He went over to where she stood, still dreamily looking off to sea.

"It never grows tame," he said, standing a moment silently by her side. "It is for ever changing, and yet how often have we looked at it together since that day, Beatrice, when I took that little room at the top of your mother's house, where I was like a bird in a tree, overlooking all, and seeing all the beauty at once. How little I knew that I was marching straight to my fate that day!"

"It is well we do not see," she answered, but she looked at him with sunshiny eyes. "I would not know what is before us now if I could. I am sure there is nothing better. To have you, and to breathe this balmy air, to look at the bay, all steeped in golden light, where could we find such a spot in the world?"

"Nowhere. And where could I find such a wife in the world?" he said, fondly. "How much I thank that English lodger for teaching you my language so well! She seems like a herald sent before to prepare my way. Because then I did not understand Italian enough for wooing, and it would have been very hard if I had had to master a language before I won you."



HUT OF A MANGO CHIEF, NEW CALEDONIA.—SEE PAGE 71.

"Ah, I think you won me before you spoke," Beatrice said, laughing. "Was it not too easy, Philip? What was that Squire Marsh said yesterday, in his queer, Yankee way:

"'The fruit that'll fall
With no shakin' at all
Is too meller for me.'"

Both laughed over this, and the others began to move toward them with a lazy curiosity about the joke. All one's emotions, even curiosity, become languid at Sorrento.

"Talkin' about fruit, eh?" said the squire, good-naturedly. "I think the oranges are a-gittin' sweeter. Curious thing 'bout them oranges, too. Some on 'em are sweet on one side and sour on t'other. That's what I call a one-sided affair. Ha, ha!"

"Yes; I think they are getting soaked with sunshine," answered Philip; "all the sweetness of the Summer is getting into them, and when we eat them we are swallowing the golden wine of a hundred perfect days."

"Awful sun for tannin', this," Mrs. Marsh says. "So I tell Mima no wonder the oranges git yeller in it, for she's a-gittin' yellerer every day before my werry eyes, and a gal's complexion's a serious matter, you know. I don't believe any of them 'Bloom o' Youth' or 'Whacks of Aunt Tilly,' and sich, will ever bring it back."

"Lor', ma!" answered Jemima, tittering, "I can't go about in a mask like the fellows at the funerals, with slits for my eyes. I must see things—the scenery and such, or what can I say when the folks at home ask me about it, besides my sketching?"

"Yes," answered the mother, bridling up, "she do make the sweetest things. Past-ells you call 'em, don't you, Mima? but I think they're past everything. You must show Mr. Campion that one with the bay and this garden, with orange-trees. The oranges are so yellow."

"Now, ma!" Jemima cried, "Mr. Campion is an artist."

"Why, all the better for that!" exclaimed Mrs. Marsh. "Lor', child, I've seen artists before. We had one to our house a hull Summer. He took everybody all around—portraits, I mean—and he paid pa for his keep by paintin' a family group big as one side of our best parlor. There was ma, natural as life, in her best cap and spectacles. There was me, in the loveliest scarlet merino. He said that made a good bit of color in the picter; and ma's string of gold beads on my neck; and there was Dolly with her kitten. She was the youngest. He kinder threw in the kitten, and it did look like a half-unraveled ball o' yarn, but he said he warn't a very good cat-artist."

Philip Campion laughed so over the description of this picture that his wife said, to make amends:

"You must show me your sketches, Miss Mima. You know I am a native here."

"Do tell! Born here?" asked the squire. "Well, come to look, you do favor 'em, only you speak English."

AT THE VILLA NARDI.—"THE ROWERS SANG AS THEY ROWED: SEA AND SKY SEEMED TO MELT TOGETHER, AND THEY SAILED AWHILE ABOUT THE PRECIPITOUS SIDES OF CAPRI, WHERE THE RED CORAL GLEAMED THROUGH THE CRYSTAL WATER."—SEE PAGE 71.

"Yes; I learned that when a child," answered Beatrice.

"It's my belief that all these people understand it," Mrs. Marsh said, solemnly, "only speak loud enough to 'em, and slow. Perhaps broken English does better. Now, this morning I wanted 'em to take away some orange-skins and plates they had left in the room, and that Giacomo just grinned at me when I talked. But when I said, pretty loud, 'Takee way; no wantee! Takee out!' he said 'Si, signora,' and did it."

"Lor', ma, that was cos you pointed to the skins and pointed at the door, so that he would have understood if he had been deaf and dumb."

But Mrs. Marsh was firmly persuaded she was right, and always persisted in talking to the natives in broken English, and rather loud, as if deafness was one of their infirmities.

"How about this Blue Grotter?" said Squire Marsh. "We're all bound to see it. S'pose we make up a party and go to-morrow? Looks like the promise of a fine day."

"You must look at that white feather on Vesuvius," said Philip; "if it blows in, it's one kind of weather, if out, another."

"But which is which?" asked the squire.

"That I can't say," answered Philip, laughing. "I must say, as the lover did when he looked at his Araminta's wonderful hair, I don't know 'which is switch.'"

It was decided, however, at last, regardless of Vesuvius's white plume, that they would all go together the next day and see the Blue Grotto, and a golden day it proved. A delicate mist about it seemed to lift Capri out of the sea and make it float in air. The rowers sang as they rowed; sea and sky seemed to melt together.

"I feel as if I were going straight up into Heaven," Beatrice said.

"Lor', now! I hope that ain't a presentiment, now," cried Mrs. Marsh, looking fearfully at the water, feeling a tremor as she saw the boat

"Rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at its lip."

"I always was kind o' skeery on the water. Never can forget my niece, Sarah Jane, that was drowned on a boatin' party. She had a presentiment, I do believe, for she wouldn't on no account wear a spick-span new dress that she'd just finished on that day. She was allers dreadful savin', and she didn't want that lovely lalock cachmer to go to loss."

This speech seemed to awaken so much merriment that Mrs. Marsh looked about with surprise. She had been quite lost in the melancholy retrospect.

They sailed a while about the precipitous sides of Capri, where the red coral gleamed through the crystal water where

"Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her fair estates."

The day brought no adventure. Beatrice and Philip had seen all before, but the beauty was ever new. Mrs. Marsh screamed as they entered the grotto, and nearly went into hysterics when the boatman rolled up his trowsers, and showed his blue legs in the water. Jemima said, wittily, it quite gave her the blues to be there.

A perfect sunset succeeded the lovely day. As they were rowed home, the sun hung over the sea like a pendulous ball of fire, then a long line of crimson light came out on the horizon, and shot up the whole sky in rosy flushes. Ischia stood out a mass of violet light. Then came in sight the walled roads and orange groves, the terraces with their gray olive-trees, and beyond, the bare rocks, steeped in purple haze.

The squire had enjoyed the trip so much that he planned another for the next day, much to his wife's annoyance, for it was no less than a tramp among the purple hills, and Mrs. Marsh had heard stories of brigands.

"There's no tellin'," she said, mournfully; "squire's mighty adventurous, and where he goes, I'm a-goin'; but I don't like it. They do the most atrocious things, I've heerd, like cuttin' off ears. I guess Mima's market 'ud be spiled ef her ears were cut off."

"Oh, no, ma!" exclaimed Mima, tittering; "I'd wear long curls!"

Finding no one shared her fears, Mrs. Marsh at last gave way, and the party was increased the next morning by a young Englishman who had made the Marshs' acquaintance somewhere—a bullet-headed young fellow with very little hair on his head, and a good deal on the sides of his face. He drawled after the Dundreary style, and made Miss Mima intensely happy by a few polite attentions.

So the party started gayly out with donkeys next day, through the roads where the orange-trees overhung the gray walls, and great globes of golden sweetness hung almost within reach. They wound up the steep hill behind Meta, through the olive terraces, where a dusky silver haze seemed to hover, up to where one caught enchanting views of plain and bay.

After wandering for a long time, they all sat down on the jutting ledge of a precipice, near the rocky, bare side of St. Angelo. All about them the sunshine beat, wave on wave; below, two thousand feet, the little town of Posano, its brown houses nestled on a conical spur, looking like toys, the people like puppets; a little mite of a white beach, and a toy boat with a sail; beyond it, terraces and castles, arches and ruins.

"Mighty hungry work!" cried the squire, stretching himself out at full length on the warm stone. "I move we eat something. Giacomo," to a servant, "where's that ere basket I packed?"

Giacomo seemed to understand this order as if it had been delivered in the purest Italian. He spread a white cloth, and set forth a neat little lunch with great dexterity, and all enjoyed the meal, taking, as the Germans do, the refreshments of soul and body together.

"Natur' does beat all," said the squire, looking round complacently. "Natur' is a great institooshun, and I kin admire it, if it isn't exclusively American. Natur' makes all men kin. It makes one feel the great brotherhood of man."

At this part of the peroration there appeared a dark face above a near ledge of rock, and then another and another. A new kind of audience, which the squire did not see.

"At such a moment as this," the squire went on, eloquently, "one feels the bond of humanity spreading from the land of freedom to this benighted place, 'where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.'"

Some very vile-looking specimens of the children of the sun stole nearer the thoughtless group.

"Yet I feel as if I could ameliorate 'em all," the squire went on, in a transport of philanthropy. "I could embrace 'em all."

"Lor', pa!" exclaimed Mima, shocked at such indelicacy.

At this moment Beatrice looked up, turned ghastly pale, and grasped her husband's arm.

Philip stared about him as one suddenly waked from a pleasant dream. Not one or two, but twenty men, were closing in about them in that lonely spot.

All saw the peril at once. Every one was stunned save Mrs. Marsh, who began to scream.

"Oh, good people, take everything I've got—'tain't much; here's my watch, it's a present from my dear departed pa; but I s'pose it must go. I hain't much jewelry on—there, and only twenty lira; spare my life!"

The squire had gathered himself up, and was facing all those fellows with a portentous frown. What, an American citizen to be molested when he was calmly enjoying himself in the bosom of Nature! Words failed him, but he quieted his wife, while he meditated on the proper way to treat these marauders, whose eyes gleamed on him menacingly. At last he burst out:

"Look here! I'm an American citizen, I am. Know what that is? Know the Stars and Stripes? Wall, then, lay a finger on one of us, and that great government of which I am a humble member'll give you the all-firedest lickin', the whole caboodle of you; there won't be enough left on you to make waddin' for a gun."

The men did not seem to quail at this address. Perhaps that was not strange, as they did not understand a word of it. Then one of them, who seemed the chief, a handsome, daring-looking outlaw of about thirty, with an attention to dress displayed which was the very foppery of brigandism, cast a rapid glance at the party, and stepped toward Beatrice, who still sat pale as if turned to stone.

"Madame," he said, in the soft, musical Italian tongue, "explain to these good people that we will not hurt them; but they must come with us without resistance."

"What does he say? Oh, what does the wretch say?" screamed Mrs. Marsh.

Philip explained, for Beatrice seemed to have no strength to speak.

"We are in for it," he said; "there's no use resisting; you see, these men are all armed, and we have nothing."

"I have got a pocket-pistol," said the young Englishman, holding up his brandy-flask with a ghastly attempt at mirth. "Eh, dear me, Miss Mima, don't you find this wewy, wewy medieval?"

"Werry evil, indeed!" cried Mrs. Marsh, "and I was agin the expedition from the fust, and wherever will they be for takin' us, Mr. Campion?"

"I suppose they've got a cave somewhere near," Philip said, chafing Beatrice's cold hands, and wondering at the strange, deathly horror in her eye.

"My darling," he said, "don't look so terrified. I am sure they will let us go in safety. I think we are all captured on account of the squire here, or perhaps the young Englishman is a moneyed man. These fellows usually find out before taking the trouble to stop a party; but there is nothing for us to fear. I have only a small deposit in the bank, and they are welcome to it."

"Oh! a cave! What will they do to us?" cried Mima, looking at the young Englishman in pretty appeal.

It was so sweetly romantic to have such an adventure with brigands, and the chief was such a splendid-looking fellow, with his olive skin and flashing eyes!

Those eyes flashed fiercely enough at the delay, and a few Italian oaths, very soft in the vowels, escaped him, but he spoke to Beatrice again in a courteous way.

"You had better hurry matters," he said; "if surprised, I cannot answer for my men. They would not be taken alive. Come, you at least have no reason to fear."

Beatrice seemed to collect herself. She rose quietly and said to the others:

"We must follow them at once."

And by this time the sight of two or three pistols drawn out had proved a powerful argument to the others, who hastened to show their obedience.

They took a foot-path down the steep rocks, part of the brigands guiding, the others bringing up the rear. The squire assisted his wife, who groaned at every step. Mima found some solace in having the young Englishman, and thought with a thrill that this was almost equal to being cast away on a desert island, and what stories she would have to tell at the sewing-society at home! But Beatrice leaned heavily on her husband's arm, making little reply to his comforting words, walking in a strange dream—a sort of waking nightmare.

The squire looked eagerly around at every step, hoping to see some help at hand.

"I s'pose they didn't understand me, Mr. Campion," he said at last. "S'pose you wave the star-spangled banner over them a little—well as you can in Italian? Give 'em a regular Fourth of July oration!"

Philip shook his head with a smile.

"Not a bit of use, my good sir; they don't care an orange about our government or their own."

Then the party relapsed into a gloomy silence, till a peculiar whistle roused them.

It was only to signal their coming to a watchman, who was evidently on the lookout. Through bush and furze the party made their way to a hole in the side of a hill. An overhanging roof of rock, with creepers and trailers, nearly concealed it. Mrs. Marsh shrank back in horror.

"Oh, not there!" she cried. "I kin stand it in the open air, but this is bein' buried alive! Oh, good robbers, what is it ye want? Tell us here. Ain't this as good a place as any?"

But the only answer was a pistol held up in the air, and that sent the poor woman shivering after the rest.

The captain of the brigands was as polite as a French dancing-master. He ushered the party in as if they were a company of friends whom he had invited to dine with him at some princely residence.

The dark cave was illuminated with lamps. The skins of animals were spread about on the ground; weapons of every kind gleamed from the walls. A table was set with plenty of sparkling glass and silver; antique drinking-cups were there, which had probably been heirlooms in noble families. Goblets crusted with gems, or rich in delicate carving; wine of every hue; fruit of every clime, were gathered there.

"Must be a good trade, briganding," said the squire, looking about with a Yankee's keen eye. "'Twouldn't do in America, though."

The chief motioned the ladies politely to a seat on the tiger-skins; then took a goblet and filled it with some priceless wine, that shone like liquid gold through the dim light. He came forward, and looked fixedly at Beatrice.

"Will you drink it?" he said.

"Why does he single you out for ever?" cried Philip, angrily. "I will not bear it! Perhaps the wine is drugged!"

"No, no; I must drink it. I dare not make him angry, for your sake—for all our sakes," Beatrice said, anxiously.

And she took the glass, and a little of the wine, eagerly, with trembling hands and ashen lips.

The band stood around watching every movement, and then the chief glanced at Philip.

"You speak Italian?" he said.

"A little," answered Philip, haughtily.

"A little will answer the purpose," the chief said, with a gay laugh. "You can explain all I want."

And he took a roll of papers out of his pocket, and selected three.

"You have only to sign those," he said. "There is one apiece for you. This is for the fat gentleman, this for the smooth-headed"—indicating the young Englishman—"and this for you."

Philip glanced at the papers. He understood them at once; checks on the Bank of Naples, for different amounts, his own the smallest, five hundred francs; the squire's five thousand, and the young Englishman's the same.

"How do you propose to collect this?" he asked, after staring at the three apparitions for a while.

"We have you here as hostages," said the chief, coolly. "Sign these checks, and send an order for the money, besides, in a note to your banker, and as soon as it arrives you are released. If it does not arrive, if any harm happens our messenger, if he does not return, you will never leave this place."

"You mean you will murder us?" Philip cried.

"Call it that, if you like. *Sacre!* you bring it on yourselves. Now, if you please, no time to lose."

Philip explained the situation to the others, and his words were received with groans and exclamations.

"One thousand dollars!" cried the squire. "Never! What! give one thousand dollars to these murderin' cut-throats! Let 'em do their wust. I'm a free-born American citizen, an' my death will surely be avenged!"

But Mrs. Marsh had melted into tears.

"Oh, Joel!" she cried, "ain't your life worth that, to say nothin' of me and Mima? Why, 'tain't more'n three hundred apiece for us. Oh, give it, and let us get out of their clutches!"

"'Tain't that; it's the principle of the thing," said the squire. "It's givin' in to wickedness; it's rewardin' vice."

"Never mind the principle," cried Mrs. Marsh. "That won't comfort ye when we're all laid out stiff and stark, and made into an item for the papers; sign it at once."

"Oh, yes, pa," put in Mima, "do sign!"

The bullet-headed Englishman, who had been sucking the head of his cane in meditation, now came forward.

"It's a nasty piece of business," he said, "but 'ere goes; they've got us in their clutches, blast 'em!"

And he set the example by affixing his signature.

The squire then was brought to reason, and sacrificed principle to the lives of those dear to him; as for his own, that was not of the least account, so he said.

Then Philip followed suit.

"I have been moderate with you," the chief said, taking up the checks.

"You know my capacity," Philip answered, scornfully. "I believe I have only that sum at present in the bank."

Then each gentleman wrote a note.

And they heard the messenger ride off swiftly with the papers. All they had to do was to wait with anxious hearts for his return. In the meantime the bandit did the honors of his cave as if it were a baronial hall.

They could not swallow his offered refreshments, but he strove in every way to make the time pass agreeably, finally bringing out a mandolin from some place, and touching the chords with no unskillful hand.

"Lor', if he isn't going to sing!" cried Mima to her English friend. "How I wish I had my autograph book here! I'm sure he'd write his name. Think how nice it would be to have the name of the chief of the bandits written in a robbers' cave! How our friends would envy us."

JEALOUSY.—SEE PAGE 79.

"I wish he hadn't insisted so much on *our* autographs," answered the Englishman. "You see, he is making a collection, too."

After striking a few notes, as if to try the instrument, he came forward and handed it to Beatrice.

"Will you favor us?" he asked, bowing.

"No, sir; not at all," answered Philip. "My wife is not well enough."

"Your wife!" exclaimed the man, "do you say? Take care what you say!"

Beatrice started forward, and took the instrument.

"I am quite well, dear Philip," she said, with a strange smile. "Do not let us make him angry."

"It is long since we have heard a woman's voice," said the chief, softening his tone. "It will be a new music for these walls."

Then he begged for a pretty little love ditty, which Beatrice sang through without faltering, though there was a pathetic minor cadence in her voice, which told of suffering.

"My darling, you are heroic," Philip said; "but I never heard you sing or play."

"No, I hate it!" exclaimed Beatrice, with a sudden energy. "This instrument, I mean," she added. "I like your grand organ harmonies."

MEDITATING BY THE FIRELIGHT.

How the hours dragged! Time throbbed so slow, and their hearts so quick, they could not tell whether the sun had set in that cave; whether it was evening or yet day; and then the bank might have been closed before the messenger had reached it. In that case, they would have to stay all night. Philip looked at his watch inadvertently, and found it was seven o'clock.

It was an unfortunate move, for the bandits came about him with eager eyes, and the chief was evidently reminded by their glances that he had not fulfilled all his duty, which was to relieve his victims of their valuables.

By this time they submitted without a murmur. The squire's fat hunting-case, and Miss Mima's jeweled little watch, just bought at Geneva, went to swell the pile. Rings, too, were demanded, with no fond words or hints of return. Beatrice, however, wore none but one plain, golden circlet—her wedding ring. The chief looked at it with a peculiar smile, but, perhaps, considered it too small and worthless for booty.

The squire was perfectly extinguished by these multiplied misfortunes. No considerations—not even that he was still a citizen of a free country—seemed to console him. His rosy face looked oddly lugubrious in the light of the flaring lamps. He listened painfully to every sound, hoping to hear the welcome tread of the horse that would bear them deliverance. At last, through the silence, it seemed to come, faintly at first, then louder. Good cheer! The messenger was returning, but did he bring life or death to them?

Something might have been suspected. The money might have been refused. A hundred wild thoughts surged through their brains, and every heart throbbed and beat.

The chief went out without another glance at his prisoners, but when he entered again they knew that all was right. A roll of money was in his hand. They were free.

But first, each one was carefully blindfolded. They murmured at nothing by this time. Then they were led by a different way to the very place where their donkeys had been left in the morning. Those patient animals, troubled by no vain surmises about their riders' fate, were still looking in vain for a peradventure thistle.

The travelers found themselves alone on the hill-tops, with the stars above them, and no one in sight. They stood a moment, rubbing their eyes, as if it might have been a dream. But the adventure had been a horrible truth—that Philip realized when he longed to know the hour, and Miss Mima, when she looked at the hand which had been graced by such a love of a turquoise ring, bought on that bridge at Florence.

"I wish I'd had an all-fired attack of the rheumatiz to-day," said the squire; "kind as don't let a body go out."

"I fancy we've all taken cold in that cave," exclaimed the Englishman. "'Twasn't worth seeing, after all. Didn't pay for the trouble of the excursion, and isn't set down in Murray."

All laughed feebly at this speech, and then seemed to feel better. Giacomo, who had suffered nothing at the hands of the bandits, cheerily brought up the donkeys. The party took their places, faint and worn as they were. There was nothing to do but to ride back to Sorrento over the lonely roads.

"S'pose it's safe enough now," Mrs. Marsh exclaimed, drearily. "A body can't have two adventures in one day. 'Tain't in natur'—at least, 'tain't in Providence."

Beatrice looked so white and wan that Philip wished to lead her donkey and walk, but she was quite firm in saying she felt strong enough.

It was long after midnight when they reached the Villa Nardi, and saw the well-known terraces and garden in the moonlight, the blue sea and sky, the olive groves silvered in the pallid glory of the night. How long it seemed since they had left it all! Counting time by heart-throbs, they had lived ages, and felt old and worn. The house seemed hushed, as though all slept tranquilly, regardless of their fate. But, then, no one is alarmed at a party's non-appearance, supposing some fascinating excursion had offered, leading them to spend the night in Naples. Through the silent, echoing corridors they walked, glad to find lights burning in their rooms.

"How good to be well out of it!" cried Philip, as he reached his room. "You must rest now, for days, love."

"Yes," answered Beatrice, absently; "I will rest."

And then he wondered to see her take a little casket that was kept in a cabinet near, and go with it into the next room.

He was too sleepy to ask questions, but he wondered to see his wife leaning absently on her hand, with eyes that seemed looking into eternity, when he went into the room a half an hour later.

"What! not in bed yet?" he cried. "It will be morning soon."

"I am going now," she hastened to say. "I was just thinking—how happy we have been together."

"Well, love, it isn't worth sitting up for, to think that," Philip said, with a laugh. "I hope you have a long time before you for such thoughts."

"Only, if you had lost me to-day," she went on, "I am glad you would have had only pleasant memories of me, dear."

"The hours are marked with sunshine," Philip answered; and no more was said.

When day broke in sunshine over the bay, and flooded Capri with light, and waked flower and bud, and shimmered over the crisp waves, some of the weary travelers still courted sleep.

But those golden arrows darted into every room, and at last opened Philip Campion's eyes. He looked about dreamily for a while, till at last his eyes rested on his wife's face. It looked so white and still that a thrill of terror ran through him.

"Poor Beatrice!" he thought. "Yesterday was too much for her."

Then the sunshine crept nearer to the ghastly face, and showed him the awful truth.

She was dead!

He would not believe it at first. He called assistance. There was a doctor in the house.

Philip assailed him in a frenzy.

"She can't be dead! Why, only yesterday she was full of life. Save her! It must be only a faintness."

But the doctor gravely shook his head.

"She has been dead for hours.

"Good God!" cried Philip; "she died, then, without a groan or a sigh, so near me! What could have been the fatal cause? Doctor, her health was faultless."

"Heart-disease, probably," answered the doctor, looking at the blue lips; and then, with a few words of consolation, the mourner was left with his dead.

Left as we all are when face to face with a great grief—alone! No one can go down into the depths with us. The gentlest-hearted friend fails then, and we meet our sorrows as we must death—alone!

All over the house a tide of sympathy and curiosity swept. The guests surmised about it, but carried out their plans for the day. The good-hearted squire and his wife were full of real kindness, but Philip would be alone. How could he bear to see all these *living* people while his darling lay dead?

He paced the room in such a whirl of thought and feeling that it seemed as if reason were gone. He tried to remember every word spoken that night before—every look; then all their married life passed in quick panorama before him. He threw himself on a chair near the table where she had sat, and leaning his head on his hands, sobbed aloud.

Something displaced by his movement fell to the floor. It was the casket he had seen last in his wife's hands. He touched it tenderly, as a most sacred thing, but started as he saw a bit of paper fall out.

He picked it up listlessly enough, but he saw lines on it, written in his wife's handwriting, and then he read it eagerly. For the words had only been written the night before:

"Do not hate me, Philip. Do not curse my memory, my darling, when I tell you all. I could not live and tell you, so I have chosen to die. Perhaps you will love me, and pity me a little, when you

look at my dead face. Before your love made me so blest, dear, I had been married—a foolish girl's fancy it was, and, oh, so bitterly repented! For the man turned out an unprincipled adventurer, as false as he was handsome. He soon tired of me, and left Sorrento. I never heard of him, and a report was brought me that he had been shot in some quarrel at a wine-shop. Then you came, Philip, when I had believed my whole life blighted, and that my story was finished. You made the whole earth bloom for me. I love you so much, darling, that when I recognized my husband to-day in the chief of the brigands, and knew that our life together would be henceforth impossible, I resolved to die. I could not live away from you. I could not live to see your grief and despair at the news that another could claim your Beatrice if he chose—a wretch who would not fail to turn the opportunity into money, if possible. So, was it not better, my darling, that I should die? But, oh, it is so hard! Life is so sweet! I hope God will forgive. Pray for the rest of my soul. Farewell, my Philip; mine still. Will it be a sin to think of you in heaven—if I am permitted to enter heaven? Oh, my love, farewell?"

A great tide of agony swept over Philip's soul as he read these lines, and faintly comprehended what Beatrice had suffered while she wrote them the night before. He went and looked at her face, so peaceful now, so saintly in its white calm, and felt that God had given her peace. It must be so, although she had herself "forced the dark and mystic gate." The tiny flask within the casket told how she had done it. That subtle poison held the key to death.

Three days after, Philip Campion looked his last on the blue sky and bay, and the silver-gray olives and orange-trees of Sorrento, and went forth a lonely man, to try to find in the busy world a Lethe for memory.

JEALOUSY.

"NURSE me, too," says the dog, in language as plain,
Though barked, as if spoken, as upward he leaps.
'No, no!" cries the mother; "down, down, doggie, down!"
Though baby means "yes," with his chirrups and cheeps.
Ah, jealous wee dog, alas! thou'rt deposed
From the throne thou wert lord of but few months ago;
For the rightful heir's come, so, usurper, crouch down,
And kneel at the feet of thy monarch, poor Flo!

PROCESSIONARY CATERPILLARS.

WHILE out for a walk the other day, we came across a curious incident in natural history. At Cape Martin, about two miles from Mentone, our attention was attracted by something by the roadside which looked at a little distance like a long, thin serpent. At first we thought it best not to go very near; but curiosity prevailed and upon closer inspection, we found it was a long line, consisting of ninety-nine caterpillars, crawling in single file close after one another. Our curiosity led us to remove one from the middle, a little distance from the others, and we found his place was soon filled up, but he crawled back to them and edged his way into the line again. Then we removed the leader; this brought them for a time to a standstill. After a little time they began to move on, and then we put the original leader in his proper place, but this brought them again to a standstill; and from the way they moved their heads from side to side, a great deal of talking seemed to be going on, and they decided their original leader was not fit to lead, and they chose another, while he had to make his way in the line lower down.

A little further on we saw another line of forty-four coming up in the opposite direction, and we were curious to see what would happen when the two met, imagining they might perhaps have a fight. But such was not the case: they joined the others by degrees, and so made a much longer line and marched on.

We have since heard they climb some particular kind of trees, and make their nests in them, which has a very injurious effect, and often kills the trees, unless the branches are cut off which hold the nests.

In an interesting little work on "Insect Architecture," in 1830, mention is made of these social caterpillars, the construction of their nests, and their habits.

The writer says:

"It is remarkable that, however far they may ramble from their nests, they never fail to find their way back when a shower of rain or nightfall renders shelter necessary. It requires no great shrewdness to discover how they effect this; for by looking closely at their track, it will be found that it is carpeted with silk, no individual moving an inch without constructing such a pathway both for the use of his companions and to facilitate his own return. All these caterpillars therefore, move more or less in processional order, each following the road which the first chance traveler has marked out with his strip of silk carpeting."

Further remarks are made of two species "more remarkable than others in the regularity of their processional marching." These are found in the south of Europe, but are not indigenous in Britain.

BUNYAN'S ESCAPES.

BUNYAN had some providential escapes during his early life. Once, he fell into a creek of the sea, once out of a boat into the river Ouse, near Bedford, and each time he was narrowly saved from drowning. One day an adder crossed his path. He stunned it with a stick, then forced open its mouth and plucked out the tongue, which he supposed to be the sting, with his fingers; "by which act," he says, "had not God been merciful to me, I might, by my desperateness, have brought myself to an end." If this, indeed, were an adder, and not a harmless snake, his escape from the fangs was more remarkable than he himself was aware of.

A circumstance, which was likely to impress him more deeply, occurred in the eighteenth year of his age, when, being a soldier in the Parliament's army, he was drawn out to go to the siege of Leicester, in 1645. One of the same company wished to go in his stead; Bunyan consented to exchange with him, and this volunteer substitute, standing sentinel one day at the siege, was shot through the head with a musket-ball. "That risk," Sir Walter Scott observes, "was one somewhat resembling the escape of Sir Roger de Coverley, in an action at Worcester, who was saved from the slaughter of that action by having been absent from the field."

HOW POSTAL CARDS ARE MADE.

THE paper upon which postal cards are printed comes in sheets about twenty-two inches by twenty-eight inches in size, and is packed in boxes containing about 2,000 sheets, and weighing 530 pounds each. After the boxes are unpacked, the first thing in order is the printing. This is done by two Hoe cylinder presses, each of which prints forty cards at a single impression. The printed sheets are then placed in racks and allowed to dry for two days, in order to prevent any blotting or defacement. Now they are ready for the cutters, of which there are three, at present. By the first, which is a rotary cutter, the sheets are divided crosswise in ten strips, containing four postal cards each. The sheets pass in through this machine as rapidly as one can

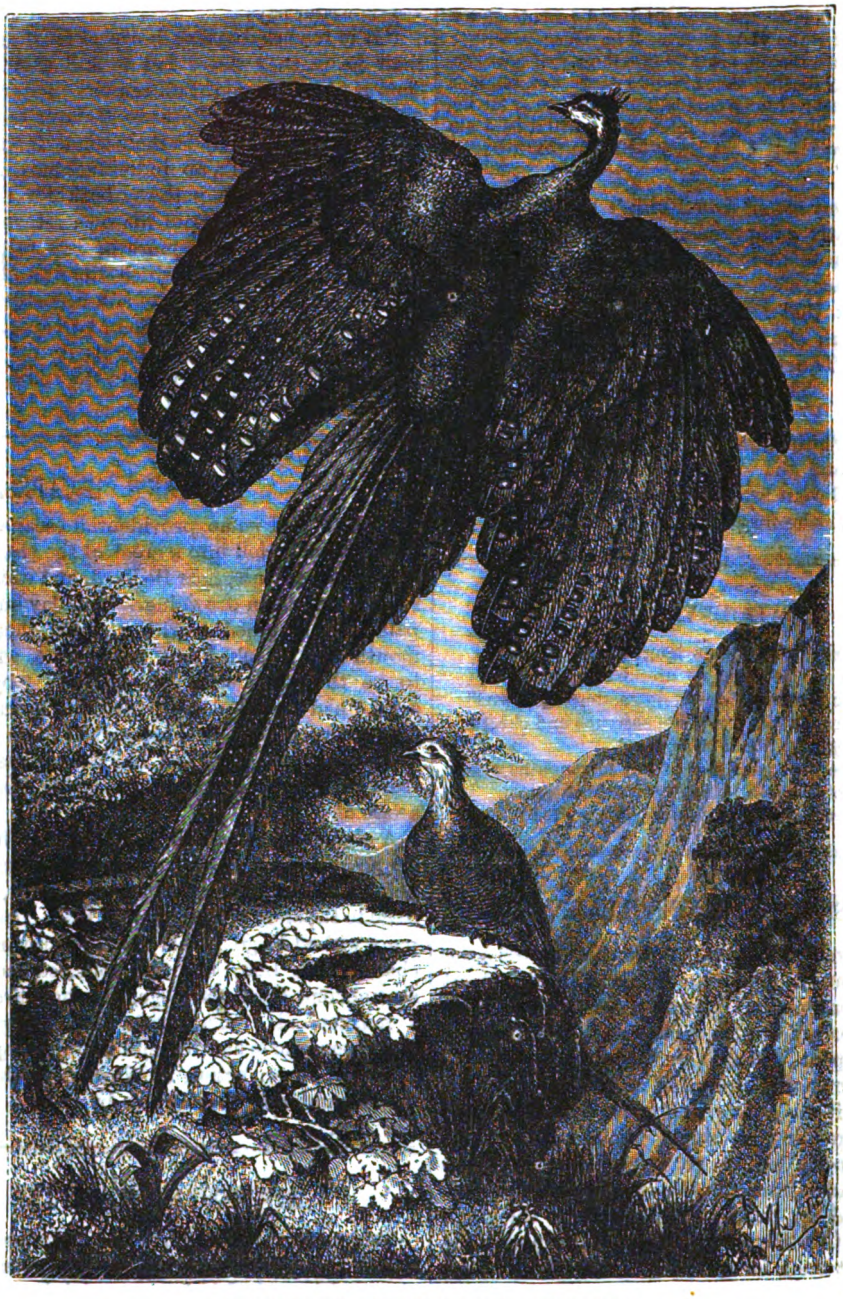
follow another. The strips are then collected in packages of one hundred each, the edges are made exactly even, and the packages are then placed on the iron tables of the cutters, which sever them in the opposite direction. Of these cutters there are two, both known as the Cranston "under-cut." Ten packages of one hundred sheets each, after leaving the rotary cutter, are placed in the "under-cut," a lever is pulled which sets the machinery in motion, and up comes a heavy knife with a diagonal motion, and there are four hundred postal cards complete in a twinkling. A bit of brass is removed, allowing the uncut packages to be moved up a proper distance under the knife, and the process is repeated. The cards are then taken in bunches convenient to be handled, and the edges are carefully brushed to remove all dust and "feather." They then pass into the hands of eighteen girls, by whom they are counted out into packages containing twenty-five cards each. Twenty packages are placed in pasteboard boxes, which again are packed in wooden boxes, containing from 1,000 to 25,000 cards apiece.

The presses are printing about 1,000,000 cards a day. The contract requires that 1,000,000 cards shall be made in a day if the demand is so great.

It is not expected that many visitors will enter the rooms in which the cards are made, but precautions are taken to prevent the loss or abstraction of cards. Every sheet printed is registered by the press, and the company is compelled to give an account of every one. If a few cards were lost it would cause considerable trouble, although the loss might be trifling. Any cards that are spoiled in the cutting, or defaced in any way, are retained and destroyed by the government inspector.

THE ARGUS PHEASANT OF SUMATRA AND BORNEO.

It is a singular fact in geographical distribution that the peacock should not be found in Sumatra or Borneo, while the superb Argus, Fire-backed, and Ocellated pheasants of those lands are equally unknown in Java. Exactly parallel is the fact that in Ceylon and Southern India, where the peacock abounds, there are none of the splendid Lophophori and other gorgeous pheasants which inhabit Southern India.



THE ARGUS PHEASANT OF SUMATRA AND BORNEO.

Mount Ophir, in the peninsula of Malacca, is, says Wallace, the country of the great Argus Pheasant, and we continually heard its cry. On asking an old Malay to try and shoot one for me, he told me that although he had been for twenty years shooting birds in these forests, he had never yet shot one, and had never even seen one except after it had been caught. The bird is so exceedingly shy and wary, and runs along the ground in the densest part of the forest so quickly, that it is impossible to get near it; and its sober colors and rich, eye-like spots, which are so ornamental when seen in a museum, must harmonize well with the dead leaves among which it dwells, and render it very inconspicuous. All the specimens sold in Malacca are caught in snares, and it is very rarely that a sportsman can boast of having succeeded in bagging one of these beautiful birds. The peculiar central tail feathers are often four feet in length.

THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.

By Etta W. Pierce.

CHAPTER I.

THE OUTCAST.

"Moll Dill!"

The person addressed arose sullenly from one of the long rows of seats that stretched across the sewing-room of the reformatory at Deer Island, and stepped forward to answer. She was the last of six women whose names had been called.

"Your term of imprisonment expires to-day," said the matron, addressing the dubious group; "you will now make ready to leave the island."

No expression of joy or eagerness, or even a temperate satisfaction, ruffled the stolidity of Moll Dill's dark, treacherous face. She stood with the searching sunlight streaming full upon her through a high window of the sewing-room: a haggard, gloomy-eyed woman, in the regulation dress of the institution, blue cotton gown and long apron tied around her neck, and reaching almost to her feet. Old, no doubt, she was in sin, but at the utmost she had not seen more than forty years of life. A knot of fine, rich hair, slightly tinged with gray, was twisted about her well-shaped head, her features were delicate, her hands slender and handsomely molded. Evidently this woman was well-born: she had once stood, perhaps, inside the pale of good society. Despite the ravages o' want and dissipation, traces of rare beauty still lingered in her face. By wha dark disasters she had reached her present level, God and her own heart alone knew. In the institution her record ran about like this:

"Committed for drunkenness. Sullen, slothful and often refractory. A hopeless character."

With the air of sulkiness habitual to her, Moll Dill followed her five companions to the clothing-room, where she doffed her prison garb and put on the garments she had worn when brought to the island, three months before—an old black dress, a faded shawl and a battered bonnet. Here she also received the trifles found upon her at that time—a ragged purse containing a few pennies, and the cheap tintype of a child. In the reception-room of the institution these six creatures—women, but with all the glory and grace

THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.—"HARK! CLOSE AT HAND ANOTHER SOUND WAS AUDIBLE ALSO—THE RUMBLING OF APPROACHING WHEELS ON THE GRAVEL OF THE HIGHWAY. MOLL DILL RAISED HER STEALTHY HEAD AND PEERED OUT OF HER COVERT."

of womanhood stamped out of them for ever—stood ready for departure.

"Come!" called the officer whose duty it was to see them fairly dismissed from the island, and in single file they stepped out into the open sunshine of the day.

Moll Dill was the last. Unobserved under her jaded shawl, she shook a vindictive fist at the big, red buildings where she had chafed and fumed and cursed herself and all the world for twelve weary weeks. It was her only farewell; then she tramped off in the footsteps of her fellow-prisoners along the wide, graveled road leading to the wharf on the Point Spirly side of the island.

There a flight of wooden steps descended to the water, and a black and green row-boat, manned by four oarsmen, waited to receive the procession. The six women, still attended by the officer, scrambled into it, Moll last, and the boat pushed off across that boisterous little channel known as Shirley Gut, to the mainland which Governor Shirley of Massachusetts, with rowing galleys and rich uniforms and saluting cannon from Castle William, came down from Boston to christen after his own august self one fair Autumn day in the year 1753.

The tide was running violently. More than one prisoner, in attempting to escape by swimming the Gut, which might well be called another river Styx, has been swept out to death in the wild sea beyond.

The boat rose and fell on the strong swell, and grated, at last, against the beach. The six women leaped ashore—free, with Deer Island and its wholesome restraints behind them, and before them the long, dusty road stretching back to the want and sin and despair of the great city.

"Good-by, ladies," called one of the boatmen, derisively. "Good-by—for a season. We shall soon see you again."

A volley of vituperation answered him. Moll Dill alone said nothing—she was already walking away up the beach.

Point Shirley, called in the old records of Boston "Pullen Poynte," because of the tow-ropes used by the early fishermen in surmounting the eddies of the channel, is a small, uninteresting place. It boasts a few houses, some black chimneys and blacker heaps of "slag," pertaining to its defunct copper works, and a solitary gray hotel, where fish and game dinners of fine flavor and formidable price are served in the Summer season to wealthy Boston epicures. The drive from the hot, stifling city along a road bordering the bay is an agreeable matter of a Summer day, and the stylish turn-outs of these lovers of good cheer, coming and going, alone give life and color to the dull spot.

As Moll Dill, the released prisoner of Deer Island, crossed the beach and struck into the open road, a carriage, drawn by a superb pair of blooded horses, and driven by a servant in livery, came swinging round a bend in the way, knocking the outcast violently to one side. A ready oath leaped to her lips, but froze there unuttered, as, from the shadow of her battered bonnet, her angry eyes flashed up to the vehicle and rested upon its one occupant—a man, pale, smooth-shaven, dressed in an elegant, summery costume, and having a cold, aristocratic face, placid of brow and arrogant of lip—a man with wealth and importance stamped so plainly upon him that he who ran could read—a man who leaned slightly over the side of the open carriage to stare in displeased amaze at the miserable figure which his horses had nearly trampled. With a cry, Moll Dill darted back; all over her haggard face spread the swift pallor of fear or hate, or perhaps both combined. She had not seen that face before for many a long year, yet she recognized it instantly—she had a good memory—recognized it with a tigerish thrill at her heart, with a murderous gleam in her wild, blood-shotten eyes—with these words, hurled like a blow at that man in his ease and his splendor:

"God in heaven! It is you, is it? Curse you!—a hundred curses on you!"

It was his turn to start now, for if he did not know that changed, miserable body, her voice still kept its old-time tone. He half arose in his carriage, turning back to her a face whiter than her own, and raising his gloved hand quickly, unconsciously to his throat, like a person who is choking. The next moment, however, he seemed to regain his composure. He fell back on the velvet-cushioned seat, the carriage rolled on, stopped at the gray hotel, and the man leaped out, said something to his servant, and vanished inside the open door. Moll Dill turned and walked away.

She had not gone a dozen yards when she heard a panting breath, a hurried step, and lo! the liveried driver of the carriage, looking very hot and very disgusted, stood before her.

"Stop a bit, woman!" he commanded, loftily; "the gentleman who passed you just now sends you this trifle, and wants to know what you are doing here."

The "trifle" was a ten-dollar bank-note. Moll gave a lightning glance at the servant, tore the money in atoms, tossed it into the dust and spat upon it.

"Tell him," said she, "that I've just served out three months at the island yonder, and only got my release today. They land us on this beach when we're discharged early, and don't like to wait till afternoon for the city boat. Three months for drunkenness—be sure you tell him that!" And, with a wild, wicked laugh, she scurried away in the track of her five companions.

The latter were by this time far in advance of her—they had seen nothing of the roadside incident.

"Come along, Moll!" they called, mockingly; "what's the matter with you? Do you want to go back to the island? Take heart, old girl! You'll see it again soon enough."

She made no answer. On they went before her, like a flock of carrion-birds. She did not try to overtake them—she had no desire for their company on her homeward journey. In vain they called to her to mend her pace. Moll was not in a social mood. Soon a bend in the crooked road hid them from her sight—even the shrill echoes of their voices died away; she saw and heard them no more.

Point Shirley vanished in the distance. Overhead the midday sun shone in a cloudless sky, a soft blue haze hung upon the rippling, dancing sea, flecked here and there with snow-white sails, or an emerald green island.

The road that stretched before Moll Dill's laggard feet was full of pleasant sights and sounds; a soft wind fanned up from the bay, the hum of insects filled the wayside thickets; on the right hand and on the left, the happy homes of Winthrop village basked in the sunshine; but this woman who was done with happiness in all its forms, went plodding on through the dust, with sullen eyes cast down and parched, livid lips that kept whispering over a name—a man's name, mingled with every variety of cursing. It did not matter to her that the sun shone and the birds sang, that now and then some well-dressed person passed her and turned to stare at the hag from the island; or that she was far in the rear of the more sociable five—no, Moll had other things to think about—bitter, wicked things, that boded no good either to herself or to others.

She came to Winthrop bridge, tramped over it stolidly, climbed the hill beyond and plodded on, still lost in thought, till she reached a gate opening on the right of the road into a solitary lane. The spot was unspeakably lonely. The town lay all behind her, not a house was in sight, save the distant buildings on Breed's Island to which the lane led. Near by, along the roadside wall, grew clumps of old cherry trees, thickets of elder bushes and the usual tangle of

greenery which spreads by country highways in New England.

Moll Dill paused at this stage of her journey, looked around with eyes that comprehended all the features of the landscape, then crept deliberately into the screen of bushes —crept close down to their roots, and to the base of the wall, and stretched her body flat upon the cool, moist, shadowy earth. In this position she looked not unlike a wild beast in its lair,

She lay there a long time, listening, waiting patiently. Once she thrust her hand into the pocket of her dress, and drew forth the tin-type of the child, which I have before mentioned, put it to her cracked, thirsty lips and kissed it.

"What'll she say to see me back again?" she whispered, hoarsely to herself, "three months is a long time—maybe she's dead—she was sick when I went away. No, they wouldn't let her die—they couldn't! whatever I've done, nobody will be hard on *her!*"

She seemed to soothe herself with this reflection. Putting the scratched picture—it was ten years old, at least, and its original must now have reached womanhood—again into her pocket, she lay back in the shelter of the bushes, and stared straight up at the blank sky.

Hour after hour passed. The shadows began to stretch long upon marsh and field, the lowing of cattle could be heard from the Breed farm. Hark! close at hand another sound was audible also — the rumbling of approaching wheels on the gravel of the highway. Moll Dill raised her stealthy head and peered out of her covert.

Along the road a carriage was moving slowly toward her —an elegant affair, glittering with French varnish and drawn by a pair of high-stepping horses—the same vehicle which had wellnigh run over her at Point Shirley. On its velvet cushions lolled the man whom she had cursed that day, and who had sent her the ten-dollar note. Rolling home from a superb dinner, he was leaning listlessly back in his seat, a lighted cigar held in his delicately gloved fingers, and he himself lost evidently in thought, which the slow pace of the horses and the utter loneliness of the landscape seemed to favor. He was an image of perfect repose, unsuspecting, off his guard.

And Moll Dill? At the sight, her prostrate body seemed to stiffen in every limb. She had known that he would pass this spot—that, if she waited patiently, she might see him again this day—and yet the same ashy whiteness which the first glimpse of him had called to her face overspread it anew; a devil incarnate flashed anew into her distended eyes. Nearer the carriage drew and nearer. Neither servant nor master saw the thicket, at the entrance of the old lane, nor the wild-eyed thing crouching in its shelter. The wheels glistened as they turned in the sun, the horses champed their silver bits. He was coming—he was close beside her! With a movement stealthy, swift as lightning, Moll snatched a stone from the wall, sharp, jagged, heavy, all that her grasp could compass. Another turn of the wheels, another tramp of the spirited hoofs, and gathering herself up for the effort, she raised her strong right arm and with all her might, dashed the missile straight at that pale, cold, high-bred face. A determined aim and a true one! The stone struck the occupant of the carriage full in the forehead; it was like a bolt from heaven. The blood spirted out, hot and red. Without word or sound he fell back in his seat, senseless as a log.

A cry broke from the frightened driver—it started his spirited horses. They gave a plunge, a snort, and dashed off at headlong speed. Swift as a snake Moll Dill wriggled under the gate, crawled a few yards into the tall grass of the lane, and there lay down, with her face to the earth, holding her very breath.

In the midst of all her hate and fury, a wholesome fear of discovery was upon her. Three months of life at Deer Island had given her a distaste for further imprisonment. She listened, but heard nothing; waited, but no living thing appeared to disturb her. The carriage had vanished —tearing horses, frightened driver, bleeding master and all. Had her well-aimed missile killed him? "I hope so!" she said to herself savagely. "If I'd had a knife, and could have got near enough to him, I'd have plunged it into his heart!"

The sun set. Moll raised herself cautiously, at last, and looked out into the road. All was silent there, no living thing was in sight. She gathered courage, pulled her bonnet straight, shook the grass and leaves from her shawl, and stepped forth into the highway. A moment's observation convinced her that the coast was clear. Without further delay she set her wicked face again toward the city.

It was dark by the time she reached East Boston Ferry. She paid her toll with the last pennies which she had in the world, and rushing down the slip, scrambled upon the boat with such haste that she nearly fell overboard. A woman standing near caught her by the arm.

"Be careful!" she said, kindly; "accidents often happen on these boats."

Wrathfully Moll shook off that helping hand.

"Mind your own business!" she growled. "I don't thank you for interfering 'twixt me and the water. It's twenty-three years ago this very night that I tried to drown myself in this very harbor, from a boat like this, and cursed be the hour and the man that baffled me! It would have been a deal better for me and for him, too, if he'd let me gone down."

Then slipping past the astonished woman, she slunk into the darkest corner of the cabin, and there sat, silent and motionless, while happier and better people laughed and chatted around her, and the boat went plunging across the harbor toward the lights of the city proper.

As it touched the opposite side, Moll was the first person to spring upon the drop. A moment more, and she had lost herself in a labyrinth of North End streets.

CHAPTER II.

THE OUTCAST'S DAUGHTER.

HER foot was now upon her native heath. She turned a foul, noisy corner, and entered a dram-shop. A frowsy, dirty woman stood behind the bar.

"Halloo!" she cried, carelessly; "are you back again, Moll?"

"Yes," answered the Dill woman, advancing with a deprecatory air; "give me a drink; I'm choking to death for want of it."

"Where's your money?" demanded the sovereign of the bar.

"I haven't any — not a cent," whined Moll Dill; "but I'll be sure to get some from my girl—that is, if she ain't dead. I s'pose you don't know whether she is or not, do you?"

"Not I. Your girl don't take to such folks as we are, you know. I've never heard a word about her since you went away. No, your money first, Moll; no drinks on credit here; we don't do business in that fashion."

Moll turned sullenly on her heel, and plunged again into the darkness of the night.

Her next stopping-place was before the entrance of a reeking, tumble-down North End tenement-house—a warped, bleared, rickety building, jammed in betwixt two low drinking places, from whence the sound of fiddles and riotous talk and shrill laughter rolled out upon the air. In the door an old, swarthy organ-grinder, minus a leg, and with a greasy red handkerchief twisted round his head in place of a hat, stood leaning on a pair of crutches, listening to the neighboring fiddles.

"Joseph!" called Moll Dill, sharply, "is my girl here?"

The man started, and stared hard at the unkempt figure and fierce, eager, uplifted face of his interrogator.

"Saints of heaven! you're back again, are you?" said he. "No, your girl ain't here; she was sick after you was put down, and the folks at the Mission took her away."

"Took her away—where?" demanded Moll, wildly.

"Well," answered Joseph, "she left the place writ on paper for you, unbeknown to any one, and she gave it to me, and says she, 'Some ladies of the Mission have found me a respectable lodging, and work for to do. Some day my mother'll be coming here to look for me, and, bad as she is, I can't hide myself away from her; she may be penitent, she may need me, so I'll leave this with you to give to her, Joseph.'"

He produced from some pocket of his greasy, ragged garments a scrap of paper, on which a few words were scrawled; but he was careful to hold it beyond reach of the hand that Moll Dill thrust out to him eagerly.

"How do I know ye're penitent, Moll?" he leered. "Moreover, I ain't a-going to take charge of this paper three months for nothing. You've got to give me a fair price afore you can have it."

"And what have I got to give you?" cried Moll, fiercely. "Hand it here, you scoundrel! Do you want to keep me away from my girl—me, her mother?"

"A nice mother you've been to her!" sneered Mr. Joseph. "Bless me! I don't believe there's one drop of your blood in her, Moll. She's no more like you, than white's like black."

"What's that to you?" scowled Moll, with an oath; "give me the paper! I hain't heard one word from her since I was put down."

"You can have it when you pay for it," replied Joseph, airily. "You've shoes on your feet, I see, and a shawl to your back; you've money too, I dare say. You're a sly one, Moll—some folks think you've been a lady in your day."

"It's small matter to you, or to any one else, what I've been," hissed Moll. "Here, you vampire, take the shoes, take the shawl, and give me her little paper—give it to me, I say, or I'll kill you!"

She looked fully capable of fulfilling the threat, as, flinging the above-mentioned articles straight in his cunning, swarthy face, she snatched the slip from him and made off, unshod, uncovered, down the noisy, ill-flavored street.

In the light of a shop window she paused to read the address scribbled on the paper—Moll could read and write—yea, she had a good store of book-knowledge, too. Then, setting her face westward, she crossed one or two thoroughfares, scurried through several dark and intricate ways, and finally reached a secluded court in a locality which, however poor it might be, was respectable.

Here Moll paused irresolute and looked around. As she did so, a firm step sounded on the pavement at her back, and a tall young fellow swung past her, whistling a popular air in a light, happy key. Moll seized his arm.

"Sir," she cried. "do you know if there's anybody living hereabouts by the name of Mercy Dill?—a young girl, sir, that does fine sewing for a living?"

In the meagre light of the old court she made a sorry figure indeed—her shawl gone, her hair blowing loose about her haggard, weary face, her feet bare, her black eyes burning like coals of fire. The young fellow stared at her blankly.

"Mercy Dill," he repeated. "Miss Dill? In heaven's name, what do *you* want of her?"

"I'm her mother!"

He jumped as if shot.

"The deuce you are!"

"Is she here, I say?"

"Hold on a bit! Are you quite sure you haven't made a mistake?"

She gave him a keen, angry look.

"Quite sure, sir. I know what you think, but I'm her mother for all that. I come from Deer Island—I was put down there three months ago."

The young fellow muttered something under his breath, than he said aloud in a very annoyed tone—

"Well, come along! It's two or three doors ahead. I hope she'll be glad to see you, that's all."

He strode on in advance of Moll, and paused before an old wooden house at the end of the court. Plenteous it was in dust and mold and decay, but it wore a decent air. A trellis whereon a sickly grape-vine clung, darkened some of the lower windows, and at the entrance a placard informed the public that there were lodgings to let inside. The young fellow took a key from his pocket and unlocked the door. Moll stepped into a shabby little entry from which ascended a flight of narrow stairs covered with oil cloth.

"Stay here," said her guide, shortly, "while I speak to Miss Dill."

He mounted the stair in a way that told he did not like his errand, and passing along an upper entry, stopped before a door from under which a beam of lamp-light shone brightly. Inside could be heard a girl's voice, silver-sweet, singing these words of a hymn, learned no doubt at some mission school.

"Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts—here tell your anguish—
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal."

The young fellow knocked timidly. The voice ceased, a step crossed the floor, the door opened, and on its threshold, like a picture in a frame, stood a young girl.

She was dressed in an old brown gown of coarse and cheap material, and she had a piece of fine needlework in her hand. Her oval face looked like a flawless pearl. Every feature was chiseled like some old cameo, and from under the low, perfect brows shone two big violet eyes, strangely sad in expression and fringed with the blackest of black lashes. Hair of a rare and glorious yellow bronze tint was caught in an ineffectual knot at the back of her small head, only to escape in rich, rebellious tendrils all about her sea-shell ears and firm, round, milky throat. A poor, low-born sewing girl, but *such* a girl! Her beauty would have graced a palace—her face wore the cool, proud purity of a day-lily, and her deep, dark wells of eyes had looked for years on want and sin, and only grown sorrowful, not sullied, with the looking.

At sight of her the young fellow outside the door was thrown into a state of lively confusion.

"Good-evening, Mr. Black," she said, a little smile leaping from her red lips into her wide, limpid eyes.

"Good-evening, Miss Mercy," he stammered, "pardon me, there's a woman below-stairs who says she is your mother, and that she came from—from—Deer Island—deuce take her! It can't be. Shall I order her out of the house?"

Every vestige of color faded from the girl's young face. She dropped her needlework, recoiling a step in terror.

"No! heaven, help me! No, Mr. Black—it is true, quite true! I knew—I felt that she would soon be here. If you please, will you tell her to come up?"

She leaned against the door, her lips blanched, her eyes large with dread. Mr. Black's heart thrilled fiercely. He turned and dashed down the narrow stair three steps at a time to the entry below.

"Go up!" said he to Moll Dill, and a moment after, in the little room above, mother and daughter were standing face to face.

A little room, indeed, with the seal of poverty on everything in it, yet it was scrupulously clean, and some attempts at adornment were visible here and there. The furniture was scanty, and of the poorest kind. In a recess stood a bed concealed by a spotless curtain. A pot of violets, Mr. Black's gift, perfumed the narrow window ledge, and the rickety table held a small oil lamp, a bundle of needlework and a book of "gospel hymns."

"Mercy!"

"Mother!"

Moll Dill attempted no demonstration. She simply flung herself into the nearest seat, and tossed off her old bonnet.

"I'm back, you see!" she said briefly.

"Yes," shivered Mercy. "I expected you—I knew it was time for you to come. You saw Joseph then—he gave you the address I left with him."

"Yes—after I bought it with the shoes from my feet and the shawl off my back—curse him!" flashed Moll, "that's why I'm here in this plight," and her voice took a deprecatory tone. It was strange that this hardened sinner often felt in the presence of her child two emotions which no other living being, perhaps, could arouse in her—shame—fear.

"So you've found a new home, Mercy," she went on, before the girl could speak, "the Mission folks didn't visit the sins of your mother upon you, eh?—they didn't hold you responsible for my shortcomings? Well, I'm obliged to 'em for that, I'm sure. It's an improvement on our old quarters, and the society hereabouts is better, no doubt." She gave a low, bitter laugh as she looked around the room.

Mercy shut the door, and stood with her back against it.

"I was very sick after you went away," she faltered, "and very destitute. The ladies of the Mission took care of me, and the first thing they asked me was if I would not like to change my lodging. I was so glad, so thankful; I said yes, anywhere on the wide earth, out of *that* place. So they brought me here, and the Aid Society gives me fine sewing to do, and I earn enough to pay for this room and buy my food. I work all day and part of the night sometimes, and everybody is kind—oh, so kind to me."

Moll digested this news in silence; then said she:

"Who was the man that came in with me here to-night?"

"Mr. Valentine Black," answered Mercy, steadily. "He is a clerk in a banking-house, and he lives on the floor below with his aunt, Miss Affry Black, who is my landlady. She hires this house and lets it out to lodgers. She is poor, too—not with such poverty as mine, but still poor, and I can never tell half of her goodness to me since I have been here; since the Mission ladies told her my story."

Moll made an uneasy movement.

"Have you got anything to eat?" she said, after a pause. "I've been on the road all day, and haven't tasted bite nor sup since morning."

Mercy went to a cupboard in the wall, and drew from it her store of provisions—a jug of milk and a loaf of bread. Moll pounced upon both with the ravenous haste of a famished dog. When she had satisfied her hunger, she arose and shook herself.

"I s'pose you'll give me a place to sleep in, Mercy?" she queried. "You won't turn me out into the streets, though I *have* put you to shame?"

"Turn you out?" echoed Mercy, and there was something strangely pitiful in her pale face; "how can I do that? Whatever you are, whatever you do, I am your child, you are my mother; nothing can change our relation to each other—nothing."

The passive despair of these last words was not lost upon Moll. She turned fiercely on the speaker.

"Who's been trying to set you against your mother?" And then, ripping out an angry oath, "You've been set against me always—yes, from your cradle. When I think of it, I'd like to throttle you! It's more torment than hungering for drink—than standing up in the police court and hearing the sentence. Who gave you leave to despise your mother? You used to shrink away from me when you was a mere baby—before you could fairly talk—you used to scream and cry, even then, when I tried to fondle you, and you've got the same spirit still; it's as if you thought your flesh and blood were of different make from mine."

Mercy stood leaning against the table whereon her work lay, the lamplight glancing off her gold-tinted head and colorless cheek, the tears overspreading her violet eyes.

"Nothing can set me against you," she answered, firmly, "but your own misdeeds. Have you not suffered—have you not made *me* suffer enough? Think of what my life has been, mother. When I was a child you used to turn me out to beg from door to door. If I came back to you empty-handed, you beat me; if people pitied me and gave me money, you spent it for drink, and left me to freeze and starve. I cannot remember a time when you did *not* drink—a time when I had food to eat or clothes to wear. You used to say to me, 'You have proud blood in your veins, girl; it must be put down.' I don't know what you meant, but I am sure you were glad to see me suffer. And when I grew older—when I could earn a little by picking rags, by curling feathers from the shops, by any work that was offered me, wasn't it still the same? Didn't the money all go one way? And yet it is not you that I blame—it was not you who were cruel to me—what mother would be cruel to her child?—but that demon which has brought you to want and shame, which has made us two to-night the most forlorn creatures in all this great city."

Moll stared darkly at the speaker.

"Gospel truth!" she muttered, hoarsely; "but what would you have? Did you expect me to make a lady of you?—to work for you, teach you, bring you up in the way you should go, like a pious mother? I'm not pious, never was, never shall be. I liked better to keep you down in the mire—yes, I did, I'll own it. I once made an experiment at being a lady myself, and that was enough for me. Yes, I've abused you, Mercy, I know it; I've made you ashamed of my very name a thousand times, but"—and here a fierce gleam leaped into her blood-shotten eyes—"don't *you* pretend to judge me. What do you know of the causes that first drove me wrong? Many a time I've fled to drink to keep myself from going mad with thinking. You talk glibly of your own suffering; if I should tell you what *mine* has been, you'd hold your peace for ever!"

"I do not want to judge you; I do not want to talk of the past at all," said Mercy Dill; and the look on her pale, young face might have melted a heart of stone; "but only to beg you—yes, upon my knees, to have mercy now upon yourself and upon me, and quit the old ways. Will prayers move you?—will tears move you? Speak to me—look at

me, mother! I will work for you night and day; I will love you and take care of you. Oh, you will do better, will you not? You will bring no more trouble upon me; you will be glad no longer to keep me in the mire?"

Tears choked her voice. She was down on her knees at Moll's feet, her lovely arms clasping this haggard, sin-stained mother, her lovely face full of passionate pleading. Moll shook her off wildly.

"That'll do, Mercy—I can't bear it. Yes, I'll be better—I will, so help me God! I'll quit drink. You can tell the Mission folks I've made up my mind to reform; they'll be coming round to talk with me when they hear I'm back from the Island. There, get up off your knees. Don't kneel to me; you make me feel as if a hundred devils were pricking at my heart. The goodness was born in you, somehow, just as the badness was born in me. Let me lie down here in the corner, I'm worn out now; to-morrow, perhaps, I'll talk with you again."

Mercy arose to her feet.

"You have promised, mother," she faltered, with a dry, choking sob, "and you *will* keep your word—say that you will!"

"I'll keep my word—be content!" answered Moll, impatiently; and then she helped herself to some clothes from the bed behind the curtain, tossed them on the floor, took off her garments, and laid herself down upon her impromptu couch with a low, unpleasant laugh.

"It's a better bed than an open doorway or the floor of a station-house, eh, Mercy? But time was when I slept on down, and had servants to spread lace and silk over me. Merciful God! how long ago it seems to-night!"

Mercy Dill stood shading the lamp-light from her startled eyes with one slim hand.

"Mother, what do you mean? Why do you talk like that? It is not the first time you have said such things. You must be dreaming."

Moll bounced over on her flat, featherless pillow.

"Maybe, though I ain't much given to dreams."

"If you have been rich in your day, why are we now—why have we always been, since I can remember—so poor? You once told me that my father died when I was a babe. Was it his death that brought us to want?"

Moll shrugged her shoulders.

"No! *I* brought you to want—I only. Don't ask any more questions. I shan't answer them; I'm going to sleep," and she stretched out her gaunt body, turned her face to the wall, and became at once preternaturally still.

Mercy picked up her sewing and went to work again.

She sat stitching away like mad, when the door opened softly, and the face of a woman looked into the chamber. It was a shrewd, kindly old visage, screwed now into an expression of apprehension and alarm. A cap, all awry, surmounted the gray hair; a collar was pinned under the left ear. Miss Affry Black, racked with rheumatism and defective of vision, was the most careless creature on earth regarding her personal adornment. She stepped noiselessly over the threshold, throwing up both hands as her near-sighted eyes fell upon the sleeping figure in the corner.

"Val told me," she whispered, "and he *would* make me come up to ask if we can do anything for you, poor child!"

Mercy looked up with a sad, grateful smile.

"Thank you, Miss Affry—no, you can do nothing. But now that she has come, you will not, perhaps, want me to stay here. She has promised to do better, but how can I tell whether she will keep her word or not?"

Miss Black's funny little face grew intense with sympathy.

"Bless me! have you got that bee in your bonnet? Did you think Val and I would turn you out because of her? No, not for a hundred just like her! Oh, my dear, how hard-hearted we must seem to you! You'll excuse me, Mercy, but I hope the next drop of liquor that goes down her throat will choke her stone-dead—I do indeed!" She stamped on the floor in her earnestness. Miss Black was a person who spoke her mind upon all occasions. "To think that a good, beautiful creature like you should have such a mother!" she went on; "it's abominable! No, whether she gives you further trouble or not, you will stay here, Mercy, and we will be your true friends—Val and I. I, too, have had sorrows, child," and a mist of tears overspread her eyes. "I brought Val up, you know. His father and mother died when he was a babe, and left him to me—bless him! He always was and always will be the best of boys, but betwixt sending him to school and getting bread for us I had my poor hands quite full. Well, thank God! it's over now, and he takes care of me, the dear laddie! Don't sew any more, Mercy. Go to bed, dear, or your pretty eyes will be dim long before their time. If you want anything in the night—if *she* gives you any trouble, you'll call me, won't you?"

"Yes," assented Mercy, "but she will not—she's asleep, as you see."

Miss Black gave the girl a sound smack—a great, loud, loving kiss.

"You brave, sweet, heroic child, may the good Lord watch over you!" she muttered, and then went out softly, closing the door behind her.

Mercy fell to her work again, stitching, stitching till her lamp burned low, and her slender fingers ached, and the long, tired lashes drooped involuntarily over her heavy eyes. At last the final stitch was set in the dainty garment—an infant's christening robe, and a thing of beauty indeed. The Aid Society had no seamstress who could compare in skill and excellence with Mercy Dill. With a weary sigh, she folded up her work, knelt at her nightly prayer—Mercy never forgot *that*—and then slipping out of her garments, she crept into the bed behind the curtain, and in five minutes was deeply and dreamlessly asleep.

In five minutes, also, Moll Dill arose from her corner. *She* had not slept. Raked up in the red-hot coals of memory and remorse, there was no rest for her this night. To shut her eyes was to see the wounded face of a man, pale, aristocratic, blood-stained, staring straight into her own; to open them was to behold the same vision dancing on the bare wall, in mid-air—everywhere. A moonbeam shone through the window; by its light she sprang up noiselessly and dressed herself with feverish haste.

"Oh, cursed be memory!" she whispered, with white lips; "there's but one thing that'll drown it, and that's drink. And good folks wonder that I don't reform! Let them take from me these devil pictures that keep rising before my eyes, these devil voices that keep whispering in my ears, and I'll do it. I'll be a good woman ever after."

She glided softly to Mercy's bed, and looked down upon her by the dim moonlight; looked at the slumbering young face, with the gold-bronze hair tossed about it, and the black lashes clinging close to the pale cheek. Moll Dill clinched her hands suddenly over the sleeper.

"Oh God!" she groaned, "I wish I'd never tried to take revenge through *her*—I wish I'd left her to a better lot—I wish the misery and the want and the shame I've made her suffer were off my soul to-night! They burn me like fire! She was born to be dressed in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day—born to be petted and adored, and nurtured like a rare flower, and I have cheated her of it all!—robbed her of her birthright, and for *what?* Well, it's too late now to undo the past. She must make the best of her lot, as I've made the best of mine

—ha! ha! I thought I was done with remorse, but I'm not—I'm not—it's a hard thing to kill."

She paced noiselessly up and down the little room, now clinching, now wringing her hands in dumb distress. Her black eyes burned like coals; now and then a stifled moan escaped her dry, feverish lips. The soul of the woman was in dire torment. She had not the moral strength to bear it long. That old, wicked remedy which she had used so often to her own destruction, thrust its temptation upon her anew. Snatching up the dress still warm with the pressure of Mercy's young body, she inserted her shaking hand into its pocket, and drew out a little thin-worn purse. Stealthy as a cat, she crept out of the chamber, down the stairs and into the court. The purse contained a little roll of money—Mercy's earnings—all that she possessed in the world. Clutching it hungrily, this woman who had promised to reform, to do better, and whom a score of demons seemed now pursuing, fled out of the dark, silent court, turned a street corner, plunged into the first drinking-place to which she came, and there vanished, like an ill-favored ghost.

CHAPTER III.

BEE'S LETTERS.

THE wind wailed across the silent and deserted playground; drops of rain fell now and then upon the pane; twilight was already gathering. For the hundredth time, at least, Beatrix Sardis, familiarly known as Bee to all her friends and relatives, drew out her tiny, jeweled watch and consulted it anxiously.

She was sitting on the broad window ledge of the music-room at Madame Manners's very fashionable finishing school, curled up in a rather undignified attitude—Bee had very little natural dignity, as Madame Manners frequently told her—watching, waiting, listening; a round dimpled girl, with blue eyes as frank and honest as the day, a big braid of fair hair, a nice skin and delicate hands and feet; a girl with a pure conscience, a faultless digestion and a wholesome hatred of all falsities; a good lover and a good hater, born to the purple and fine linen of life, yet quite unspoiled by the accident; a prime favorite with pupils and teachers alike, and last of all, an heiress in her own right, and the niece and ward of a man known in financial circles as the prince of millionaires—Cullen Sardis, the banker.

"It is actually growing dark," muttered Bee, peering out into the lonely, wind-swept play ground. "Perhaps he will not come to-night, after all."

She arose in a fever of impatience, walked about the room once or twice, brushed some music leaves off the piano, and stopped to put them back again, and finally returned to the window ledge, and to beguile the time of waiting, drew from the silken pocket of her dress two letters, both bearing a foreign post-mark. She already knew their contents by heart, for they had been in her possession the entire day; yet, having nothing else to do, she now prepared to read them once more. Each was written in a feminine hand on exquisite creamy paper, adorned with a motto and a crest.

The first ran as follows:

MY DEAR, DARLING BEE: I wrote you last from the Hotel de l'Europe, Baden-Baden, a nice, long letter, full of all the gossip I could gather at that gay watering-place, for I know you delight in everything pertaining to the great, naughty, frivolous Vanity Fair, into which, happily for you, your unfledged wings have not yet soared. Well, the time of your *début* is near at hand, and *sans doute*, mamma will soon return to take charge of you. Ah, poor mamma! I give her trouble enough, Heaven knows; but what will she do with two unmarried girls on her hands?

We are now at Lucerne, as you will see by the date of this letter. Our grand hotel is filled with guests—German, French, English and *many* Americans. Familiar faces stare at me daily, across the *table d'hote*. What with the dressing, the flirting and the shrill American voices to be heard everywhere, one might easily fancy one's self at Saratoga or Newport. The stone pier where the steamer stops is opposite my window, and I do not think I should feel *very* much surprised to see you marching up from it some day, hanging to papa's arm, and strangling with a superfluity of adjectives at sight of the Righi, the blue lake and the old watch-towers on the heights. It is actually a year, you know, since I last saw your darling face. Ah, I love you very dearly, Bee—better, I sometimes think, than anybody else in the world.

In your last letter, you dear, unsophisticated child, you asked me to tell you something about my lovers. Now, what do you mean by that absurd request? Do you wish to know whether they are tall or short, dark or fair, handsome or ugly, eligible or otherwise? And would you like to hear of them collectively or individually, dear Bee? Madame Manners ought to tell you—no doubt she does, but I fear many good lessons are lost upon you—that curiosity, at best, is a vulgar sentiment, unworthy of one in your exalted position in life. I, being more indulgent, will say, with all due modesty, that my lovers are as "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa." They turn up at the oddest times and in impossible places, and give mamma a world of trouble. Poor mamma! One thing has happened, however, to put her in good humor—I mean a little adventure which befell me before we left Baden-Baden; and though you make it a point never to agree with her in anything, Bee, I am sure you will be glad to hear about it.

The Redferns and Van Dorns, of New York, were at the Hotel de l'Europe, also the Bradfords, of Boston, and some nice English people, whose acquaintance we made at the American Minister's in London. Alice Bradford is an old schoolmate of mine, and her brother Fred, when he can spare the time from the study of his guide-book and the cultivation of his weak red beard, still writes sonnets, *sans* rhyme, *sans* reason, to my eyebrows.

The day before we left Baden-Baden, I went with this irreproachable party to ride in the Black Forest. Mamma had a headache, and so I was consigned to that very careful chaperon, Mrs. Bradford, who, knowing the weakness of her son Frederick for my society, left me entirely to *him*.

Ah, Bee, you remember the elfish legends which we used to read of the Black Forest in our nursery days. It is the home of enchanters, gnomes and sprites—a great, gloomy pine wood, where the giant trees stand straight and close, and the dark-green branches meet and lap, shutting out the light of the sun, and where the strong, fresh wind from the Alps rushes to meet one in joyful welcome. Fred Bradford and I lingered somewhat behind the rest of the party.

"Let them go ahead," he whispered; "there's truth in the old saying, that two are company, and three, or more, are none."

One bore is preferable to a half dozen, and Fred's soft nothings are more bearable than Archie Van Dorn's, so I offered no objections.

Into the enchanted Schwartzwald rode we—into its silence and mystic gloom. I thought of the legendary frescoes on the Trink Halle at Baden-Baden, and looked around me involuntarily for the belted, hooded dwarfs, the entranced huntsmen and the fairy sprites in sharp hats and red stockings, who are said to inhabit the place. Alas! none were to be seen. Fred Bradford, with a blue vail twisted English fashion round his hat, and a Murray sticking out of his pocket, was the only enchanter visible in the scene. Suddenly he gave a start.

"Who the deuce is that fellow coming yonder?" said he. "Not one of our party, I know."

Out of the green gloom before us a horse and rider appeared. The first was a fine animal, as black as midnight; the second—well, I caught one glimpse of a blonde, bearded face as he flashed by, and then turned in his saddle to look at me, as if I were something perfectly unique. The next moment he had vanished like the Wild Huntsman himself, among the black tree-boles of the Schwartzwald.

"Well, by Jove!" said Fred, "I ought to know that face. I saw him at the Opera in Paris last Winter—heard a curious story about him, too. How abominably he stared at you, Ethel!"

"So I observed," said I; "who is he?"

"A lord, or count or something—I've forgotten his name. These titled beggars are as thick here at Baden as blackberries in August. Your English friend, Hallam, knows him—he's a huge hand at *écarté*; hinged the Briton of two hundred pounds one night in Paris—Hallam told me so himself."

Just then I heard a noise overhead which drove the black horse and his rider quite out of my mind.

"Fred, was that thunder?" said I; "the forest is getting awfully dark—it is going to storm. Hurry, do, and let us overtake our friends."

"Pooh!" he answered; "a passing cloud, no more." And, oh, how red his face grew! and how dreadfully unbecoming a red face is to Frederick!

"Hold on, Ethel, I've something I want to say to you. I know what a heart-breaker you are; I know my chance is small enough, but still I'm going to speak."

"Don't!" I warned.

"I must—I will! Like the fellow in the poem, none know you but to love you. You're a born Circe; you broke more hearts at Saratoga last season than all the other belles combined, and I can't withstand you any more than other men. I'm your bird, Ethel—you've riddled me through and through. And now will you marry me?"

Was not this an extraordinary declaration? I gave him the withering look which he deserved.

"Fred, you must be crazy!" said I. "Marry you? Certainly not. I never heard such amazing nonsense! This is what I call an abuse of confidence. I will not ride with you another step!" And I struck my horse sharply, and dashed off at a gallop to join my too indulgent chaperon.

I suppose I made wrong turn in the way; at any rate, I rode on rapidly, but saw no living creature save a native glassman, in a black jacket and sharp-crowned, wide-brimmed hat, with long stockings and enormous trowsers, tied below his knees. Mrs. Bradford and the rest of the party were nowhere to be found. And all the while Schwartzwald was growing darker and wilder. I looked up through the intricate branches, and saw that the sky was as black as ink. A sharp *spirr* of wind filled the pines. The air was full of coming tempest. I was frightened, and so, also, was the beast I rode.

Hoping I might be heard, either by my own party or some forester who would conduct me to a shelter, I lifted up my voice and called aloud. My only answer was a terrific peal of thunder, reverberating overhead and rolling through the lonesome, gloomy forest like the crack of doom. My horse gave a snort of terror, laid back his ears, and was off like a rocket. I could not control him; he was mad with fear. I never experienced so terrible a moment in all my life. I expected to be dashed to death against the tree-boles, or dragged at the stirrup, or something equally frightful. And then, in the midst of my terrors, as pat as a hero in a novel, a horseman spurred out of a by-path, dashed straight across my way, and caught my bridle firmly—not Bradford, not any one of our party, but the man that Fred and I had met a little while before in the wood. Merciful heaven, Bee! I shall never forget how he looked at this second meeting, to my frightened, distorted vision. The rain was pouring in torrents, and sheets of blue lightning, darting through the forest, lit up his whole face and figure with a horrible, ghastly, infernal glare. From head to foot he was encircled in flame, and out of it he gazed upon me—a fearful fancy, was it not?—like a pale demon from his native element. As he snatched me from the saddle, I felt a strange creeping of the flesh.

"Courage!" I heard him say in French, "you are safe, mademoiselle."

And then what do you think I did? I am ashamed to write it—I fainted for the first time in my life.

When I opened my eyes shortly after, I found our whole scared and dripping party surrounding me, and in the midst of it stood the man who had stopped my horse, looking very much concerned, but no longer demoniacal. Mrs. Bradford was holding a silver flask of brandy to my lips.

"You have given us a precious fright, Ethel," she cried, crossly; "your mamma will never trust you with me again. But for this gentleman, I dare say you would have been killed outright. How do you feel, my dear? Have you strength to ride back to Baden-Baden?"

Yes, indeed, I had. As I arose to my feet, our English acquaintance, Mr. Hallam, came manfully forward with my rescuer.

"Miss Sardis," said he, "I beg leave to present my friend, Count Stahl, of Saxony. I am sure we are all greatly obliged to him for the service he has done you."

The count made me the deepest, the most deferential of bows, and said some very polite things, to which I responded as well as my confused wits would permit. A count—a genuine, live count, Bee! Now I know that you are, in every fibre of your being, a sturdy republican—that you have none of mamma's passion for titles, yet perhaps you would like to hear how this high-born gentleman looks—this hero who burst upon me in the gloomy depths of the Schwartzwald, all in a blaze of blue light, like a stage apparition. He is tall and blonde, and a trifle past thirty, perhaps. His eyes are blue, and sleepy in expression. His blonde hair is somewhat thin upon the temples, his mustache is carefully curled. He is a cosmopolitan; speaks English with scarcely an accent, dresses faultlessly, has fine manners, and ancestral estates somewhere in Saxony. Mr. Hallam, who seemed to know him well, presented him duly to all the party, and the flutter he made among the Bradford and Redfern girls I will leave you to imagine, my shrewd little Bee. Of course he returned with us to the Hotel de l'Europe. On the way I said to him:

"Your appearance in my moment of need was as mysterious as it was opportune. When we first met you in the wood, your face was set in an altogether different direction."

"True," he answered. "Will you promise not to be angry if I tell you the truth?"

"Surely."

"I was riding in this forest an hour ago, when something flashed out upon me from its darkness—a woman's face, bright, dazzling as the sun—flashed, and was gone again, like some fabled enchantress of the spot. What could I do but turn about and follow it at a distance? I felt as if some spell of the Schwartzwald had been cast upon me; I was without power or volition of my own, and so it was that I chanced to be near you at a time when you needed help; for which I must ever be devoutly thankful."

When we reached the hotel, the count was presented to mamma, and stormed the citadel of her favor at once. She believes that he saved my life, and she is very, very grateful. I frankly told her what Fred Bradford had said to me in the forest about Hallam and the game of *écarté*, and she was highly indignant.

"All gentlemen on the Continent play more or less," she said, severely; "it was disgraceful in Fred to mention such a matter to you."

Bee, all this happened a week ago, and now we are at Lucerne, and the count is here also. Mamma is happy, and I—well, I am quite overwhelmed with his attentions. Alice Bradford and the Redfern girls are mad with envy. I would that you could see my dresses, Bee—Worth's own work, and mamma bought me some exquisite jewels in Paris—a set of pearls, and another of sapphires and diamonds.

By-the-way, I must not forget to tell you that Lawrence Harding is a guest at our hotel; surely you remember Lawrence? We met him at an inn on the Righi, whither we had gone to see a sunrise, and he returned with us to this lovely lake of the Four Cantons. He is as handsome and *debonair* as ever, but—let me whisper it softly—yesterday we heard strange news, namely, that the Hardings had lost all their wealth. Poor Larry! Of course he will return home at once. Mamma has cut him dead; in her eyes poverty and misfortune are unpardonable sins. Ah, it is a selfish world, Bee. Mamma, too, is writing to you to-day. She says you are to be placed in care of the Vanns until our arrival in New York. Angels and ministers of grace defend you!

However, one must not speak ill of one's relatives, I suppose, and Madame Vann is a kinswoman of ours. As soon as we return, you will, of course, make your *debut*. And now it is time to dress for dinner. Mamma engaged a new maid in Paris; very skillful and very cross—we are her slaves. With a hundred kisses, darling Bee, I am your loving cousin, ETHEL SARDIS.

P. S.—Mamma is determined that I shall give the "cut direct" to Larry Harding, but I cannot, Bee. Heaven knows I have grown heartless enough in the past year, but I am not yet capable of refusing common civility to an old friend, simply because loss and trouble have overtaken him. It is too much. E

Beatrix Sardis read this long communication slowly, covetously, as if she found great delight in lingering over the delicate lines. At last she folded it, and with a tender whisper of "Darling Ethel!" pressed it to her lips, and bravely attacked the second letter. It was far briefer than the first, and far less loving. Thus it ran:

MY DEAR NIECE: The time has come for you to leave school, and I have advised your uncle to place you in care of the Vanns until my return. Without doubt he will do so. I trust that your sojourn at Madame Manners's estimable establishment has not been all in vain, Bee. You are very different from Ethel, and no amount of culture or training could, I suppose, make you like her; but, at least, you can imitate her as far as possible. I particularly desired madame to repress your natural impulsiveness, your *brusquerie*—to polish your manners, and instruct you in that perfect conformity to the usages of society which is the first requisite of good breeding. You have a very quick tongue, Bee, and an

THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.—"AS SHE EMERGED FROM THE AID SOCIETY ROOMS INTO THE JAR AND WHIRL OF THE STREET, A MAN STEPPED OUT FROM A NEIGHBORING DOOR AND MET HER ON THE PAVEMENT, FACE TO FACE."

unpleasant habit of airing your opinions at all times, which, I trust, madame has, before this time, successfully checked. I have written to your uncle in regard to taking you from the school. He is now in New York, but you may expect to see him as soon as the term closes. Ethel is the cynosure of all eyes wherever we go. In beauty, of course, you can never compete with her; but it would be well for you if you could acquire something of her high-bred repose, her grace, her ease, her elegance. Be careful of your complexion, for it is your one really good point. Charlotte Vann will take charge of your wardrobe, and provide you with all that you need. The Vanns are eccentric, but remember they are very well-born, and *very* wealthy. I shall write you again shortly, with instructions how to conduct yourself during your stay at their Newport villa. Meanwhile, I remain your loving aunt,

AMELIA SARDIS.

Bee looked red and mortified as she thrust this letter back into its envelope.

"My loving aunt indeed!" she muttered. "She loves no one but herself. Like Minerva she was born without a heart. And she fears I may shock these eccentric Vanns with my brusque tongue and my *gaucheries*. No doubt I shall, for I will never, never try to become a cheap imitation of Ethel. I hate imitations of all kinds."

By this time the room was quite dark. The wind whistled louder yet through the empty play-ground, the rain fell faster on the pane. Madame's establishment seemed like a tomb now, for the girls were all gone—it was the first week of the Summer vacation—all but Bee, and her trunks stood packed and ready in the hall outside. Suddenly the door opened, and one of the under-teachers stepped into the room.

"Waiting still for your uncle, Miss Sardis?" she said, at sight of the curled-up figure on the window ledge.

"Yes," answered Bee, crowding her letters back into her silken pocket, "I *do* hope he will come to-night, Miss Drexel. The place is as lonely as death without the girls. And then, I have been here two whole years, you know. Of course I long to be off."

"Of course."

The fagged and overworked teacher smothered a faint, envious sigh as she looked at this young pupil, born to a lot of luxury, ease and enjoyment, the sweet and goodly things of which she herself was denied.

"I am like a little bird," laughed Bee; "I long to try my wings, Miss Drexel."

Even as she spoke a loud ring echoed through the house, and then a servant rapped at the door of the music-room, calling out:

"A gentleman in the parlor to see Miss Sardis."

The next moment Bee leaped out of the window, flew wildly along the hall, flung back the parlor door, and rushed with outstretched arms toward a man who was standing there, hat in hand, awaiting her appearance. With a disappointed cry, however, she drew back. It was not her uncle, but only Jacob Phillips, the little, lean, withered head clerk of his Boston banking-house.

"My dear Miss Sardis," he began, "your guardian is ill. He could not come for you himself, and so I am sent to conduct you to his hotel. The carriage is at the gate——"

"Ill!" echoed Bee. "Guardy! Is it anything serious, Phillips?"

"No, no—bless you, no!" answered the little man, nervously; "he met with an accident while out riding yesterday. Don't be frightened, Miss Beatrix—don't. Positively, that is all."

"All! I should think that was enough," cried Bee, stamping her little foot impatiently. "Did the horses run away? Did the carriage upset? Why don't you tell me about it?"

"I will, my dear, if you will give me time. He was riding along some road in the vicinity of the city—coming up from a beach where he had dined—when a stone was thrown at him by some person or persons, unknown and unseen. He was cut in the forehead and knocked senseless. The horses took fright, and the driver was unable to alight and make any search in the vicinity. Neither was there a house near where he could apply for help. He hurried on to Boston with his master, and left the perpetrator of the outrage undiscovered."

Bee's plump little figure swelled with indignation.

"And who could have done such a ruffianly thing, Phillips? Does guardy suspect any one?"

"No, no! Who, indeed? I cannot tell. Now, don't let it disturb you, my dear; your uncle instructed me to be very careful and not disturb you. We will go at any moment you please."

"Immediately, Phillips. Poor, dear guardy! I never heard of anything so dreadful. I will put on my wraps at once."

Madame Manners and her teachers came in to take a kind and affectionate farewell of Miss Sardis. The latter was in a fever of impatience, yet she listened with tolerable composure to madame's lengthy adieu, responded to the kisses of Miss Drexel and her associates, and was finally escorted to the waiting carriage by Phillips, with madame's last words ringing through her ears:

"I trust your estimable aunt may be satisfied with the progress you have made under my care. You will find an admirable treatise on deportment and mental culture in a corner of your hand-bag. I beg you will peruse it carefully."

And then the wheels went round, and in the fast-gathering night Bee was rolling through the streets of Brookline toward Boston.

On the way she plied Phillips with many questions, all pertaining to the attack upon her uncle, but without eliciting any new information on the subject.

"Is guardy confined to his room?" she asked. "Yes, I know he is, otherwise he would have come for me himself. Oh, how slow these horses go, Phillips! We actually do not move at all."

Nevertheless, they reached Bowdoin Square at last, and stopped at the entrance of its big, gray hotel. Phillips helped his master's ward to alight, and conducted her deferentially to the banker's private parlor. He rapped softly, and a waiter opened the door.

"Miss Sardis is here," began Phillips, but Bee, waiting for no preliminaries, dashed into the room, and flung herself into her uncle's arms.

He was lying on a sofa, his head swathed in bandages, a dressing-gown quilted with silk wrapped about his figure, a tiger-skin flung across his feet. A pale, closely-shaven man of fifty or thereabout, with iron-gray hair, a keen eye, a sarcastic mouth, and the arrogant manner which might naturally be expected, perhaps, in a man whose name was a power in the land. The servant in waiting turned up the gas, took up a tea-tray from a round table at the head of the sofa, and departed, leaving the banker and his niece alone together.

Cullen Sardis embraced the girl with some show of tenderness.

"Have you had your tea, my dear?" he asked languidly.

"Yes, guardy, before I left Madame Manners."

"Well, you see why I was obliged to send Phillips for you. I suppose he told you of the trouble which befell me yesterday?"

Bee had already dashed off hat and wraps. She drew a chair to the side of the sofa, and sat down there, looking very bright and sweet and full of solicitude.

"Yes. How strange—how dreadful, guardy! Perhaps

it was all an accident—I would be glad to think so, I'm sure. Perhaps some careless person threw the stone without harmful intent. Have you notified the police—have you offered a reward or anything ?"

"No," answered the banker.

Bee seemed to think this very odd.

"Why not ?" she queried quickly.

"My dear child, I make it a rule to agitate the unpleasant matters which arise in my life as little as possible. Believe me, it is the wisest course. Every man has his enemies, open or secret—especially every man of importance. I have not appealed to the authorities because I am confident it would do no good, and I naturally object to having a name like mine tossed from mouth to mouth in connection with a criminal occurrence. In short, I am not of a revengeful nature, Bee. I do not wish to find my assailant. And *à propos* to this, I have a favor to ask of you, my dear."

"Ask on, guardy."

He shifted his position uneasily under her bright, straightforward eyes.

"Never mention this thing to Ethel or your aunt—they must never know of it—it would cause them needless worry and anxiety. I can trust you, I know—promise me, Bee."

"I promise," said Bee, winking her fair brows, "but how mysterious, and I hate mysteries outside of novels—do not you, guardy ?"

"I hate them anywhere. Now give no further thought to the matter. I am not dangerously hurt—the doctor assures me that I shall be out again in a few days. My enemy did not strike so hard as he, perhaps, intended. Let us talk of something else."

"Very well, guardy."

"You have said farewell to Madame Manners, and to-night my ward ceases to be a school-girl and becomes a woman. Well, we must remain here until I recover, and then I will take you to Newport and the Vanns. I have a letter from your aunt which I must read you to-morrow."

"I have one, too, uncle," said Bee, dubiously, "and another from Ethel. Let me arrange your pillows, uncle—I know your poor head must ache."

He waved her politely off.

"No, my servant will attend to it—I shall ring for him in a few moments. You and Ethel are a female David and Jonathan, are you not ? Did she write you anything concerning a certain count who is paying homage to her at Lucerne ?"

"Yes, guardy. She mentioned that he played *écarté* and pleased aunt Amelia—two things which prejudiced me against him at once. I hope—I *do* hope he will not fall seriously in love with Ethel."

The banker smiled whimsically.

"You talk like the novice which you are, Bee. Ethel would probably desire no better fortune. The highest ambition of our American belles and heiresses is to marry a title. I consider this but a natural reaction from our extreme democracy. For my own part, I would be very glad to see Ethel a countess. She will have a splendid fortune, and her beauty would be an ornament to any court in Europe. You do not yet understand these things, Bee. By-the-way, is not Larry Harding one of Ethel's old admirers ?"

"Certainly !" said Bee, "dear, splendid Larry ! He was *always* fond of Ethel. Of course you have heard of his late misfortune ? Do you think it right of Aunt Amelia to treat him badly because he has suddenly become poor ?"

She straightened her pretty figure, looking very sweet and very severe, with all her dimples suppressed, and her round, indignant eyes fixed on the banker. He shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear, your aunt is a lady of excellent judgment. We may safely trust her to act with wisdom under all circumstances. If she cuts Larry, it will be because she has the best of reasons for so doing. Poor fellow ! I pity him certainly, for he will now have to work for his daily bread. My dear, I can talk no more—my head will not allow it. I will ring for a maid to show you to your room."

Bee kissed her guardian an affectionate good-night, then left him in the hands of his servant, and went away to her chamber, to think over in solitude and silence the old life at school, and rear a girl's delightful air-castles upon the new life awaiting her in the great, gay, fashionable world wherein her cousin Ethel lived and moved and had her being.

"I wonder where she is to-night," mused Bee, "and what she is doing—my own, darling Ethel ! Flirting with that blonde count, perhaps. Bah ! No count in existence can equal Lawrence Harding, either in looks or manners, or nobility of heart. And I always thought Ethel liked Larry. She has known him all her life—how could she help it ? Ah ! what a Circe she is, to be sure ! Now that my time has come to see the world, shall I have lovers, too ?" She stepped before the glass and looked sharply into its clear depths, then made a grimace at her own image. "You ugly little beast, you are no Ethel ! your hair is like tow, your nose is *retroussé*, you look like a milkmaid. You have a great deal of money, and no doubt *that* will bring you suitors, but you are no beauty, as your shrewd aunt says, and you will never be loved as Ethel is sure to be—for self alone. Ethel, dear, here's a kiss for you far away in Lucerne." And she blew a little kiss airily from her finger-tips into the distance, and then went to her happy sleep—to the soft-pillowed, luxurious sleep of the favored children of wealth.

Meanwhile, in an adjoining room, Sardis the banker tossed restlessly on his couch, his wounded forehead aching as if a pitiless, red-hot hand was clinched upon it, his brain tormented by thoughts which he would have been very reluctant to disclose ; and not so very far away, in a low, back chamber of a dingy West-end court, gold-haired Mercy Dill, the little sewing girl, with tired fingers and weary heart, sat stitching, by the light of an oil lamp, through the long, dark, desolate hours.

CHAPTER IV.

AT LUCERNE.

THE sun was rising upon Lake Lucerne. A light breeze rippled the blue water—the purple shadows of the mighty hills stretched long and wide across it. On the snow-white range of Alps the early morning light lay like a flood of molten gold.

The old town with its big hotels, its narrow streets and little shops, full of wood carvings and crystal ornaments, was still fast asleep in a curve of the shore, with grim Pilatus and the Righi guarding it like sentinels. Few of the guests sheltered in its hospitable bosom had taken off their night-caps as yet. The long quay, shaded by chestnut trees, looked altogether silent and solitary. A little steamer at the stone pier lay as if oblivious to the name and needs of the tourist. In fact, the only object which seemed thoroughly alive in the picture, was a single row-boat skimming along the blue lake with two persons seated *tête-à-tête* therein.

The first was a man—*not* a Swiss boatman—young, nut-brown, handsome, with a pair of gray, knowing eyes, a *débonair* manner, and a well-knit, symmetrical body, a trifle over five feet ten. The other was a girl, an American, and

beautiful with a beauty which can only be found in a nation that unites in its women all the types of loveliness in the world. With a gray, fleecy wrap thrown about her shoulders, and the wind ruffling the gray plumes on her Gainsborough hat, she sat gazing across the lake to the snow-clad Alp range standing up against the opaline morning sky.

Her face was of the orthodox Greek contour, the skin like pearl, without blemish, without color. A low brow, a curved, high-bred mouth, superb eyes of deep, velvety brown, an abundance of darkest, richest chestnut hair, dressed in the latest fashion, and a figure beyond all praise; the bones well covered by the firm, white flesh, no unpleasant angles anywhere, the head set upon the creamy throat like a piece of sculpture. This was Ethel Sardis, a belle who had been "out" rather more than a year, and broken more hearts in that time than all the veteran beauties of her set.

One hand bare, milk-white, and flashing with costly rings, she was trailing in the water over the boat's side. She looked at the lake and the distant snow-peaks; *he* looked only at her.

"Beautiful!" she sighed, at last.

"Heavenly!" he answered, and she knew only too well that he was not speaking of Lucerne. A faint color stained her cheek.

"I suppose you know from your guide-book," she said, "that this Lake of the Four Cantons is the loveliest in Switzerland. Turn your attention to Mount Pilatus, Lawrence; how grim the old giant looks this morning!"

"I don't care much for Pilatus, thank you," answered Lawrence Harding, lifting an oar, and letting the water drop off it like strings of pearls; "in fact, I haven't thought of a view since the day I met you on the Righi."

"Barbarian!" laughed Miss Sardis, a little nervously. "Really, Lawrence, we must go back now; mamma will be greatly shocked when she finds I have been boating with you at this unearthly hour. Outraging propriety is a crime which she is slow to forgive even in her nearest and dearest."

"Don't hurry," pleaded Harding, contracting his handsome brows in an unconscious frown; "it is early yet. Mrs. Sardis will not wake for two hours to come. She ought to consider that we are not chance acquaintances, Ethel, but old friends."

"She does not—she will not!" answered Miss Sardis, mournfully; "but because we *are* what you say—old friends—I want to tell you how sorry I am for your losses, Lawrence—your trouble. I am sure it is very, very hard. What *will* you do?"

"Earn my bread by the sweat of my brow," he answered, lightly; and then, growing suddenly grave, "I will go to work, of course. I have others to think of beside myself: my mother and sister, you know. Born and reared in luxury, loss of wealth will fall heavy upon *them*. For my own part, I do not much mind it. A strong, tough fellow like me ought to bear any thwack of fortune with philosophy."

"When do you return home?"

The blood leaped into his dark, debonair face.

"You wonder why I am not already on my way to Paris? I ought to have left Lucerne yesterday when the news first reached me, but I could not. Did you ever hear of such idiocy?—I could not! My pleasuring is over, perhaps, for ever. I am needed in the other hemisphere, and have not an hour of time nor a dollar of money to waste in this one, and yet, here I am, Ethel?"

He was resting on his oars now, and something in his voice and look made her heart beat fast.

"Lawrence," said she, "mamma treated you very badly last night, and it was to compensate you in a measure for her unkindness that I consented to this morning row, but remember, you promised that you would not talk nonsense—that you would avoid all personal remarks which are both stupid and unprofitable. Tell me, is not Alice Bradford absurdly pretty—like a subject after Greuze? And did you notice the dress she wore on the balcony last evening—a blue faille trimmed with Spanish lace—she was lovely in it."

Harding laughed somewhat savagely.

"Faille! It might have been sackcloth and ashes for all that I saw. As for her beauty, I never discovered it. One thing, however, did *not* escape my attention last night. Ethel, and that was the marked attention which your titled adorer Count Stahl pays you in company—the air of appropriation with which he regards you—curse him!"

Lawrence Harding was a well-bred person—these last two words escaped him unawares.

Ethel drew up her haughty young figure.

"Yes," she answered severely, "the count is very attentive—he is also very polite—I am sure he *never* swears in the presence of ladies."

The victim colored darkly under this rebuke.

"No, I suppose not, I beg a thousand pardons, Ethel, don't be angry with me. If he does not swear, he has other vices quite as formidable—for instance, a weakness for absinthe and such recreations as *écarté*, *loo* and *lansquenet*."

"Lawrence!"

"Fact! He is no stranger to me. I made his acquaintance in Paris three years ago, just before the death of his countess."

Ethel gave a start.

"His countess!" she echoed, blankly.

"Yes. Do you not know that he is a widower?"

"Certainly not."

"I wonder he has not mentioned the fact to you before this. His wife was beautiful and young, a Russian, I think. I saw her dancing one night at a ball at the Tuileries. She was the belle of the evening—a creature with a sort of Amy Robsart face. The next morning she was dead."

The dabbling white hand in the water grew suddenly quiet. Miss Sardis looked at her companion with big, startled eyes.

"Murdered, some people thought," went on Harding quietly. "Ah, you shiver—it's an ugly word. Others believed it to be a case of suicide—as, no doubt, it was. A maid found her lying in her ball-dress on a couch in her own boudoir, with an empty laudanum-bottle in her hand. The affair occasioned a great deal of talk in Paris, especially as a valet of the count, whom it was surmised might know more of the matter than anybody else, disappeared on the night of the countess's death, and was heard of no more. The count himself mourned his wife wildly—she had brought him a large fortune and was scarcely more than twenty years old. But he seems now to have fully recovered from his loss."

"That is the way with all men," remarked Miss Sardis, cynically. "They die and worms eat them, but not for love. I did not suspect that you knew anything about his private history. Certainly neither of you showed any signs of a previous acquaintance when you met here at Lucerne."

Lawrence shrugged his shoulders.

"I fancy it's a case of natural detestation betwixt us. The count regards all your male friends with jealous suspicion, and as for me, I felt no particular pleasure at meeting him again."

Miss Sardis kept her brown eyes fixed on the frowning steep of Pilatus.

"Tell me about that dead countess," said she, "what was she like?"

"Personally?"

"Yes."

"A blonde of the palest type, blue-eyed, fair-haired—not in the least like *you*."

"And she danced at a ball the night she died? Poor thing! Do you think the count's valet *killed* her, Lawrence?"

His handsome face grew grave.

"No, she committed suicide without doubt. It was a bad matter altogether. After her death a story was afloat in Paris, so foul that it seems sacrilegious to speak of it. Some people gave it credence; others who had known the unfortunate lady best, declared her to be as pure as she was fair, and rejected the calumny with scorn and indignation."

Ethel withdrew her gaze quickly from the mountains, and fixed it on Larry Harding. She was destined long to remember this morning on the lake, this conversation in the little row-boat.

"Tell it to me!" she commanded, recklessly. He looked a trifle disconcerted.

"The countess was accused of cherishing a secret passion for her husband's valet, and her unhappy death, as well as the fellow's disappearance, was attributed to that culpable passion. Bah! to mention the matter, even now, makes me feel as if I had struck her helpless dead body."

Neither spoke for a little space. The water rippled about the boat, the sun rose higher above the lake and the mountain tops.

"I can understand," said Larry, at last, with a carelessness that was scarcely natural, "how interested you feel in everything pertaining to your titled admirer, Ethel. Good heaven! what a mania fashionable Americans have for titles! Among all the follies which the nation has developed, I know of none more absurd than this."

His ill-concealed jealousy and anger did not altogether displease her, perhaps. She gave him an arch, bewildering smile.

"How cross, how disagreeable you are this morning, Larry! Did you ask me out here only to quarrel with me? We part so soon, that I think it is scarcely worth our while to be angry with each other."

His gray eyes filled up with a great light.

"Angry with you? That can never be, Ethel—whatever you do, you can never make me that. I wish to heaven you could—it would be better for me, I dare say."

"Lawrence, I beg of you, *don't* be sentimental," said Miss Sardis, with a feigned yawn. "Let us talk of Swiss scenery, of pre-Raphaelitism, materialism, socialism—any *ism* under the sun, but *do* let us avoid sentiment. I like you best when you are sensible."

He bit his lips—to keep back the rebellious words, perhaps, which rose up to them. Under Miss Sardis's restriction the conversation began to flag. Neither of the two seemed interested in any of the topics that she had proposed. But if speech is silver, silence, saith the proverb, is golden; and outspoken sentiment could scarcely have been more eloquent than the dumb language of Lawrence Harding's gray eyes. Ethel was very careful not to meet their look. She kept her attention fixed upon the scenery, though I think she heard little of

> "The water lapping on the crag,
> And the long ripple washing in the reeds"—

saw little of Pilatus rolling off his misty nightcap, the blue lake, the gashed cliffs, the distant pine-tops, the splendor and glory of the morning. Perfect silence reigned around them—perfect beauty. They were alone together—the banker's beautiful heiress, and the man, impoverished, overwhelmed by misfortune, who was wasting precious hours at Lucerne when he ought to have been elsewhere—hovering about the enchantress, like a moth about a flame, powerless in the spell which she had cast upon him. Ethel's hand had fallen listlessly back into the water. A little breeze stirred the rings of chestnut-black hair that curled lovingly about her low forehead. How royally beautiful she was—verily, there was no fault in her. A faint perfume from her garments was wafted to Harding's nostrils. The place, the time, the proximity, and, more than all, a consciousness that the present opportunity might never be repeated, rendered him desperate.

"Ethel," he began, "when I asked you last night to row with me on the lake, did I promise not to make love to you?"

"Yes," she answered, promptly, "you did."

"I am going to break my word. Good heaven! how can you in reason expect me to keep it—— ?"

She started up in the boat.

"Stop, Lawrence! I forbid you to speak one word. I will not listen to you. I will not stay here a moment longer. Take me back to the pier at once. I will never trust you again—never!"

Her anger—her imperious manner, acted upon him, as she meant it should, like a *douche*. The blood ebbed out of his face.

"Sit down," he said, in a constrained voice. "You will upset the boat. I beg to be pardoned. I ought to have remembered that the last twenty-four hours has fixed a great gulf betwixt us—that a poor devil like me can no longer be considered your equal—has no longer any rights—that under the new order of things it is presumption, indeed, for me to address you, save as a stranger. Be at ease, Miss Sardis—we will return immediately. Heaven forbid that I should keep you here a moment against your will."

Whatever Miss Sardis may have thought of the pain and passion and reproach of this speech, she answered not a word. To be sure, the beautiful face under the gray plumes of the Gainsborough hat looked positively colorless, but then, Ethel was always pale. Away flew the boat over the blue water to the shore. Not another syllable was spoken by either of its occupants. With long, steady, practiced strokes, Lawrence pulled for the quay. As he reached it he saw a man walking back and forth under the chestnut trees, watching the little craft and puffing at an early cigar. Miss Sardis saw him, too. She avoided Harding's eyes and sprang ashore with an air of proud indifference. The person with the cigar threw down his weed and advanced eagerly to meet her—a tall man, elegant in dress, *distingué* in manner, fair, with sleepy blue eyes that could be sharp enough when occasion required, a waxed mustache, a heavy under-jaw, and blonde hair worn somewhat thin on the crown and temples—Otto, Count Stahl.

"Miss Sardis is abroad early," he said, in excellent English, and showing a glitter of white teeth under his flaxen mustache.

"And Count Stahl, also," smiled Miss Sardis.

"Ah, I could not sleep. I came out here to walk the quay alone, and—think of you. How happy is this American, Mr. Harding. A solitary row on the lake at this hour is a mark of favor which not every worshiper at your shrine can hope to obtain."

She was a girl of spirit, and she stared at the speaker in cold surprise.

"Mr. Harding is an old friend of mine—I have known him for years. It is plain that you have little acquaintance with our social life in America, or you would not lay so much stress on such a trivial matter."

Though she spoke bravely, her heart quaked. He would tell her mother; and of the latter's opinion on all points of propriety Ethel stood in wholesome awe.

"I fear I have offended you," murmured the count, making her a deep, deferential bow. "Ah, how unhappy I am, and how fortunate is Mr. Harding in being your friend. Will you allow me to escort you back to the hotel?"

She glanced around for Lawrence. He was talking with a Swiss boatman on the pier. She hesitated a moment, but he did not turn or look; he had abandoned her to the count.

More piqued than she cared to own, even to herself, she walked away to the hotel with her titled admirer, and leaving him at the entrance, fled to her own room, flung off her hat and wraps, and made herself ready to appear before her mother.

As a Swiss clock on the mantel struck the hour of nine, Ethel stepped to the door of a chamber adjoining her own, and knocked.

"Enter, mademoiselle," cried the voice of Mrs. Sardis's French maid, Finette, and mademoiselle obeyed.

The apartment in which she found herself was the finest in the hotel. Wherever she went, the wife of the rich American banker was always careful to secure the best rooms in advance. She was sitting now at her dressing-table, absorbed in the mysteries of the toilet. What those mysteries were, only Finette could tell. If there was one thing above all others over which Mrs. Sardis deeply and persistently grieved, it was the fact that all flesh, however powdered, painted or enameled, *must* grow old. An elegant *robe de chambre* fell around her languid figure, which was, like her complexion, fearfully and wonderfully made. She was a slight woman, with a thin, aquiline nose, arched eyebrows, darkened with mastic, handsome eyes, with a shadow about them suggestive of belladonna, and a coiffure of rich, dark hair. A queen of the *haut ton*, thoroughly ambitious, knowing well the power of her own wealth, with a will like iron, and a body scarcely equal to the demands which that relentless despot, Society, made upon it—that was Mrs. Sardis.

"I have slept very badly, Finette," she was saying, fretfully, as Ethel entered; "you must increase my dose of chloral to-night—a little, a very little. Loss of sleep is absolutely destructive to one's looks. Good-morning, Ethel; be seated, my dear. You find me still suffering from the fatigue of that terrible trip up the Righi. I really am not equal to these things. How fresh you look, *ma belle*—how bright. What have you been doing?"

Ethel leaned over the dressing-table, toying with a flask of costly perfume.

"I have been out, mamma," she answered, "on the lake—rowing with Lawrence Harding. It was delightful, I assure you."

Mrs. Sardis transfixed the speaker with a Medusa stare.

"Ethel!"

Ethel flung back her deer-like head. They were alike, this mother and daughter, only one was young and beautiful, the other forty and in ill-health.

"Mamma, he is an old friend, you know, and I wanted to see the lake at sunrise; it was glorious. I wish—I wish you could have been with us."

The utter falsity of these last words was so patent to Mrs. Sardis that she did not deign to notice them. Her thin lips put on a certain hard expression, very unpleasant to see.

"I am surprised at your imprudence, Ethel," she said, coldly. "Of Beatrix, for instance, I should have expected nothing better; but *you*—it is incredible! I beg you will cease calling Mr. Harding an old friend; I do not care to hear him distinguished in that way. It is amazing that a man who has lost his entire fortune in another hemisphere, can linger on at a place like this, day after day, for no apparent reason. His manner toward you annoys me greatly. The count has noticed it—so, also, have all the other guests at the hotel."

Ethel's color came and went.

"I remember," she answered, dryly, "of hearing papa once say that he owed a debt of eternal gratitude to the Hardings. In some crisis of his business life—some tempest which threatened to engulf him financially, they came to his help—saved him, in fact, by their timely assistance. Do *you* remember it, mamma?"

The freezing Medusa stare was bent upon her again.

"No!"

"And yet your memory is excellent regarding most things, mamma."

Mrs. Sardis's thin, high-featured face grew a trifle more chilling. This queen of society was too well-bred to exhibit anger in any of the vulgar ways common to inferior people. She leaned back in her chair with an air of perfect repose.

"Finette understands very little English, therefore I need not hesitate to talk plainly to you, Ethel. Lawrence Harding's marked attentions expose you to unpleasant gossip. With loss of fortune, he cannot, of course, retain his place on the social ladder; he must sink at once to the level of common working people. Only yesterday, Ethel, I instructed you to treat him henceforth as a stranger, and you obey me by stealing away at the unearthly hour of sunrise to row with him alone upon the lake! Consider what the count will think of such a matter—our ideas of propriety differ greatly from those of Continental Europe. Ah, how admirable is the French method of managing girls! Would to heaven it prevailed in America; it would be a blessing, indeed, to mothers and chaperons. I have done my utmost, Ethel, to mold your character aright, to make you an ornament to society, a woman after my own heart; but should a daughter of mine so far forget herself and me—which, of course, is altogether impossible!—as to contract an imprudent marriage—a marriage that I could not approve, I would disown her, cut her off, as the English say, with a shilling—leave her to beg or starve, or, what is quite as bad, to grow ugly and old in poverty and regret. Passion was not made for drawing-rooms, and I have no patience with the parents, either in fiction or real life, who would forgive their child such offenses against themselves and society. I would leave my wealth to charities—scatter it to the four winds, but not one dollar should a daughter of mine receive who dared to marry against my wishes. Are you listening, Ethel?"

All this was said, not with any warmth or haste, but in a cold, measured, deliberate voice, more appalling than anger. Ethel's pearly face seemed to grow a shade paler.

"Yes, I am listening, mamma."

"Very well. Be wise, *ma chère*. You have great beauty—you are heiress to a superb fortune, and if you can content yourself with ordinary suitors you have profited little from all my teaching. Men *will* fall in love with you, of course—ordinary men, but you should treat them as their presumption deserves. Recall the long list of American girls who have won titled husbands by means of less loveliness and certainly no greater wealth than yours—why should you not do the same? I have sought to fit you not only for our best American society, but for the splendor of courts, Ethel. You were not born for the treadmill of common life, but for luxury, adulation, sovereignty, display.

"And there is not a person in this house who does not see that Count Stahl is your slave—that he is ready to lay a coronet at your feet. And he has vast ancestral estates in Saxony, and a hotel in Paris. He is cultured, elegant,

handsome, and you owe him your life. My love, again I say to you, be wise."

Ethel winced. She had been carefully trained, indeed—this glorious, dark-eyed heiress—carefully innoculated with her mother's ambitions, and taught to measure both people and things by that mother's standard. The impress of the one had been stamped upon the other—to how fatal an extent the future alone could tell.

She turned to the window, and looked fixedly out upon the blue lake.

"Forgive me, mamma, I will not offend you again—in this way, at least."

"I am sure you will not, you have too much good sense, Ethel. I have always found you tractable, not at all like Bee. Let us say no more about it, *ma belle*," said Mrs. Sardis with an air of great magnanimity. "Come, you must breakfast with me—I still have many things about which I wish to talk with you."

So it chanced that Larry Harding, wandering disconsolately about the hotel, glancing up at the balconies, peering into the reading-rooom. and the conservatory which opened from the dining hall, eyeing every lady that came and went in the range of his vision, saw no more of his enchantress. In a fever of wrath and pain and impatience, he cursed himself a thousand times for his folly, and made ready to start at noon for Paris.

"I'm off!" he announced to Fred Bradford, as he encountered that florid Bostonian on the stair.

"Quite as well for you," answered Bradford dryly. "You haven't a chance with the Sardis. The count is safe to win there—confound the titled beggar!"

"What! has she refused *you*!" said Lawrence, struck by the suspicious wrath in the other's tone.

"Yes, that she has—ages ago, at Baden-Baden. Nothing but a title will do for her, or, perhaps, I ought to say, for that mother of hers. Well,

> 'Those who have nothing left to hope
> Have nothing left to dread.'

Go home, Larry, forget her, like a sensible fellow, and make another fortune as soon as you can, and if you want help at any time—well, remember me!"

Harding wrung the Bostonian's hand.

"A thousand thanks. Yes, I'm ready to go, Bradford, as soon as I can see her again—as soon as I can say good-by to her. I can't leave without a word, it would scarcely be polite, would it? Where is she—do you know?"

"Shut safely from your sight, I'll be bound," replied Bradford, with a shrug of the shoulders, "don't be foolish, Larry—it will do you no good—you are wasting time and patience in vain. You've got the disease hard, and I pity you, by Jove! I do, for you see I know how it is myself. Had not you better leave your *adieux* with me. I'll repeat them to her verbatim."

"I can't, by heaven! I can't, Bradford! I must speak with her myself—once more, at any cost. Yes, I know I am inconceivably mad, but it's useless to reason with me. I will have one parting word with her if I wait a week for the opportunity."

In spite of his rebuff of the morning he was firm upon this point. Noon came, but Miss Sardis had not yet made her appearance, and Larry Harding did not start for Paris. The dinner hour sounded. He hurried to the *table d'hôte*, and had the supreme satisfaction of seeing her glide into an opposite seat, with the count on her left hand and Mrs. Sardis on her right. She was dressed in rich, severe black—a color which enhanced the marble whiteness of her skin, and gave her a statuesque look. A single half-blown blush rose was fastened by a cluster of diamonds to the lace at her throat. Some lines of Tennyson's rushed madly through Harding's memory:

> "A man had given all other bliss,
> And all his worldly worth for this:
> To waste his whole heart in one kiss
> Upon her perfect lips."

Not one of the trio deigned him so much as a glance. As for Ethel, she was talking to the count in a low, engrossed tone, very exasperating to a rival's ear. And he, flushed, triumphant, in the seventh heaven, evidently, devoured her with his sleepy eyes and hung with an air of unutterable devotion upon her words. No one could look at Otto, Count Stahl, and doubt that the fair American had added him to her long list of slain.

"Good God!" thought poor Larry, growing desperate and profane together, "she acts as if she really liked to talk with the man—as if she was really content to receive his adoration. What's in a name? Much—very much, I begin to suspect. As for him, he has forgotten that poor little countess in her corner of Père Lachaise as utterly as if she never existed."

A band in the dining-room was playing an air from *La Favorite*. The fountain there splashed merrily, as was its custom during the dinner hour. From the adjoining conservatory the odor of flowers drifted out, and a clatter of forks and spoons, a buzz of French, German, English and Italian tongues, made a discordant undertone in the music. In the midst of this small Babel, Alice Bradford, a pink and white Boston belle, touched Harding's elbow.

"He is very devoted, is he not?" she whispered, maliciously—"the count, I mean—he has the air of a *fiancé*. Of course it will be a match. Is it not ridiculous—the way American mothers with marriageable daughters rush about Europe, holding out to foreign noblemen the bait of a fortune? Men rave wildly about Ethel, but do *you* think her so beautiful—so uncommonly beautiful, you know?"

She asked the question anxiously, for she had a decided weakness for Larry Harding—this handsome, brown fellow, whose fortune had been swept away from him in a single day, and who was struggling helplessly in Ethel's toils. Larry poured Miss Bradford a little glass of Rhine wine.

"I think her the fairest woman living!" he answered, frankly. "I doubt if there is another like her in all the world."

Miss Bradford looked greatly piqued.

"If she is handsome, she is also heartless," she rejoined, tossing her blonde head. "Wealth and style are the gods these New York people worship. If Boston is all culture, New York is all money. I never knew a more cold-blooded creature in my life than Mrs. Sardis. She would sell her own flesh for what she calls prestige in society. I suppose Sardis *père* is very, very rich?"

"Enormously so. He has a banking house in New York and another in Boston, and no end of other interests all over the country. Without doubt our friend the count has already made himself acquainted with these facts."

It was a purgatorial dinner, but, like all earthly things, it came to an end at last. The guests arose, and Ethel Sardis turned to pass out of the dining-room just in advance of Harding. Would she not deign him a word, a look—give him the opportunity of saying good-by, at least? No. She had received her instructions, and she meant to obey them. But as she reached the door the half-open blush rose at her throat fell suddenly to the floor. Harding picked it up.

"Ethel, pray let me speak to you—one moment—only one!" he whispered, passionately.

With an annihilating glance, Mrs. Sardis stepped before him.

"Come with me to my balcony, Ethel," she said, quickly, "the count wishes to show us some views of his castles in Saxony."

With a pale face, Harding drew back and watched the trio vanish in the crowd; then he fastened the blush rose in his buttonhole, and, taking Fred Bradford's arm, went out to smoke a cigar upon the quay.

He had walked its length for a half-hour, perhaps, back and forth under the chestnut trees, talking quietly with his friend, when Count Stahl appeared, sauntering toward the two men, flourishing in his gloved hand a light walking-stick. As he passed Harding his sleepy eyes fell suddenly on the rose in the latter's buttonhole. A white heat flashed across his face. He turned back instantly and confronted the American.

"That flower belongs to Miss Sardis," said he; "have the goodness to give it to me."

Larry Harding took his cigar from between his lips, and measured his rival with cool surprise.

"Your demand, my dear count," he answered, "is not only grossly uncivil, but it is abominably impudent."

"Thief! you have stolen the rose! You will give it to me, or I shall chastise you as you deserve!" fumed the count.

"Softly," said Larry, an unpleasant gleam leaping into his gray eyes; "you are a little careless, are you not, in your choice of words? I regret to say it, I'm sure, but it is scarcely possible for me to oblige you."

"Hound! You will not give me the rose?"

"I would see you hanged first!"

The count snatched violently at the unlucky flower. With one hand Harding warded him away. Drawing furiously back, he then struck at the American with his walking-stick. Like lightning Harding wrenched away the weapon, and with one blow laid its owner prone and senseless on the dusty quay. Then breaking the stick in pieces, he placed the fragments on the count's prostrate body, and, as a crowd began to rush from the hotels to view the fracas, he took Fred Bradford's arm and walked coolly off under the chestnut trees.

"Come along, Lawrence," groaned Bradford, "and make your will, old man. The count is a dead shot, and he'll challenge you within the hour!"

CHAPTER V.

MERCY AGAIN.

"You are a careful needlewoman, Miss Dill," said the matron in waiting at the rooms of the "Sewing Women's Aid Society"; "we sell your work readily, because it is so well done."

She put down the tiny infant garments, exquisitely tucked and stitched and frilled, and counting out some money—absurdly disproportionate, it seemed, to the amount of labor in the pretty things—passed it to Mercy Dill.

"How are you getting on, my dear?" she asked, with so much genuine sympathy, that the tears sprang involuntarily to Mercy's eyes.

"Tolerably well, thank you," she answered, in a low, pained voice that told its own story.

"You poor child!" sighed the matron; then she folded up a bundle of fresh material. "Six pillow-shams to be embroidered with initials, Miss Dill—six slips and two christening robes."

And Mercy took up the parcel, and with her hard-earned money in her hand, passed through a little crowd of waiting fellow-workers, and descended the stair to the street.

The wet, dreary day was already dying. The east wind blew in from the harbor, sharp as a knife. The pavements were slippery and thick with mire. A penetrating drizzle enveloped everything, and a dark, stormy night was fast gathering over Boston City.

Mercy Dill's jacket was threadbare with age and constant usage; a cheap vail mercifully shrouded the defects in her hat; her cotton-and-wool dress was whole and clean, but that was all that could be said of it; she carried a cotton umbrella belonging to Miss Affry Black, and her bundle proclaimed her to be a work-girl. Yet, in spite of all these things, two out of every three persons that she met turned to look after her in amaze and delight. Her marvelous grace and beauty, and a certain unconscious air of breeding, as strange as it was natural, glorified her poor dress, and made imaginative people feel as if she were some princess in disguise.

In passing back and forth with her work, Mercy was sure at all times to receive admiring glances in plenty; she had become used to them—hardened to them, one might say; the poor and desolate *must* harden themselves to many unpleasant things; but this was all. Beyond the bold glances of men, and the inquisitive stare of women, Mercy had hitherto walked the streets unmolested, bearing to and fro the neat bundles that meant bread and shelter for herself and the wretched mother who was, alas! her reproach and shame.

On this gruesome, stormy afternoon, however, a new and strange thing was about to befall Mercy. As she emerged from the Aid Society rooms into the jar and whirl of the street, a man stepped out from a neighboring door and met her on the pavement, face to face.

The door itself was dingy and old, and surmounted by three faded gilt balls and the name of "M. Isaacs, Pawnbroker," in half obliterated letters. The man who sprang from it like a black shadow, straight into Mercy Dill's life, was of medium height, lissome, elegant, dressed like a tailor's lay-figure—in fact, a person whom one would naturally feel surprised to meet in an obscure pawnbroker's shop. His face was swarthy and much pitted with small-pox. The cheek-bones were sharply defined; a black mustache curled up from the corners of his mouth; his black eyes, set under brows that met above his aquiline nose, were as brilliant and deadly as a serpent's.

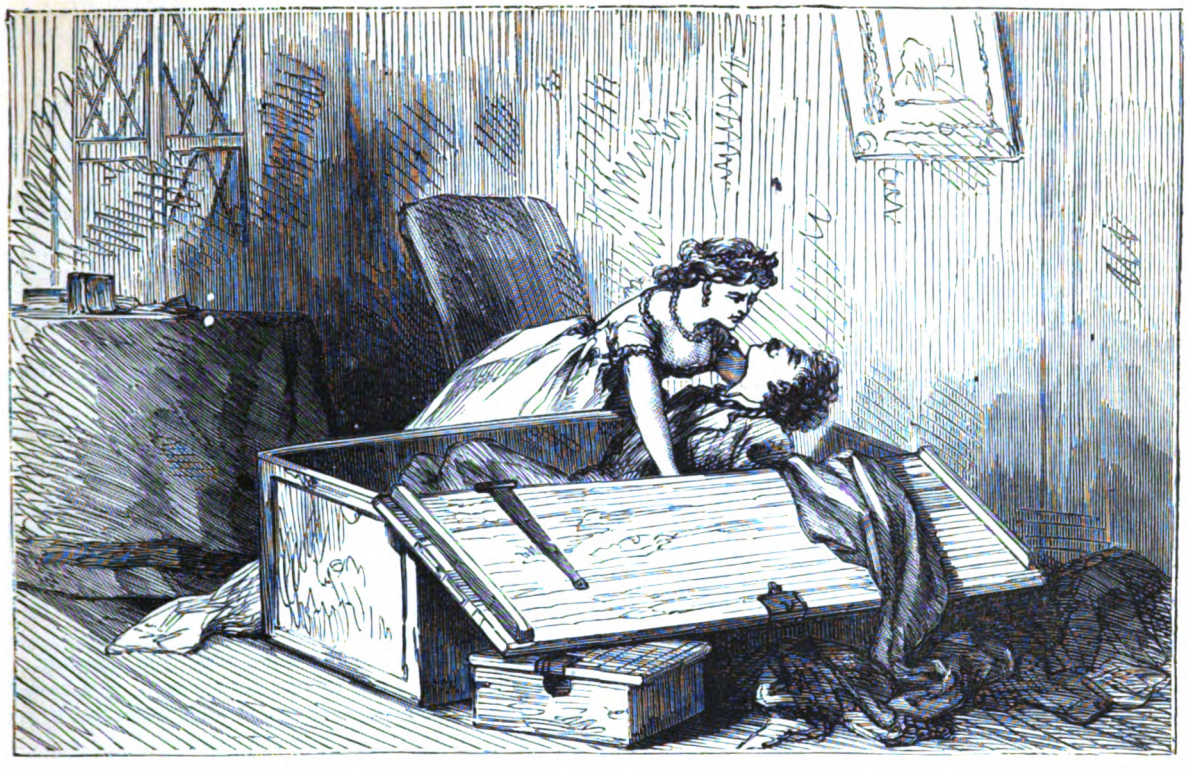
He stared fixedly at Mercy Dill for a moment, and something dropped from his lips—two foreign words which she did not understand. The look, however, was enough. With burning cheeks and indignant heart, she darted past him and vanished in the crowd. Swift as lightning he turned and followed her.

(To be continued.)

THE AGE OF TREES.

THE longevity of various trees has been stated to be, in round numbers, as follows: deciduous cypress, 6,000 years; baobab tree of Senegal, 5,000; dragon's blood tree, 4,000 years; yew, 3,000; cedar of Lebanon, 3,000; olive, 2,500; oak, 1,600; orange, 1,500; Oriental plane, 1,200; cabbage palm, 700; lime, 600; ivy, 600; ash, 400; cocoanut palm, 300; date palm, 300; larch, 300; pear, 300; apple, 200 years. The Brazil vine palm arrives at the age of 150 years; the Scotch fir gets its growth in about 100 years, and the balm of Gilead in about 50 years.

THERE are some people who, though very amiable in the main, and obliging in their offices to others, have yet that most unhappy propensity of being gloomy over everything.



FACTS IN THE CASE.—"THE LACE OF HER ROBE TOUCHED THE CORPSE, AND SHE, WITHOUT TEAR OR SIGH, KISSED THE DEAD MAN'S LIPS."

FACTS IN THE CASE.

PART I.

"I MEAN, colonel," said Stephen, smiling, "that there are many persons to whom one may not show kindness; that to these, benevolent actions are but tacit inducements for them to forget their positions—to aspire, in fact."

"Stephen," cried the colonel, "you are getting, believe me, into trouble. Is this an accusation? Remember, I must have proofs as well. Come, lay aside all deceit and answer frankly. I know that you dislike him, but bear in mind that Noy Pemberton is my friend."

"I have said nothing that I am not ready to prove, colonel."

"You have said nothing," was the sternly given answer. "You have implied much."

"Nothing that I am not ready to prove," was repeated with a deprecating gesture.

"Can you prove to me my dishonor?"

And the man who asked this was the master, he who replied the servant. It was almost incredible.

"Sir, hear me," resumed Stephen. "I have commenced a bad affair, and I must finish it. Whenever Mrs. Wycherly returns home, even if you are with her, and the hour is late, Mr. Pemberton is always there to lead her from the carriage."

"He waits for me; he does his duty. At any moment of the night or day I may have orders for him."

"Good. Not a day passes but Mr. Pemberton goes into Mrs. Wycherly's boudoir."

"Mostly it is I who send him."

"At night?"

"At night!" cried the officer, starting up, a deathly pallor creeping over his face.

"Yes, at night. Mind, sir, I have never seen him enter. I only assert that I have met him leaving there."

"When?"

"The last time? Just two hours since," looking at his watch. "At five this morning. It is now seven."

"Man!" Colonel Wycherly's nervous grasp closed about the valet's arm. "Do you understand your risk? If you lie—if you lie——"

"But I do not lie, colonel. You should know that. I have served you well and faithfully. I have proved my devotion. Go back to the past. Is Stephen Yaxley the wretch you would wish to believe him? Sir, what have I to gain by this? Nothing. You will hate me for the knowledge forced upon you. I——"

"Silence!" His master spoke very calmly. The first time that Mr. Pemberton is in my wife's room after midnight, seek me. I shall judge for myself."

"And if I have spoken truly, colonel?"

"If you have you shall be well rewarded for—the whole affair."

"There! See how you misjudge me, sir; how you wrong me. Why, I would sooner take one of these," he was replacing the razors as he spoke, "and cut my throat, than tell you a falsehood about such a thing as that."

"It would be the wiser course, I assure you."

"Events will justify me, colonel," with the self-assurance of one confident of the future.

Colonel Wycherly was a man of thirty-seven; his wife had not yet reached her twenty-second year. Theirs had been, seemingly, a happy union. Fame had mated with beauty, wealth with wealth. The husband believed himself beloved. Confess, then, that the shock was rude, when, after two years of marriage, he found the pretty picture of his home-life all blurred and blotted.

He who played the informer had been from boyhood in the colonel's service. His claims were strong and great. Side by side with his master had he stood during many a bravely battled campaign. Throughout the weary Mexican wars had he rung a cheery charge, giving oft and again his all—his blood. A soldier, he had honor; a servant, he was still a friend. He it was who worked for a reward.

On Wednesday morning, the 29th of November, 1857, the colonel left New York for Washington, to be absent a week, at least. The night of that same day he was stealthily entering his own house, with Stephen Yaxley on guard to ward off detection. It was long past midnight when Colonel Wycherly knocked at his wife's chamber door. Stephen, worthy soul! who had been dismissed with a gesture, secreted himself at the further end of the long hall. It was but just that he should behold the success of his little scheme.

A silence, seemingly yet more profound, followed the husband's summons. That was no evidence of wrong-doing. He knocked again. Then madame's clear tones were heard.

"Who is there?"

"It is I."

The man's voice trembled with emotion.

"Sarah!" calling to her maid, who always, during the colonel's absence, slept in a small room adjoining. Then in the same unmoved manner—"In one moment. Sarah is dressing."

He without waited patiently—waited and trusted—with such an agony eating at his heart as heaven alone could know. Directly the door was opened, and, with a long, eager look about him, he entered. There was certainly no one there. Madame's bedchamber was a luxurious apartment. The feeble glimmer of a taper threw a shadowy light to the gorgeous coloring of the painted groups upon the ceiling. The bright coal fire shot out its ruddy rays over velvets and silks, mirrors and costly laces, and all else that made the place a dream of Eastern splendor. Clearly Mrs. Wycherly's tastes were far from simple. One might never have divined that, for the priestess of this temple was a woman so young, so fair, and so prettily child-like looking, so pure in her white robe, and with such a winning grace, half nestling upon the pillow of the lounge, that to nothing could she be likened but that snow-white dove in its golden cage of which old Chaucer rhymes. All that was fresh, and lovely, and good, looked at you from her blue eyes; all that was gentle, and truthful, and honest, spoke to you in her low voice. If the ghostly hand of a horrible fear lay on her heart, the other's keen glances might never reach there.

"Up yet?"

"Yes. I have hurt my ankle, else I would have opened the door to you."

"You are suffering, then?"

"Not at all; that is, not much. It will be well to-morrow. I did not expect you this evening," avowed madame, in her softest tones.

"Yet I am here," kissing the little hand extended to him. "Beatrice, I wished to see you; it was of vital importance that I should see you—and *now*."

"Did you not start for Washington?" asked his wife.

"I will tell you later. Will you hear me?"

"I listen."

"Are we alone?"

"Sarah is in the next room."

He might have known that, for the door stood open, but he must go to it.

All was well, however. Patient Sarah's deferential smile met him when the quick survey was over. Re-entering his wife's chamber, he seated himself in the great *fauteuil* beside her.

"Beatrice, can you not see that I have been guilty of a gross injustice toward you—that I have been jealous?"

As an honorable man, he offered his self-accusation in atonement for the wrong that he had done her love, then paused to watch the effect. Not a tremor moved her.

"May I know of whom?" she coldly inquired.

"Of Noy Pemberton. Do not speak. Hear me first, Beatrice; I believe that he loves you."

"I know it," she admitted, with as much composure as though the passion of her husband's secretary in no way concerned her.

"You know it?" cried the colonel.

"Yes. He told me so."

"When?" with a grim setting of his lips beneath the heavy mustache.

"Last night."

"And you aswered him——"

"As I should have answered him." Very haughtily now.

"The villain! Ah," drawing hard his breath, "he shall remember this!"

The man's anger was terrible. Surely no guilty woman would have dared to brave it.

"Sir," said she, "I am to be trusted. He will never again cross our path. I am convinced of that. His folly, his madness led him to this. You can do nothing without creating a scandal. Let his punishment fall as it must fall. Before to-morrow noon he will have quitted the country. Be guided by reason in this. I ask it," looking up very pleadingly in his face.

"Little one, you do not know what you demand. You have acted as a noble woman should act. You have done your duty. I can exact no more. Leave the rest to me."

"Promise that you will do nothing rash."

"Yes, I promise."

"Tell me, then, of what were your suspicions just now?"

"I am heartily ashamed of my fault," with a little laugh. "I was jealous."

"You have already told me that."

"I will confess the rest to-morrow. Forgive me, darling. One kiss—there. I shall be in the library all night—letters for the foreign mails. God bless you!"

Stephen, waiting in the hall, followed his master to the library.

"I have known you so long," the gentleman spoke very sternly, "so long and so well, that I am loath to ascribe what you have said to aught but over-zeal in my service. You have *never* seen Mr. Pemberton leave my wife's apartment!"

"Sir, I'll swear it!" cried Stephen, hotly. "I saw him enter there not an hour ago."

"You are mistaken. At all events, if he went to her room, Mrs. Wycherly knew nothing of it; there is Sarah, remember. In future, let discretion temper your devotion. Bear in mind my counsel. You may go."

Had Colonel Wycherly been a man of impulse he would have dismissed his valet there and then. Yet even as it was, and in spite of all proofs to the contrary, he encouraged the conviction of Stephen's purity of purpose. A secret fear, a prompting it might have been, led him thus tacitly to ignore all evil intention. What was this fear, this prompting? Nameless, indeed, but yet imperious, for through it this brave man's love and honor lay trembling in the balance.

"Stephen may have spoken truly; there may be some disgraceful affair between Sarah and Noy; that would account for the fellow's seeing him. To-morrow will tell."

"I promise that they shall not cheat me again!" wrathful Stephen was vowing as he left his master.

The valet's smooth, colorless face, and sharp, gray eyes were not attractive. Assuredly it had been undoubted bravery that had endeared him to the colonel, not his comeliness. Of this bravery he had given evidence when, without

compulsion, he had repeatedly dared dangers before which another might have quailed, and to the true, soldierly heart of the master spoke the gallantry of the man.

"I promise that they shall not!"

Ah, it was hatred here, and Mrs. Wycherly had earned it by her unconcealed, yet inexpressible, aversion to the spy, an aversion shared by Sarah, who had mercilessly flouted at his love-suit.

Let us see how the promise was kept.

Sarah entered her mistress's chamber as the colonel left it. Mrs. Wycherly, starting from the lounge, approached, and so stood the two women, listening to the retreating footsteps.

"At last!" exclaimed madame. "Quick, girl!"

And into the adjoining room. There, upon a large chest, was a careless gathering together of dresses. These were quickly thrown aside. Beatrice unlocked and raised the cover; then came a low cry of horror. The chest was a coffin! Within it lay a man, and he was—dead!

Despair! Heaven forbid that we should know it as it came with awful terror to those wretched women—a terror beyond the power of words to paint.

"Madame," ventured Sarah, "the colonel must not know this."

"It would not matter. I loved him!" was the answer, given in woful desperation.

"Is dishonor nothing?" cried this Abigail in her selfish sorrow. "To-morrow all the country will know that a man was murdered in your chamber. It is your honor this will touch—your family honor—not your love."

And with such reasonings she won the other. Sarah's firmness and courage and wonderful fortitude were their salvation.

"The day is breaking," said she; "go to your room; I will attend to this—trust me."

Then she closed and locked the chest, replacing the dresses in all their studied confusion, the better to conceal it.

The following night a woman knelt beside it; a woman cold and calm, with precious gems gleaming amidst her yellow hair and glittering about her white neck. The lace of her robe lay in frosty folds upon the carpet, the lace of her robe touched the corpse, and she, without tear or sigh, kissed the dead man's lips.

"My beloved—oh, my beloved!"

The lid was lowered, the key turned, and so parted on earth a guilty wife and he who had given his life for his sin.

* * * * * *

Ah, these women of the world! Never had Beatrice Wycherly's wondrous beauty appeared so dazzling as upon that night; never had her husband's pride and secret satisfaction grown greater.

"My darling, there can be but one Beatrice!" said he, with a foolish fondness threading every word.

Through God's mercy, let us hope it; for alone in her room, away from the glare and confusion of the ball, this unfortunate tore the flowers from her hair, the necklace from her throat, and in half-stifled cries poured out her agony. Then like a blessed balm came the healing mercy of tears. Upon her knees she prayed, and through prayer comes pardon.

"Where is it?" she asked, rising and coming toward Sarah.

"Gone!" the other spoke below her breath. "My stepbrother, Mark, has taken it."

She told all. Mark might be trusted; she would give her life for that. The body was before this in the river. Bah! danger was now past.

Certainly, before the excitement consequent upon his disappearance had died out, the body of Noy Pemberton drifted ashore, and men's minds were full of wise conjectures. So master and man had been cheated: the one of his vengeance, the other of revenge.

To husband and wife came the startling announcement. Divine, now, whose was the sorrowful wonder—whose the heart-sick anguish.

Part II.

One month later, a roystering party of gentlemen's gentlemen were merry-making at their club—this parody upon grand life being held over a wretched little shop in a side street of the city. As the night advanced, one by one had they gone their way, until of the jovial group but two remained—Mark Neesham and a friend.

The shopkeeper, upon whom devolved the enviable duty of serving these "lesser lights," and who had received the gracious permission to drink the health and prosperity of the club, sat sipping his brandy and offering his scraps of conversation just as his patrons needed them, thus alternating pleasure with interest. A nice point was being discussed, for, cried Mark, in answer to some assertion of his comrade:

"Nonsense! I tell you that some servants are freer than their masters."

By which imprudent speech one may readily perceive that the liquor had not been neglected.

"You talk like an idiot," politely retorted the other.

"Do you deny it?"

"Certainly he does," declared the good-natured shopkeeper.

"He is a fool, then. Do you suppose that I cannot get drunk as long as my money lasts?"

"Ah, there it is! And how long will it last?"

"As long"—raising his glass to the light—"as long as Mrs. Wycherly has a shilling. To Mrs. Wycherly's health!"

"It is worth while having a sister in such a service," enviously sighed his friend in livery.

"My sister is a good girl. Let us drink my sister's health. Her death, however, which would be a matter of profound regret, could not affect my prospects. To be honest about it, I am somewhat cared for—feared, maybe."

And in a similar strain he continued, until, enraged by his companions' laughing taunts, he sprang to his feet.

"Will you believe me if, in spite of the hour, of the snow, and of the cold, Mrs. Wycherly should come here—here to this place—and drink our healths?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the shopkeeper; "that brandy is good."

"Yes, it is good," assented Mark. "Will you give me one hour? Wait for me."

He was buttoning his overcoat.

"Where are you going?"

"To fetch her. Be still about it, now." And he was gone.

"He must be drunk," sagely concluded the remaining gentleman in livery.

"We will wait, however," decided the host.

Before the hour had expired, Mark returned.

"Well?"

"She is here." He filled a glass. "My mistress's health!" he said; then reclined in his chair with an air of conscious importance.

At that moment the door opened; a woman stood upon the threshold. The two men fell back in astonishment, for she who now advanced toward them was none other than

MY KITTEN AND I.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 103.

Mrs. Wycherly. Her face was very pale, as pale as the great snow-flakes which had fallen upon her cloak.

"Gentlemen," said she, with a singular smile, "I have brought a bottle of old wine; will you drink to me?"

Mark Neesham held out his glass with an insolent laugh. As for the others, they acted like men in a dream. Mechanically obeying, they raised the brimming goblets to their lips.

"Is it real?" quoth the shopkeeper, much as though he had firmly looked to see the liquor changed to fire, or some such *diablerie* take place at the touch of the giver. But success gave courage; again and again were the glasses filled. Madame, after proposing the health of her companions and sipping at her wine, waited patiently near the rusty stove in the corner of the room—not alone—Sarah was with her, quick-witted Sarah no longer, but a frightened creature, all her mastery of self-control gone to the grand lady who had wept and trembled when the other knew no fear.

"I shall wait for you, Mark," called the mistress, but no answer came.

Then followed a crash of broken glass. Looking around, there stood Mark, leaning forward upon the table, his face ghastly, his lips convulsively trembling, yet powerless to frame one word. His eyes alone—like human eyes behind a mask of death—were calling to that woman who had so tricked him. Yes, tricked him, for his fellow-revelers lay sleeping heavily in their chairs, and he knew it—knew that Beatrice Wycherly had cast off her chains—that the liquor they had drank was drugged!

Mrs. Wycherly arose, her flashing eyes fixed full upon him. "Do you know me, wretch? Will you repeat this drunken insult?" The blank stare followed every movement. "Do you understand me? I intend to kill you!"

"My God, madame, have mercy upon him! He is my brother!" cried Sarah.

"He is but your half-brother," answered madame, finely marking the distinction. "Besides, he is a villain who would betray us. Remember that. The wretch would hang us!"

"Oh, Mark, Mark!" sobbed the girl, for her mistress had held the candle to the table-cover, and the eager flames were already dancing and leaping about the men.

"Come!" She caught Sarah's hand and dragged her from the room, locking fast the door after them.

"They are on fire!—on fire!" gasped the maid.

"They are dead!" spoke the mistress through her shut teeth. "They drove me to it. We are free now!"

Driven, in truth, to a mad desperation—hunted and harried and utterly reckless—innocence gone, humanity gone, and this unwomanly remorselessness underlying the womanly love in her nature, now springing to light in all its hideous ugliness.

"Our secret will die with them."

"My brother! My poor——"

"Another word and I will murder you! You may believe that *now*."

Then on through the blinding snow-drifts—on, on. Hurried glances and broken cries, menaces and sobs, with away behind them an angry glare lighting up the wintry desolation; a sound of many voices, a crash of falling timber. And this was what Heaven saw and knew upon that night of woe and crime.

Three men hastened to death by the accident of fire. A natural verdict, and one with no charm of novelty.

The women had returned home without exciting suspicion. The colonel was absent, consequently there was no one to question them. Their secret lay buried with the dead. But remorse, remembrance, were they nothing? Shame, misery and dishonor, that was what the present gave, the future promised.

And the agony of fear in which they lived: Fear of the dread retribution, which must as surely follow sin as night must follow day. And thus it came: Mrs. Wycherly, summoned to the library, three weeks later, found there the colonel and Stephen Yaxley. As she entered, her husband locked the door.

"I wish you to hear this man," he said, briefly.

She foresaw it all. She stood before her accuser and her judge. Spoke the former:

"It has been troubling me for a long while, madame; so troubling my conscience that I grew to fancy myself a murderer. I could not do it, you know," with a respectful deference.

"Could not do what?" asked Mrs. Wycherly, haughtily.

"Could not keep his secret—poor Mark's secret——" pausing irresolutely.

"Tell it," commanded the colonel.

As for his wife, she neither moved nor spoke, but her eyes were fixed upon the valet, who, looking into them, dared brave her vengeance.

And he told it—the story of the chest and of its ghastly burden borne away by Mark—sparing nothing in the telling, finding apt words to paint the awful picture of a life and love brought to this fearful ending.

"I got it from Mark," he declared. "I got it from him once when he had been drinking. He wanted money, and you were not at home, madame, so he fell into a rage; and what with one word, what with another, I put together enough to form an open accusation when he grew sober again. He could not deny it; indeed, no."

"Send that man away; I will not speak before him," said Mrs. Wycherly, very tranquilly. She did not raise

A RUNNING FOOTMAN.—SEE PAGE 103.

her eyes to the smooth, false face; she would not read the illy-concealed triumph peering out from its flimsy covering of sorrowful regret.

"Go then. Wait in the next room." Then to his wife, when they were alone, "Has he lied?"

"Tell me first—It was he, and he alone, who excited your suspicions?"

"You are right."

"The conviction flashed upon me when I heard him call *that name.*"

"Has he lied?" with an unbroken calmness.

"As the Lord hears and will judge us—No!"

A stillness as of the grave followed this awful confession. She who had made it stood like one who, having done with life, could speak with cool indifference of the guilt now dragging her down to an eternal night. The colonel was leaning against the mantel. His eyes were closed, but not a muscle of his stern face quivered.

"Shame!" His lips formed, rather than uttered, the word.

"And also crime!" continued she, unmoved.

Then followed in a dreamy monotone the recital of all that had happened from the night when *that* lay hidden not ten yards from him, to the time when Mark Neesham's drunken boast had given to his fellows the spectacle of her abject serfdom. With a calm despair she spoke of her guilty passion. Unfalteringly she called to mind this and that—a thousand nothings—holding them up before him in witness against herself; threads of evidence finer than silk, yet stronger than steel.

"Do you remember that I told you he would never cross our path again? It was because I intended to leave you for him. See how I loved him. I am content that you should know this. The recollection of—all—my—sin is unsupportable. I was weary of it then—I am weary of it now. Do with me as you will. Nothing can be worse than this."

And she was his wife! The man paced the room with clasped hands. This was no moment for idle grief. Shattered hopes and shattered happiness could not be heeded now. Away off—in the future—somewhere—a time of rest might come. Until then she was his—this murderess. She bore his name. *His*, the world called her. Ah, the keen satire of such ownership! So no disgrace must come to her. Why, they would hang her—these men who couldn't know a woman's heart! The pretty, yellow hair would be cut and the blue eyes bound; a short shrift uttered, and then—away into space Ralph Wycherly's beautiful wife, and away to the Great Judge a woman's sin-laden soul! That should not be.

"Go to your own room," he said, never looking toward her. "I will save you."

Mechanically obedient, she left him. Indeed had she spoken truly. The matter of her life was to her a matter of no moment.

PATRICK CORBETT AND MRS. DICK.—"PATRICK USED TO FEED DICK FROM HIS HANDS." SEE PAGE 103.

PART III.

COLONEL WYCHERLY and Stephen were alone together all the night. The next morning Sarah Neesham was summoned before them. To her were certain propositions and

conditions offered, and by her were they accepted without one dissenting word. Before the day was done the officer had resigned his commission and dismissed his household, retaining in his service but the valet and madame's maid. Before another day had gone the great house was dismantled, doors and windows closed and barred, while the Wycherlys were speeding off to that lonely old place which, hidden in the heart of a dismal forest, yet reared its granite grandeur in grim defiance of Time's buffetings.

A home it might once have been—a prison it was now, certainly, and the prisoner was the master's wife. A lonely life in saddest truth! No friend ever crossed the threshold, no fresh voices broke the gloom. A little garden lay upon the western side. On this opened the windows of Mrs. Wycherly's parlor. You see, they were cut off from the main building. Here, through the long, long days, would she sit listening in a dreamy way to the whisperings and moanings among the leaves overhead, until, listening thus, she grew to believe that they were whispering of her crimes. These were the voices that she heard. Only these, and Sarah's despondent, sighing tones, which well-nigh maddened her. Her husband she had never seen since the day he brought her to this home, many months before. Once only had she sent Sarah to him.

"Tell him that I am dying," she said. Say that to him and he will come."

And Sarah, seeking her master in his study, had delivered the message.

"Does she lack anything?" asked he.

"Nothing, sir."

"Attendance?—comfort?"

"Ay, sir, comfort. Colonel, it would touch your heart to see her. She is dying for lack of mercy only."

Colonel Wycherly wheeled about in his walk, to face the pleader.

"How dare you talk to me of mercy? *You—you*, an accomplice in the crime!"

"You have punished us," she muttered, sullenly; "you have kept us face to face with our wrong-doing through all this weary time. God's air and God's light you have not taken from her, but no less truly have you brought her to this sore strait."

"Not I," he interrupted. "Grief, remorse, it may be, not I. Go, now. If she has sent you, take this word to her, That if I comprehended her aright, she will give Death a joyous welcome."

Had the maid been clean-handed, she might have battled and conquered; as it was, she went her way mighty downcast and rebellious. In the hall she met Stephen Yaxley, who had evidently been on duty, that is to say, had done his utmost to sift the weighty matter which had brought Sarah into the enemy's camp.

"Good-evening, miss," said he, with wondrous civility, "Did you find my master?"

"Viper!" and she flaunted past him.

"Now, see here!" his long, lean hand upon her arm; "as a matter of conjecture simply, don't you fancy that you might have acted wiser?—in being more tender-hearted toward me, of course—Lord, the trouble it would have saved! I almost think that all this is a judgment upon you, Sarah, for your obstinacy. Why, I would have had a stiller tongue than poor Mark—for your sake—then."

"Let me go!" The woman struggled to free herself. "I tell you that I would rather know that Mark is dead—rather be what I am——"

"What are you, Sarah, dear?"

"A poor lost soul; a wretched, wretched soul."

She was sobbing now. Mark's name brought with it bitter memories.

"Shall I tell you what I think, my girl."

No answer.

"Well, I am convinced that you were as guilty as she was in that affair, for——"

With a cry, a wild anguished cry, she burst from him. He stood staring in blank amazement at the fast receding form.

"A pricking conscience," he concluded. "However, it was no less a murder because 'twas done in a chest, and one is no less guilty because the other aided. Seeing these things, I humbly thank heaven that I am an honest man."

From which conclusion it was evident that the *honest man's* conviction of Sarah's complicity regarded one fact alone. Had his knowledge included the tragedy at the little shop, it is but fair to presume he would have made merchandise of his information. As it was, he knew enough to secure himself a comfortable home, high wages, and the easy life of a country gentleman. He knew enough, as well, to understand that these were but tacit bribes to silence, and proved his wisdom by accepting them.

Mrs. Wycherly's illness had been nothing of importance. A physician had been called to her, and he, leaving his patient that night, came to the master of the house, as was his wont. Of course he had no suspicion of the existing state of affairs; therefore, in answer to a question, he declared with due solemnity:

"Colonel Wycherly, your wife may not live four-and-twenty hours."

Truly, this was a game at which Death held the winning card. Science could do nothing. Ah, well! in the heat and flush of anger you may be very determined; in the silent treasury of wrongs you may mark your scores and promise payment, and, it may be, cancel your debts; but to live with that dread presence hovering near you, to feel that *it* stands between you and one who has been the heart of your heart, the soul of your soul—has been! ay, and *is*—for love can never die—to feel this, and say "I will not!" Could *he* do it? Ralph Wycherly hid his face.

"My wife!" he murmured; "my darling! dead!"

And he had counseled her to welcome death joyfully!

Midnight had just sounded when Sarah Neesham, turning from her mistress's bedside, started back with a little cry.

"Oh, sir, at last!" For standing beside her was the colonel.

He silenced her by a gesture.

"Beatrice!"

The hollow eyes were raised to his.

"At last!" she whispered. The echo of the other's words.

"Beatrice, my wife!"

He kissed her brow and lips and poor frail hands. It was his pardon that he brought her, and in this wise he gave it. She looked up with a gasping smile that grew into a sob.

"You forgive me? Ah, you are good—so good! I am very lonely. You will—you will——"

"You have brought life back to her," said Sarah.

"Hush! There!" sitting upon the bed and raising his wife in his arms so that her head rested upon his shoulder, "There!"

Sarah, busying herself about the chamber, in a few minutes returned to them.

"She is sleeping," she said.

He raised his hand in warning. Directly she again drew nigh.

"Heaven will reward you, sir. You have brought her perfect happiness. She lies there like a child."

An hour passed. Sarah came back noiselessly to him.

"Sleeping yet!"

"No," he answered very solemnly; "she is dead."

He laid her back upon the pillow, and folded her hands and closed her eyes. Touch her face, kiss her lips, smooth her pretty yellow hair; he might do that now. He had avenged, yet he had loved; how well none more might ever know. Not even the knowledge of her guilt might bar the way to her, Suffering had cleansed, death had purified her. His work was done. Another, and a wiser, heard her pleadings now. Before the Great White Throne went up her supplications. Dared man be merciless?

When the last bitter strife rent our homes and hearts, Colonel Wycherly regained his command. Stephen Yaxley never quitted his master. This devotion almost redeemed the man's baseness.

"He will find distraction at least," thought the ugly valet, pityingly.

But it was death the colonel sought, and he found it upon the battle-field. Stephen, remembered in his master's will, betook himself to foreign lands, and lived like a gentleman, until the destiny which had been tracking confronted him suddenly. An unlucky quarrel—a well-aimed blow—a body found on the highway—a careless burial—and there you have the mortal exit of trusty Stephen Yaxley.

Sarah Neesham lives yet; a woman grown old before her time; one full of fears and nervous fancies; not poor, yet almost friendless. That secret which has marred her life and made her misery weighs heavily upon her soul. They are gone now—her old employers. To one who has, as she is pleased to believe, earned her gratitude, has this revelation been made. No confidence is violated, no promise broken. The names are false; incidents alone are given. That they *are* facts, a guilty creature testifies.

MY KITTEN AND I; OR, CHRISTMAS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

You have eaten your supper of milk, my pet,
And wash'd your funny, gray face;
Now roll yourself in a silken ball,
In your old accustom'd place,
And sing me a song by the cheerful fire,
Never an octave lower or higher
Than the rustling song of the flame;
Purr, purr, purr, purr,
Like the low, merry song of the flame

We are happy to-night, my little gray pet;
You on your tassel'd bed,
And I with my pen, my paper and book,
And many queer dreams in my head.
Then play me a tune on your two-string'd lyre,
Never a single note lower or higher;
It has the soft flutter of wings;
Purr, purr, purr, purr,
Of little, invisible wings.

I is Christmas Eve, my little gray pet,
Though we hear no merry bells chime,
But the patter of rain on the shingly roof,
And the roar of the rocking pine.
Then sing your low song by our Christmas fire,
Your merry refrain, never lower nor higher
Than the murmur of soft, fine rain;
Purr, purr, purr, purr,
Like the low, dreamy song of the rain.

A RUNNING FOOTMAN.

This is the motive power which preceded not only electric telegraphs, railways and post-offices, but stage coaches and carriers' wagons for all purposes of communicating intelligence. The idea was evidently taken from the god Mercury, whom our picture somewhat resembles.

The dress of a running footman was a light black cap with a large feather, a jockey coat, white linen trowsers, with a pole about seven feet long—on the top of the pole was a hollow ball, in which he kept a hard-boiled egg, and a small quantity of wine, to serve as refreshment.

Sometimes these men have traveled sixty miles a day, and many have gone at the rate of seven miles an hour for several consecutive hours—this exhausting work, however, soon told upon the constitution, and after three or four years' active service they generally died of consumption.

The last English nobleman who employed one of these men was the infamous Duke of Queensbury, who died in 1810. They were employed by the Austrian nobility down to the close of the last century.

Our print is taken from a sign in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, London, the public house being called The Running Footman.

PATRICK CORBETT AND MRS. DICK.

Patrick Corbett kept a coffee-stall beneath the pleasant shade of the lime-tree in Tavistock Square, London. It was a substantial stall, traveling well on four substantial wheels—in fact, a double wheelbarrow, with a roof that really kept the bread dry and the coffee warm on the second floor, and a nice ground-floor, resting on the axletrees, that was dark and cold, for the bread and butter kept in reserve as the customers kept clearing the supplies away from the top story.

Patrick Corbett was a kind-hearted man, and never drove away the sparrows that used to swarm about to gather up the crumbs, when the customers had departed. And Patrick was well rewarded, for a pretty sparrow fell in love with him. I say a pretty sparrow; for, in a letter written by Cornelius Nicholson, Esq., of Bernard Street, Russell Square, who, I believe, had seen this sparrow, it is described as distinguishable from the rest by having a peculiarly shaped crest, and a very few dark feathers behind the nape of the head.

Patrick loved this sparrow quite as much as it loved him, and they soon became so familiar that, as soon as the shop was open, "Dick," as Patrick named his friend, was the very first customer, who paid nothing, and expected extra attention; for Patrick used to feed his Dick from his hands, and hold a cup of coffee whilst Dick sipped from it. Friendship without guile—how pleasant to think of it!

Dick grew more and more familiar with Patrick—used to kiss him, perch on his finger, and chatter impudently with such of the customers as had good-tempered faces and kindly voices. Oh, Dick was the life of the party, and very likely drew customers to the shop, for workingmen delight in such simple, truthful love as this.

Patrick never considere whether his pet was a lady or a gentleman, until one morning she brought with her a brood of little sparrows to be fed, and poor Patrick, out of his very little, found bread and butter and cones for them all. He professed never to *give* credit, and with the sparrows he kept his word, for they took what they wanted, and never thought of payment. Yes, Patrick had to feed the family, but he was well repaid by the fun it afforded him to see them learn to fly.

But they had scarcely grown up to full sparrowhood, and taken their independent places in the great lime-tree chapel, when Dick — whom we now call *Mrs.* Dick came with another lot of little downy things, looking all beak and wool, and filling one with wonder how, when they had once got out of the nest, they should ever fly back to it. Well, to

tell the truth, they did *not* always fly back to it, and this gives occasion for a painful episode.

Once Mrs. Dick came down with three very small children to partake of Patrick's hospitality, and, of course, they were welcome—oh, to be sure!—but, to make a visit complete and pleasant to all parties, we must not only come, but *go*. Now, one of the little ones was too weak to go; it could not rise upon the wing, and Patrick, in pure kindness, put it in a basket in the cool, dark ground-floor, over the axletrees, and there he fed it, and at night he carried it home and fed it again; but next morning the poor little thing was dead.

The episode is not ended yet, but I stop to observe that little birds taken out of their nests, or caught when very young, generally die at daybreak the next morning. I could tell you the reason why, and all about it, but I only make this observation while the matter is on my mind, in order to implore you *not to take little birds at all.*

Well, to go on with the story, Mrs. Dick came next morning to demand her child, and Patrick could not give it her. Oh, if he could have whispered but one word in her ear, he could have told her the truth, and she would have been at peace; but, poor thing! she thought Patrick had *robbed her of her child*, and SHE LEFT HIM!

Now, who was most to be pitied—Patrick, or his long-tried pet?—neither of them to blame, yet one suspected and the other suspecting. Blessed, healing power of time and forgetfulness! Patrick never forgot the bird, nor did she forget him, but they both forgot their sense of injury, and, in three months' time Mrs. Dick again appeared, blithe as ever, with a troop of youngsters.

Thus the friendship lasted over four years, during which time Mrs. Dick had shown Patrick no less than sixty of her children. At times, when Patrick was late in arriving at the lime-tree, and Mrs. Dick had no children to keep her at home full of anxieties, she used to go and *meet him*, and, at a distance of two or three streets off, would alight upon the great, double-sided barrow, and chirp merrily until it arrived in its place, and the shop was opened.

Patrick Corbett has gone to his rest, but likely enough Mrs. Dick is alive still, and it is just possible that she remembers him, and regrets that, against one so kind and true, she should ever have entertained a suspicion.

We should never suspect those we have tried and found faithful, nor keep silent when one candid word may dispel illusions that else would darken and embitter all our lives. It would be something, indeed, if friends, who differ about a matter that cannot be cleared up, would agree on both sides to forget it, and try to be friendly with each other.

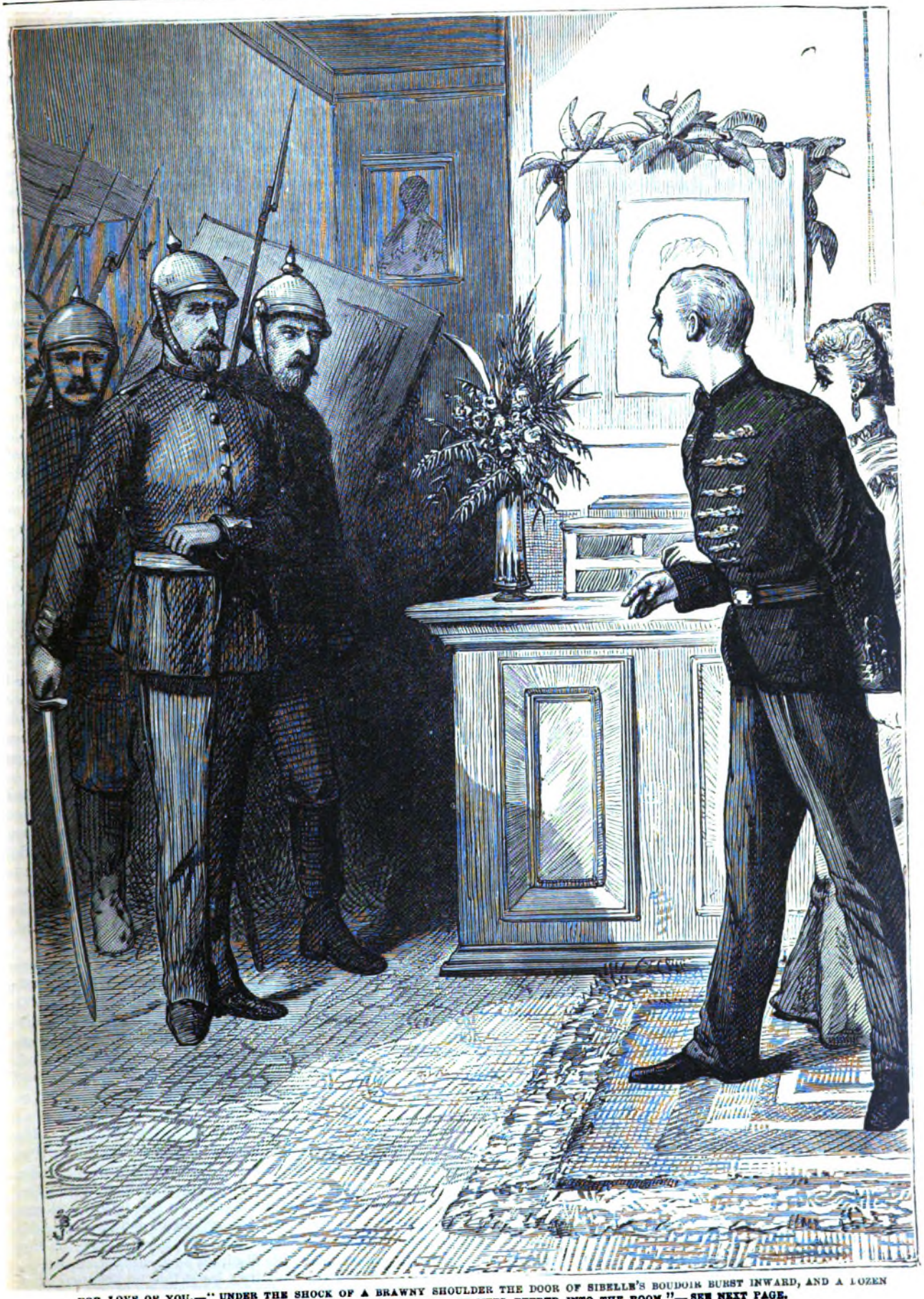
THE RAPIDS OF QUILLABAMBA-SANTA-ANA, PERU.

Hitherto we have had to draw our anecdotes of the saucy sparrow from English books and papers, but he is now so thoroughly naturalized here, that we look with interest for instances of his well-known characteristics, and will be happy to chronicle them in our columns.

THE RAPIDS OF QUILLABAMBA-SANTA-ANA, PERU.

BEYOND Sipa, vegetation begins to languish, and the banks of the river are barren. Instead of forest-trees, garlanded with vines and climbing-plants, which undulate like drapery with every breeze, we had before us only sandy shores bordered with reeds and brambles. These sands extend as far as the eye can reach: the compass gave us the true reason of this change in the decorations of nature.

The river, after making a bend of sixty miles eastward,



FOR LOVE OF YOU.—"UNDER THE SHOCK OF A BRAWNY SHOULDER THE DOOR OF SIBELLE'S BOUDOIR BURST INWARD, AND A DOZEN OR MORE FACES, SURMOUNTED WITH SPIKED HELMETS, PEERED INTO THE ROOM."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

turns toward the west, and the vicinity of the Cordilleras, which it approaches, accounts for the domination of the mineral over the vegetable kingdom.

About mid-day, when the boats of my companions had got ahead of my own, I reached a spot where the Quillabamba-Santa-Ana, barred by two islets of sand and flinty rocks, separated into three arms of unequal length.

Unfortunately my boatmen took the branch along the left bank, where the current flowed at eight knots an hour. Our craft, swift as a racehorse, threaded the narrow strait, across which lay the trunk of a *Siphonia elastica*, uprooted by a freshet.

The giant tree, fallen from the solid ground, upon one of the islands, formed a dike to the current, dividing the mass of the water into foam and spray. Our boat, drawn onward at a furious rate, engulfed itself between the great stumps and rocks, where it stuck as if in a vise. The shock was horrible; my two men threw themselves into the water, and either swimming or grasping the branches, contrived to reach the shore.

I remained alone in the boat, immersed to my waist in water, and deafened by the roar of the waves, which struck me as they surged by.

My condition was truly critical, but that of an immense monkey, an *Ateles niger*, attached to the prow, was intolerable. To free himself he broke his rope, and bounded toward me; the encounter was so sudden that I could neither anticipate nor avoid it; he cast his long arms around my neck, and fear redoubling his strength, he came near strangling me.

To free myself from his grip I could do no better than to seize hold of the skin of his back with one hand, and give him some raps on his nose with the other. Soon the pressure of his long arms began to relax, and as I bestowed upon him a look of triumph, I saw him gnashing his teeth, great tears rolling down, and an expression of great anguish on his countenance. My fear and anger simultaneously vanished, and I felt ashamed to have struck in the face this ancestor of humanity.

To atone for this dishonorable proceeding, I piously saluted the black nose of this animal.

He understood my penitence and was moved thereby, for to prove that he cherished no bitterness toward me, he uncrossed his arms and leaped upon my shoulders, where he seated himself astride.

As soon as my men succeeded in landing, they ran to the boats which were ahead, and hailing the nearest, informed those on board of the condition in which they had left me. This happened to be the boat of the Peruvian commission, and they helped me out of the bath in which I had been shivering more than an hour, invoking for my monkey and myself the support of Heaven, and the succor of men.

No doubt my kind readers will wonder why I did not save myself, as did the oarsmen, by swimming to the shore, instead of remaining in the water, where I might have caught an attack of pleurisy. Very true; but in leaving the boat I should have been obliged to sacrifice my papers and my clothing; and the Quillabamba-Santa-Ana had already enough of my wardrobe without the few shirts I still possessed.

INDIAN SECT.

The following account of a sect, introduced by a person who called himself Swamee Narain, is interesting:

This sect is represented as having its rise from Odhow, to whom the charge of the human race was delivered by Christna when he left this world; but the first actual appearance of it in Guzaret was upward of one hundred years ago, when a Brimcharee called Gopal began to preach the new doctrines at Gopnath Mahadeo, in the district of Valak in Goilwar. His successor, Atmanund, became a Swamee; by which the person is understood to lay down the observances of caste, and devote himself entirely to the service of the Deity. Nir Narin is the god worshiped, and an image of him is admitted, as by other Hindoos. The grand principle of the system seems to be, that the souls of all mankind are equal. Distinctions of caste are observed by his followers, but they are told that these trammels are only corporeal, and will be all left behind with their bodies; and the souls freed from them will receive the rewards or punishment of their actions in this life, without any regard to the castes to which their bodies may have belonged.

The principal observances enjoined are, abstinence from what are represented as the four besetting sins of the flesh —indulging in drinking spirituous liquors, eating flesh, stealing, and adultery.

His votaries are sometimes indulged with what they call a Sumadhee, in which the spirit is said to leave the body, and to be transported to the blissful regions their imaginations are taught to expect after death. During the periods of its absence, no wound or infliction produces the slightest effect or pain, the trunk is represented to be perfectly senseless, and after its return, the favored person gives lively descriptions of what he has seen, generally abundance of gold and jewels, with palaces, etc., according to the fertility of his imagination.

A multitude of minor observances are also prescribed. Those who become Fakeers receive a name, and are instructed to submit to any ill-usage without resistance, or without allowing the slightest resentment to remain on their minds. They are to forswear all worldly goods and all the concerns of this world. They are not even to possess any article made of metal, except a needle to sew their clothes, and a knife to mend their pen for writing holy works. They are not to see nor to think of women. If they do see one so as to distinguish her as such, if the idea of a woman comes into their minds, or if they touch one, they must fast for that day.

The followers, or those merely converted, are not enjoined to such strict observances. They are (besides the four great sins) to abstain from the use of all intoxicating substances, and some others that happen to be proscribed by the Mooksh, Dhurm, Geeta Bhugvut and Veeshnoo Sehustraam. which the Swamee professes to make the rules of his instruction. Like the Pope, he gives absolution for sins already committed, but does not venture (like him) to grant indulgence for the future.

People of all castes and persuasions resort to Swamee Narain, and the number of his followers is very great, estimated by the most intelligent natives at about 100,000. These are principally from Kateewar and the western districts of Guzerat. Hindoos of all the four classes, Mohammedans, and even Dhers, are admitted; but all are seated, and feed, according to their castes. The Swamee himself (who is a Brahmin) eats indiscriminately with any caste, as far down as Rajpoots or Katees, but not below them.

Swamee Narain himself was a very superior man. He soon acquired great influence over men's minds. The distinguishing tenets between his system and that of other Hindoos are so inoffensive that they might at least have escaped violent opposition. This does not, however, seem to have been the case. All the orders of religious mendicants in particular used to take ample advantage of the peaceful professions of his disciples by beating them sometimes unmercifully. And they boast that no instance ever occurred of this violence being resisted.

As tending to show that Swamee desired to practice what he preached, the approach of a multitude of 50,000 people, stated to accompany him on a celebrated visit to Ahmedabad, for the purpose of consecrating a temple to Nir Narain, having occasioned some reports that measures of security would be taken, which he heard of, he immediately sent a message to express his regret that his coming should occasion any trouble, and that rather than it should do so, he would prefer not coming at all.

These reports being, of course, unfounded, he came, and had obtained permission to occupy the Shahee Baug, a house belonging to Government. But on his arrival, finding that he could not stay there without a risk of his followers injuring the premises, he removed of his own accord to an uncultivated plain at a considerable distance, preferring to submit to all the inconvenience and want of accommodation, to running the risk of the slightest damage being committed by the people resorting to him.

The most intelligent people in the country, even while they regret (as Hindoos) the leveling nature of his system, acknowledge their belief that his preaching has produced great effect in improving the morals of the people.

FOR LOVE OF YOU.

THE Château of Plessis Les Tours stood grim and dusty in the snow-covered park. Its quaint pinnacles and gables were swathed out of shape in Winter's white drapery, while the body of the building was dark and deserted-looking, with closely shuttered casements, each projection of which was outlined in white. The fountains were choked with decaying leaves, but the snow hid all that—hid the neglect that had suffered the terraces to lapse into a wilderness of trailing plants and prostrate flowers.

There was a beauty in the vail Nature had dropped over man's neglected handiwork, though it was a sorrowful beauty, such as best befitted the scene and the times.

M. Le Duc de Plessis St. Pol, nathless his seventy years and one, was with General Chanzy and the army of the Loire while the Germans were in possession of Orleans.

The château was a long, straggling structure, picturesque, perhaps, in its want of regularity, but not elegant or imposing, with slated roofs towering up in parts, so as to be a landmark afar off, and elsewhere sinking down in low crowned wings and abutments, telling of successive additions in modern times, for Plessis Les Bois is the old cradle of a very old race; its walls had grown moss when the Pucelle d'Orleans dreamed dreams.

In the rear of the château, where the clipped yew hedges, looking like walls of snow, patterned out the spacious gardens, which are its crown of glory to this day, light streamed steadily through two windows, across which were drawn, on the inside, dark crimson curtains. The rays that escaped threw a deep red flush over the snow without.

There was red-stained snow on the bosom of France elsewhere than at Plessis Les Tours.

Sombre and melancholy as everything looked externally, behind those crimson curtains the cheerfully warm light of burning logs—no coal was burned at Plessis; the duke was a conservative and an anglo-phobe—somehow he regarded coal consumption as an indirect extension of English commerce—lit up a scene of comfort and happiness. The apartment was small, carpeted, canopied, and furnished in a way that told of a woman's occupancy.

In such a domain of Sèvres porcelain and mirrors, masculine habits could have no play; yet a man *was* there, and his *raison d'être* was discoverable in the charming girl, at whose feet he was stretched, and whose hands his own had imprisoned; while she, with eyes full of half-attentive, half-dreamy expression, watched the wavering tongues of flame as they rose and fell from the burning wood.

Sibelle de Plessis St. Pol was happy because her affianced husband was now, after an absence of three months, whispering words that had the sound of an old song in her ears; but it was a breathless, stolen happiness that could only be enjoyed by shutting out the memory of everything but itself.

Through perils he had come to tell her that the chief value in his life, in these days of defeat, consisted in his power to risk it to look into her eyes, feel the warmth of her arm around his neck. Through perils he must go; for Leon de Vissy Boissard, captain of Franc-tireurs, carried his life in his hand ever since his command had tumbled Colonel Melchior van Zeulen out of his saddle, with a bodyful of bullets in him, at the cross-roads of Bas-fonds and Armandville, just below the little church.

The unlucky "Herr Oberst" carried a paper of instructions, emanating from the headquarter staff of the German division, which turned out useful to Chanzy; thus the name of the intercepter got published; and while on the French side De Vissy Boissard was a hero, on the German he was an assassin and a spy.

So there was reason enough for Mademoiselle de St. Pol's repressed impulses of abstraction.

Still, her lover *was* there, and danger seemed so far away from that pretty, snug boudoir, with its subdued firelight and warm tints, its feminine elegancies and perfumes, that she would put away her tremors from her now while he was there in the refuge that had been so sacred to safety ever since she had been only tall enough to peep over the window-sill, and see the Loire flashing back the sunshine into her dazzled eyes.

"Sibelle, peace must come soon, and then you shall be my wife. Your father will give you to me *then*. France will not be unhappier for our happiness; and you, dear love, will not again say 'Wait,' will you?"

"Papa says we must wear black until France has driven every enemy beyond the Rhine, Leon," said Sibelle, whisperingly. "I cannot be married in mourning, you know."

"Your father is seventy-one years old, Sibelle, and at that age people do not think it unreasonable to put other folks' sweetl eurts into mourning for their country, and say, 'Weep and sigh; waste your youth in sorrow; sprinkle dust and ashes on your golden hair, and you will have a fine crop of gray ones by-and-by.' Bah! Sibelle; press your soft cheek against my face, and let me whisper the truer wisdom of twenty-five into your ear."

Tenderly, trustingly the charming head was bent down, until, with eyes yet gazing into the firelight, it rested upon Leon's upturned face.

At that moment the door of the apartment opened unceremoniously, and an elderly man, in livery, entered so abruptly that the lovers were caught *in flagrante delicto*, if such a thing could be said in any sense of one so purely good and maidenly as Sibelle de Plessis St. Pol.

"Haste, haste, Monsieur Leon!" cried the old chasseur shaking the hands he held extended before him at arms length. "The Prussians are here. They have taken prisoner old Langlois at the gate-lodge, to prevent him giving the alarm. If it had not been for Monsieur de

Thouars they would have been at the château before we knew anything about it. Fly, Monsieur Leon, *pour l'amour du bon Dieu!* Take the staircase leading down to Monsieur le Duc's garden-room. Jules is standing at the door, and will let you out into the Garden of Diana. They will never find you in the wood, and—— Oh, *mon Dieu!*"

The last exclamation was wrung from the speaker by a prolonged ringing of the door-bell.

"De Thouars has betrayed me!" cried Leon de Vissy, springing upright, but still holding Sibelle's hand tightly in his own. "The miscreant thinks to crawl to you through my blood! Adieu, Sibelle! my love—my wife!"

"Fly, Leon!"

The words were scarcely audible; Sibelle's strength seemed all spent in pushing from her the idolized face that looked so yearningly into her own.

"Yes, fly, fly, Monsieur Leon! Listen to those infamous Prussians battering my master's door! Fly, sir, fly!"

And the old chasseur laid his hand upon De Vissy's arm to draw him from the apartment.

"He cannot fly now; the château is surrounded, and sentries are at every door and window in the basement."

It was a newcomer who spoke—a man somewhat older in appearance than De Vissy, and less handsome, perhaps, in feature, but a man good-looking in every sense of the word.

"De Thouars!" exclaimed De Vissy, "you have brought *this* to pass! You have betrayed me!"

He gazed, with angry, searching looks at the other's face as he spoke.

THE "TERRA MA COURIE," OR WHIPPER OF THE KING'S PATH.—SEE PAGE 110.

De Thouars scarcely noticed the speech; he was looking intently at Mademoiselle de Plessis St. Pol.

"Do not tremble so, Mademoiselle Sibelle; I will save him."

The soothingly spoken words sent their meaning into her stunned faculties with the effect of sunshine streaming into a darkened room.

"Ah, yes, save him, and I will bless you. Only save him, and I will bless you till I die, Monsieur de Thouars."

She was standing full before him, her glorious eyes fixed with wild, wistful hope in the distended pupils upon his own.

"He *is* safe, otherwise I should not be here. Be calm, for his sake, and trust in me." He turned to De Vissy, and added:

"You have not one moment to lose; throw off your coat, and go with my servant Pernchaud; he is waiting for you in the passage. Do just as he tells you; there is no time for explanation. I answer for your safety with my life. Leave mademoiselle to old Guillemand's care and mine. To-morrow you can see her again, without danger."

"To-morrow?" echoed De Vissy.

A crash of breaking woodwork silenced every one in the apartment.

"*Mon Dieu!* they have broken in the front door!" whimpered old Guillemand, running to the window to look out.

When he turned his head from it, De Vissy was no longer in the room, and Monsieur de Thouars was buttoning himself up in the coat the former had just before worn.

"Quick, Guillemand! toss that into a closet," said he, throwing his own garment to the old chasseur. "And now, mademoiselle, your affianced husband's safety depends on your self-possession. I play his part; you must call me Leon, and every gesture of yours must be such as it would be if I were he. It will be bitter for you"—he paused and looked at her with a strange intentness—"but it will be a very brief bitterness, Sibelle—I must call you so—until it is over. Here they come! Run, Guillemand; tell them this is mademoiselle's *boudoir;* show all the desire possible to dissuade them from intruding here. Offer to take them all over the château. Go, go!"

He pushed the chasseur from the apartment, and then turned the key in the lock. Wheeling slowly round, he fixed his eyes with the same strange intentness of look upon Sibelle, who stood pressing her hands to her chest, gazing past him at the panels of the door.

It was easy to read the one absorbing thought of her brain. Was *he* safe yet?

The chateau became more alive with sounds as each minute elapsed, but De Thouars did not appear to heed them. Calm as he had been throughout, he stepped nearer to his lovely companion, and touched her arm gently. She started, and half shrank back.

"Why do you alarm yourself for him? When they find him he will be dressed as one of the servants. Upon discovering me with you they will not doubt that I am Leon. Why do you tremble? He is safe; quite safe."

Her eyes wandered to his face with a look, so full of trouble that his own softened, and he drew her hand down, and

gently grasped it. Again she shrank from him, and endeavored to withdraw her hand.

"Nay, Sibelle, leave your hand there. Once I asked you to give it me, just as one asks comfort of a mother or mercy of God. Ah! a mother comforts, and God hears, but you—you thrust my love from you. I asked your hand then as a wife's; leave it me now for a little while in farewell, Sibelle."

"Monsieur de Thouars"—Sibelle spoke with difficulty—"you are generous, you are brave; remember that we are alone, and that I am a young girl."

Footsteps were now heard trampling heavily in the corridors, and the chasseur's voice loud in expostulation

"They are coming!" cried Sibelle, and a sudden flash of resolution lit up her eyes—"they are coming, monsieur. There! hold my hand. A De Thouars keeps his honor as God makes the snow—spotless. Forgive me, and save him. You will, my friend—*dear friend*, you will?"

"Who knocks?"

NEST OF THE LOXIA BENGALENSIS.— SEE PAGE 110.

Before there was time for De Thouars to repeat the question, under the shock of a brawny shoulder the door of Sibelle's *boudoir* burst inward, and a dozen or more faces surmounted with spiked helmets peered into the room. De Thouars stepped before the lady, shielding her with his person.

"Pray who do you want, messieurs?"

A Prussian officer, so tall that he was compelled to stoop to clear the doorway, advanced a few paces, and scanned him critically.

"What is your name?"

The question was asked in very good French and with perfect courtesy.

"I am the Count de Vissy Boissard, at your service, sir, and if you have business with me I feel assured you will yourself respect this lady's privacy, and cause your command to do so likewise."

The German clanked his spurs together, and drew himself up, saluting Sibelle in true Prussian military fashion.

"I regret to have to disturb you, Monsieur le Comte, but you will have to accompany me to Orleans. The interruption to the lady's privacy will be short, in proportion to the speed you use in preparing for your departure."

"In two minutes I will be ready, sir," rejoined De Thouars. "May I ask of your goodness the indulgence to spend those two minutes alone with mademoiselle?"

The Prussian hesitated, and glanced quickly round the apartment, taking in the fireplace and ceiling in his examination.

"I give you my word of honor as a nobleman, monsieur, to be your prisoner in two minutes from the time you leave me alone," said De Thouars.

Apart from the chimney, the *boudoir* presented no outlet for escape. The chateau was closely surrounded, so the Prussian bowed stiffly, ordered his men from the doorway, and himself passed out, drawing the disabled panels as close as a broken hinge permitted.

* * * * * *

"He is saved, Sibelle," whispered De Thouars, "and now in two minutes we part. Two minutes. Ah! once a year, when this night comes round, give me two minutes of your thoughts! Sibelle, you remember where I stood the day I told you of my love, and how the leaves fell from the shaken rose upon us both; to you they were but petals of a faded rose, to me they were the withered blossoms of a life. Farewell, my love, *my love!*"

Caressingly his hands smoothed back the golden waves of her hair. For a few brief seconds of time he gazed lingeringly upon the beautiful face, then abruptly snatched from her bodice a geranium spray, and was gone.

* * * * * *

Peace dawned upon poor France at length. Mademoiselle de Plessis St. Pol had changed her name to Madame la Comtesse de Vissy Boissard. The title of De Thouars was extinct. The last count had fallen somehow—nobody seemed to know how—during the war, and was buried at the little parish church at Armandville. He had expressed a wish to that effect before he died; so it was currently rumored, though a few maintained that he was buried near where he fell, defending the churchyard against overwhelming odds.

The curé would shake his head at the latter report, and declare that no battle ever took place within three miles of his churchyard.

However, he fell. A plain stone bore this inscription modestly among the modest graves:

ISANDRE DE THOUARS,

born, May 11th, 1842. Died, December 9th, 1870.

Low down on the stone, so low that the Spring grass almost hid it, was this inscription, "*Pour l'amour de toi*" (For love of you).

The curé did not know what it signified. Perhaps it was in that way the late Monsieur de Thouars had wished chronicled that he died for love of his country. Or perhaps that lady in mourning who came so regularly to spend a half hour in prayer every Sunday knew what allusion it vailed.

She never left the grave without clearing the grass from the inscription sufficiently to see it, and the eyes always swam in tears as they read, "For love of you."

THE "TERRA MA COURIE," OR WHIPPER OF THE KING'S PATH.

IN the strange life of the African tribes there is no stranger apparition than the Terra Ma Courie, the principal attendant upon the Bey or Ground King of Timnee; this king being, like the Japanese Meaco, the heir of a deposed dynasty, still invested with the regal title and insignia, but shorn of all political power.

Terra Ma Courie is his mouthpiece or herald, and clears the way for his majesty when he sallies forth. His grotesque attire is composed of long strips of cowskin and leopard-hide intermixed. His head is entirely covered with a head-piece and cape, of black monkey's skin, that conceals his whole face, with merely two holes to allow him to exercise his vision. In each hand he bears a bundle of twigs, of the thorny plant called the *teara*, which give him his name. His leggings are made of dried grass, woven into a clumsy matting. At his approach all fly with superstitious terror into their huts, and he seldom needs to employ the weapon in his hand.

THE NEST OF THE LOXIA BENGALENSIS.

THERE is a class of birds, embracing the weaver and tailor birds, whose nests are pensile, and frequently have the entrance below—a long, narrow tube leading up to the chamber formed to protect the eggs and callow young. The nest of the Loxia Bengalensis is one of the most curious of these. The nests are variable in shape, some like a retort, or Italian flask, hung with the mouth down; others wider at the mouth, and resembling the liberty-cap of the *sans culottes;* some again, like that of our illustration, show a series of bulbs. The pretty little bird that builds them is songless, but with a monotonous chirp, and is seen in flocks of thousands in India. It is a kind of sparrow, and atones for its silence by a brilliant plumage, chiefly yellow, the wings, back and tail being brown. It is peculiarly fond of the acacias and date-trees, which it generally selects for the suspension of its nests.

It is a curious fact that the nests, or all the chambers of the nest, when there are several, as shown in the engraving, are not made for the reception of eggs. One is set apart for that, and precautions taken to prevent the young from falling. The others are arbors, or rooms, in which the male sits while the female is hatching, being one of the few cases where any provision is made for the shelter or ease of the male sex.

"THE GRAY MARE THE BETTER HORSE."

THIS well-known proverbial saying originated from the following circumstance. A gentleman of a certain county in England, having married a young lady of considerable fortune, and at the same time possessed of many other charms, he found, not long after marriage, that she was of a high, domineering temper, and always contending to be mistress both of him and his family; therefore he formed the resolution of parting from her. Accordingly he waited upon her father, and told him that he found his daughter of such a temper that he was heartily tired of her, and if he

would take her home again he would return every penny of her fortune.

The old gentleman, having inquired into the cause of his complaint, asked him why he should be more disquieted at it than any other married man, since it was the common case with them all, and consequently no more than he might have expected when he entered into the married state. The young gentleman desired to be excused if he said he was so far from giving his assent to this assertion that he thought himself more unhappy than any other man, as his wife had a spirit no way to be quelled, and most certainly no man who had a sense of right and wrong could ever submit to be governed by his wife. "Son," said the old man, "you are but little acqnainted with the world if you do not know that all women govern their husbands, though not all indeed by the same method; however, to end all disputes between us, I will put what I have said upon this proof, if you are willing to try it. I have five horses in my stable; you shall harness these to a cart, in which I shall put a basket containing a hundred eggs; and if, in passing through the county, and making a strict inquiry into the truth or falsehood of my assertion, and leaving a horse at the house of every man who is master of his family himself, and one egg only where the wife governs, you shall find your eggs gone before your horses, I hope that you will then think your own case not uncommon, but will be contented to go home and look upon your wife as no worse than her neighbors. If, on the other hand, your horses are gone first, I will take my daughter home again, and you shall keep her fortune."

This proposal was too advantageous to be rejected. Our young married man therefore set out with great eagerness, to get rid, as he thought, of his horses and of his wife. At the first house he came to he heard a woman with a shrill and angry voice call to her husband to go to the door. Here he left an egg, you may be sure, without making any further inquiry. At the next he met with something of the same kind, and at every house, in short, until his eggs were almost gone, when he arrived at the seat of a gentleman of family and figure in the county. He knocked at the door, and inquiring for the master of the house, was told by a servant that his master was not yet stirring, but if he pleased to walk in his lady was in the parlor. The lady with great complaisance desired him to be seated, and said, if his business were urgent, she would wake her husband, but had much rather not disturb him. "Why, really, madame," said he, "my business is only to ask a question, which you can resolve as well as your husband, if you will be ingenuous with me. You will doubtless think it odd, and it may be deemed impolite for any one, much more a stranger, to ask such a question; but as a very considerable wager depends upon it, and, it may be some advantage to yourself to declare the truth to me, I hope these considerations will plead my excuse. It is, madame, my desire to be informed whether you govern your husband, or he rules over you." "Indeed, sir," replied the lady, "this question is somewhat odd; but as I think no one ought to be ashamed of doing their duty, I shall make no scruple to say that I am always proud to obey my husband in all things; but if a woman's own word is to be suspected in such a case, let him answer for me, for here he comes."

The gentleman at this time entering the room, and, after some apologies being made acquainted with the business, confirmed every word his *obedient* wife had reported in her own favor, upon which he was requested to choose which horse in the team he liked best, and to accept of it as a present.

A black gelding struck the fancy of the gentleman most, but the lady desired he would choose the gray mare, which she thought would be very fit for her side-saddle; her husband gave substantial reasons why the black horse would be the most useful to them, but madame still persisted in her claim to the gray mare. "What," said she, "and will you not take her, then? But I say you shall, *for I am sure the gray mare is much the better horse.*" "Well, my dear," replied the husband, "if it must be so——" "You must take an egg," replied the gentleman carter, "and I must take all my horses back again, and endeavor to live happy with my wife."

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

THE Library of Congress is prepared with a full representation of the latest books, documents and periodicals, to answer the numerous drafts that are made upon it in every field of inquiry. Large additions have been made to the library, especially in works on political economy and finance, and there are few publications, either periodical or permanent, in this direction, which are not found in the collection. The entire number of volumes is now about 315,000. This library is especially rich in periodicals, nearly all the English and American reviews and magazines being taken, with many of the most valuable in foreign languages. The files of newspapers alone now exceed 5,000 bound volumes.

The copyright business of the library, notwithstandin' the depressed condition of the book trade, shows more en tries than last year, about 11,000 copyrights having been granted since the 1st of January, 1877. An increasingly large number of periodicals, musical compositions, photographs, engravings and maps are protected by copyright. The library grows so rapidly, through its various collections, aided by purchase, exchange with foreign governments, the deposits of National and State documents, additions from the Smithsonian Institute, and the operation of the copyright law, that the necessity of a new building, constructed especially for its accommodation and future growth, has long been conceded.

It is believed that Congress will, at the coming session, provide for the better protection and safety of this great and invaluable library, and save the 60,000 books which are now being piled upon the floors in all directions, from further injury.

The use of the Library of Congress by the general public is steadily increasing, the number of those reading and writing by the aid of its fully equipped store of authorities being very large, especially on Saturdays, when the institutions of learning in Washington have a holiday. This increasing use of the privileges of the library, especially during the sessions of Congress, would alone compel an enlargement of the facilities for readers, even were the library itself not suffering from the over-crowded condition of the collection.

AN ECCENTRIC FIG TREE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Santa Barbara (Cal.) *Press* says: Much has been written about the curious freaks of Nature this season in South California, particularly with fruit trees, but I think a fig tree in my garden caps the climax for eccentricity. This tree is of the white, Smyrna variety. The first crop ripened in June. The fruit was white-skinned, and very large and most excellent, a specimen of which I sent you. Now comes the funny part of the story. This same tree put forth a very full second crop, and the figs are ripe now, and have been for two weeks past, and are ripening every day, but the fruit is blue. Who can account for this caper? There are two different and distinct varieties of fruit on the same tree in successive crops the same season. The first crop were all white; the second crop are all blue.

INHABITED TREES, SOUTH AFRICA.

HIGH LIFE—TREE HOMES.

THE birds and insects are not the only creatures that can claim to belong to high life and have their homes far above those of ordinary mortals. Some quadrupeds are among the tree-livers, and almost the whole family of quadrumans, those burlesques of humanity, who, leaving the kingdom of four feet, missed our middle kingdom of intelligence with its happy medium of two hands and two feet, and landed in the uncouth kingdom of four hands.

Many of the anthropomorphoid apes, especially one in Borneo, who the natives say are really men who took to the woods to escape paying taxes, make regular beds in their aerial homes. We should like to dwell on their abodes and customs, not knowing but that some of our readers, to escape taxes and assessments, will also fly to the forests; but it will be enough here to say that they make a kind of bedstead of twigs, on which they spread a soft bed of leaves, and even go so far as to work together soft, leafy branches into a kind of quilt which they draw over them.

It has been positively stated that the Orang-Outang and Gorilla actually build a kind of hut in the trees in which they live, but other naturalists deny this positively; so that we cannot assert it as a fact or illustrate one for our reader's admiration.

But if the quadrumans do not build houses in trees, men have done so occasionally.

Religious enthusiasm has led men sometimes to retire thus away from the haunts of men, and like St. Simeon Stylites, seek a home nearer heaven. A mansion amid the birds and the blossoms is certainly less severe and more practical than the bare top of a tall column exposed to a tropical sun. Our Japanese hermit at Kiota does not appear to have so dreary a home after all, and the devotees evidently attend to his wants with pious care. His quarters are circumscribed and his life must be rather monotonous. Our gentleman who adopts a similar spot either as a resort for the perusal of a favorite author, or to escape bores and duns, is bound to the spot only by his free choice, and can, therefore, enjoy it while it is enjoyable.

Cases like this occur, but there are harder still. A hollow tree has at times formed a refuge for some hunted fugitive, and during our late war, a poor woman was found, who, after seeing her humble home laid in ashes, had taken up her abode with her children in a tree.

But the most singular case has been discovered in Africa, where human beings systematically build their houses in trees. This curious fact was discovered by Mr. Moffatt, the well-known missionary, in the course of his travels.

Two traders had been in the country which was ruled by the ferocious chief, Moselekatze, who has derived an unenviable name for his relentless cruelty, which will always eclipse his well-deserved reputation as a man of commanding genius and of subtle intellect. He was, in fact, a savage Napoleon, and if possible, even a more wonderful man, inasmuch as he had no education, and created the terrible power which he so skillfully wielded.

King of the Zulu Kafirs, he had organized a vast military establishment, and had invented a system of warfare so ingenious, as to entitle him to the name of a born general. All able-bodied men were forced to serve as soldiers, drafted into different regiments according to their capacities of

strength, swiftness or cunning, and when they went into action had the alternative of victory or death, a fugitive being invariably killed by the executioner.

When his white visitors were about to return to their homes, Mozelekatze thought that it would be a good opportunity of extending his knowledge, and consequently his influence, by learning the manners and customs of white men, and therefore sent two of his councilors to accompany the visitors to their homes, to inspect their proceedings, and then to return and report what they had seen. The envoys carried out the instructions of their master, though their brains could scarcely retain the vast stores of new facts which were continually poured into them, and in due time they wished to return to their own country.

Here, however, was a difficulty. In order to reach Zululand, they must pass through tracts inhabited by other nations, all of which had been invaded and harried by the conquering troops of Mozelekatze, and they knew full well that if their identity were recognized, they would be murdered in retaliation by the incensed owners of the land.

In this strait Mr. Moffatt offered to accompany them until they had reached the boundaries of their land, and set off with them. When he had fulfilled his promise, he was about to return, but his guests begged so earnestly that he should go on and visit their king, that he yielded to their request. Contrary to the usual habits of the Kafir, Mozelekatze was grateful to Mr. Moffatt, saying that "the kindness which had been done to his servants had been done to him, Mozelekatze the son of Machobane."

On this journey Mr. Moffatt's attention was taken by a magnificent tree, under whose shadow were a number of human beings moving about. On approaching nearer, he found that the tree was close to water, and on looking upward he saw that a number of little huts were among the branches. Seventeen of these huts were completed, and three more were in course of erection. These were the dwellings of the natives who had been seen under the tree, and were constructed in a very ingenious manner.

A HOUSE IN A TREE.

A JAPANESE HERMIT, KIOTO.

Where two or three branches spread their forked boughs horizontally, a number of sticks were laid so as to form a platform about seven or eight feet in diameter. Upon this platform was erected the hut, a necessarily small edifice, consisting of sticks fastened together so as to make a conical-shaped hut, about six feet in diameter at the bottom, and barely as much in height, so that a tall man could scarcely lie at full length, even when occupying the very centre of it. The roof of the hut was made of grass, and the sides were wattled with the same substance. As the hut was always placed at one edge of the scaffold, the opposite edge afforded a small landing or platform, about a foot or eighteen inches in width. The only method of approaching these curious huts was by means of notches cut in the trunk of the tree, the owners not daring to trust to any less difficult means of ascent.

We now ask ourselves why the natives chose to live in such small and inconvenient dwellings, when there was ample space on the fertile ground for a village. Mozelekatze was the cause. His armed hordes, with their wonderful discipline, had swept over the country, destroyed all military power, carried off the cattle, in which consists the wealth of the South African, killed many warriors, and disarmed the rest. Under these circumstances, the wild beasts

began to increase in number and audacity, and the enfeebled members of the tribe were, perforce, obliged to abandon their ordinary mode of life, and to reside among the branches where the lions could not reach them. During the day they were tolerable safe, but at night they retired to the trees.

In one of these aërial huts Mr. Moffatt passed the night, having previously shot a rhinoceros, and put the hump into a deserted ant-hill which was used as an oven. During the night the lions came and did their best to devour the meat, the savory smell of which attracted them on all sides. Fortunately for the travelers, the oven was too hot for the lions, and although they growled and snarled over it all night, they dared not attack it, and retired in the morning.

The chief food of the people who inhabit these huts consisted of locusts and roots, for their cattle were gone, they could not make fences wherein to inclose a patch of cultivated ground, the lions had driven away the smaller game, and the few weapons which had escaped Mozelekatze were insufficient for the slaughter of the larger and more powerful animals.

A HEROINE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Bertrand Duguesclin was one of the most renowned warriors of the Middle Ages, and it is said that his valor was contagious, and inspired his family and his followers. The chroniclers of those times tell us of many daring deeds performed by his fair sister, Julienne; among others, the manner in which she once preserved the castle in which she resided, with her brother and his wife, from surprise and capture.

In this castle were always confined the prisoners who were to be ransomed. Among these was an Englishman named Fenton, who, during his captivity, made himself familiar with the plan of the castle, and who, after he was set at liberty, profited by Duguesclin's absence, and attempted to scale the walls and effect an entrance into the stronghold. It was then that Julienne, warned by a dream, gave the alarm, and, seizing a sword, was the first to defend her home. Rushing upon the audacious Englishman who led the assault, she cut him down with her sword, and he in falling carried with him the second in command, causing the ladder by which they were ascending to vibrate, and enabling her, by a supreme effort, to dislodge it from the castle wall, and to defeat the audacious design of the invaders.

HUNTING THE WART-HOG.

An Episode of Abyssinian Life.

My Dear Friend: Although the address of this letter is Massawa, from which place Mr. De Gautier has kindly undertaken to forward it to Aden, I have gone a short distance inland, and am now in the house built by Consul Plowden, and afterward occupied by Mr. Rassam, assistant political resident when he was here with Dr. Blane, on the Abyssinian mission, in '64, just before the war.

The fact is that Massawa is rather too hot even for me—and you know I like hot weather. I believe it is the hottest place on earth. The day I left, the thermometer stood at twenty-two degrees over a hundred in the shade, and they told me much hotter weather was expected soon. I didn't stay to see it.

I suppose you want me to tell you what luck I am having with the Purdy breech-loader you were kind enough to make me a present of. Of course you must know sporting here is a rather different affair from what it is at home. In the first place, hunting is seldom engaged in as a sport at all, but as a means of getting the wherewithal to satisfy the cravings of appetite; secondly, although I have known this to happen occasionally at home in a somewhat different sense of the word, there is a pretty even chance when you go out for game of getting made game of yourself—a thing extremely likely to happen if some old bull bachelor elephant should chance to come across you in his solitary peregrinations.

Aitato Georgis, my Abyssinian, whom I brought from Adona with me, is an invaluable assistant in hunting, having a thorough knowledge of the habits of the animals here; and being, unlike the generality of his countrymen, a good shot, he is not a little vain of the accomplishment.

My friend, speak not lightly of the devil; that worthy personage and Aitato's rifle have helped me to a pair of the most beautiful boar's tusks, and Aitato himself to the most beautiful little wife mortal man ever saw.

The way of it was this: I found out, shortly after coming to the coast from the hill-country, that my valuable assistant was in love, and, as his being in love, taken in connection with his absence from the object of his affections, made him utterly useless, I manœuvred to have his sweetheart brought down to the coast with her widowed mother to keep house for me, not doubting that a wedding would follow, as a matter of course. I found no particular difficulty in carrying out the first part of my plan, but the old lady, Aitato's proposed mother-in-law, urged what she considered an insuperable objection to the marriage. Aitato's father had been a blacksmith.

I tried to convince her ladyship that, as Aitato did not personally superintend the choice of his father's occupation, but, on the contrary, had shown his good taste in refusing to serve an apprenticeship to the odious handicraft, he should be held to have escaped contamination; but all in vain.

"*B'ism ob ou Weld ou Memfus Kouddos!* The offspring of a teman will remain teman to the last generation," was all I could get her to say.

"But certainly you don't believe that a blacksmith really becomes a hyena at night! I have lived with Aitato long enough to know he has much more of the anshou"—(a little antelope, equivalent to saying he was a harmless fellow)—"than the hyena in his nature."

"What do we know? My father killed a hyena, and our blacksmith disappeared. But you are not of our faith, though you claim to be a Christian. Perhaps these things are different in your country."

It was useless to argue with her, as it always is with ignorance and superstition. Aitato was a sorcerer because his father had been a blacksmith.

I pitied the poor lovers, for the girl was evidently at least as much attached to Aitato as he was to her.

Abyssinia is the country of all others in my experience for beautiful women, and Mintaizie is by no means surpassed in the matter of good looks by the generality of her countrywomen. Her complexion, of a soft chocolate and cream color, with a bloom of rose-pink on her cheeks and carmine lips, sets off her great, liquid, black eyes, shaded by their inordinately long lashes. I may add that her features are European, and her hair, hanging in long, luxuriant, well-buttered plaits, falls by nature into that crimpy condition which some of our New York ladies give so much time and pains to arrange their tresses. One remarkable difference between our fair Tigreans and their civilized sisters is that, while a bald pate is considered with you a mark of advancing age, and is sedulously concealed under masses of false hair by the female sex, it is with us a sign of youth. The young ladies of Abyssinia carefully shave the top of their heads, upon which the hair is allowed to grow only after they become mothers.

One morning Aitato came to me with the information that Mintaizie was very sick, and that her mother wished me to prescribe for her.

It appeared that she had for several days past complained of languor and headache, which had gradually increased until she sank into a condition of stupor, from which she was with much difficulty temporarily aroused.

In all my practice I have never met a similar case. I could not rid myself of the impression that the girl was either acting a part, and acting it with a determination and heroism which were without a parallel in my experience, or else that she was under the influence of anæsthetics of some sort.

In vain I plied her with restoratives, and even held a bottle of strong sal volatile to her nostrils. No one could imagine the young savage had ever before smelt of a preparation of liquid ammonia, but it had no more effect on her than so much bay-water. Her mother, not contented with this, pinched her unmercifully, and deluged her with an unexpected *douche* of water from a jar holding nearly a bucketful. I imagine she half suspected her daughter was acting. Finding it all to no purpose, she pointed to her daughter's hand.

"Do you now disbelieve?" said she. "This is Aitato's work, or some friend of his. See how tightly the girl holds her thumbs! She is under the influence of a Boudek."

In fact, I had noticed that Mintaizie held her thumbs tightly bent inside her hands, and I now asked the mother a reason for it.

"Boudek always claims the thumbs," replied the mother, "and he bends them inward so that no one may touch them."

I myself tried in vain to open the girl's hands. Child though she was, she resisted the utmost strength I could use.

I confess I was puzzled. This Boudek of whom the girl's mother spoke is the great bugbear of the Abyssinian people. He is supposed to be some blacksmith who has transformed himself into a jackal or hyena with the intention of devouring some unfortunate who has rendered himself or herself obnoxious to the said Boudek.

His first proceeding, however, is to take a straw, bestow upon it the name by which his intended victim had been baptized—without the right name is known to the Boudek his sorceries will be unsuccessful, in consequence of which the superstitious Abyssinians carefully conceal their real names—and after sprinkling it with the ashes of certain plants and animals, together with a mumbled ritual of cabalistic words, bend it into a circle and deposit it beneath a flat stone, on which is a drop of goat's blood. If in bending the straw the Boudek should accidentally or purposely break it, his victim will certainly die; if not, the one afflicted may recover.

The mother of the girl now began to question her with regard to the spirit that troubled her, but could obtain no satisfactory answer until Aitato made his appearance, when Mintaizie began to jabber incoherently and cry out, l[illegible]ging him to take away his charm.

Not knowing what to make of this, I asked him what she meant, but the old mother—who, far from showing the anger and detestation which it would seem natural to expect from her toward one whom she strongly suspected of wishing to devour her daughter hyena-wise, seemed to have imbibed a sudden respect and regard for my assistant—interrupted me, and begged Aitato, if he had a talisman, to produce it.

This Aitato did, producing a greasy, narrow, leather bag, tied up with a blue string, which he laid beside the patient, who shrieked wildly and fell into violent convulsions.

"Will you tell me your name, O spirit?" asked Aitato, firmly, although the tears coursed down over his dark cheeks. "Will you speak if I take it away?"

But Aitato, in his invocation, had unwittingly neglected to state whether he considered the possessing spirit male or female, and this, it appears, the intelligence resented as a personal affront.

"Am I indeed a woman, that you do not address me as befits my sex?" cried poor Mintaizie, or rather the spirit, speaking through her.

The question was then repeated, using a masculine form of speech, and an answer promised in case the tormenting talisman was removed.

It appeared, however, that the spirit was as great a liar as if he were in his own proper Abyssinian body—these people seldom tell the truth, except by accident—for the former unintelligible jargon was renewed as soon as the bag was taken away.

It was replaced. Again screams and convulsions ensued; again reiterated promises to speak were given, only to be broken again. Seven times was this ceremony repeated, and I confess I began to get tired of it, regarding it, of course, as as pretty a piece of tomfoolery as it has ever been my luck to meet, though, to judge from appearances, it was all a most serious reality to the others. The eighth time, however, a threat to replace the charm had the desired effect; the spirit declared that his name was Sheton, and that he lived at Kalewaur.

"Know that I am angry at the slight offered to the blacksmiths—I, the Boudek," said the sly young puss, speaking ostensibly under the influence of the spirit.

"What will appease the wrath of the worshipful, the well-favored, the able-bodied Boudek?" asked the mother, humbly.

After this succeeded a series of categorical questions and evasive answers. Even the charm failed to elicit anything definite from the possessing spirit, who was evidently loath to quit his lovely tenement. At last an egg was passed three times around the head of the patient and then broken. She then exclaimed it was enough.

"The young man Aitato is not one of us," said the Boudek. "He is not like us. He is not a disciple of Booda; but for his father's sake I will depart from the damsel if a talisman is brought, a talisman of qualqual, of the tooth of a hyena, of the root of fourezly, and the tail of eist. And the maiden must eat of the flesh of erza, and the fat thereof, before the new moon wanes. If this be attended to I will depart."

By the strangest chance in the world (?), Aitato, whom I suspect of dabbling in the forbidden mysteries of falla'tz, or magic-medicine, had all the articles required for the charm in his wallet: Qualqual, which is a species of euphorbia, exuding a milky juice, of a poisonous nature, used by the Abyssinians in intoxicating fish, by mixing it with the water of pools where they abound—the poor creatures rise floating on the surface and become an easy prey; another herb, fourezly; a white earth used by the natives as a remedy for throat diseases; and the tail of a small lizard.

Whether Mintaizie was fond of pork, and wanted an excuse for eating some, contrary to the religious prejudices of her mother, or whether she wished our absence for carrying out some plan of her own, I have, of course, no means of determining, but what has puzzled me the most with regard to the whole business is the apparent earnestness and sincerity of the very parties engaged in the imposture.

At any rate, a hunt was immediately resolved upon to obtain one of the curious wart-hogs of the country; for, curious to see the end, I was careful to interpose no obstacle to the plans of the lovers.

A HEROINE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.—SEE PAGE 114.

There is the very spirit of romance in tropical scenery. In England, and often in our own country, the cold, gray skies, chilling winds, tough, hardy foliage and comparatively sober hues of the landscape, little favor illusion or extravagance; but under the fervent African sun nature blooms into rank, grotesque and beautiful forms that fitly typify passions and sentiments unknown and unintelligible to the inhabitants of more temperate regions.

It was midnight when Aitota and I set out, and morning broke upon us as we descended into a valley, using the bed

of a former torrent for a road. As we reined in our horses on the brink of a steep descent, no description can adequately convey the delicious sensation caused by the novel and vivid beauty of the scene before me.

An intensity of prismatic color blending into harmonious, clear and brilliant variety became, as we gazed upon it, an infinite number of strange and beautiful forms. The clear azure of the sky, deepening to a rich violet overhead; the delicately touched distances, suggesting passages of infinite beauty covered with a delicate vail of rosy purple; the orange sand; the rich green of the foliage, relieved by scarlet cloth. Aitato has no idea of guiding his horse by rein as we do, but is content with thrusting his little finger through a leather thong attached to the clumsy bridle.

Around the throat of his horse he hangs a broad leather belt with large circular iron plates. The saddle is of wood, covered with untanned oxhide, has a very high pummel and cantle, covered with scarlet cloth, which is cut into scallops and hangs below the stirrups. The stirrups themselves consist of small iron rings, into which, by way of set-off to his one-fingered bridle, Aitato inserts the great toe of each foot. His arms consist of the rifle I have given him,

HUNTING THE WART-HOG.—"THE WOUNDED PIG TURNED ON ME, AND I LET DRIVE WITH YOUR PURDY RIGHT BETWEEN HIS UGLY-LOOKING EYES."—SEE PAGE 114.

clusters of flowers of every hue and exquisite perfume, combined to make a living picture that surpassed the most beautiful conception I had ever been able to form of Paradise.

I rode a Turkish horse, sent to me from Aden, and Aitato a buckskin-colored mare, of native breed. The head-stall of the latter animal is of red leather. A strap, ornamented with circular plates of brass, reached from his forelock to his nostril, each plate having a little spike projecting from its centre; this useless affair, which Aitato calls a *lienuitha*, he values very highly. The bridle is of rounded, plaited leather, as thick as a small cable, and covered with which I believe he values as his own life, a huge spear or "cutchew," and a knife with a hilt made of rhinoceros-horn.

"We shall be fortunate, Aito Smitta" (Mr. Smith), remarked Aitato, as we began to descend. I saw the gaddy gaddy, and he remained perched on the gooman, nor did he take flight as we passed. This is a most favorable omen."

"Aitato," I replied, "a falcon is but a bird, whether he stays or flies. He knows no more than any other bird what fortune is in reserve for us."

"The Franks are a wise people," said Aitato, "but they are heretics. They neither know omens nor acknowledge

spirits. Abouna Terabrok be thanked, I am neither so ignorant nor incredulous in these matters."

"Who is this Abouna Terabrok of whom you speak?"

"*B'ism ab ou Weld ou Memfus Keuddos*"—(In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit), said Aitato, crossing himself. "In the province of Naytcha, this holy saint lived as a monk of Tima, a hermit and a recluse in the most secluded wilds, far from the temptations of society. Not only did he keep the fasts of the Church, but he made new ones on his own account, so that at last he became accustomed to go without eating and drinking. One cake of dogansha-meal on St. John's Day, and a cup of water on Christmas, served him for food and drink throughout the year. At last he became so holy that twenty-four wings began to sprout out of his back, and as soon as they were fully grown he rose in the air and soared away through the heavens like a bird, until he came to the ends of the earth. Here he found a great wall of mud, built to keep the waters above the firmament from overflowing into the waters below the firmament, and, lighting upon the wall, he saw the two great serpents that inclose the whole earth in their coils; the male serpent, whose name is Biheyamote, and the female serpent, whose name is Yohatten. To prevent them from devouring all the inhabitants of the earth, the Lord has ordained the birds of the heavens shall, of their own accord, fly continually into the mouths of these serpents and appease their hunger; while an angel a thousand miles in height pours rivers of water down their throats to quench their thirst. This holy saint, desiring to count the teeth of Biheyamote, said to the great dragon, 'Biheyamote, I command thee, in the name of the Lord and of the most Holy Virgin, open wide thy jaws!' The serpent obeyed, and the saint walked in, first having placed his staff upright in the creature's mouth, lest it should mistake him, because of his wings, for a bird, and devour him."

"I should have thought the good saint would have required a little fattening after his abstemious diet to become an appetizing morsel even for a serpent," said I.

"Doubtless," replied Aitato, in perfect good faith, with great *naïveté*. "He counted the serpent's teeth, and for every tooth, of which there were thousands and thousands of times thousands, he received power over some evil that afflicts the race of man. Then the angel who stood at the serpent's head spoke to Abouna Terabrok, commanding him to return to his own country and instruct his children in what he had seen. This he did to the day of his death.

"The convent called after his name, is it not now the resort of many sick persons? And then, O Aito Smitta, have you so wonderful, so celebrated a saint in thine own country?"

"None," I replied; "but the Europeans, those whom you call Franks, have one, and one only, who can rival the exploits of Abouna Terabrok, or of the other Christian saints here of whom I have been told."

"And what is the name of this sacred person?" asked Aitato.

"Baron Munchausen," I replied.

"I will remember me to invoke his aid when I call upon the saints," said Aitato. "Perhaps the patron saint of the Franks may excel in what the Franks are excellent. Truly they are a wonderful people, these dollar-makers."

I would say in explanation of this last remark that the native Abyssinian is fully possessed with the idea that all Europeans have it in their power to manufacture or create dollars (which is the only coin used in Abyssinia) whenever and wherever they choose. We would it were so.

Had we cared for other game, we could have had plenty of it, but being very anxious to secure a specimen of the *Phacochœrus œliana*, and knowing that one hog would be a good load for a horse, we only shot some small birds before coming to the jungle frequented by the boars. The country in this place is very sandy, and covered with brushwood. The beautiful flowers and ferns that have delighted our eye in the upper part of the valley disappeared, and gave place to a variety of thorny plants, that lacerated our own and our horses' legs.

One species of thorns, that Aitato called the "Khentaph taffa," grow two and two, and are curved like the claws of a tiger; they will penetrate and tear through clothing, leather and flesh, and are very difficult to get free from. Here I obtained my first view of "wild pig," for Aitato's eyes, more accustomed to the glare of intense sunlight that beat down upon us than my own, had spied a couple at a considerable distance away, feeding under some trees in a bit of open country, and he now pointed them out to me. We had fortunately approached to the windward of them, and were for the moment concealed by the brush. The distance being too great for a rifle-shot, nothing remained but to stalk them or ride them down.

Our horses being comparatively fresh, we determined on the latter, and, getting between them and the cover, dashed forward. The pigs, catching sight of us, broke away with the fleetness of deer, erecting their heads and tails, and presenting a very absurd aspect. It was a most exciting chase, reminding me of a hurdle-race over an extremely rough country.

After following them for several miles, however, Aitato became alarmed lest they were running for some safe retreat, and I made a considerable *detour* to head them off. Taking my station behind a mimosa considerably higher than my head, I did not see the boars. Aitato shortly after came dashing up, and, firing his rifle, shouted out:

"Take care! Here they come!"

Bursting out from behind the trees, I saw my assistant driving his spear into the side of one of the hideous-looking animals, while the other broke away in an opposite direction. As I came in sight, the wounded pig turned on me, and I let drive with your Purdy right between his ugly-looking eyes. Without stopping to see the result, I spurred on after the other boar, who came to bay under a bush.

I had scarcely time to fire again when the animal was upon me, and, running under my horse, lifted him off his legs. Catching one of his formidable tusks in the girth, he tore it loose, the saddle turned, and I fell to the ground. Fortunately, the boar could not at the moment extract his tusk from the saddle-girth, for had he been free to attack me, I should have had his ivories buried in my body. Springing to my feet, I drew my revolver, but before I could fire it, Aitato rode up at full speed, and hurled his spear, javelin-fashion, into the shoulder of the brute.

Instead of turning upon his new foe, the boar made a second savage rush upon me; and although I had time to fire three shots from my revolver, which severally took effect in his neck, jaw and shoulder, he reached me and threw me down.

Had it not been that Aitato's spear in the shoulder of the brute, projecting forward, embarrassed his movements, this second charge would have been most certainly fatal. As it was, one of the cavalry boots I had on was torn all the way from the foot to the knee, and the shaft of the spear struck against my head with such force as to nearly render me insensible.

In place, however, of completing his work, the boar, having in the force of his charge torn the spear from his wound, dashed into cover amid the jungle, where he disappeared in a labyrinth of enormous holes, the haunt of the hyræx, and where, in all probability, he recovered or died

in peace, for we could by no means persuade him to make his appearance again.

The other boar, however, was quite dead, and, with much rejoicing, we managed with our united strength to lift him upon Aitato's horse's back. Having secured him as well as we could, which was no easy task, overbalanced as he was by his enormous head, we set out for home.

My own horse had received a flesh-wound, and I feared at the time was badly injured, but I afterward discovered that no serious harm had befallen him, and he was soon quite serviceable again. Aitato told me that, having discharged his rifle and coming into close quarters with the boar we killed, he had tossed his gun lightly aside, so as to be more at liberty to use his spear. He now recovered his weapon.

Returning to the house, I skinned my pig, secured his tusks, and Mintaizie and I had a hearty dinner of broiled spare-rib. None of the rest would touch it.

I supposed, of course, the comedy was over, but it appeared that one more act was necessary. After the dinner of pig we had a relapse; and here follows an episode which seems incredible. I myself can account for it on no supposition I have been able to form, for the poor deluded Abyssinian mother was completely cowed and perfectly willing to listen to Aitato. Nothing was to be gained by pretense. Nothing remained but for the girl to get well of her pretended sickness as soon as she consistently could, and yet the wayward creature insisted on having another attack.

It appears that the mother happened to use her habitual expression, "*B'ism ob ou Weld ou Memfus Kouddos*" (in the name of the Father, etc.), in the presence of the girl, who immediately went into strong convulsions.

I was gravely informed that the Boudek cannot endure to hear these holy names spoken, and seriously torments his victim, through whose ears they reach him. For my own part, I confess I thoroughly lost patience, and fairly told the poor old mother that her daughter was deceiving her, and that the girl wanted nothing so much as a good beating. This, however, she would not believe.

A great deal of time was lost in getting the Boudek into a tractable frame of mind again, and, when this was done, of exacting a fresh promise to depart. At last, stipulating that he should be fed, and well fed, the promise was given, and, for the first time during her attack, the girl arose of her own accord from her bed.

A pan of any filth of dogs and fowls and earth, mixed with water and ashes, was carefully hidden away. The Boudek then being informed that his supper was ready, the girl crawled upon all-fours, sniffing and smelling on all sides like a dog, till, passing into the yard where the basin was hidden under some loose stones, she went straight up to it, and, if you will believe me, grabbed it out of the place where it was secreted, and greedily devoured its contents, and eagerly licked the basin.

The Boudek was then supposed to leave her, and she fell on the ground fainting. Her mother and Aitato having discovered that they could get get hold of her thumbs, joyfully announced her convalescence, and, in fact, in two or three days she seemed as well as ever.

I have been thus particular in detailing this case, as it exemplifies remarkable and persistent delusion on the part of this primitive Christian race, involving mental elements as yet unexplained.

The girl and Aitato are now betrothed, and are soon to be married, not in the usual left-handed fashion of the Abyssinians, but in church, as I have insisted it should be.

For my part, however, I must confess I do not envy Aitato. A young woman, at the mature age of fifteen, capable of such incredible realistic acting to obtain her purpose, or liable at any moment to be possessed of such a filthy and disgusting evil spirit, would, in our cold Western judgment, be scarcely a desirable bride at any price, though she were as beautiful as the fabled houri of Mohammed or the ideal perfection of the Greek sculptors.

FINGER-RING LORE.

The ring has for many years formed a part of ecclesiastical insignia.

It appears to have had a two-fold purpose and significance—the one as a mark of dignity and authority, and the other as symbolic of the mystical union between the priesthood and the Church. Prominent among these ecclesiastical rings are those worn by the pope and bishops in a variety of shape and ornamentation. The pope uses a ring for the purpose of affixing his signature to any document. The usual types of pontifical rings are massive books, with the crossed keys engraved on them. In early times they were made of gilt bronze and set with precious stones.

Great importance is attached to episcopal rings, which form a part of ecclesiastical investiture. They are generally set with a sapphire or a ruby, but their shape varies considerably.

Rings as pledges of betrothal and wedding gifts are of a very ancient origin. The Romans used iron as a material for their rings; this metal was chosen as symbolic of the lasting character of the engagement.

The ring was not used among Christians until the year 800. The plain gold wedding rings which are the fashion among Anglo-Saxon nations came to us from the Saxons. A curious variety of the old wedding ring is the jimmel or gemmon ring, elaborately ornamented, and engraved with sacred inscriptions. Most curious in shape are large and elaborately ornamented betrothal and marriage rings in use among the Jews. The summit of hoops is generally surmounted by a small temple or pyramid-shaped tower opening upon a hinge, and representing the ark of the covenant. They are made for the use of the synagogue, and are placed on the fingers of the couple at a certain part of the marriage rites.

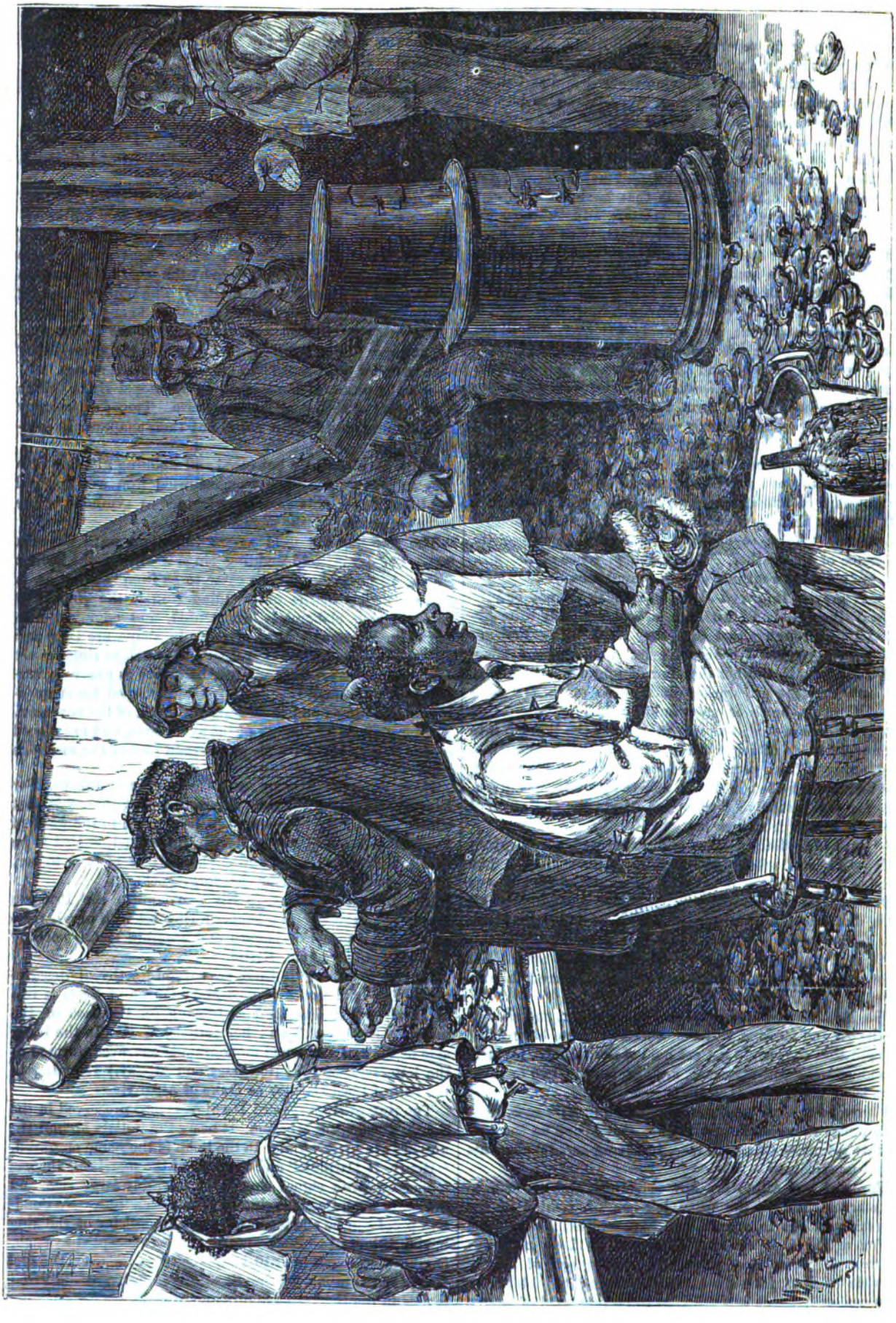
Many romantic tales are connected with ring-tokens. For Englishmen one of the most interesting ring-tokens is that which Queen Elizabeth is said to have given to the Earl of Essex, "in token of esteem," with the intimation that if he ever forfeited her favor and it should be sent back to her, the sight of it would insure his forgiveness.

The Prince of Wales, in his marriage to the Princess Alexandra, gave her as a keeper a ring set with beryl, emerald, ruby, turquoise, jacinth and emerald again, spelling thus his familiar name, Bertie.

Of remarkable rings there are several worthy of description. The gold signet ring of Mary Queen of Scots is one of them, and is described as bearing on the face of the motto, "In defens," and her initials, M. R. In the inner side of the seal a crowned monogram is engraved, formed of the letters M. and A., (for Mary and Albany,) referring to the title of Lord Darnley as Duke of Albany.

The ring of Henry, Lord Darnley, is also preserved in the South Kensington Museum. It bears the initials M. and H., united by a lover's knot. In the hoop is the name engraved, "Henry L. Darnley," and the year of the marriage, 1565.

Shakespeare's signet ring is of tolerably large size, and evidently a gentleman's ring of Elizabeth's time. No positive proof can be adduced as to the authenticity of the ring having belonged to Shakespeare, yet it is accepted as such, having been found in 1810, by a laborer's wife, upon the surface near the mill adjoining Stratford churchyard. The ring is now in the Shakespeare museum of the town.



SOUTHERN SCENES.—NEGRO OYSTER-OPENERS.

ZEPHYTA.

A Fairy Story.

In one of the distant oceans is a vast submarine continent, rising at times in thick vegetation above the surface, and clustering around the coral branches. Sea-anenomes and beautiful creatures of every form and hue float around, but the chief inhabitants are a race with human forms, speech, thought, but without souls.

In a sequestered nook of this territory, shaded from the meridian heat of the tropical sun by a clustering screen of the sea vine, lay a young and lovely being. Near this lovely Zephyta knelt Alardos, one of her race, urging his love with all the eloquence of passion. But Zephyta had heard of another clime, and of a more favored race, and of a heaven high over all, where the Maker of all dwelt. He alone seemed to her to deserve her love, and her heart beat with no responsive thrill to the affection of Alardos.

"I must go to the coral wood," she cried, "and seek the world above. Perhaps, wiser and happier than we, they know fully what only comes to us in whispers from the distant waves."

In vain Alardos showed her the dangers of the path she sought to tread, the fierce fish that swam in the upper waters, devouring all. But her heart was undismayed by the terrors he portrayed. She implored him to bear her company, that, hand in hand, they might seek the Ruler of all things. But the world in which he lived sufficed for Alardos; the pleasures of sense alone had attractions for him.

ZEPHYTA.—"ALARDOS WALKED BESIDE HER FOR A TIME, DEPICTING THE BEAUTIES OF THE WORLD; BUT SHE TURNED AWAY WITH A LOOK OF WEARINESS."

When she found that even for her love he would not be her companion, she started up to undertake her perilous task.

Alardos walked beside her for a time, depicting the beauties of the world she was leaving, his own love, the happiness they might enjoy; but she turned away with a look of weariness.

"Alardos! Alardos! my heart yearns for something more. I feel a great void within me I would fill, and in a new sphere give my heart to God, who alone can satisfy its yearnings. Come, oh, come with me; there is a brighter world than this; we were created for a nobler end."

At last, when Alardos found all argument useless, he turned back sadly; Zephyta hastened on. The surface gradually sloped up, till she came to a dense and gloomy forest of coral, and the way seemed barred. She commenced to climb a tree, through whose tall branches a dim light came fitfully. As she ascended, the branches were closely intertwined, more like a rock than a tree.

The sun was shining brightly as she emerged from the surface of the water, and she found herself near a little island, whose clear, sandy beach glittered in the rays of declining day. Joyfully she hastened to it, and ran up the bank, delighted with the new vision that burst upon her gaze. Birds of the most brilliant plumage, flowers of rarest color and fragrance, bloomed on every side. But it was not for such beauties that she came. Where was the happy race that knew of God?

Just then a hermit came to meditate at eventide by the Summer sea. He started at the lovely spectacle, but knew in a moment whence she came. One of the soulless dwellers of the sea. How he wondered when she fell at his feet and implored him to instruct her in the way of heaven.

He taught her of the great Providence of God, and of His conduct to His creatures; of Christ the Redemer; of heaven and its bliss. But he knew the trial that awaited her. By baptism, she would receive indeed a soul, and be prepared for heaven, but would then die in agony. All this he told her, but she did not flinch. For a moment she leaned over the ocean, and cried: "Alardos! Alardos! come, follow me"; then knelt, and as the waters of baptism flowed over her brow, she arose a woman, but a flame of ruddy gold at once encircled her, and in anguish she expired. Her birth was death.

Then from the heaving breast of ocean came Alardos and all his race. Their pristine fault had been atoned for by Zephyta; all recovered their human existence, and served God faithfully.

OYSTER-OPENING AT ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND.

It is no doubt well known to our readers that the Chesapeake Bay, especially the lower portion, embracing parts of

the States of Maryland and Virginia, is the great depot for the oyster trade. From the extensive native deposits in this region, large numbers of the delicious bivalve are annually transported to other sections of the country, and are again deposited in beds for propagation, as well as for the improvement of the shellfish, it being a well-settled fact that transplanting produces a beneficial effect. For this reason our "East Rivers," "Shrewsburys" and "Rockaways" are constantly being increased in number by fresh accessions from the beds of the Chesapeake.

In addition to the traffic in the oyster in its original state, an extensive business is also carried on in the way of canning oysters. This trade is almost exclusively confined to the cities adjacent to the place of production. Annapolis, from its convenience of location on the bank of the Chesapeake, is naturally one of the places selected for this line of business. There are several large packing establishments in the city, where a number of negroes are employed to open the oysters intended for canning.

The scene depicted by our artist represents these workmen in active employment, and, as a faithful delineation of character drawn from life, will be at once recognized and appreciated by all who are familiar with the subject.

CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE HOTEL DU GRAND CERF, GRAND ANDELYS, EURE, FRANCE.

In Europe, inns are often found which astonish travelers by the beautiful carving, or decorations, found within. They little know, or, perhaps, do not stop to think, what the building may have been in other days. At Grand Andelys, in the Department of Eure, is an inn bearing the title of the Great Stag; and in it this magnificent chimney-piece bursts on the eye.

It was, in olden days, an abode of royalty even. King Anthony of Bourbon, father of Henry IV., died here in 1562. It was, too, a residence of Prince-Archbishops of Rouen. Since 1749 it has been an inn, though the first sign of the Fleurs-de-lis was ere long compelled to give way to some more democratic emblem.

The beautiful carving is full of grace—children running and bounding amid flowers, fruit and leaves, playing with quaint monsters. The sort of organ-shaped ornaments above crown it beautifully. The table near—a massive structure—is another beautiful specimen of medieval carving.

"CALLED TO THE BAR."

Call-night is an event in the life of a barrister which is never forgotten, not, at least, in the Middle Temple, where the ceremony, in some respects, is unique and peculiar. On that night he casts off his sleeveless student's gown, and assumes that of the barrister, with its ecclesiastical-looking sleeves, and that strange appendage to the back, which some have likened to a crab's claw and others to a fool's cap, but which is in reality a traditional remnant of the old money-bag, said to have been slung on the shoulders of counsel while practicing in court, and into which his fees were dropped by the client who solicited his assistance. It goes by the name of the purse to this day among the law wigmakers, and the strip of black serge to which it is attached is called the purse-string. The student must wear this gown thrown over his shoulders and must have his wig properly adjusted by the wigmaker before he meets his fellow-students in the Council or Parliament Room of the Hall. Here the Under Treasurer calls out the name of each student, and arranges the students in single file according to seniority of admission. At their approach, the Bye, the head porter (once a sergeant in the Guards, and a Crimean hero), strikes the floor with his large, silver-headed staff as a sign of "attention." At the familiar sound the men who have been sitting and chatting in the Hall stand up in their places like disciplined soldiers to receive the Benchers.

The procession, headed by the porter, who marches forward with all the dignity of a drum-major, then passes through a crowd of spectators, consisting of barristers and students; an ordeal, by-the-way, rather trying to the nerves of the novice, who knows he is the observed of all observers, including his friends who are looking down upon him from the gallery. However, the procession is not a long one, and the end of the Hall is soon reached, and then the Benchers take their stand before a long table, which bears a magnificent display of silver loving-cups and chalices, beautifully embossed, belonging to the Inn. The students are ranged according to seniority on the opposite side, and now comes the momentous roll-call, each student having to answer to his name to the Treasurer, and to place his signature in the book of the Inn. This ceremony completed, which entitles the student henceforth to be dignified with the title of Barrister at Law, a few words are sometimes delivered by the senior Bencher, and after a round of applause from the men who have crowded round to witness the proceedings, the newly-made barristers retire to the tables which have been set apart for them on this occasion, and the usual dinner takes place. Upon this the visitors in the gallery retire; for, like Brahmins, both barristers and students have a wholesome dislike to be seen at their meals. We may mention, however, that each mess consists of a "captain" and three men, and that the diners plentifully interlard the business of eating with table-talk.

The "call-party" is similar to the wine-parties of Oxford. This is the only occasion on which a barrister has the privilege of giving his outside friends a reception in the Hall, and this being the case, he generally makes the most of the privilege.

On these occasions the newly-made barrister retains his wig and gown throughout the evening, which is an onerous duty in itself for a novice. He also, as host, has to respond to his "health" and to propose that of each of his guests; but songs, choruses, and recitations relieve him in some degree, and help to fill up the intervals of speech-making.

Another festive occasion is "Grand Night," which takes place toward the end of term, when the Judges of the Superior Courts, and very often some of the Cabinet Ministers, are invited to dinner.

The Hall is paneled in oak, at least to the height of twelve or fifteen feet; each square panel containing the shield and armorial bearings of the members of the Inn, whether living or dead. A goodly proportion of panels yet wait for their shields. This custom was observed at the University of Bologna, where, to this day, the central court contains innumerable shields of noble families of all countries. Above the paneling are windows of stained glass, with shields and heraldic devices introduced into their compartments, while between the windows hang chandeliers, alternately with trophies of medieval armor, chiefly casques, heart-plates, shields and armlets. A large window, with six lights, forms the background of the gallery, which has also an elaborate screen of carved oak, partially opaque and partly open arches. Many curious figures support it; *basso-relievo* panels adorn the front, immediately above the round-headed doors and hideous half-wheels of glass compartments which disfigure the two entrances. Notwithstanding its richness of detail, and its associations with grave and lordly ages, it cannot be said that the style of the

Hall is good, being that of the early Georgian era. And then again, there is some lurking incongruity which cannot help but strike the visitor, between the dignified wig and silken gown, so like a canon's, and the ugly trowsers of the present generation of barristers. It is a pity that the old silk stockings and buckled shoe style is not preserved as befitting the rest of the costume, for the gown does not reach to the heels, and there is consequently a hiatus of about four or five inches filled in by our abominable modern costume, between the clerical-looking dress and the floor.—*Lady Blanche Murphy.*

THE COLOR OF MARS'S MOONS.

A PROBLEM of great difficulty has been attacked by the Cambridge telescope, namely an accurate measurement of the brightness of those minute bodies, the moons of Mars. Several methods have been employed to obtain results wholly independent, as, for instance, reducing Mars until it is no brighter than the satellite, or allowing it to shine through a very minute hole and comparing the light. A curious discovery has thus been made regarding the color of the satellites which do not partake of the red tint of Mars. This could not be determined by ordinary observation, since the intense light of Mars would prejudice the eye. When Mars is out of the field and its image reduced to the brightness of the satellite and brought close to the latter, the difference in color is well shown, Mars appearing red and the satellite gray or bluish like Saturn. The light affords the only measurement which will probably ever be possible of the diameter of these minute bodies, its angular amount being only two or three hundredths of a second of arc.

HOW GREAT MEN ESCAPED.

THE St. Louis *Republican* is to be credited for the following interesting notes:

Some years ago a young man holding a subordinate position in the East India Company's service, twice attempted to deprive himself of life by snapping a loaded pistol at his head. Each time the pistol missed fire. A friend entering his room shortly afterward, he requested him to fire it out of the window. It then went off without difficulty. Satisfied that the weapon had been duly primed and loaded, the young man sprang up, exclaiming, "I must be preserved for something great," and from that moment gave up the idea of suicide, which, for some time previous, had been uppermost in his thoughts. That young man afterward became Lord Clive.

Bacon, the sculptor, when a tender boy of five years old, fell into a pit of a soap-boiler, and must have perished had not a workman, just entering the yard, observed the top of his head.

When Oliver Cromwell was an infant, a monkey snatched him from his cradle, leaped with him from a garret window, and ran along the leads of the house. The utmost alarm was excited among the inmates, and various devices were used to rescue the child from the guardianship of his newly-found protector. All was unavailing, his would-be rescuers had lost courage, and were in despair of ever seeing the baby alive again, when the monkey quietly retraced his steps and deposited its burden safely upon the bed. On a subsequent occasion the water had well-nigh quenched his insatiable ambition. He fell into a deep pond, from drowning in which a clergyman was the sole instrument of his rescue.

Doddridge, when born, was so weakly an infant, he was believed to be dead. A nurse standing by fancied she saw signs of vitality. Thus the feeble spark of life was saved from being extinguished, and an eminent author preserved to the world.

Many years have now elapsed since three subalterns might have been seen struggling in the water off St. Helena, one of them peculiarly helpless. He was saved to live as Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

The life of John Newton is but the history of marvelous deliverances. As a youth, he had agreed to accompany some friends on board of a man-of-war. He arrived too late; the boat in which his friends had gone was capsized, and all its occupants drowned. On another occasion, when tide-surveyor in the port of Liverpool, some business had detained him, to the great surprise of those who were in the habit of observing his undeviating punctuality. He went out in the boat, as heretofore, to inspect a ship, which blew up before he reached her. Had he left the shore a few moments sooner, he must have perished with the rest on board.

WAGES IN JAMES II.'S TIMES.

AT the Easter sessions, 1688, the rates of wages allowed by the justices of Bucks were entered in the records. A "Cheife Bayliffe, or Hyne in Husbandry," was allowed to receive £6 a year "in the Chilterne," and £5 10s. "in the Vale." Every other man-servant in husbandry, if above 20 years of age. £4 10s. in the Chiltern, and £4 in the Vale. If under 20 and above 16, £3 in the Chiltern, and £2 10s. in the Vale. Boys between 12 and 16 might receive £1 13s. 4d. and £1 respectively. "Cooke mayds and Dary mayds" were to have £2 10s. a year; other maid-servants not more than £2. "Mowers or reapers of corne or grasse" might receive 1s. 2d. by the day without meat or drink, or 6d. with meat and drink. Mowers of grass by the acre were paid 1s. 2d. Men haymakers had 10d. a day, without meat or drink, or 5d with meat and drink. Women haymakers, 6d. or 3d. Mowers of barley, peas, beans or oats had 1s. 4d. or 8d. Laborers at other times might be paid 8d. or 4d., from Lady Day to Michaelmas, and 7d. or 3d. from Michaelmas to Lady Day. "Free Masons" might receive 1s. 8d. a day without meat and drink. "Rough masons, carpenters, ploughrights, (*sic*) bricklayers, *playsters* and tylers" were to have 1s. 2d. from Lady Day to Michaelmas, and 1s. from Michaelmas to Lady Day. If supplied with meat and drink they were to have 8d. all the year round. Gardeners and thatchers were paid at the same rate; but a tailor got only 6d. a day with meat and drink, or 10d. without. These rates appear to have remained without material alteration until the reign of George I.

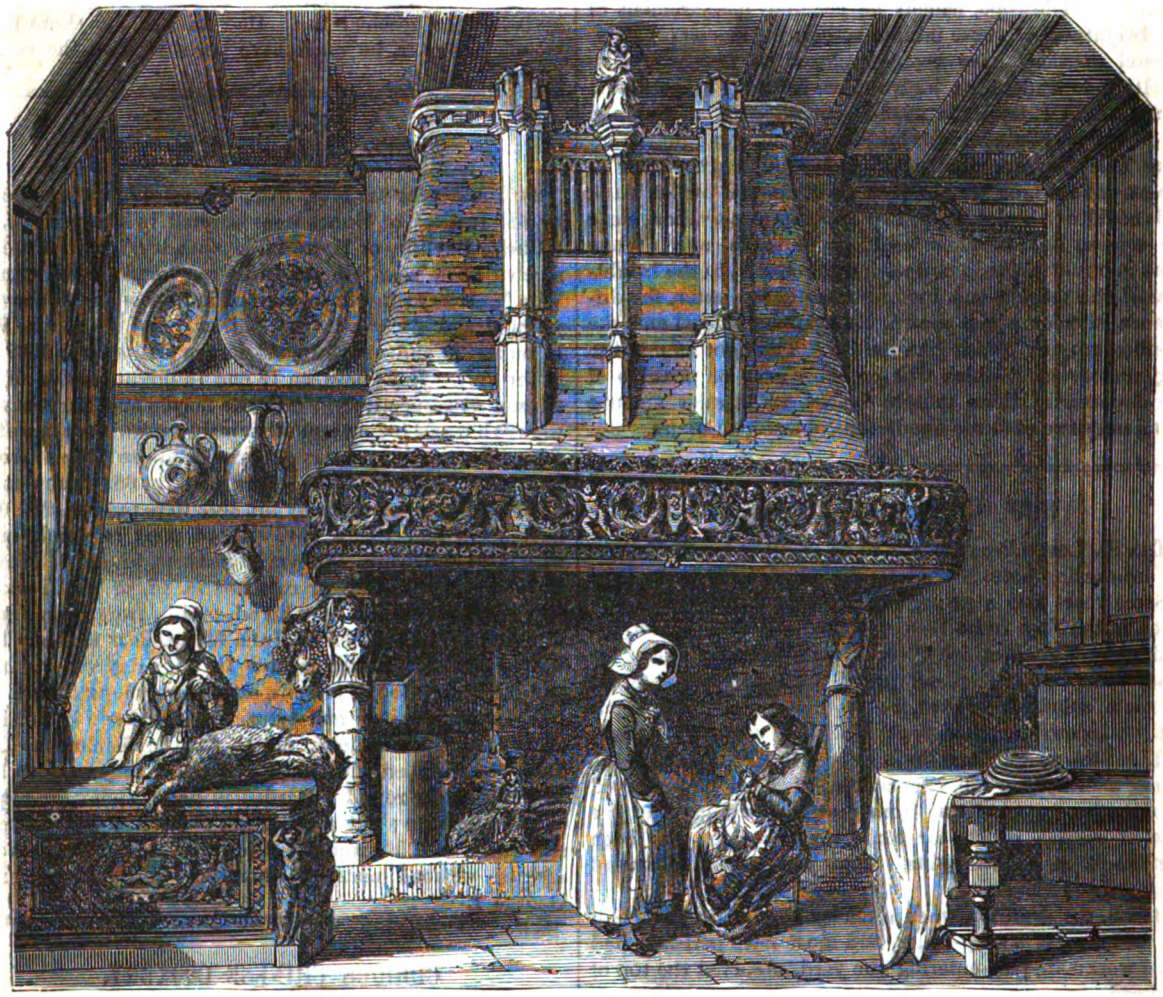
CURIOUS CHINESE COOKERY.

AMERICANS who dine with the Chinese are surprised at the perfection to which they have carried their cooking. During a recent Chinese banquet at San Francisco an orange was laid at the plate of each guest. The orange itself seemed like any other orange, but on being cut open was found to contain within the rind five kinds of delicate jellies. One was at first puzzled to know how the jellies got in, and, giving up the chain of reflection, was in a worse quandary to know how the pulpy part of the orange got out. Colored eggs were also served, in the inside of which were found nuts, jellies, meats and confectionery. When one of the Americans asked the interpreter to explain this legerdemain of cookery, he expanded his mouth into a hearty laugh, he shook his head, and said, "Melican man heap smart—why not findee out?"

THE ADULTERATION OF ARTICLES IN COMMON USE.

By Professor Charles A. Joy, Ph. D.

If the talent which is now so frequently employed in devising means for the sophistication and adulteration of articles of food and drink were to be diverted to more economical methods of production, and to the creation of new channels of trade, we have no doubt that the honest reward of fair dealing would be greater than the uncertain gains of fraudulent imposition. Hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue, and adulteration is the tribute rogues pay to good things. There is scarcely any good thing that is not adulterated, and we propose to enumerate some of the most common articles of daily consumption which are often tampered with, and show by illustrations how to distinguish the genuine from the false.



CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE HOTEL DU GRAND CERF, GRAND ANDELYS, EURE, FRANCE.—SEE PAGE 122.

PEPPER.

The black pepper plant grows both in the East and West Indies, in Sumatra, Java, and other islands; it is shrubby and climbing in its character, and sometimes attains a height of twelve feet. The fruit grows abundantly from all its branches, in long, small clusters of from twenty to fifty grains; when ripe it is of a bright red color. After being gathered, it is spread on mats in the sun, when it loses its red color, and becomes black and shriveled. Figure 1 represents the appearance under the microscope of the pure article after being ground. It is often largely adulterated with linseed meal, ground mustard seeds, etc., for the microscopical characters of which see figure 2. In addition to these substances, however, a great variety of other falsifications are practiced. Wheat flour, pea flour, sago, rice flour, woody fibre, potato starch, bran, ground gypsum, rape seed, and bone dust, are some of the articles that have been employed. Many persons decline to use the ground pepper, as it is more easily adulterated than the berries.

CAYENNE PEPPER.

Cayenne is improperly called a pepper, as it belongs to the genus *capsicum*, or nightshade family, which also includes the potato plant. It is a native of America, but is cultivated in the West and East Indies, and to some extent in greenhouses. It is an annual, herbaceous plant, producing its fruit in pods. When the berries are dried and reduced to powder they constitute cayenne pepper. The appearance of the powder under the microscope (see fig. 3) is very different from that of black pepper, and its properties are also dissimilar. Owing to the peculiar color of the powder, it is necessary to have recourse to red pigments for purposes of adulteration, some of which are of a highly poisonous character. Vermilion (a compound of mercury), red ochre, venetian red, ground rice, sawdust, salt, mustard husks, red lead, are a few of the substances which have been detected, as shown in figure 4. The cayenne itself is employed to adulterate ginger; it is also put into gin and rum, and

FIG. 1.—PURE PEPPER.

FIG. 2.—ADULTERATED PEPPER.

ought to be closely examined before being used in large quantities, as the falsifications are often of a highly dangerous character.

MUSTARD.

Mustard is another condiment obtained from two plants which differ in botanical characters as well as in properties. One variety has smooth seed-vessels, and is black; the

FIG. 3.—PURE CAYENNE.

FIG. 4.—ADULTERATED CAYENNE.

other grows in pods covered with hairs, and is white. The seeds of both black and white mustard are first crushed between rollers and then pounded in mortars. The pounded seeds are then sifted, yielding dressings and pure flour of mustard.

From the dressings, by pressure, a fixed oil is obtained,

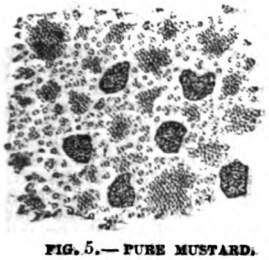


FIG. 5.—PURE MUSTARD.

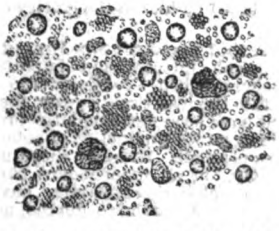


FIG. 6.—ADULTERATED MUSTARD.

which is sometimes mixed with rape and other oils. The pure flour of mustard has the appearance of the roe of eggs in its rounded grains (see fig. 5), and under the microscope the additions of foreign substances (see fig. 6) can readily be detected.

A great many substances are employed to cheat the consumer, the most common of which are wheat flour, starch,

FIG. 7.—PURE COFFEE.

FIG. 8.—ADULTERATED COFFEE.

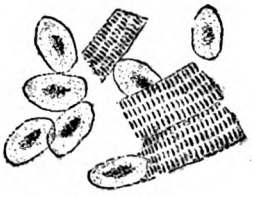


FIG. 9.—PURE CHICORY.

FIG. 10.—ADULTERATED CHICORY.

turmeric, cayenne pepper, clay, plaster-of-paris and chromate of lead. The pepper is used to impart pungency to it when it has been otherwise adulterated; clay, for bulk and weight; and the chromate of lead, to restore the color when reduced by other adulterations.

There is an additional difficulty in the case of mustard, and that is in the temptation held out to adulteration in the

FIG. 11.—PURE TEA.

FIG. 12.—ADULTERATED TEA.

variety of qualities which are offered for sale. Many samples scarcely possess the flavor of mustard, and when used as poultices produce little or no effect.

COFFEE.

Coffee is another article of large consumption which,

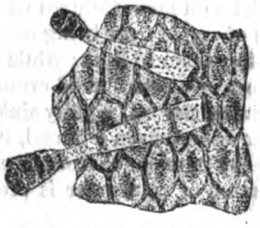


FIG. 13.—PURE TOBACCO.

FIG. 14.—ADULTERATED TOBACCO.

since its introduction into London two hundred years ago, has steadily grown in favor, and is now deemed indispensable in every household. It grows on plants fifteen to twenty feet high, with widely branching limbs in pairs, at right angles to each other, and the leaves resemble those of the common laurel, but are not so thick and dry. Its fruit is like that of the cherry-tree, but it grows in clusters;

FIG. 15.—PURE COCOA.

FIG. 16.—ADULTERATED COCOA.

within the fruit are the seeds or berries. The seeds, commonly called berries, of Arabian or Mocha coffee, are small, and of a dark yellow color; those of Java and East Indies are large and of a pale yellow, while those of Ceylon, West Indies and Brazil coffee possess a bluish or greenish-gray tint.

An artificial coloring matter for coffee is prepared and sold as a regular article of commerce. It consists of Prussian blue, chromate of lead, gypsum and clay, and is sometimes called chrome green. Such a mixture is highly poisonous.

The process of roasting coffee is in the nature of dry distillation, and there is produced a number of oils and other compounds which do not exist in the raw bean. During the roasting a valuable alkaloid called caffein is wasted. If an adapter nine feet long were to be attached to the axis of the drum, through which the fumes could be passed and condensed, the alkaloid could be saved, and it is probable that it would find great use as an antiseptic and in medicine. A pound of coffee yields, on the average, 75 grains of caffein. According to this, with an annual consumption of 13,000 tons of coffee in the United States, if the roasting were to be conducted in factories, the yield would be 140 tons of caffein.

It is scarcely necessary to say that coffee is extensively adulterated. The pure article shows the structure and cells of wood (fig. 7), while the adulterated samples are full of strange admixtures (fig. 8), which are easy enough to detect but not always so easy to describe. The almost universal falsification practiced on coffee is the introduction of chicory, and this adulterant has been used so much that many persons prefer to have it in their beverage, and would enter a complaint if it were absent. The microscopic appearance of pure chicory is shown in figure 9; and as the chicory itself is also often tampered with, it is necessary to be able to recognize the impurities indicated in figure 10. The foreign substances in chicory are usually roasted starch, mangelwurzel, sawdust, etc.

The adulterations practiced upon coffee are numerous. A simple way to test for them is to strew some of the powder on the surface of cold water. The oil manufactured by the roasting prevents the particles of coffee from being readily wetted by the water, thus causing them to float; while the chicory, burnt sugar, peas, beans, rye, corn, bread-crumbs, and other impurities, not containing any oil, rapidly sink to the bottom. By performing the operation in a funnel, it is possible in this way to separate the pure coffee from its contaminations. The rapid coloration of cold water is pretty certain evidence of adulteration.

TEA.

Tea is adulterated with other leaves, such as sycamore, elm, willow, horse-chestnut, beech, plum, and is dyed with Prussian blue, plumbago, turmeric, chrome yellow, clay, gypsum, talc, chalk. Figure 11 is pure tea, and figure 12 a sample of the adulterated article. A simple way to detect any of the mineral contaminations is to burn a sample of the suspected article in a shovel, and if there is an inordinate amount of ash, the presence of foreign matter may be safely conceded. Leaves of strange plants can be determined by a botanical examination under the microscope.

TOBACCO.

Tobacco is adulterated with leaves of dock, rhubarb, potato, cabbage, chicory, elm, oak, sea-weed, also with wheat, oatmeal, cane-sugar, molasses, honey, licorice, sal ammoniac, potash, soda, fuller's earth, sand, copperas, and saltpetre. Figure 13 is a drawing of a pure sample of tobacco, and figure 14 the adulterated article.

COCOA.

Cocoa is prepared from the seeds of *Theobroma cacao*, a plant so named by Linnæus from two Greek words signifying that it was a food fit for the gods. It is a small but handsome tree, indigenous to the West Indies and Central America.

The adulterations practiced upon cocoa are the introduction of potato, arrowroot, maize, sago, sugar, starch, chicory, etc. Figure 15 is unadulterated cocoa, and figure 16 the adulterated article. In Europe the Government measure to protect consumers is to compel all coca manufacturers to stamp their business address upon the tablets or molds, as well as upon the paper wrappings. In this way the responsibility is at once ascertained, and the penalties for falsification are visited in the right quarter.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN PUBLIC MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES.—The Minister of Public Instruction in France has ordered that all the State Collections shall be opened to photographers, under proper regulations—libraries, archives, galleries, museums, art collections, etc. Till now, access to these establishments was rarely accorded, and then only to those armed with very special recommendations. The result was, that the most valuable documents and treasures were kept guarded, and the public remained in ignorance of their existence. How far red tape can go is shown in a story told about Versailles. Some one wanted to photograph the Orangery there, but could not obtain permission, as it was to be newly decorated and the façade was to be freshly painted. To prevent the public—which, on Sundays and *fête* days, is somewhat numerous—from rubbing against the wet paint, and otherwise injuring the work and their clothing at the same time, it was decided to place a sentinel in the vicinity for a short time. But the order having once been given, no one troubled themselves about rescinding it when the paint was dry, and the consequence was, that for twenty-five years afterward a sentry still continued to tramp methodically to and fro before the Orangery every day. The new Minister of Public Instruction is in favor of abolishing such supernumeraries, and to let the photographers do the guarding, if any is necessary. The new regulations require that the operator must always make use of the dry process. He must bring with him plates or tissue ready prepared, and must do nothing further upon the premises beyond exposing the plates; the development and fixing of the latter being conducted subsequently at home. Every photographer who is admitted to the privilege, must forward to the director of the establishment one good negative and two prints of every object reproduced by him in the gallery or museum.

A NEW LOCALITY FOR POTASH SALTS IN GERMANY.—A discovery of much interest and importance has recently been made at Archers Leben, Prussia, in the vicinity of the Hartz Mountains. Within the last twenty years the governments of Prussia and Anhalt have been deriving large profits from the working of sundry pits or mines productive of potash salts, situated at Stassfurth and Leopoldshall. Hitherto these undertakings have enjoyed a monopoly, but an independent party of explorers, aided by the diamond rock boring apparatus, have succeeded in reaching the potash deposits at moderate depths, not far from Stassfurth. The first boring reached what is called the "kainite" portion of the potash layer, which was found to have a thickness of 50 English feet. As the Prussian mining law entitles the discoverers to a concession equal to an area of 2,189,000 square meters, it is computed that this discovery includes about 66,000,000 tons of potash salts.

PHOTO-ELECTRICITY.—Professor Hankel, of Leipsic, has recently published an account of observations appearing to show some connection between light and electricity. If the face of a blue, violet or dark-green crystal of fluor-spar be exposed to light, either direct sun's rays or diffused light, electrical phenomena appear upon the surface which acquire considerable intensity, according to the time of the exposure. If the sun's rays are brought to a focus by a lens, the mineral loses the property of becoming electric in the light, but heating in a dark chamber to a temperature of 212 deg. Fah. does not affect this property. Through the influence of light a change occurs in the coloring matter of the crystal which induces the electric action. The chemical or actinic rays are the ones which occasion the most marked photo-electric phenomena in the crystals.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF HUMBOLDT.—Alexander von Humboldt conducted a long correspondence with the astronomer Gauss, the centennial anniversary of whose birth has just been celebrated at Brunswick. Gauss carefully preserved all of the letters received from Humboldt, but the latter had the habit of destroying all letters which he did not require for immediate use, and hence the replies of Gauss are lost to the world. It is proposed to publish the letters of Humboldt to Gauss, for the benefit of mathematicians and astronomers.

IMPROVEMENT IN STEEL-MAKING.—The production of steel upon the open hearth, to the elaboration of which Dr. Siemans has so largely contributed since he first established the process at Llandore, in 1868, has, in fact, become assimilated, in simplicity of character and precision of results, to a laboratory operation, and may be justly regarded as a triumph of the successful application of chemical principles, and of the power of guidance and control afforded by utilizing analytical research, to the attainment of prescribed results upon a stupendous scale, with an accuracy approaching that which the experienced chemical operator secures in the laboratory upon a small scale, under conditions which he can completely control. The production of steel by a large number of small, separate operations in pots, has become supplanted with great advantage by the Siemans-Martin system of working at some of our largest establishments at Sheffield. This system has also secured a footing at highly renowned Continental works, which are formidable competitors with the English in the manufacture of steel; such as those of Essen, Creusot and Terre Noire. The success which appears to have attended the addition of silicon, in combination with iron and manganese, to the steel before casting, in preventing the formation of so-called *blow holes*, and in contributing at the same time to the production of the particular character of steel required, bids fair to be of special importance in connection with the application of steel to the production of projectiles for use against armor plates, as affording ready, and comparatively very economical, means of insuring the production of perfectly sound castings, which, in compactness of structure, will, it is asserted, compete successfully with carefully forged castings, and even with the material which Whitworth produces by submitting the fluid metal to powerful pressure.

THE SALE OF DAIRY PRODUCTS.—According to the *U. S. Butter, Cheese and Egg Reporter*, the sale of dairy products for local consumption and for exportation is something enormous. For example, the daily average receipt of milk in New York City alone amounts to 373,000 quarts. Cheese has become an extensive article of exportation. During one week in May, 657,000 pounds were sent out of the country. The exportation of butter during the last six months amouted to 8.4 1,000 pounds. It will be seen from these statistics that the dairy business has attained great proportions in the United States, and that competition will compel producers to use every precaution to offer a pure article for sale. There are strong suspicions that much of the so-called English and Dutch cheese is manufactured in this country.

ORIGIN OF SEWER GAS.—The more recent investigations into the nature of sewer gas have demonstrated that in its poisonous condition it is the product of an abstracted decomposition; of fermentation, which Pasteur aptly calls "life without air." The atmosphere within the soil-pipe does not contain sufficient oxygen to supply the continuous decomposition, which is thus checked until the oxygen which it requires is supplied by the constituents of the organic matters themselves—a process which leads to a radical difference in the resultant gases. Instead of being a thoroughly destructive oxidation of the material, it becomes a putrefying decomposition, producing foul-smelling and dangerous gases. Hence, substances rich in oxygen act as disinfectants.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A ROYAL BLUE—King Indigo.

CHEAP BUSSES—Stolen kisses.

FLOATING CAPITAL—The Obelisk.

'PON HONOR.—Q. What are debts of honor? A. Obligations too immoral to be recognized by law.

"OBELISK," in the Greek tongue, means a skewer. Probably this is the reason New York wants to sekewer one.

THERE isn't much difference between a grasshopper and a grass widow, after all. Either will jump at the first chance.

A SPANISH proverb says: "The man who, on his wedding-day, starts as a lieutenant in the family, will never get promoted."

"AT what age were you married?" asked she, inquisitively. But the lady was equal to the emergency, and quietly responded, "At the parson-age."

"MY dear," said a pretentious man, "I'm to write an essay on the golden calf." "My love," replied his wife, "I'm afraid you'll re-veal your ignorance."

NOTHING will bring a man down in the world quicker than a few walnuts scattered on the stair-steps at night. So we are informed by a man who was brought down.

"THE rabbit is the most timid of all animals," said a philosophical cook. "That is true," said his wife; "but there never yet was a cook who could make a rabbit *quail*."

WHAT is the difference between a person going to Plymouth Church and one about to ask a lady a favor? One is going to see Beecher and the other is going to beseech her.

A POTTSVILLE (Pa.) woman, thinking she had heard an unusual noise in her parlor, stepped into the room, and there discovered her cow, contentedly chewing her cud, and complacently looking at herself in the mirror.

AN observing politician says that the difference between those going in and those going out of office is mainly this: The former are sworn in, and the latter go out swearing.

AN agent soliciting subscriptions to a book, showed the prospectus to a man, who, after reading, "One dollar in boards, and one dollar and twenty-five cents in sheep," declined subscribing, as he might not have boards or sheep on hand when called upon for payment.

"WELL, doctor," inquired an anxious New York husband, "and what do you think is the matter with my wife?" "Oh, nothing serious; probably a little humor of the blood." "No, that can't be, doctor, that can't be; for she's been out of humor for ten days past."

"I SAY, milkman, you give your cows too much salt." "Why, how do you know how much salt I give them?" "I judge from the appearance of the milk you bring us lately. Salt makes the cows dry, and then they drink too much water; that makes their milk thin, you know."

THE fashion journals say: "Feathers are still the style for hats and bonnets." Beds, too. We slept on a hotel bed the other night that must have had as much as thirty or forty feathers scattered around on a car-load of slats. But this is carrying feather decoration to the extreme of fashion.

NOTHING NEW.—The following announcement may be seen in a shop in a London street out of the Strand, near Somerset House: "Bread is going down." As wheat was recently going up, this is good news, of course; but then bread always does go down—in fact, nothing ever goes down like it.

SHE stepped out of the cars a few minutes, leaving a book on the seat; but, on returning, went to the wrong place, and inquired of a placid old lady: "Are you not sitting on 'That Husband of Mine'?" "Good gracious! no!" exclaimed the old lady, jumping up, and scanning the seat with rigid scrutiny.

"DO YOU see that old man over there?" said a young scapegrace to his aunt. "Well, he committed a very grave error once, which blighted his career." "Dear me! Poor man! What did he do?" "Well, you see, he was a sexton, and buried a man alive, and that was such a grave error that he lost his situation."

A GRAND PLACE.—A newspaper in San Francisco says they are so much annoyed out there with musquitoes and bedbugs, that a physician advises, first a bath in a solution of soft soap and molasses, then a sprinkle of sawdust on the head, after which the patient should take to his bed and maintain perfect repose.

THE celebrated Malherbe dined one day with the Archbishop of Rouen, and fell asleep soon after the meal. The prelate, a sorry preacher, was about to deliver a sermon, and awakened Malherbe, inviting him to be an auditor. "Ah, thank you," said Malherbe, "pray, excuse me; I can sleep very well without that."

A PLATFORM orator calls his lecture "How to Gain Wealth." There are several ways of accomplishing this object. One is to over-issue stock; another is to "raise" insurance scrip; another is to get elected president of a savings bank; and a fourth is to charge two hundred dollars a night for a twenty-dollar lecture.

A GENTLEMAN crossing a narrow bridge, said to a countryman whom he met, "I think this narrow causeway must be very dangerous, my honest friend; pray, are not people lost here, sometimes?" "Lost! No, sir, I never knew anybody lost here in my life; there were several drowned, but they were all found again."

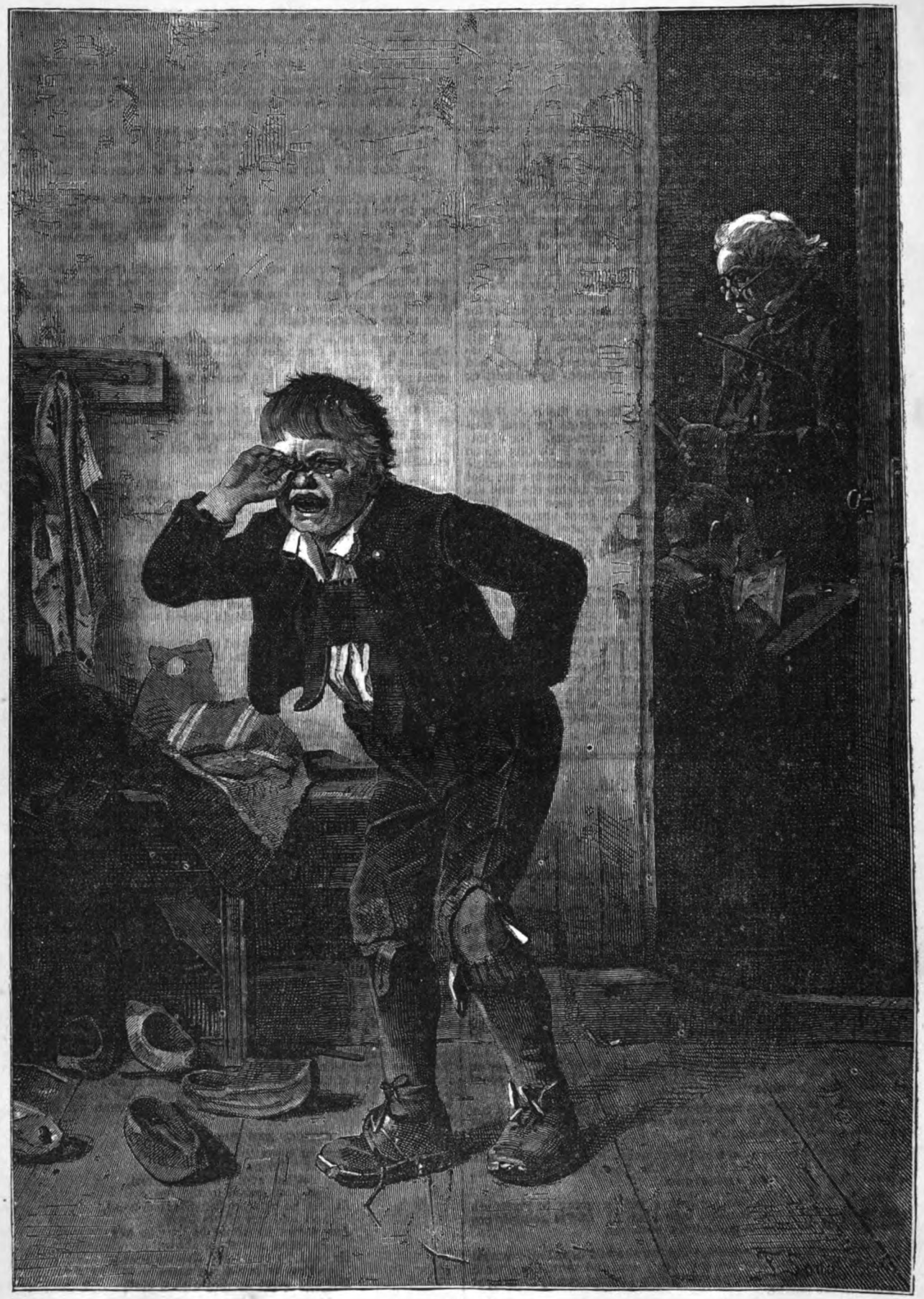
SAID a little boy to his mother the other morning, "Ma, I had the beautifulest dream last night you ever saw. I dreamt that I wouldn't go to school, and that you went into the yard and cut a great, long switch, but just as you was going to give me an awful dressin' the world came to an end! Didn't I get out of that easy, though?"

IT was time the young man spoke out his sentiments. For five years and three months he had courted pretty Mary—and, by his sticking so long and well, drove all other suitors away. Last Sunday night he was neatly hooked by the lady, who suggested to him the propriety of spelling Mary with an extra R. Wedding announced. No cards.

A NICE and sympathetic, but inquisitive and "spoony" young man, who was visiting a county prison, gently asked a girl prisoner the cause of her being in such a place. "Oh," said she, with a contemptuous toss of the head, "I stole a water-mill, and got off safe; but, like a fool, I went back after the stream that turned it, and was arrested." The nice and sympathetic young man left immediately.

ENTICED HIM OUT THE DOOR.

SHE sat upon the parlor lounge,
And William, he sat by her;
And neither spoke a single word,
But both gazed in the fire.
At last he clasped her dimpled hand,
And told her of his love,
And swore he would be true to her
By moon and stars above.
He said he could not live without—
Before he could say more,
Her dad came in, and with a club,
Enticed him out the door.



IN FOR IT.

SEE PAGE 230.

A PARISIAN MARRIAGE FETE EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. V.—No. 2. FEBRUARY, 1878. $3.00 PER ANNUM.

FROM STONE-HAMMER TO BREECH-LOADER.

BY ALFRED TRUMBLE.

IT is safe to assume that that mysterious contemporary of the mammoth and the great bear, primitive man, began to fight as soon as he began to exist. Small-arms as weapons, therefore, came into use with the first of the baby quarrels of the infant human race.

From fists to sticks and stones was an easy transition. Then some gifted young troglodyte, envious of the possession by a rival of a sharper-edged flint than his own, was spurred to the discovery that by battering one stone against another he could create an acute-edged weapon too.

A BATTLE IN THE STONE AGE.

Metaphorically speaking, he killed two birds with this one laboriously sharpened stone. In the first place, he provided himself, ingeniously, with a weapon which his opponent could only rival through a natural chance. In the second, his discarded hand-hatchet served, some thousands of years after he was dead and dissolved to primal dust, to set the science and religion of his descendants as fiercely by the ears as ever he and his savage companions were over the entrails of a stone-slewn boar, or the raw marrowbone of a bear.

The weapons

with which these naked human brutes were wont to slaughter their wild beast enemies and one another in that stage of the world which is to us so remote that we can only theorize on it as a dim form, which loses itself in the night of history, were few and simple ones. Ax, arrow and knife of one common, flinty stock, were the sabre, rifle and bowie-knife of those benighted days.

The first weapons were undoubtedly the hand-axes or hammers, of which so many have been found among the grubbed-up relics of the perished past sacred to the scientific soul. They are, in their most ancient shape, simply large flints, chipped to a sharp edge at one extremity, and rounded at the other into a ball to fit the palm of the hand and spare it injury.

Then an improvement was effected. The flints were fitted at the blunt end into split sticks, and fastened with a cord of vegetable fibre or hide, forming axes with handles. Other flints, longer, narrower, and battered to sharp points, were lashed into long, light staves, and formed the primitive javelin.

By this time some one had, probably in an idle interval of his lazy superintendence of the ax-makers, picked up a stick of some pliable wood and twisted the ends of an entrail or a strip of skin that remained over from the workmen's breakfast about its extremities. Pulling aimlessly at the cord, he had found that the staff bent, and finding a straight stick within reach he set it it against the string and twanged it off.

The result was that the stick was projected forward, in all likelihood taking one of the workmen in the eye and making him swear. He swore to a good purpose, however (that is, if he was guilty of such vulgarity at all), for by this supposititious or some similar accident the bow was discovered. All that remained was to fabricate a light javelin, and the arrow was also at hand.

Such was the armament with which man in the stone age battled with the grim denizens of the primeval forest, and wrested from the wilderness an existence as savage as primitive nature itself.

There were two periods of the stone age. The first, or rough-stone period, and that known as the era of polished stone, from the fact that the relics of it now existent have been finished off to something like smoothness, while those of the first are rough of surface and crude of construction. In this polished-stone age man discovered that flint could be polished by being rubbed against flint, and profited by the knowledge.

Now he began to improve the character of his weapons. He wrought savage maces of hard wood, and dangerous clubs of the stag's branching horns. He bored sockets in his flint ax-heads and thrust sticks through them, which was a saving of cord, and made a much neater job of it. He created, also, lance and arrow heads of sharpened bone, cut into serried barbs like sharks' teeth, that insured their staying in a wound once they got there, or bringing half the victim's body with them when they were dragged out.

Here he stopped in order to test the value of his inventions by use, and fighting many a bloody battle as he went forward through centuries into the age of bronze.

The first weapons worthy of the title were fashioned of the alloy which gives this era its name. The existence of iron was known, but with his limited means of handling it man could not mold it to his purpose. With copper and tin, however, it was a very different matter. He had but to throw nine parts of copper ore to one part of crude tin into the fire, supply it with charcoal and let the metal melt away from the impurities which compassed it and mix itself into bronze of its own accord.

The malleability of metal, as we know, was its first recommendation to the use of man. Gold was the first metal used, capable as it was of being hammered into masses even without the use of fire. Then came copper, whose frequently virgin purity offered the same argument in its favor. Silver and iron were the last metals utilized by primitive man; in the case of the former, because it was so bound up with other metals that it could not then be refined; in that of the second, because the discovery of the blast furnace by which the stubborn ore could be forced to give up its treasure was yet to be made.

Bronze, as is well known, possesses the property of becoming malleable by rapid cooling; but when cooled slowly hardens to a temper in many cases equal to that of iron. Man somehow discovered and took advantage of this.

He cast his swords and knives and hatchets and the rest in molds of sand or stone, cooled them with a plunge of water, then reheated and finished them and left them to temper themselves. After this fashion was the first metallic sword made.

Some crude approaches to picturesqueness naturally accompanied the possession of this new factor; but the shapes the early armorer wrought were too valuable for common use, and passed only into the hands of the great warriors and aristocrats of the race. The plebeians still hunted, fought, and dismembered their food with the old tools of flint.

The working of bronze after a time suggested a means of utilizing the treasures of iron heretofore, perforce, neglected. Rude blast furnaces, hive-shaped structures of mud and stone, were built, and as the reduction of the ore progressed their product began to supersede bronze, as bronze had superseded stone.

The age of bronze was coeval with the earliest Egyptian, Assyrian, and Homeric civilization, and with the first records of the existence of the Gauls. At that time the arms of all nations with, of course, national differences of ornament and shape, were the same. The spear and javelin, the sword and dagger, together with the sling, the bow, and the shield were the outfit of the warrior the world over.

Among the Greeks the spear and javelin were the favorite weapons, and Homer's heroes all went to battle with heavy lances and sheaves of javelins in their hands. The archers and sling men were the rank and file of the Greek hosts. The latter occupied the rear ranks in battle, throwing their stones over the heads of their comrades.

These slings were used, with variations, by all existent races. In some cases they were made of leather; in others of woven stuff; frequently of a combination of both. The Roman soldiers carried three: one in the hand, one twisted about the waist like a girdle, and the third twined around the head.

It was from the proficiency of their inhabitants in the use of these weapons that the Balearic Islands gained their name. Old story has it that the Minorcan mothers put their children's food on the top of a high pole and required them to knock it off with their slings or go hungry.

Slings survived most contemporaneous engines of destruction. As late as 1572, they were used by the Huguenots besieged in Saucerre to save their ammunition, and are said to have been effective at great distances; on which account they were dubbed "Saucerre harquebusses."

The Greek spear, which may be regarded as the national weapon, had a long, broad head, set in a heavy ashen staff. The shield was an enormous disk of hide or wood, commonly covered with metal. Homer describes the shield of Achilles as reaching from his neck to his heels. That of Ajax was a substantial structure of seven tough bull hides, covered with plates of burnished brass. Agamemnon sported one sheathed with ten circular sheets of brass, set off with

twenty bosses of white metal. The weight of these defenses was so enormous that once they fell the warrior was commonly slain in laboring to raise them again; and a blow of a stone, although of course it would not penetrate it, would ordinarily tumble shield and owner in the dust.

In addition to serving as shelters for the warriors, they protected the archers, who, from the fact that they were compelled to use both hands to their weapons, were without defense.

The Greek's sword was short, gracefully shaped, and double-edged. His armor usually consisted of helmet, cuirass and greaves of bronze or pewter, frequently rich with sculpture and ornaments in the precious metals. The sword was not often brought into play. Greek commonly met Greek with the light javelin and the heavy spear.

Like the Assyrians, the Greeks employed war chariots; but the club, or mace, fastened to the wrist with a thong, which the former used with terrible effect, seems to have been unknown to them. Battleaxes were employed by one or two Asiatic nations, but to them, too, the Greeks seem to have been comparative strangers.

The metal principally employed for arms at this period, was still bronze, although iron was abundant and now easily worked. The Greeks, especially, clung to bronze as something opulent and venerable—a metal worthy the use of warriors and kings. Poor, prosaic iron did not make the show of the brighter alloy, but, like many another unpicturesque thing of this world, was destined to carve a deeper and more enduring mark for its contemned self in the end.

The Romans were the first to extensively use it, and it was the superiority of the Roman sword over their bronze blades and battleaxes which led to its substitution for the latter metal by the Gauls. The Gallic shields, ponderous frames of osier, leather and wood, with the head of a wild beast embossing the centre, were poor protection against the tempered blades of the Roman soldiery, while their own bronze weapons were as reeds against the armor of the invader. So, learning wisdom by the sad experience of frequent defeat, they at last came to fight the enemy with his own weapons to a better purpose.

But the prince of weapons, the rifle of that remote past, was the bow. Almost the first effective arm man devised, it remains a favorite and extensively used one to-day. Except in some few sections of the globe, the day of the flint knife and the stone hatchet is past, but nomadic thousands still preserve their allegiance to the stout arc and the twanging cord. It procures them food and raiment in tropical forests and among polar icebergs, and its messenger of death whistles over Tartar steppes and American prairies. Let us see what history has to say in its honor.

Its origin we have already theorized on. The Greeks, however, ascribed its invention to Apollo, who presented it to the Cretans, who were the best archers in the republic, out of which fact the legend probably grew. Other legends make Perses, the son of Perseus, and Scythes, the offspring of Jupiter, and the founder of Scythia, the originator.

The Greek bows were of wood or bone, elaborately ornamented with gold, silver and bronze, and strung with cords of horsehair or twisted hide. They were curved, almost like those used by the Scythians, which described a half circle, and in discharging his arrow the archer knelt, drawing the bowstring to his breast. Among the Asiatics, on the contrary, the bow was used standing, the cord being drawn to the cheek, as in later English and modern archery.

There were no archers in Rome until the second Punic war, and even after that period most of the soldiers of that arm were foreigners. The legionaries themselves preferred the short shrift of their favorite sword to the long cord of the bow.

The Asiatics, the Persians especially, were famous archers. The feast of the arrow, celebrated in Persia on October 13th, commemorates one of their legends of the bow. It is that of Arish, who sped a shaft from Demanend to the Oxus, nearly 600 miles (a flight which the poet Firdusi says occupied from sunrise to sunset), and so redeemed the land from the Scythian invader.

Among the northern races, the bow was only used as a weapon of the chase. It was through them that it found its way to the land in which it was destined to reap its proudest honors—England.

Its first warlike use in that country, however, was in the hands of an enemy, the Normans, who, at the battle of Hastings, were well supplied with archers, while the Saxons fought with ax and javelin and sword. Harold, the Saxon commander, who was killed in this fight, received his death-wound from an arrow.

The Norman weapon was the crossbow, and with the natural dislike for an enemy and his works the conquered Saxons set to work to invent a substitute for it. The result was the longbow, so famous in all English history.

The longbow was as simple in structure as it was formidable in character. It was a five foot long rod of yew, tough, very slightly bent, and laxly strung. Two sorts of arrows were used with it. Long, light ones (the ell-long shafts), for hunting and competitive archery, and much heavier ones for war.

The arrows, tied in a sheaf, were carried slung to the girdle. In battle the archer simply laid them on the ground, points outward, under his foot, and picked them up one by one as he required them. By this means the rapidity of his fire was very great, and a couple of hundred archers would keep up a constant shower of missiles in the face of an advancing enemy.

From its very simplicity of shape the longbow could be easily protected from the wet, and required little trouble to be maintained in order. Not so with the crossbow, however.

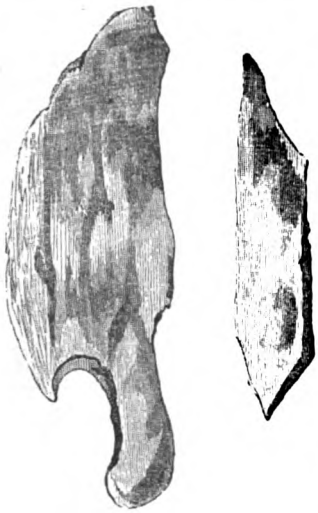
The arbalast or crossbow was about as clumsy a weapon as could possibly have been contrived. It was a short, very stiff and heavy bow, set across a massive and unwieldy stock, rendered additionally heavy by ornamental metal and iron work. The bow was so unyielding, indeed, that the string had to be drawn by machinery, a clumsy combination of levers and cords or iron grapples.

The bow, from its size and shape could not be covered, and a Summer shower was frequently sufficient to stretch the string and render it temporarily useless.

The missiles projected from the crossbow were carreaux or quarrels, pyramidal slugs of iron or steel, stones and short arrows. As may be imagined, these projectiles, at easy ranges, say within 150 yards, inflicted frightful wounds.

The arbalast was more accurate than the longbow, but its range was shorter, nevertheless, in the hands of trained crossbowmen it was a deadly and an evil weapon. It formed the chief infantry arm on the continent, as the longbow formed the chief weapon of the foot-soldier in England.

Exactly when the longbow came into common use in England is unknown, but it was a formidable weapon in the skilled hands of the Anglo-Saxon yeomen when, in 1139, the second Lateran Council, in a proclamation indorsed by Innocent III., denounced the crossbow and forbade its use as "hateful to God and unfit to be employed among Christians," on account of the barbarous hurt it did. In defiance of this, however, Richard the Lion Hearted introduced its use into his armies, and his death by an arbalest shot at the siege of



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN STONE KNIVES.

Chaleur was popularly regarded as a Divine judgment.

The victorious record of the longbow is a glorious one. The battle of Cressy in 1346 was won for the English by it. Both French and English were strong in archers; the former having a force of 6,000 Genoese crossbowmen with them, but a rainstorm which preceded the battle rendered their weapons useless. The incensed knights rode them down, in their rage; whereupon the Genoese, resenting this impoliteness of their allies, turned upon them, and were of no little assistance to the English by the confusion their resistance created.

Poictiers was another archer's battle, and in 1402 the victory over the Scots at Hamelden was gained by the longbowmen. At this fight the knights never drew sword or couched lance. In fact, from some descriptions of the battle they seem to have been chiefly employed in picking the arrows out of the wounds which they made through the finest tempered mail. At Shrewsbury in 1403, where Hotspur was killed, the longbow scored another triumph, as it did at Agincourt, fourteen years later.

These are but sample fights. All through English battle history, up to the time of the civil war, her archers held a rank only a trifle less proud than that of her lords themselves.

The chief argument in favor of the longbow over the arbalast was, that it carried further, sending its shaft as great a distance as 600 yards. There is a tradition of an attorney at Wigan who shot a mile in three flights. Under Henry VIII, no one over twenty years of age was allowed to shoot at a mark at less than eleven score yards; and in 1795 the Turkish ambassador to England sent a shaft from a longbow into a mark at 480 yards.

SLING USED BY PERUVIAN INDIANS.

Of course the effectiveness of the missile was impaired by such long ranges, but its force at more reasonable distances was terrific. No mail except the heaviest plate armor could resist its penetrating force. A hundred archers, shooting at a two-inch deal-board at a distance of 200 yards, in the presence of Edward VI., sent their shafts in many cases half through the plank. Some Welsh archers in an attack on a house in the Venta, shot through a four-finger thick oak door.

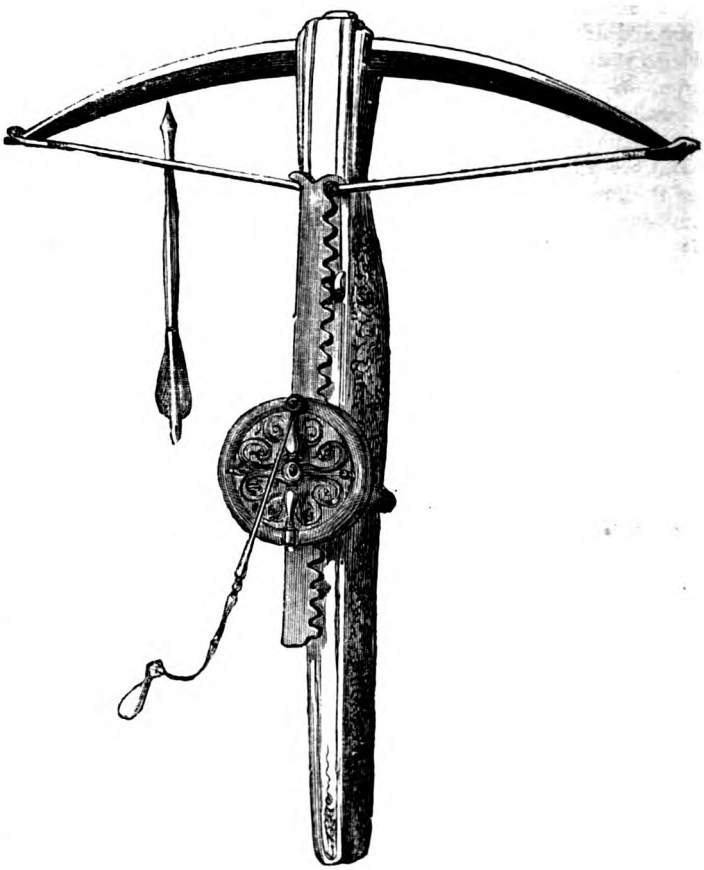
Many curious yarns are spun by English ballad history of the skill and prowess of these Welsh archers. In some curious old historical documents preserved in the Cardiff Museum, however, occur some better authenticated cases. In one fight a bowman is said to have sent an arrow clean through the thigh of a mounted soldier with such force that it also penetrated his saddle, and mortally wounded his horse. Another shot a cavalier through the thigh, the arrow entering the saddle. The man wheeled his horse, and received a similar shot from the same bow in the other leg; being thus fairly nailed to his seat.

FLINT ARROW-HEADS FROM A MOUND AT CAHOKIA, ILL.

For accuracy of aim at reasonable distances the longbowmen were also famous. The legends of Robin Hood are legion, from that of his practice at the white-hazel wands, used by Scott in "Ivanhoe," through a volume of more or less wonderful feats. The bold robber of Sherwood had a rival in William Cloudesly, the English William Tell, who, before Edward IV., shot an apple from his child's head at a hundred and twenty paces.

The Danes, by-the-way, have a Tell, a gentleman of the name of Take, of whom the twelfth century historian, Saxo Grammaticus, tells the same story as made the mythical Swiss patriot famous.

One reason of the English prowess with the longbow was the careful practice of it enjoined by law. Most of the mediæval English kings favored the weapon particularly,



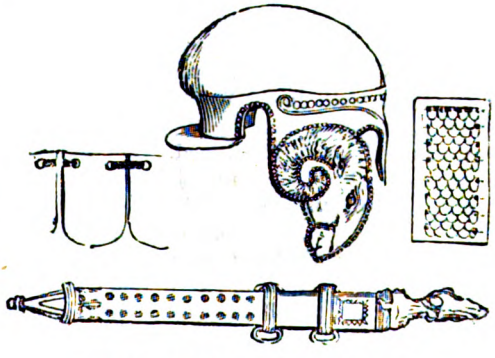
WHEEL CROSSBOW, OR ARBALAST.

ATTACKING A FORTIFIED CITY IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

and made it the strong right arm of their armies. The reign of Edward III. was its glory-time. Among some curious relics of that day are a couple of proclamations of the king on the subject of archery. In one he calls on the sheriff of each county to furnish 500 white bows and their complement of arrows for use in the French wars. In the other he complains that these officials have permitted sundry trivial and silly games and merry-makings to interfere with the Sunday practice of archery, and commands reform.

Henry VII. prohibited the use of the crossbow, but with true kingly contempt for the vulgar restrictions of his own laws, used an arbalest for sport himself.

Henry VIII. was another friend of the longbow. He confirmed his predecessor's decree against the crossbow, with many amplifications.



SWORD AND HELMET FROM POMPEII.

The statute forbade the use of crossbows and hand-guns strictly, and imposed a penalty of £10 on any one keeping a crossbow in his house. Then the fletchers or arrow-makers, the stringers and the arrow-head makers, complained that the noble art of archery was falling into disuse, to their no small mental and pecuniary vexation, and Parliament dictated again.

This time it commanded regular and constant practice with the bow. All householders were ordered to keep a bow and arrows in the house, and parents and guardians were required to have every man child over seven years of age instructed in archery.

As a consequence, the longbow took a fresh leap into popular use, and recovered so much of its old-time reputation that, in 1572, in Queen Elizabeth's treaty with Charles VI. of France, that

monarch specially dwelt on a promise of 6,000 archers for service in his wars.

The last statute in favor of the bow was enacted in 1633, by Charles I., but the troublous times which ushered that pleasant, evil, amiable, worthless king to his appropriate end prevented any extended enforcement of it. At any rate the bow was as dead, for civilized warfare at least, as the doomed Stuart soon was to be. Another and a mightier medium of murder had flashed and thundered its way to the fore.

Before the longbow fades into the pungent vapor of the musket, however, let us note a few more not uninteresting facts in its history. The year 1627 was the last in which the bow was used in European warfare. The scene was the Isle de Ré, where the Huguenots were besieged by Richelieu. The last improvement attempted in it was later, however, in the time of Charles I., when a combined crossbow and pike was tested in the presence of the king.

In 1571 the Turks had lost the battle of Lepanto because they relied too much on their archery; whether it was one of their barbs crippled poor Cervantes history fails to say. The Osmanli, however, clung to the weapon—in whose use they were no tyros either, as witness the performance of their Ambassador more than two centuries later—for many a long year more.

Of course a long array of other implements of injury and destruction contended with the arbalest and the longbow for the blood-nourished chaplets of victory. From the Frankish dagger, whose two grooves were filled with subtle and maddening poison, up to the man-high battle-sword of the Plantagenet knights, was found no lack of assistant engines.

Crushing maces, bristling with spikes of steel, flails whose hinged joints were armed with hoops and spikes of razor-like fineness; axes, heavier than those used in the bloody work of our latter-day *abattoirs;* scythes, ground to an edge that one might shave by, all cut their *swath* through the desperate fights of the times; mashing, crushing, dismembering and butchering as no one now would dare butcher a dog.

There were almost numberless modifications and combinations of the axe and lance: such as halberds, guisarms, partisans, fanchards, marteaux, corseques and kindred instruments. The very lances, from the light, keen-pointed weapons of Greece and Rome, had become equally ponderous and brutal.

The only actually handy weapons of those Middle Ages which Doré's genius so magnificently scourges were the *misericordes*, the pitying daggers with which the foot soldiers prized an entrance through the armor-joints of overthrown knights and gave them their quietus. In some cases even these could not do their work until the recumbent cavaliers had their shells broken with their own battle-axes, as if they had been so many colossal lobsters.

Small arms, in fact, were no longer small arms. The weapons of the infant troglodyte had become the colossal members of the giant.

In order to oppose them, men built themselves up with pads and walls of wool and leather and iron until they became clanking castles, only capable of anything like decent motion at the expense of an overweighted horse. If once this poor brute succumbed and fell, his rider was as helpless in his sheathing as any Bahama turtle, back-turned and pawing impatiently in the air.

It is a characteristic of the warfare of these "good old times" that people who made fighting a trade as a rule took good care to fight in safety. The small fry might perish miserably, or be sliced to pieces by so-called surgeons in their search for a broken-off arrow-head or a bone-bursting quarrel, but the master rode soundly in his case of steel. How many of those ancient warriors could show the honorable wounds of any fighting general of to-day, from one-armed Nelson down to one-legged Santa Anna?

The fact of the matter is, that the heroism of the modern soldier, who goes open-chested into battle, was as little known as was the honor of the modern gentleman among the robbing, murdering old lords, who kept faith only when it suited them, honored women as a Frenchman honors a *nymph du pave*, and have come down to modern hero-worship in a halo of plundered gold which, fortunately for justice, does not quite blot out the writhings of racked Jews, the gaping, blood-spouting wounds of tortured peasants, the smoke of towns and villages given over to sack and sword for the feud of two drunken nobles, and the wails of women praying without answer for death as a salvation from a thousandfold worse end.

But, for further particulars in this direction, consult any old chronicle, from that of Froissart, with its complacent minutiæ of blood, bad faith, cruelty, theft, and other manner of lordly brutality, down. This is a survey of the history of small arms, not of the wrong they have wrought. The paper mills and ink shops of the world could not furnish means for doing that subject justice.

The first firearms were cannon, primitive shapes of metal formed of strips bound together with iron bands like casks. The first small firearms were literally dwarf cannon, lashed to stout wooden handles and carried by men.

They were variously named, according to differences of shape and size. Thus, the first portable firearm of which a picture exists was the bombard, which is represented in a French translation of Quintius Curtius, dating from 1468. The first mention of a firearm in writing dates from 1397, when a sclopas (whence the Spanish *escopette*, carabine), is included in an inventory of arms made at Bologna.

Hand-cannon, which were undoubtedly the first portable firearms, were simple tubes of iron, some three feet long, lashed by their trunnions to stout handles. Hand-guns were similar in character, but with longer and lighter barrels.

These early guns were either discharged from a rest or from the hand, the staff or handle being supported under the gunner's arm while he touched the piece off with a live coal. History has preserved no record of the sensation of the mediæval marksman, so no comparison between his weapon and an ordinarily exuberant and nimble-heeled Kentucky mule can be justly instituted.

Hand-guns "came in" somewhere in the obscurity of the fourteenth century. They were known in Italy as early as 1397, which is more than can be said of the name of their inventor. At the end of the century, however, considerable bodies of men were armed with them; one account of the battle of Morat asserting that the Swiss soldiers carried not less than 6,000 of the new contrivances.

The caliver, sclopas, or whatever else it was or may be called, was first regularly employed, with the indorsement of history, at the siege of Arras in 1414. In 1471, when Edward IV. landed in England on his campaign against Warwick for the recovery of his crown, he brought the first hand-gunners with him, in the shape of 300 Flemings thus armed. The Battle of Barnet, in which the restless life of the king-maker ended, was the first fought on English soil in which the sound of musketry was heard. Cannon, however, had been used by the English as early as the Battle of Cressy, more than a century before.

At the end of the fifteenth century, a Vienna armorer named Gaspard Zollner, invented the first rifle. It was a simple barrel, with grooves parallel with the length of the tube, and was made for the purpose of ameliorating the

fouling to which the smooth barrels were subject. It was first tested at target practice in Vienna in 1498.

Spiral channeling, it is claimed, was first suggested by a gunmaker of Nuremburg named Koster, who died about 1630. As a law of the Canton of Berne, promulgated in 1563, prohibiting the spiral channeling of guns on account of the discord their superiority caused is in existence, the inference is that Herr Koster must have commenced suggesting at a very green and callow age, or lived until a very dried and withered one.

At any rate the rifle did not come into anything like common use. One finds it scattering through the history of small-arms until the present century, but anything like extended adoption of it previous to this latter time is not on record.

The first notable improvement in the hand-gun was the arquebus, which was the invention of a Spaniard at the beginning of the reign of Francis I. (1515–1547).

The early arquebus had a longer and less bulky barrel than any of the then existing hand-guns, but the stock and shaft on which it was mounted were still so cumbrous that a rest was necessary. This rest was so shaped and armed that it could be used as a pike, and gained the name of the "*schweine feder*," or hog's bristle.

The first arquebusiers carried a coil of rope saturated with saltpetre in their hands for a match. Their other accoutrements, such as a flask of gunpowder, a bag of balls and a case of fine powder for priming, dangled from their belts. Later, the match was carried in a little perforated iron cylinder, and in wet weather sheltered in their hats.

Then the serpent was invented.

This was a simple S-shaped piece of iron, with a beak in which the fuse was gripped. It was hinged to the piece in the middle, and by pulling back the lower end the match was brought down on the priming, which was in a pan at the side of the barrel. A later improvement was a spring which caused the serpent to resume its original position when the pressure was removed from it.

Thus the order of firing with an arquebusier was, throw back the pan-cover, look to your priming, adjust your match, blow it into flame and pull your trigger. Note this, ye marksmen for whom even the breech-loader is now too slow, and who crave for magazine rifles and steam guns.

The serpent with the spring attachment was the first approach to a gunlock without exactly being one. It is but a few years since it was abandoned in some benighted quarters of the globe, as witness the Chinese war, when many of the Celestial warriors were armed with this species of weapon, a number of specimens of which were captured at the famous storming of the Peiho forts in 1860.

An improvement on the accoutrements of the arquebusier was instituted later, in the bandolier, a broad leather belt slung from shoulder to hip, to which were hung an array of little cylinders, each containing a charge for his piece. There are not a few instances on record of a careless arquebusier being blown up by his own magazine.

In addition to the arm from which he took his name, the arquebusier carried a sword and dagger. He seems to have been an important personage in his day, being allowed better pay and quarters, and in many cases a servant to carry his gun. This latter practice was kept up, or rather observed, by the old Boucaniers of Hispaniola, whose gun-carriers, or apprentices, graduated into the daring rovers who almost scourged Spanish commerce from the seas.

The musket was the next invention, also a Spanish one. It was heavier than the arquebus, and carried a charge double the size. There was also the petronel, shorter and thicker, contrived for the use of horsemen, and fired resting against the breast, whence its name, *poitrional*.

In 1517 the Germans came to the smoky surface of war again, with the first absolutely mechanical method of discharging a piece. This was the wheellock.

In the wheellock, the match was superseded by a piece of flint, fixed against a disk of steel with fluted edges, which was made to revolve by a mechanism like the mainspring of a clock, wound up as that is, by a key. The flint was so placed that the sparks struck from it by the rapid revolution of the wheel, stood a reasonable chance of reaching the tinder-pan, when, if the priming was dry, the gun went off.

The wheellock shortly came to be applied to the arquebus and musket, and at last was covered in the stock itself. It brought about another invention, too—the pistol.

The pistol gained its name from Pistoga, in Etruria, where the first were manufactured before 1544. It was very short of barrel, and very massive of stock, with a handle which dropped at right angles to the body of the piece, and terminated in a ponderous knob. It was first used, and effectually too, by the German mercenary *reiters*, or cavalry.

In the Tower Museum at London is a matchlock revolver bearing date 1550. In 1580 a carabine revolver was invented, but burst at trial. In 1607 the German horse soldiers were armed with double-barreled wheellock pistols and Gustavus Adolphus introduced pistols into the Swedish army.

Breech-loaders were also by no means uncommon. In the museum at Malta are a number of breech-loaders with rifled barrels, which were captured at the siege of that place in the middle of the sixteenth century. They are plain tubes, somewhat larger and heavier than the rifles of to-day, channeled in straight grooves and cut at the breech so that the after part can be thrown open. They were discharged by the application of a match to the vent. At a trial made some years ago these curious relics were found to deliver fire with admirable precision at a distance of 300 yards.

Side by side with them in the museum are some souvenirs of the Turkish siege of Malta. They are cannon of finger-thick cord, tightly coiled and very heavily tarred. No metal or wood whatever is used in their construction. Along with them one is shown the nine pound stone balls which poured their way into Malta from the muzzles of the hempen columbiads.

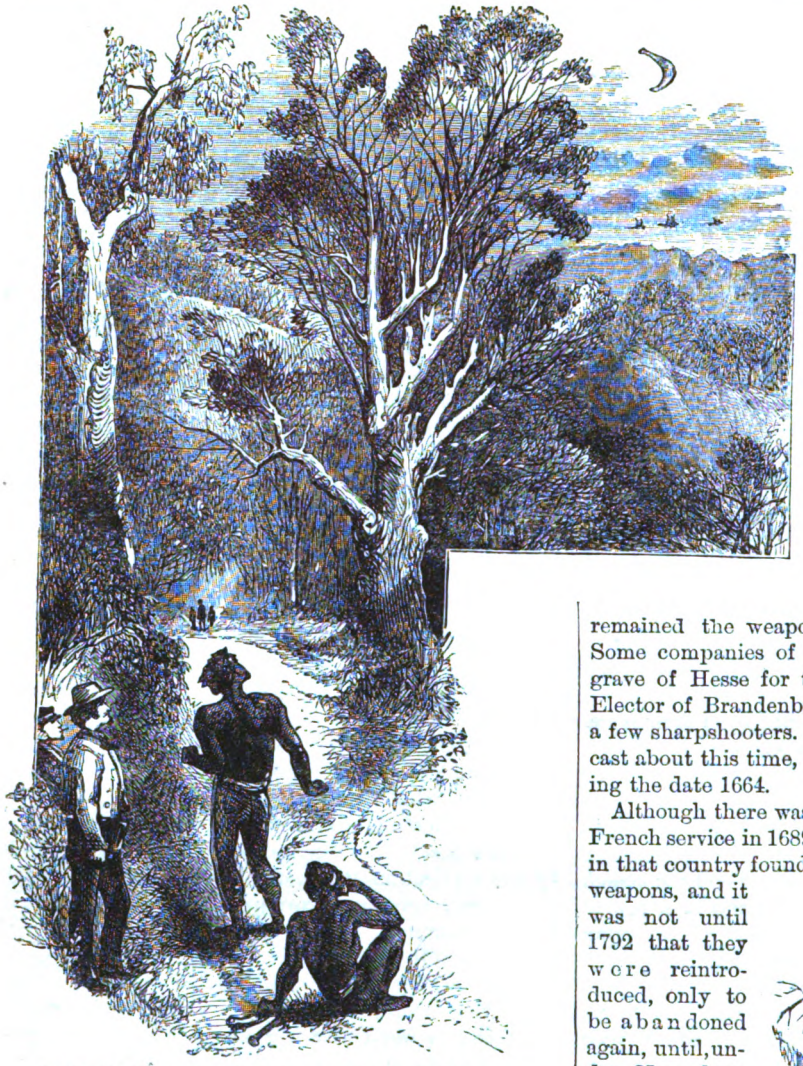
But to return to lighter metal than this rope artillery. Wooden arrows, steel quarrels, stones, and in short anything that would cause a wound and could be utilized were at first used in the ancient guns, but by the end of the sixteenth century bullets had become the common missile.

During this century muskets with wheellocks were introduced into all the continental armies, and, with pikes, formed the armament of all foot-soldiers. In his treatise on the musket, General Franklin says:

"The proportion of muskets to pikes was about three to one. The musket at that period bore the same relation to the infantry that the fieldpiece does in armies of the present day. It was a good attacking weapon, but in close quarters the brunt of the action was borne by the pikemen, for the musketeers had as much as they could do to take care of their unwieldy weapons."

In 1594 the invention of the grenade, a light shell to be thrown from the hand, gave rise to the name grenadier. Dragoons gained theirs from the dragon, a fire spitting blunderbuss, as later the fusileers obtained theirs from the French term fusil, which is literally the steel against which the flint is struck.

Modifications and improvements in firearms were now constant. The wheellock was followed by the snaphaunce. In this a straight piece of furrowed steel was used instead of the disk. The steel was brought to bear on this and a



AUSTRALIAN SAVAGES THROWING THE BOOMERANG.

sudden movement of the steel by a spring evoked the spark. The snaphaunce was introduced into England in Elizabeth's time, but first came into considerable use during the civil wars. A lock of the same construction is in use among the Arabs to-day.

About 1630 another Spanish inventor marked the first great change in the history of small firearms. From wheel-lock and snaphaunce he developed the flintlock.

It was first adopted by the French, and was not introduced into England until 1690. It was precisely the same mechanism as is familiar to us all from the weapons of Continental days, the guns in whose smoke American Liberty was born.

Notable improvements were now made in the musket. The stock was lightened and better-shaped. Sights were invented and the old miscellaneous method of carrying ammunition was done away with by the invention of cartridges and the introduction of cartridge-boxes.

Bayonets, so named from Bayonne, where they were originally manufactured as early as 1640, were at first simple wooden-handled daggers, to be thrust into the muzzle of the gun when circumstances rendered it impossible or disadvantageous to reload it. They first found a place among the weapons of the French army in 1671.

In 1693 the present form of bayonet was first used at the battle of Marsaglia, under Marshal Carnal. In the two victories of Spires in 1703 and Calcinata in 1705, it effectually bored its way into military favor. Already in 1703, however, the use of the pike had been abandoned for it in the French army at the instigation of Marshal Vauban.

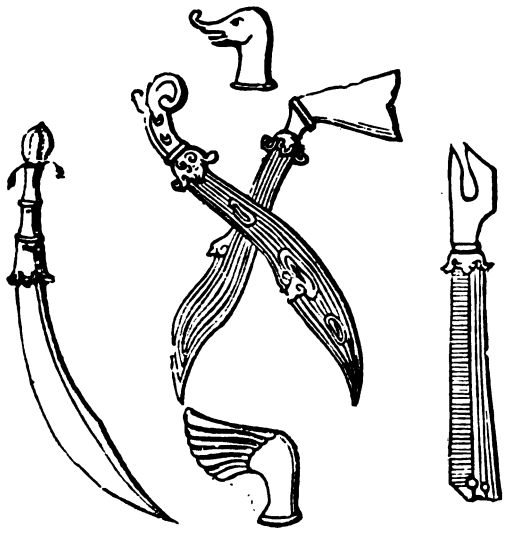
Iron ramrods were substituted for wooden ones by the father of Frederick the Great. The result was a long jump in the efficiency of the musket. With the old wooden ramrod, clumsy and easily broken, the loading of a gun was a laborious task, and the fire slow; with the iron one, rapidity and ease were secured. It was to the wars of those days what the movable breech has been to those of our own.

The rifle had come into gradual use with the improvement of small-arms, but the difficulty experienced in loading it was always a bar to its general adoption, and it remained the weapon of special corps of sharpshooters. Some companies of riflemen were organized by the Landgrave of Hesse for the Thirty Years' War, and in 1674 the Elector of Brandenburg salted his infantry regiments with a few sharpshooters. The first efficiently rifled cannon were cast about this time, one piece in the Berlin museum bearing the date 1664.

Although there was a company or so of riflemen in the French service in 1689, the commencement of the Revolution in that country found the army without any but smooth-bore weapons, and it was not until 1792 that they were reintroduced, only to be abandoned again, until, under Napoleon I., they were very little used indeed. The greatest soldier of his time entertained a poor opinion of what experience has proved to be the greatest of small-arms.

England did not adopt the rifle as a military arm until 1794, more than a century after it had been introduced into the Prussian army, although in 1680 the life-guard of Charles II. had been partially provided with rifled carabines. Thus Britain's

SOUTH AMERICAN SAVAGES USING THE BLOW-GUN.



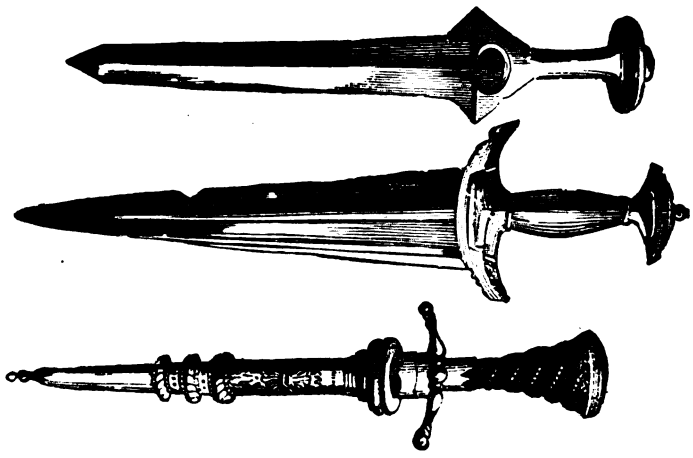
JAVANESE WEAPONS OF WAR.

JAVANESE WEAPONS OF THE CHASE.

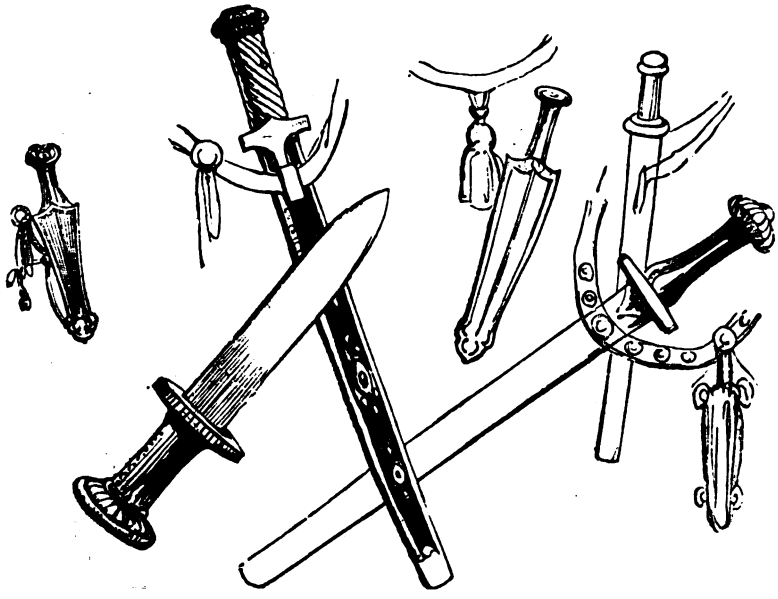
battles during our war of Independence were fought with "Brown Bess," that famous, ponderous old piece, with its forty-two-inch barrel, its ounce-and-a-half ball and its general irresponsibility of aim, which still had won so many victories when Marlborough went to war.

The military rifle of that day was a queer creature by contrast with the magnificent weapon of our time. In 1806, five battalions of the Rifle Brigade in the British service were armed with rifles of ten and a half pounds weight, including the sword-bayonet. These weapons had only a two-and-a-half-foot barrel, were rifled in seven grooves, and sighted for distances of between 100 and 200 yards.

The balls had to be driven home with mallets; and Wellington, in his Peninsular campaigns, had his riflemen provided with bullets of different sizes, the smaller ones being for quick firing. As regards the range of the pieces, the manufacturer stated that 200 yards was the greatest distance at which they could be fired with accuracy, although "good results might be obtained, when the wind was calm, at 300 yards, and he had frequently fired them at 400 and 500 yards, *sometimes* striking the target." What a fairy tale a report of a Creedmoor or Wimbledon match would be to this dead-and-gone gunmaker.



ROMAN SWORDS.



ROMAN SWORDS AND DAGGERS FOUND IN ENGLAND.

In 1807 a Scotch clergyman, the Rev. Alexander Forsyth, obtained a patent for a new system of priming, by means of a composition of sulphate of potash, charcoal and sulphur, applied to a percussion cap. This was found to corrode the nipple, and a combination of chlorate of potash, fulminate of mercury and ground

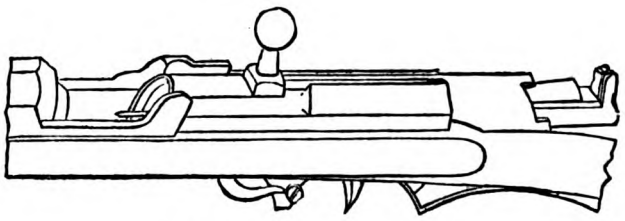


FIG 1.— THE PRUSSIAN NEEDLE-GUN.

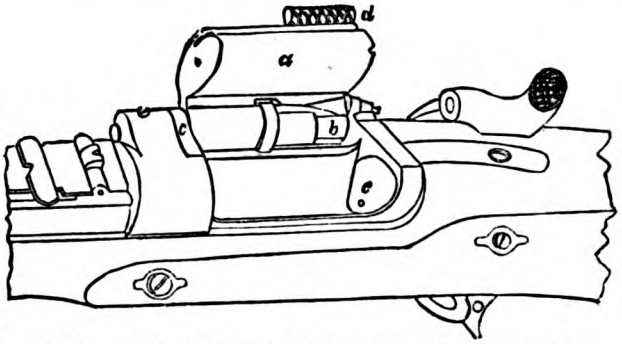


FIG. 4.— THE SNIDER BREECH-LOADING RIFLE—OPEN TO RECEIVE CARTRIDGE.

glass was substituted. The value of the new invention was not publicly tested until 1834, when it was found that out of 6,000 rounds it gave but six mis-fires, while the flintlock scored 922. This tremendous defeat sealed the fate of the latter at once.

The percussion-lock musket held its own until 1855. It was adopted into our army in 1842, but General Scott objected to its use in the Mexican War on the ground that its efficiency had not been sufficiently tested. Accordingly we fought the Greasers with their own weapons, although there were enough guns of the improved pattern in our arsenals to arm our troops twice over.

But the percussion-lock has virtually gone the way of its predecessors, and its entire extinction is only a matter of time. Like "Brown Bess" and the smooth-bore, as a military arm it has done its work—gallant work, too—and retired respectably into the limbo of museums and history. The rifle is the weapon of the present and the future.

The improvement of the rifle may be said to date from France. Napoleon I., as has been remarked, put little faith in grooved guns, at least as they existed in his time; but he possessed unbounded belief in the possibility of improving the smooth-bore, and commissioned Colonel Pauly to the duty of sustaining his belief. The result was the Pauly gun, patented in Paris in 1812.

The Pauly was a breech-loading smoothbore, whose cartridge was provided with its own means of explosion. Its mechanism was, however, so complicated, and it was so liable to accidents irreparable in the hands of the common soldier, that it was soon thrown aside.

On its model, however, a gunsmith named Dreyse, who worked in Pauly's shop, constructed the now famous needle-gun, patented in 1836, of which General Franklin says: "It was the parent of all breech-loaders which close the breech with a bolt."

Ten years before, Lieutenant Delvigne had invented the rifle which bears his name, and which was adopted by France in 1842, in which year, by-the-by, that nation established the first school of practice for the education of sharpshooters, out of which the present multitude of rifle-clubs has grown.

The Delvigne Rifle, in a measure, obviated the old difficulty in loading a channeled piece. The chamber in this rifle was smaller than the bore, and the ball was expanded by blows of a heavy ramrod or a mallet. The piece fouled at the breech very quickly, and to remedy this Colonel Thouvenin devised the *tige*.

This was a steel pillar or rod, set in the base of the bore. About this the powder was distributed, and it collected the residuum of the discharge, leaving the barrel of the piece comparatively clean.

Still, even with Delvigne's small chamber and Thouvenin's

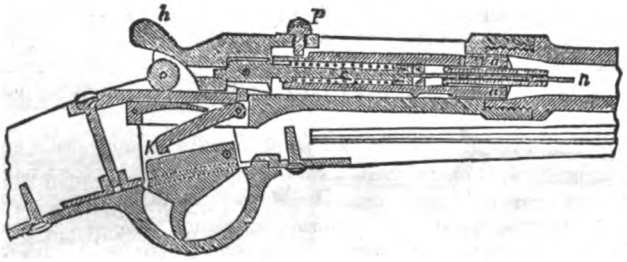


FIG. 2.— CHASSEPOT BREECH-LOADING RIFLE—SECTION OF BREECH-ACTION.

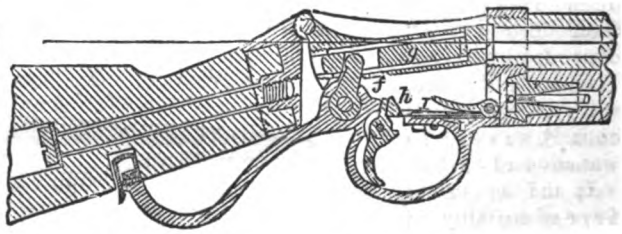


FIG. 5.— MARTINI-HENRY BREECH-LOADER—READY TO FIRE.

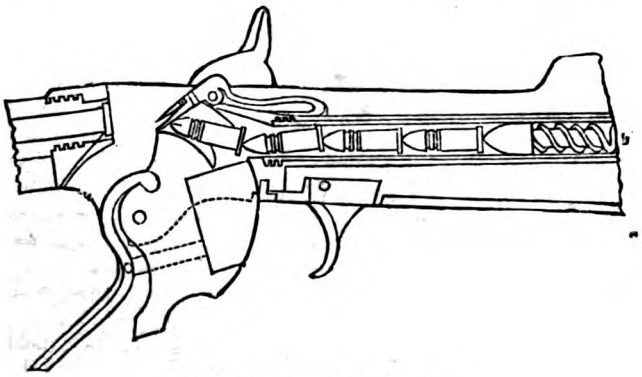


FIG. 3.— SPENCER MAGAZINE-GUN.

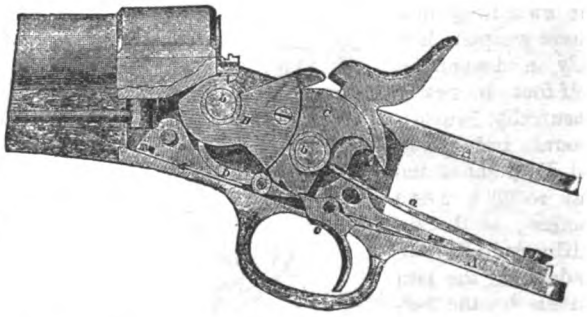


FIG. 6.—REMINGTON BREECH-LOADER—BREECH-ACTION OPEN TO RECEIVE CARTRIDGE.

tige the rifle, although much more satisfactory than the smoothbore, still lacked an essential something. The expanding of the ball was too difficult and complicated an operation. This difficulty was solved by the now world-famous ball invented by Captain Minié in 1849.

This bullet was of a conical form, with a cavity in the base filled with a tin thimble. This cavity, of course, made the walls of the base thin. Consequently, upon the discharge of the weapon, the powder-gases, forcing the thimble deeper into the body of the projectile, pressed the sides of the bullet out into the grooves of the rifling. In plain terms, instead of being expanded before firing, the ball was expanded by the action of firing itself.

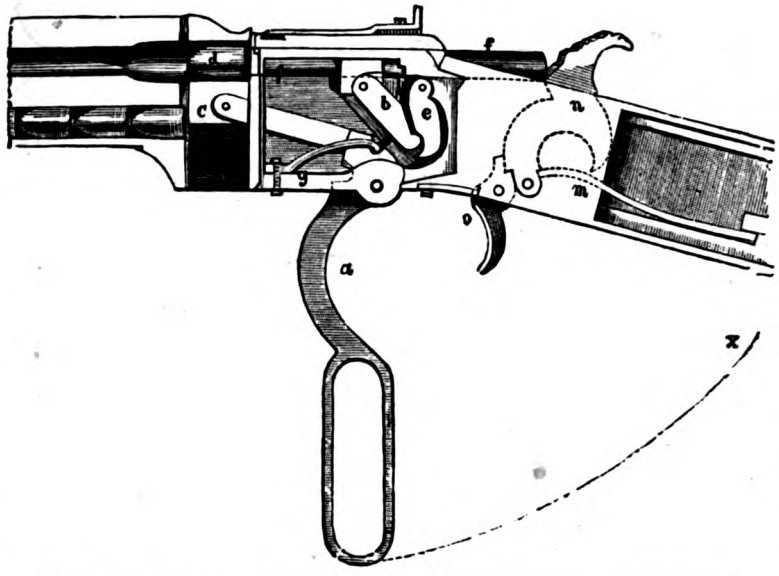


FIG. 7.—VOLCANIC REPEATING RIFLE—PLACING THE CARTRIDGE IN THE BARREL

In 1850, the rifled musket constructed for these balls was received into the French service, and by 1855 it had entirely superseded the smoothbore. The Springfield rifle was adopted by the United States in that year.

In 1849 the Prussian Government had already decided in favor of the Dreyse needle-gun. Its subsequent successful use in the Schleswig, Holstein and Austrian campaigns, and especially the crushing defeat it inflicted on the muzzle-loaders of the Austrians at Sadowa, recommended the universal introduction of breech-loaders.

But to go into any detailed description of the changes that followed would require a volume. The names of inventors and improvers is legion, and their work in models alone would fill an arsenal. Besides, our history of small arms is not yet concluded, not even in its condensed form.

In the first place, it must not be supposed that the Delvigne and Minié balls were the first attempts at that class of projectile. As far back as 1780, a M. Turpin experimented in that direction at Metz, and in 1815 the Prussians tried their hands at elongated projectiles. The experiments were practically unsuccessful, but their failure pointed the way to ultimate success; as the absurdly rude breech-loaders of the past led up to the perfection of the modern arm.

With the introduction of breech-loading guns, came the necessity of fitting them with special cartridges. At first the percussion-cap and paper-cartridges were tried, followed by combustible paper-cartridges, both with equal ill success. Then a non-combustible pasteboard shell, with a head of metal, was tried, discarded finally, by us, at least, for the metallic case, first used in the Maynard rifle.

A list of the rifles now in use by the principal powers may not be uninteresting. Our own army rifle is the Springfield, while the navy and national guard use the Remington as the standard arm. This latter rifle is the standard, also, of Egypt, Spain, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, the South and Central American Republics and China, while it is partially in use in France.

The French, however, are now rapidly arming with an improvement on the great rival of the needle-gun—the Chassepot—while Prussia uses the Mauser, an improvement on the Dreyse needle-gun. Russia is fighting among the Balkans with the Karl, a gun on the needle system, and Turkey is opposing her with the Martini. This latter has been adopted by Great Britain. In all cases the arms are being, or have been, adapted for the use of the metallic cartridges.

In view of the prominent share American inventive genius has borne in the development of arms, both great and small, an article like this would be incomplete without some special history, soever brief, on the subject. The oldest gun of native manufacture now in existence, so far as is known, is the old repeating musket manufactured by one ingenious "Mr. Pim, of Boston," over a century and a half ago, which, *vide* the old chronicle, discharged "eleven balls in the space of two minutes, each of which went through a double door at fifty yards distance."

This is an exceptional weapon, though. The first fire-arms used in the present United States were all of English manufacture. These were succeeded, after the alliance with France, by French guns, and at the end of the Revolution the Continentals were chiefly armed with these.

The Springfield gun factory, the first in the country.

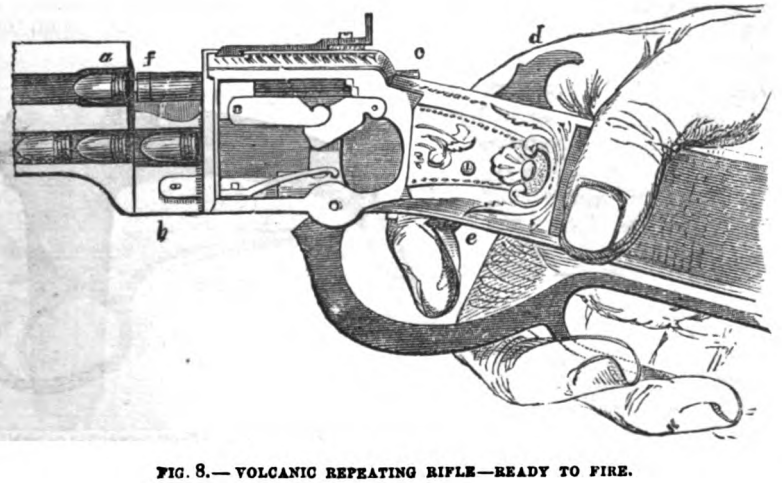
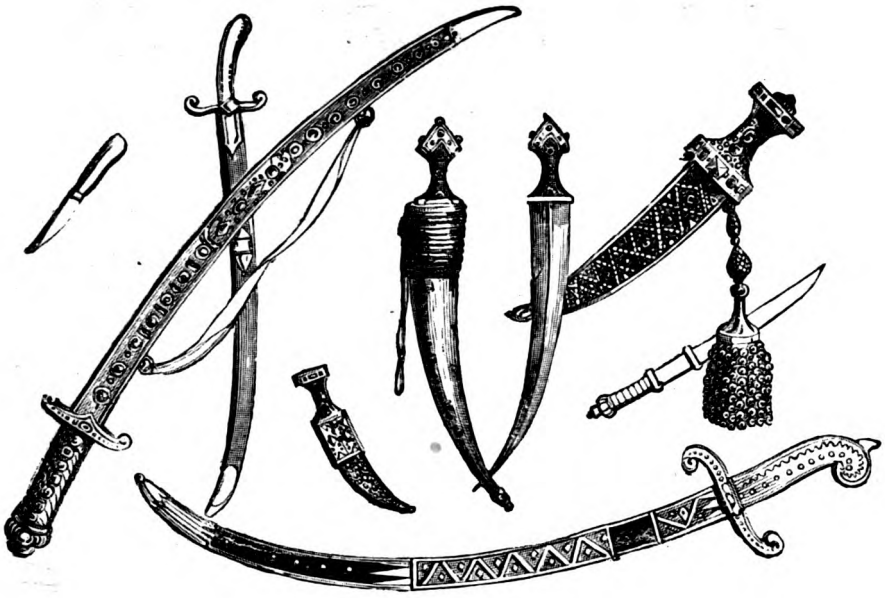
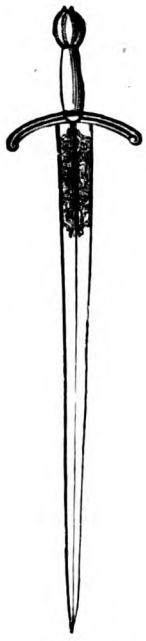


FIG. 8.—VOLCANIC REPEATING RIFLE—READY TO FIRE.



DAMASCENE SWORDS AND DAGGERS.



LONG SWORD USED BY THE CRUSADERS.

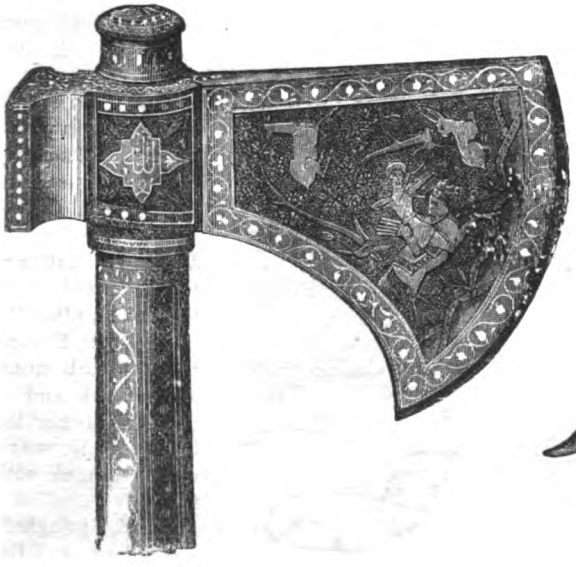
was established in 1795, where all the early muskets were made after the French model. Down to 1865, when the manufacture of muzzle-loaders was stopped, 1,517,464 guns had been turned out of this establishment alone.

MAMELUKE SWORD.

John H. Hall, somewhere about 1811, gained the distinction of inventing the first American breech-loader. It was a simple and, for the time, very efficient arm. The movable breech consisted of a hinged section of the barrel about five inches long, which was thrown up by a trigger in the stock exposing the bore, and which formed the chamber into which the cartridge was inserted. The piece was made to use both flint and percussion-locks.

After an elaborate trial the Hall breech-loader was approved, and a large number were made at Harper's Ferry Arsenal. Carbines of the same pattern were used by our cavalry up to the time of the Mexican War. The Hall gun was the first breech-loader successfully introduced into military service.

The war of the Rebellion naturally gave a tremendous impetus to the invention of arms of all sorts. The Sharp, Spencer and Henry, or as it is now called, Winchester models of rifles all date from that period, together with a



MAMELUKE BATTLE-AXE.

THE DJOUKAN, A MAMELUKE WEAPON FOR BREAKING COATS OF MAIL.

MAMELUKE MACE.

host of others. The Spencer was the first of the magazine guns, and was successfully used by the Union cavalry.

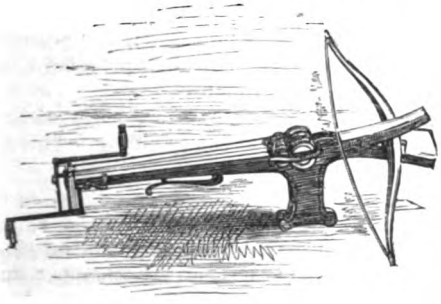
Since the inauguration of our rifle contests at Creedmoor the American breech-loader has stepped into the first rank of rifled arms. Its superiority over the muzzle-loading rifle in use by the English, was undoubtedly one great cause of our victories in the international contests. The English riflemen themselves seem to admit this, for the leading ones have all provided themselves with weapons of the same pattern as those used by their American rivals.

The gun of the future, however, according to all arms men, is the magazine rifle, in which a nmber of charges can be carried for rapid, automatic, consecutive firing. As an efficient weapon in war, the magazine gun, provided it can be constructed on some simple principle which will admit of its being easily kept in order, will undoubtedly be r success. But for range-firing it will not be likely to supersede the simple breech-loader, carrying as it does, a much lighter ball, and being sighted necessarily for a much more restricted range.

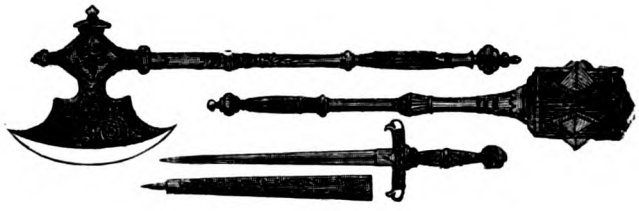
There are two distinctly American weapons which have not yet been alluded to—the revolver and the Bowie knife. The latter is too well known to need especial comment. It was the invention of Colonel Bowie, who created in it a more efficient weapon than the dirk in use in his time, and one which has become the favorite side-arm of the Southwest.

The revolver, however, is worth a few notes. The first percussion lock pistol was patented by Delvigne in Paris in 1830. During that same year the Colt revolver was created.

It was patented in 1836, and rapidly came into general use. Down to 1857, when the patent expired, the inventor's improvements were constant and great. Some idea of its success may by obtained from the fact that in the ten years preceding 1865, 550,000 Colt's revolvers were sold. As soon as the patent died the work of revolver-making was commenced by all the great gunmakers, and the rivalry that naturally ensued resulted in the development of a weapon whose effectiveness is comparatively as great at the present time as that of the rifle.



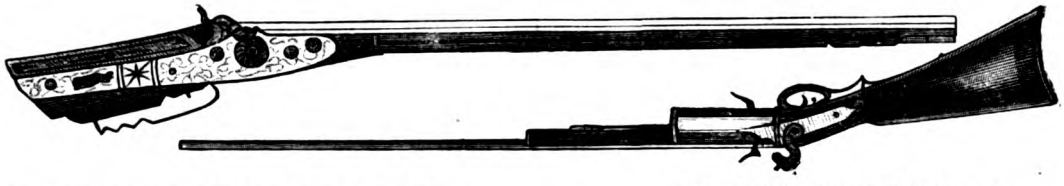
ARBALAST OR CROSS-BOW, ELEVENTH CENTURY.



BATTLEAX, MACE AND SWORD, ELEVENTH CENTURY.

The accompanying diagrams show the mechanism of the breech-action in the principal breech-loaders now in use.

Figure 1 is the Prussian needle-gun in its original form. This weapon was a breech-loader on what is termed the slide principle. The breech-block moved backward and forward in a groove; the block contained the needle, which was held back by a catch, and on pulling the trigger it was released, and, penetrating the base of the cartridge, ignited the fulminate at the base of the bullet.

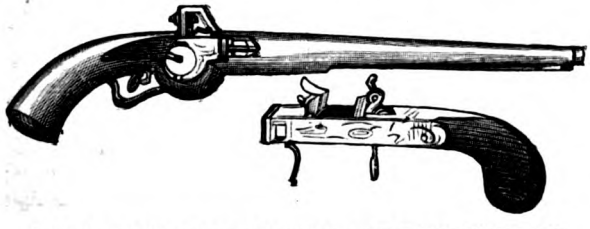


WHEELLOCK GUN OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

REVOLVING GUN OF LOUIS XV.'S TIME.

This rifle, which suddenly became the most celebrated arm in the world, was perhaps the worst. The action of the breech was slow, and the needle easily got bent or broken, in which case the arm was useless until a new needle could be supplied.

The gas was not effectually stopped from coming out of the breech, everything depending on the exact fit of the block into the barrel, and even if this



SPANISH WHEEL PISTOL, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY—TINDER-BOX IN FORM OF PISTOL.

fit was perfect, every time it was used it tended to deteriorate. This so often happened that the soldier was frequently, owing to the escape of gas, compelled to fire from his hip.

The ammunition was very rude. The bullet was egg-shaped, and embedded in a wad of *papier mâché*, which took the rifling, the bullet itself never touching the barrel; the base of the wad contained the fulminate. When the rifle was fired, the needle had to penetrate the powder and strike against the fulminate, the charge being thus ignited in the front. The Mauser rifle, which has replaced the original needle-gun as the German military arm, uses the metallic cartridge.

The Chassepot rifle, figure 2, is the invention of M. A. A. Chassepot, who was a viewer in the arms factory in Paris. The Chassepot is simply an improvement on the needle-gun, and the chief improvement consists in the closing of the breech by a disk of india-rubber. This disk is composed of thin layers, the two outer ones being hard, the centre being soft and elastic. This disk, *a a*, is attached to the front of the breech-lock, and is held between the breech-lock and a flange on the needle-case. When the explosion takes place, the flange of the needle-case is driven back on the india-rubber disk, causing it to expand laterally, and so hermetically closes the breech.

The sketch shows the rifle just as it has been discharged, the needle, *n*, having been forced forward into the base of the cartridge, and having exploded it.

In loading the arm, the finger-piece, *h*, is drawn back; the action of this is to compress the spiral spring wound round the rod, *r*, and so draw back the needle, *n*, within the sheath or needle-case. The breech-bolt is then turned from right to left, so as to open the breech. The breech-bolt, which slides over the spiral spring, is then drawn back, and the needle-case withdrawn from the breech; this allows the cartridge to be inserted. The reverse operation closes the breech, and the arm is then ready to be discharged. This is effected by pressing the trigger, which, by its action on the lever, *k*, releases the spring; the needle plunges forward and the arm is discharged. One of the most ingenious portions of the arm is the action of the screw or pin, *p*. This fits into a slot in the breech-block. There are two such slots, the firing-slot and the safety-slot. When the breech-block is turned so that the screw fits into the safety-slot, the arm is locked; in fact, this corresponds with a half-cock.

The arm can only be discharged when the firing-slot is opposite the screw, *p*. The weak points of this arm are undoubtedly the spiral spring and the india-rubber disk. The former, however, all breech-loading arms work with; the latter, practice has shown to be much more effective, and less liable to destruction from wear and tear, than would be supposed. Each French soldier carries a little tin case containing a spiral spring, two needles and an india-rubber disk.

The Spencer repeating rifle, figure 3, is a "magazine gun," and was used during our civil war as a cavalry arm. It gave a more rapid fire than any other rifle then in use. The cartridges are contained in a long tube, which is inserted into the plate at the heel of the butt. The cartridges are pressed forward by a spring into their place. The action of the lever, *a*, throws out the cartridge-case that has been used, and allows one of the cartridges to be pushed forward by the spring, *b*, into its place.

This rifle fires very quickly, but it has many disadvantages. It is complicated, apt to get out of order, and the action which closes the breech sometimes fails, in which case the tube containing the cartridges is driven backward into the shoulder of the person using the weapon.

The Snider rifle, figure 5, was the first breech-loader adopted for the use of the British army. In this system the breech-block revolves about an axis parallel to the axis of the bore, and at its right; *a* is the breech-block, which hinges on the side-pin, *b*, and is kept in its position by a small spring stud; *c* is an arm which, when the breech-block is drawn back, catches the base of the empty cartridge-case, and withdraws it. The breech is opened by a thumb-plate, *d*. The small stud, *e*, is driven into the base of the block when it is closed. The ignition is effected by the hammer striking against the plunger contained in the nipple, which is thus driven forward on the cap in the base of the cartridge.

This rifle is very simple and effective and has worked well in all climates, having been tested in New Zealand, Abyssinia, India and Canada. But it has some great faults. The chief of these is, that its security depends almost entirely on the cartridge. If the ammunition be good, it is safe; thus it is the exact reverse of the needle-gun, which depends entirely upon the accurate fitting of the breech. It is quite evident that both the breech and the cartridge should fulfil their share of the duty. This is accomplished in the Martini-Henry, the Remington, the Springfield, and several other new pattern breech-loaders.

The Martini-Henry rifle, figure 5, is a combination of the Martini breech-action with the Henry rifling. The diagram shows the gun ready to fire.

The tumbler, *f*, here keeps back the striker, *g*; when the trigger is pulled, the tumbler-rest, *h*, is moved forward, the tumbler is released, and the striker acting on the cartridge, the rifle is discharged. It will be seen that this rifle has no half-cock, the act of closing the breech cocks it. This is to a certain extent a disadvantage, but it is partially obviated by a locking-plate, *I*, which shuts into a groove in the tumbler rest, and prevents the piece going off until it is removed. This locking-plate is worked from the side of the breech, just above the trigger. This rifle has been adopted by the British Government, and also by that of Turkey. The war now in progress will afford an excellent practical test of its utility as a military arm.

The Remington rifle, figure 6, has become so widely known through its successful use in the International rifle matches that it scarcely needs a detailed description. The diagram shows the breech-action open, ready for loading. The action comprises the breech-block, *B*, and pin, *C*; hammer, *c*, and pin, *c*; main-spring, *a*, and screw-trigger, *c*; trigger-spring, *e*; locking-lever, *D*, locking-lever spring, *d*; and firing-pin, *f*. The extractor, not indicated by a letter, is seen engaging in a slot in the shoulder of the breech-block.

The operation of this rifle is especially simple. To load the piece the hammer is first brought to full cock, and the breech-piece swung back by pressing the thumb-piece with the thumb of the right hand. The backward motion of the breech-block withdraws the discharged shell from the chamber. The fresh cartridge is then inserted, and the breech closed in one continuous motion. The arm is then ready to fire.

The Volcanic repeating rifle may justly be considered the parent of all American magazine guns. It was patented in 1855, and it is interesting to note that it had the needle action, and used the Minié bullet, the charge and fulminate being contained in the cavity at the base of the ball. In the diagrams, figure 7 shows the carrier lever, *a*, swung forward, bringing up the carrier box to level of the barrel; *g*, spring fixing it; *f*, needle, which is drawn back by action of *b* and *e*, cocking the gun; *m*, spring keeping hammer in position; *o*, trigger. In figure 8 the lever, *a*, is seen closed, the act of closing driving forward the needle, *f*, pushing the ball from the carrier-box into the barrel. The box, *b*, drops

into its first position, and by pulling the trigger, *e*, the hammer, *d*, strikes the needle at *c*, which moves forward, striking the cartridge at *f*, and discharges the gun. The Volcanic rifle was improved into the Henry during the civil war, and more recently has been further improved by O. F. Winchester, from whom it now takes its name.

Among other American rifles the Ballard, Ball, Fogarty and Gardner guns may be mentioned. The first named is a single breech-loader, while the others are magazine arms. It is worthy of note that the much-vaunted Martini breech-action is taken bodily from the Peabody gun, an American invention; the only difference being that in the former the breech-block contains the lock, while in the latter the ordinary side lock is used.

With the general introduction of the breech-loader, and its adoption as the military arm of all civilized peoples, an important question has arisen, in the decision of which, the great soldiers of the world have a common interest, and over which they are still puzzling. The range of the infantry arm has been so vastly increased that the present system of tactics, formed when the range of the musket did not exceed two hundred yards, must be radically changed. In what way this shall be done is the problem awaiting solution.

THE SUN-DANCE.

But few have had a chance to see Indian life and manners as they exist in the Far West to-day. At Camp Robinson, Spotted Tail Agency, and at various other points embraced in the command of General L. P. Bradley, may be seen many of the peculiar features of savage life, and the "sun-dance" and other religious ceremonies observed by the remnants of what were formerly famous tribes. About half of General Bradley's wards are the wild fellows from the North who have always been at war with the whites until this year, and they have as yet all their old wild customs and tastes. Some of them are strikingly handsome men, even in their uncouth dress. "Touch the Cloud," "White Thunder," "Spotted Tail," "Washington," "Black Coal" and "Yellow Bear" are models of physical beauty in face and form, and a great number of the young men are very handsome; they would attract attention in any company and in any dress.

Your correspondent went out in Crazy Horse's village last month to see the "sun-dance" performed. This is a religious affair, and the ceremonies consist of various tortures, such as cutting gashes in the arms and breasts and dancing under the hot sun till the victims are exhausted or faint under the trial. They are prepared for these pleasant exercises by three days of rigid fasting, not being allowed to taste food or drink for that time. The chief actors in the dance were prepared for it by having a knife run through the thick muscles of the breast, and a strong wooden skewer inserted. To this was tied a strong buckskin rope, about fifty feet long, the ropes being all fastened to a pole set in the centre of the dancing-ground. At a given signal all the dancers go at it, and more honest or vigorous dancing you never saw. Those tied to the pole have to tear out the skewers fastened in their breasts, and this is of course the greatest trial of all, and it can only be done by throwing the whole weight of the body on the pole until the flesh gives way. One of the victims fainted dead away before he could free himself from the rope, and some of his friends immediately tore it out to save him from disgrace, the Indian law being rigid that any one who fails to bear the trial of having the rope torn out is for ever after a squaw, and not a warrior. During these performances the Indian drums are beaten furiously, and loud whistles are blown to keep up the courage of the dancers, while the mothers, sisters and sweethearts of the sufferers stand near and sing their praises in plaintive songs.

The Indians treated their visitors politely, and even hospitably. We took coffee with them, and ate fried cakes, declining the stewed dog which was offered with them. We were much interested in the "sun dance," as it is seldom a white man has had a chance to see one, because many of the prominent men engaged in it were known by reputation as dangerous enemies of the white men only a little time since. They were the very fellows who annihilated Custer's command, a year ago.

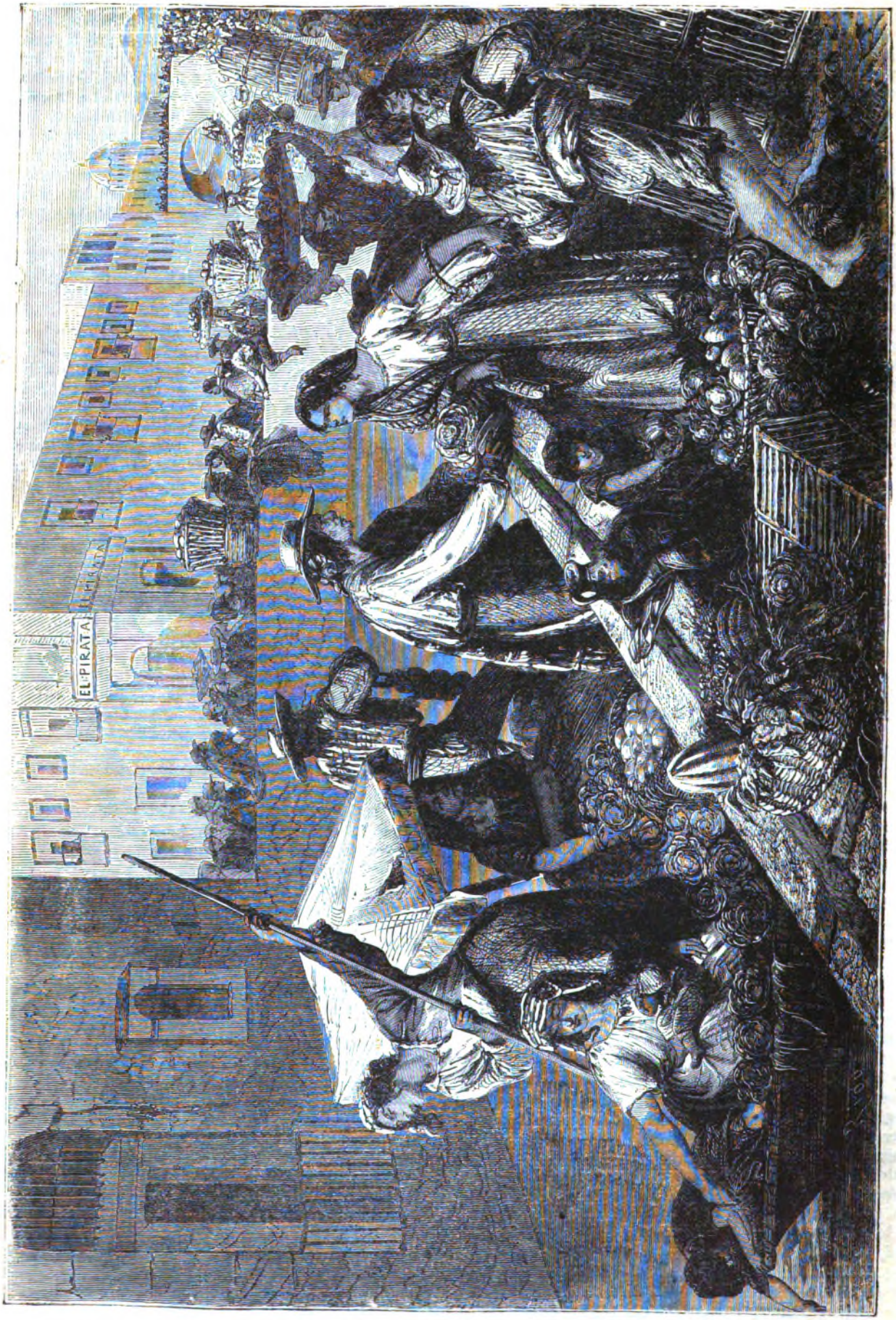
TITLED COOKS.

Prince Talleyrand, that consummate diplomatist, whose dinners had a European reputation, did not amuse himself, it is true, with holding the handle of the frying-pan, but he was accustomed to visit his larder every morning. And have we not still more august examples? The lovely and unfortunate Marie Antoinette, delighted in making her own creams and cheeses at Trianon. Who again does not know the history of the omelette at Malmaison? The Empress Josephine was amusing herself one day with her ladies of honor with the manufacture of an omelette, and, at the most interesting moment of the operation, Napoleon entered unexpectedly. Seeing the embarrassment the Empress experienced in turning the omelette, he took the pan from her hand, saying, "I will show you, *ma bonne amie*, how to turn an omelette: this is the bivouac fashion." And at the same moment he gave the pan that little twist so well known to all cooks; but the disobedient omelette, instead of returning to the frying-pan, fell right into the fire, to the great delight of Josephine, who, turning to her august spouse, said to him, with a charming smile, "Your majesty is not at the bivouac now; you understand much better how to gain battles than to turn omelettes."

ECONOMY.

The French butcher separates the bones from the steaks, and places them where they will do the most good. The housewife orders just enough for each person and no more, even to the coffee. If a chance visitor drops in, somebody quietly retires and the extra cup is provided, but nothing extra by carelessness of intention, when the little range is extinguished, and waits for another time. No roaring cook stoves and red-hot covers all day long for no purpose but waste. The egg laid to-day costs a little more than one laid last week. Values are nicely estimated, and the smallest surplus is carefully saved. A thousand little economies are practised, and it is respectable to practise them. Cooking is an economical as well as sanitary and gustatory science. A French cook will make a franc go as far as an American housewife will make three. We should probably be greatly astonished could the computation be made, how much of the financial, recuperative powers of France is owing to her soups and cheap foods—better living, after all, than the heavy bread and failures generally of our culinary ignorance.

Every kind word and feeling, every good deed and thought, every noble action and impulse, is like the ark-sent dove, and returns from the troubled waters of life bearing a green olive-branch to the soul.



THE ROTDAN BRIDGE IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.

THE CITY OF MEXICO.—CASA MUNICIPAL.

THE CITY OF MEXICO.

By Colonel Brantz Mayer, U. S. A.

In the long-gone ages, when Mother Earth drew the laces of her corset tightest to mold the shapely waist of what was to be her American Continent, she compressed, in beautiful masses, those rich elements of the wilderness-world which we know as Mexico. Mine, mountain, teeming soil—everything of beauty, wealth and physical grandeur—were clustered around the warm heart of the future realm. And so a country was formed, hanging like a picture on the two sides of the central *sierra* of our Andes, rising gradually from the Gulf and Pacific seashores, passing upward through torrid, temperate and cold climates until it terminated, at the height of seventeen thousand feet, in peaks of snow and arrowy ice. Thus Nature piled up in mountains and terrace-plains a land of vast extent, capable of affording all necessary productions for industrious men, and even of yielding spontaneously for the idle. Indeed, so rich has been this Mexico in its free-will offerings that it has often made the intruding, if not the indigenous, races depend less on their labor than on the untilled fruits of the soil.

MEXICAN PRIESTS.

The original populations, which the Spaniards broke down, have strange, mythical histories. Races or tribes seem to have succeeded each other frequently in the possession of this land, which was *to all* a prize worthy of conflict and conquest. Some of these tribes were progressive, some quite the reverse. Some of them are rather undefined in story, others are called Toltecs, others Aztecs. All, at various periods, appear to have been wanderers from the North—warriors, subduers, builders, founders—founders of empire, and builders of monumental evidences of civilization in the architecture of palaces, temples and tombs. The Aztecs, last of these original peoples, ruled the land when Cortez came to them with the news that there were other folks on the earth besides themselves.

I do not intend to write history. I mean to describe what we see in only a small part of the vast domain won by Spain on our continent, and principally the capital founded by the conqueror on the central table-land of Mexico.

HAT-VENDER.

I do not regret that it was before the days of railroads in that country that I went first to Mexico. Our "rose-leaves," it is true, "were sorely crumpled" by three days and nights of travel to the capital in the stage-coach of thirty years ago, nor was our comfort increased by well-founded fear of *ladrones* in almost every part of the highway; yet the rough travel, the *al fresco* life of the country people, the luxuriant beauty of tropical scenery, the queer, quaint dress and habits of the folks we met, the hard fare at board and bed, the apprehension of attack by thieves and preparation for resistance, all gave a spice of adventure to our journey and repaid us for the slowness with which we crawled upward over the wretched road. It was vastly different from the journey from Vera Cruz now-a-days, cooped in cars, fed at fashionable *fondas* and rushing through the grandest scenery as if anxious to avoid, and not behold it. Indeed, I think that he who goes up to the Mexican capital by rail will do well to pause at several places on the road, and even to make excursions by horse or carriage to exquisite, tropical Jalapa—that *pezzo di cielo caduto in terra.* The traveler experiences little difficulty, and only a day's detention, by halting at Cordova, and probably only another day or two may be lost by stopping at Apizaco to take the branch railway for Puebla and Cholula, that richest monumental ruin of Montezuma's time. I would advise him to go onward, by coach or *en cavalier*, with a safe and pleasant party, from Puebla, and, crossing the shoulder of the Sierra near the volcano of Popocatepetl, descend from that elevated point into the Valley of Mexico. I am sure I shall never be sorry that my first acquaintance with the aspect of Montezuma's capital was made in that way; nor shall I forget the bright, breezy November day when, after climbing slowly and steeply upward from day-dawn, at last we found our carriage running level again, and then suddenly dipping westwardly, as our driver shouted: "*He! Mira! el Valle!*"

We had passed beyond a noted robber-nest of those days at Rio Frio. We had been well guarded by a band of Mexican troopers given as my escort by the military commander at Puebla; and were just getting clear of the desolate mountain ravines among which we had been winding for an hour in the cool Autumn air, when a broad gap in the pine forest, like a huge portal, suddenly launched up on the vast, unobscured western expanse, disclosing the superb Valley of Mexico. A curtain seemed to have been suddenly absorbed, for the scene really flashed on us. This standpoint may be quite 10,000 feet above the sea, and 2,000 above the levels of the Valley. The sky was a rich, cloudless, ultramarine, and, in the intensely rarefied air of that altitude, the remotest objects, through its transparent medium, were as distinct as if at hand. There seemed annihilation of distance; the majestic scale of scenery was enhanced by lack of perspective. On our left, towered Popocatepetl, 5,000 feet above us; on the other hand were the ice peaks of Istacciheratl, the twin post of our gigantic portal. Two thousand feet below was a broad, green and brown level, flat as a calm sea—the bottom of this great basin, hemmed in by 200 miles of encircling hills and mountains, many of which had been active volcanoes, but are now quiet and covered with forests. Villages and haciendas, white in the sunshine, flecked the great plain laced with the lakes of Chalco, Tezcoco, San Christobal, Zaltocan and Zumpango, stretching northwardly across it in silvery lines; while fifty miles over the levels to the west, our eyes struck the first steeps of the mountains waving away, fold upon fold, toward the Pacific, like a ruffled sea of fading blue and purple, until sky and mountain melted into each other.

As a panorama of scenery I always recollect this prospect as the grandest inland view I have seen. Nor was I less enchained by the recollection that it was not only a comprehensive eye-grasp of natural sublimity, but also the theatre of historical events that made and unmade empires. What dramas, what tragedies, and in modern times, what comedies of liberty and despotism have been acted here! What successions of systems and dynasties! Toltec, subduing aboriginal barbarism; Aztec, subduing his Toltec teacher; Spain, subduing, robbing and ruining Aztec; Spaniard, revengefully overthrown by mixed races; Mexicans, conquered by the soldiery of our North American Union, but relinquished with the hope of progressive nationality; Mexican fighting Mexican in constant civil war, until lawlessness disgraced the name of government; the *soi-disant* Republic attacked by Europe, subdued by France, and forced to receive an Austrian Sovereign; and, finally, the Indian Juarez re-vindicating his race and American rule by the execution of the Emperor, whose brood, three hundred years ago, destroyed the Aztecs. And so the traveler who takes time in his Mexican wayfaring, to behold and enjoy this magnificent *coup d'œil* of the Valley may, at the same time, make a good deal of American history palpable, and I think he will never upbraid me for advising him to go slowly and observingly over the old road to the Capital from Puebla.

But we must come down from this mountain outlook. The descent, however, in these days is farther northward than by the road of thirty years ago; so that we sweep by steam into the Capital over the plains that were marched over by Cortez and Scott. As our concern at present is exclusively with the City of Mexico, its aspects and surroundings, we shall consider ourselves within that hive of two hundred and fifty thousand people.

There are no cities on our continent, and few anywhere, that surpass Mexico in regularity of design, architectural solidity, and civic symmetry. It has none of the up-hill, down-dale irregularities of many North American municipalities. Its flatness is comfortable for the muscles of man and beast. Laid out on a dead level, it was "made to order." Its main problem has always been *drainage*, and that I think might be improved. Built on the lake and on its marshes, Montezuma's Capital had probably very few solid edifices of stone, all of which were destroyed in the wild rapine of the *conquistadores*, so that the Aztec town was utterly erased to give place to the Spanish City. Hence a definite plan of street and structure was practicable from the beginning. Long ago a British traveler in the United States, cleverly said that "Philadelphia was a parallelogrammatic infringement of individual eccentricity," and this Catholic Capital resembles the Quaker in that sort of infringement; save that the Spanish engineers seem to have had better taste, better ideas of room, and perhaps were not so stingy of soil as William Penn. Straightness and rectangularity are the curses accompanying too much flatness. Where there is no elevation to go over or go around, there are no bends, and no surprises. There is such a thing as making even scenery too explicit, for in towns as in fields, one likes the coy concealments and coquetry of curves.

In visiting cities previously unknown to me, I always do two things: provide myself on arrival with the best plan of the place, and, thus fortified, climb to the top of the loftiest building to study the "lay of the land." In the present excursion our first view was *downward* from a mountain to a plain, so vast and varied as to be indistinct in minute parts; while the view we are now about to take is *upward*, toward those mountains and across that plain, whose material objects, by proximity, become visible in detail. This view of the City of Mexico I always obtained by mounting to a balcony near the belfry of one of the cathedral-towers in the centre of the town, dominating valley as well as city. Here, as on the mountain-top, we are instantly struck by

the crystalline clearness of the atmosphere. You seem observing through a lens. During the six months between November and April, called Winter months in Mexico, rain never falls; during the other six, showers occur frequently. From November to April you know that the sun is bright in an ultramarine sky, before your shutters are unclosed; from May to November you take counsel from your servant before you dress. But the Winter of the delicious Valley is neither hot nor cold. I never had fire in my apartments, which looked southwardly and had sunshine upon them always; yet here, as in San Francisco, the shady side of a street is chilly, while the sunny side is too warm. Between the seashores of the Gulf and of the Pacific on either side, and the central *plateau* and mountains, you gain every climate, simply by ascending. At Cuautla, in the *tierra caliente*, I stood in a sugar plantation, and, through the branches of palm-trees, looked at eternal snow not fifty miles distant. So, at the level of this cathedral-tower—the extraordinary elevation of 7,500 feet above the sea—you have a pellucid atmosphere unobscured by vapor, and so rarefied that while climbing the steeple's stairs you gasp for breath, and must pause to overcome distress before you can enjoy the prospect.

When panting breath and palpitating heart are quieted, you look downward on this big city—north, south, east, west—as upon a checker-board. It is the plan of the town, having, of course, more squares than the chess-table. Streets, laid out by compass, cross each other at right angles, and at nearly equal intervals. The down-look is on a sea of flat house-tops, or *azotéas*, mostly covered with a wealth of beautiful flowers and verdure, architecturally broken up by domes, steeples, tall conventual buildings and public edifices, while the rosy tiles of roofs and spires and the dainty blue, pale green, light yellow and creamy colors with which the stuccoed walls are tinted enliven the scene with inoffensive hues. You thank heaven in this blazing sunlight that you are not imprisoned in North American brick. Though the house-architecture is mostly linear and altogether unfantastic, the quaint Spanish style of ornamentation modifies and contrasts ecclesiastic with domestic buildings. Looking down any street and in any direction, you observe its end opening into the country. There seems but small cincture of suburbs. The city buzz and hum come up to your ear, but it is rather a quiet picture, until the stroke of matin, mid-day, or vesper bells fills the air with clangor. So close, so compact, so very near to the observer appears every part of this city, that I could scarcely believe its inhabitants properly counted at a quarter of a million.

The cathedral whence we are looking stands on the north side of the *Plaza Grande*, a great square 810 feet long, 600 feet wide; the cathedral occupying 500 feet of this space in length and 420 in breadth. These dimensions give an idea of the scale on which the *conquistadores* laid the foundation of the capital of New Spain, though they were taught a lesson of grandeur by the Aztecs they overthrew, who occupied the same site with the great *Teocalli*, or temple of their hierarchy—an edifice of probably greater dimensions than the cathedral's.

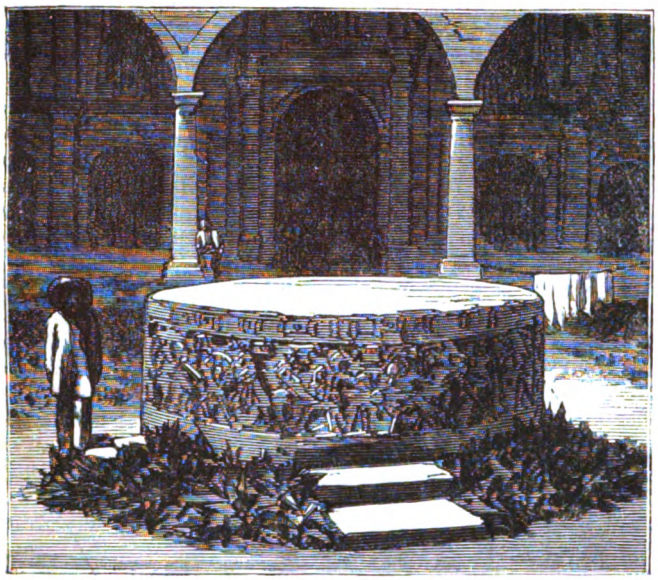
When I first visited Mexico this square was a roughly-paved area. In later years the unsightly *Parian*, a square of squalid shops that intrusively covered the southwest corner of the *Plaza*, has been removed, displaying now completely the whole quadrangle. The central part of this area, opposite the cathedral and palace of National Government, has been planted with trees, and laid out in walks interspersed with flowers, shrubbery and flats. In the midst stands a circular platform reached by steps, bordered by iron railings, around which excellent military bands are grouped to play at evening "retreat."

This beautiful oasis of verdure and flowers is about 120 yards square, so that much of the *Plaza* on the west is still left bare for popular movement and military parade.

Such is the scene immediately below us, but the most fascinating view lies beyond the City. At this Autumnal time the Valley's verdure is already freshened, yet across the great plain to the hills, which are the footstool of the monarch mountain, the prevailing tints are still brown, yellow and purple, shading upward toward the ascending azure of Popocatepetl and Istazihuatl, until their summits cut sharply against the sky. Between us and these extinct volcanoes is the great chain of lakes, long lines of tree-bordered roads, trim canals, Churubusco and San Angel. The rippled waters of Chalco and Xochsmiteo, are divided by a thin barrier of land white with salty incrustations. Wherever there is water, fresh tints give exquisite touches of brightness to the picture. Southward are the roads, avenues and fields over which Scott fought his way to the Capital from San Agustin, across the bristling lava of the Pedregal, and then at Churubusco. Westward, embowered in evergreens, are the twin gems of the valley—Tacubaya, and castle-crowned Chapultepec, girdled by its superb cypresses, which tradition dates beyond the Spanish conquest. Behind the shelter of Chapultepec is Molino del Rey, the stronghold whose walls screened Santa Anna's army which harassed the United States troops so severely on their march to the Capital. North of this lies Tacuba, a village reached by Alvarado's route when he led the Spaniards on the memorable *noche triste*—the "sorrowful night" of their flight from Montezuma's spears and arrows. Here, too, is the church and shrine of "Nuestra Señora de los Remedios" —"Our Lady of succor"—a protectress of Mexico, scarcely less sacred among the population than "Our Lady of Guadalope," whose temple gleams high and white on the low hill four miles directly north of us.

Northeasterly, across the shimmering silver of Lake Tezcoco, beyond its green shores, you descry the faint outlines of ancient Tezcoco, like a scattered heap of blanched bones relieved against the purple slope of the low mountains. So vast is this panorama that it impresses the observer with a sense of loneliness rather than life. But this is due to extent, which always obscures what is minute. Still, wherever you gaze in this circuit sweep of the Valley, you descry roads, railways, lakes, haciendas, fields of grain, maguey plantations, villas, aqueducts, parish churches and convents; miles upon miles of causeways dotted with creeping Indian crowds and long *atajos* of mules, caravans, crawling like centipedes toward the Capital. Over all and ever seen, dominate the twin-volcanoes—tall, dead giants, gone away up to heaven! "Never had city so grand an environment," exclaimed a late eminent American Bishop, when he beheld this scene. "Athens has mountains and sea, but scanty plains; Rome, plains, but no water and low-browed hills; Jerusalem, mountains, but no plain or sea." Here, everywhere there is wealth of color and outline; variety of physical objects, plain, water, mountain; all shades, from pale green to bosky sombreness: sharp flashing golden yellows mellowing into orange, brown and umber; purples enriched to velvet dahlia; and aloft, the blue, archy dome resting on the mottled rim of encircling mountains.

At this height above the *Plaza* the city sounds come up indistinctly. We discern crowds, yet hear little from their action; they seem gliding along in the rhythmic silence of inaudible motion. At last we hear the clangor of bells and trumpets, a faint tune of martial music, and to its measured beat, a military guard marches through the great square, heralding a gorgeous procession of richly clad ecclesiastics in all the solemn pomp of religious ceremony—for it is a high festival of the Church. Let us descend.



ANCIENT SACRIFICIAL STONE.

A BARILLERO OR WATER-CARRIER.

Mexico received many good lessons from her invaders. In Spanish vice-royal times, much was solidly done in right directions by the Government, but there was very little encouragement of those arts and sciences which make nations independent—giving comfort, progress, vigor, to the people. Spain wanted to be the supplier of what she pleased, and Mexico the docile consumer. When I went to Mexico more than thirty years ago, I believe there was neither cart nor wheel-barrow in the Capital. I was told that there was not then an American plow in the Valley. Man was the beast of burden in the city. We

TAPADO DE GALLOS.

TREE OF THE "NOCHE TRISTE."

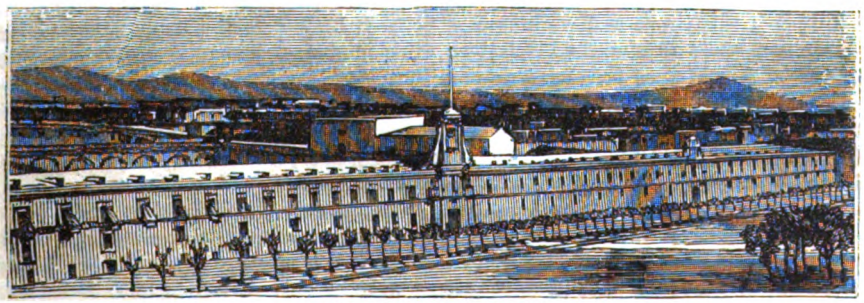
SCENE IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

THE CASA ITURBIDE.

taught them something during our conflict of arms, and they learned more from later invaders of the "Latin Races." But it strikes me that although Mexico has learned the usefulness of railways, gas, and general education, and ingrafted religious toleration on her National Constitution, when she suppressed the Monastic system, the popular spirit of things has changed but little. There is a certain Chinese fondness for "old customs" among the millions of her mixed races (for not more, probably, than one million possess the "blue blood of Spain"), that may long prove antagonistic to innovations, which, at best, are but grafts in all great National changes. What grows from the root grows from the heart; what is inserted for adoption, sprouts slowly from sections, and can only be reproduced by repeated multiplications.

THE ORACLE OF PEACE.

I found, therefore, when I came down from my church-tower and mingled with the people in streets and houses, that in their external aspects, habits and modes of life they were but little changed in a quarter of a century. Intelligence, culture, taste, are certainly more diffused among all classes that came closely in contact with foreign masses during the wars. Good sense, foreign travel, education, natural cleverness and aptitude for acquirement conquered much of the spirit of resistance which is natural under such circumstances, so that uninterrupted progress must follow irresistibly. A better style of living is more common than of yore. By seeing the things the outside world has done, and its modes of accomplishment, the Mexicans acquired new wants and new systems. Thirty years ago the style of public entertainments and of private festivities was quite as refined and tasteful as that of the United States, France, England or Germany; yet this higher tone of existence was reserved for the *élite* rather than spread among the many for habitual use. Then, as now, the internal economy of the



THE EXECUTIVE MANSION.

household was very private, plain and formal. Brown beans, or *frijoles*, *tortillas*, or hand-patted corn-cakes, ground at home on the *metatè* by the housemaid and baked on a griddle, a dish of pungent *molle de quajalote*, or turkey stewed with *Chilè* pepper, are quite as popular messes of the Mexicans as they were in viceroyal days. Yet "Young Mexico" has been much abroad of late, and learned the healthfulness of good cookery with mild flavors, instead of the dyspeptic destructiveness of scorching condiments. This *jeunesse dorée* is opulent and educated. Hence, when you quit the railway station in the Capital you find a welcome in excellent hotels. The *Hotel Iturbidè*, which in 1842 was but an empty barrack of large apartments, is now converted into a caravanserai that compares favorably with our best hotels.

The *Casa Iturbidè* for a short time was the palace of the Mexican Emperor of that name. A grand *porte-cochère* leads to a *patio*, or quadrangle, fifty yards square, around which, on each story, rise the galleries and balconies of capacious saloons, superbly furnished. The hotel is not befouled by kitchen smells, for food is furnished at a Parisian restaurant in an inner court, where tables are laid in a spacious hall, and arbors of the neighboring garden. The improvement, at least in the public living, of all classes who can afford luxuries, is evident, too, in that charming resort, the *Tivoli de San Cosmè*, which is a gay garden devoted to recreation and festivity. Few private enterprises of the kind excel it elsewhere. Extensive grounds have been made attractive by tasteful European artists. It is thick with trees, interspersed with a wealth of rare plants and flowers, with graceful fountains, brooklets, bowers and kiosks. In this delicious place a skillful *chef* dispenses a *cuisine* which surpasses any that Parisian cooks furnished last year at the *Café Lafayette* or the *Trois Frères Provençaux* of the Philadelphia International. Here, too, if private introductions do not admit us to many interiors, we may observe, *à l'abri*, much of the society of Mexico. The President of the Republic universally prefers the *Tivoli* for his formal entertainments, while opulent citizens vie with each other in dinners and *déjeuners*. Of course, the more public parts of the *Tivoli* are generally thronged with gay people. It is not "the *ton*," exactly, for gentlefolks to walk in Mexico, at least for long distances. They allege that climate, as well as custom, does not invite to exercise on foot; hence the abundance of horses, the splendor of equipment, the skill of the *ménage* and the superb display of coaches, cavalry and "whips." The Mexican *dama* and the chaperoned *donçella* still go daily afoot to early mass, clad in the sombre colors worn by their great-grandmothers. The black silk or satin used at church is, of course, shapely after modern styles. Black lace vails still shadow unbonneted heads, yet admit the soft glance of lustrous black eyes set in the magnolia skin of their serious faces, while the shapely but untrailing gown permits alternate peeps of the beautiful feet on which Spanish women move so grandly until, alas! they grow fat and begin to waddle. The only other walkers we meet are business men intent on affairs; the Mexican *chola* maid, graceful, coquettish, in gray *rebozo*, spotless white petticoat and tidy slippers; the *léporo* and workingman, with many-colored *serapes*, white drawers and velveteen trowsers. But here to the *Tivoli* come the *don*, *à caballo*, and the *dama*, *en coché* (the *dama's* coach, from Brewster's or Paris), drawn by American horses, and the *don*, *en cavalier*, his horse fretting under the severe bit, foaming at mouth and pacing along in a mincing, petty "rack," making as much fuss as if it was horsemanship, and not the curb, that controlled the animal's fire. I do not remember taking a walk into the country, alone or with a Mexican, or seeing a Mexican do so, while I lived in the Republic. It was unsafe to do so, for life was insecure from the knife of miscreants in unfrequented places.

The rectangular streets of the Capital, as we saw from the steeple tower, average fifty feet in width, and are tolerably well lighted at night by gas. The massive buildings differ in details of workmanship and of architectural design. It may be said that the prevailing style is linear, square and heavy. This gives a prevailing tone of substantiality. The materials (*adobes* or sun-dried bricks), are invariably stuccoed, and, as I have said, delicately tinted, so that there is a pervading harmony of hue.

The city's central quarter is a core of palatial dwellings, enveloped (as a traveler said of the suburbs), "in a shell of hovels"; for the poorer classes haunt the outskirts, in dirty *adobes* of single story and single room, generally without other aperture than the door, inside of which dogs, babies, and fleas swarm and wallow in cutaneous irritability! The balcony is an institution in the fine climate of Spanish America. Every window about the *patio* has its balcony in Mexico, whence you enjoy fresh air and fresh sights of the ever-moving throng. All day long you may live there in the shade, or shelter yourself from sunshine with gay colored pavilions. The balcony is always a favorite of the ladies, and many a flirtation, by eyes, fan, and fingers, is carried on behind its bars unknown to Mexican mammas.

More than seventy elaborately built churches and chapels survive the destruction of the Cloistered Orders. But the Capital's natural jewels, still remaining, are the fifty or sixty *Plazas* and *Plazuelas*—squares or squarelets—which the Viceroys had the good sense to save from enterprising architects. Despotism has its advantages, at least in planning cities. These open-air spaces, with abundant flowers and overarching foliage; and the wide streets and alleys, are filled from dawn to dark, nay, often far into the night, with town and country folk, Christian and Indian—on foot, or horseback, in hackney coach, and stately equipage. As I said before, Mexico has not moved fast enough to get rid of human *porterage*. Carriers, single or double, with a bamboo or bar between them and a suspending rope, are still common. "Express carts" will come in time, but too sudden innovations on *porterage* might create a revolution by throwing out of employ the multitudes who live by making themselves beasts of burden. In some things the Mexicans are Chinese, and lately the Chinese Government bought and tore up a short railroad which Englishmen built to save human labor in transportation! Accordingly, the *barillero* still rolls his water-barrel to your door, and the *Aguador* carries his big earthen jar or *chochocal* on his back strapped from his forehead, and balanced by a smaller vessel in front, strapped from the back of his head. He seems to vibrate between the two like a pendulum. Then comes the chicken and turkey trader, with long, light, bamboo coop, cackling and crowing all over; then follow hawkers of *dulces* or sweetmeats; hawkers of *tomales*, croquettes of baked corn meal and meat; hawkers of dressed mutton and veal; hawkers of sausages and vegetables; hawkers of *aguardiente*, and the great national beverage *pulque;* then trots on the indispensable *Carbonero* with his *hucalito* of charcoal. Before the suppression of the Monastic Orders this jumble of humanity was interspersed with soldiers in uniform, laborers in *sérapes*, *padres* in cassock and shovel, hat, and every hue of monk and friar, in frowzy robes of blue, gray, brown and white.

Odd and picturesque as this may be to us of the North, who are just beginning to know and hate the shrieks of our "Street Arabs," it is certainly not agreeable but very necessary to have one's morning's sleep broken by the groaning *Oséo-Oséo!* an abbreviation of *O! Señor-Carboni*—with which the *Carboneros* perambulate the city. No *Carbonero*,

no *frijoles*, no *tortillas*, no chocolate, in fact, no breakfast, no dinner; for it never occurs to maid or mistress that fuel may be bought cheaper by monthly chaldron than by the daily pound. Is it a characteristic preference for living from "hand to mouth?" Nor is it less strange, with abundant water in the hills and good aqueducts, (due, however, to "old Spain"), that the municipality has failed to "lay on water" to every house; consequently your dainty drink, bath and lavatory, are still supplied by the *Aquador's chocho-cal*. If you remonstrate; "what," they say, "will become of the poor *Aquador*, if water runs to you in pipes instead of on his legs!"

While we moralize the crowd thickens, but we will not detain you with a catalogue of all that men and women may want in twenty-four hours. Many of these peripatetic vendors are *léperos* of the mixed Mexican race; but large numbers, especially *Carboneros*, Fruit sellers and poultry dealers, are *Indios* from the Sierras. Generally they bring with them a *burro*, a little ass, scarcely bigger than a Newfoundland or mastiff dog, which, as he ambles along, is absolutely hidden by his load of forage, and astonishes a stranger as a kind of locomotive pile, peculiar to Mexico. But when the *Indio* owns no quadruped to carry his load, he invariably brings "a she-ass," in the shape of his female, who bears a heavy heap of earthen wares on her bent shoulders, from the midst of which a pair of sharp, black eyes peep out in her baby's ruddy head. And so the docile slave follows her mate and master, with that peculiar jog-trot which is the traveling gait of the Mexican as well as the North American Indian.

The horsemanship and mount of Mexicans are proverbially excellent. This is due to the habits of life in countries which have not yet emerged altogether from that patriarchal system, when flocks and herds formed a large part of general wealth. Figuratively, the *caballero*, as well as the *vaquero*, is a Centaur. Superb saddles, embroidered with gold and silver, sometimes costing hundreds, sometimes thousands of dollars; silver-plated spurs, with tinkling bells and dagger-like rowels; *serapes* or *ponchos* of bright colors and daintiest texture; an *aparajo* complete with every protection for limb and body; gold or silver-mounted holsters; stout *riata;* and broad-brimmed, silver-cinctured *sombrero*, shading dark hair, eyes and features—completing a Mexican cavalier's outfit and aspect—may still be seen in the city and *paseos*, morning and evening. In coaches, however, horses sometimes give place to superb *mules*, whose value, by-the-way, was finally taught us during our war with Mexico, although the animal's strength and endurance had been long before known to Virginians and Kentuckians.

I was glad to see, amid the wreck of many things during the conflicts for liberty, toleration and progress, that the *Alameda*, and at least one of the *paseos*, had not only been preserved but improved. We shall visit them hereafter.

A walk around the Plaza Mayor, in front of the Cathedral, discloses on the eastern side of the square the Palace of National Government, which was inhabited by Santa Anna when I first saw it. This palace, occupying that whole side of the square, is a long, squat, two-storied, stucco building, without architectural embellishment, whose unadorned walls are simply pierced by portals and balconied windows. Nevertheless, its great extent and uniformity impart a certain air of grandeur. It comprises not only the President's quarters and Executive bureau, but the Halls of Congress, Government offices, barracks and a guardhouse; so that under its flat roof all the elements of legislative and executive power are instantly ready to exert their forces. The great saloons have always been plainly furnished—indeed, more simply than private dwellings of many opulent Mexicans; but, during his short reign, Maximilian, who was a prince of taste, enriched it with many objects of *vertu*. If he had been able to keep power, I doubt not he would have done much for the advancement of his subjects in art, science and literature. The library he bought, but which has been sold since his death, disclosed the tendencies of his mind.

On the south side of the Plaza Mayor, facing the Cathedral, are the *Casa del Cabildo* of the Municipality, and the *Lonja*, or Merchants' Exchange; and there too, in line with these edifices, are the graceful arcades, filled with gay shops, swarming with people, known as the Portales de las Flores. Opposite the Government Palace, on the western side of the Plaza's quadrangle, is a long, uniform row of houses, supported on an arched colonnade—the Portales de Mercaderes, where nestle the richest shopmen of the Capital—jewelers, milliners, fancy folk, tailors, hatters—displaying the finest wares of Germany, France, Great Britain and Italy. Here, too, we see *some* American names, but we find very scant supplies of American fabrics. While the Germans are the principal merchants in the City of Mexico, they do not *monopolize* its trade, as they certainly do that of the ports on the Gulf and Pacific, as well as of many interior cities. Nearly every tailor, watchmaker and hatter is a Swiss or German.

Of course the Teuton, in the Capital and throughout the country, is the manufacturer of beer, "*cerveza*," which is running a race for popularity with the national *pulque*, or fermented juice of the American aloe. *Pulque* is a spirited liquor, ill-flavored when first tasted by strangers, but becomes a favorite when long used, and is considered wholesome in its native climate; but is not likely to come into competition with champagne! Pulque and aguardiente form the stock in trade of Pulquerias, which abound throughout the suburbs, where *léperos* and *lazzaroni* swarm, to swill and vary their maundering lives by a cock-fight or a game of *monté*.

Foreigners dwelling in the Capital are generally successful in trade and exemplary in conduct. The French are said to be the most numerous, Germans follow numerically; Italians, Spaniards, Americans and Englishmen shade off the list in gradual diminution.

Ecclesiastical architecture and art have always been the chief manifestations of church taste among the "Latin Races." Mexico is not an exception in her contributions. Not very long ago three-fourths, if not two-thirds, of the real estate of the Capital belonged or was mortgaged to the Church. The city was crowded with chapels, convents, monasteries, and became a hive of monks, nuns and padres. This was while the Federal Constitution of 1847 declared that the "Roman Catholic religion is and will be perpetually the Catholic Apostolic Roman. The nation protects it by wise and just laws, and prohibits the exercise of any other."

But that constitutional provision is abolished. Eight convents and twenty-one nunneries, closed by the reformatory laws of Juarez, in 1859, have been converted into school-houses. This reformation suppressed Monastic Orders, nationalized all church property, and proclaimed religious freedom throughout Mexico.

The Government has established 8,103 schools for the primary instruction of the people, and in 18 out of the 27 States of the Republic, attendance has been made compulsory. Such erasive decrees aroused the clergy to resistance, and helped to organize the reactionary intervention of certain European Powers in 1861. But finally freedom was maintained by the execution of the arch-ducal Emperor, leaving Louis Napoleon alone responsible for the iniquitous invasion of America. England and Spain wisely withdrew as soon as they understood the true motives of the leaders, and found

THE CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC.

out, moreover, that the United States was not likely to be destroyed by civil war.

But I shall not meddle with politics or religion in a descriptive article. They have been brought to mind only for an instant by the fact that we are still standing in front of one of the noblest American Cathedrals. Properly speaking, this noble edifice is Spanish, not Mexican, and due to Spain's best days of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; for 100 years passed between the laying of its foundation-stone and the raising of the dome-cross. As you look northward, that whole side of the square is occupied by Cathedral and Sagrario. But this Sagrario is a distinct building, the chief parish church. Externally, the Cathedral is more remarkable for fine proportions, solidity and size, than for elaborate architectural enrichment.

New Spain, like our California, was an earthquake country; and the Spaniards built in fear of the earth's tremor, which might destroy or shatter fanciful buildings. Hence this Cathedral, crested with its vast dome, and flanked by two tall towers and belfrys, which give airy lightness and graceful elevation to the whole design, may be pronounced imposing, rather than beautiful. In such descriptions, we can speak only of effects. The façade, therefore, is impressive; but partakes of those features noticeable in all Spanish architecture, which is not absolutely controlled by pure Gothic or Moorish taste, but borrows from both. The Spaniards seem to have tried grafts of both these styles on the Romanesque; and, in the externals of the adjoining Sagrario, we see designs in ornamental columns, which overflow with plastic foam, until excess of detail and a sort of convulsion of carving become painful.

THE CYPRESS GROVE OF CHAPULTEPEC.

Enter the great southern door of the Cathedral, and you

are shocked by the dirty, disjointed floor, and the scant wooden covering of the multitudes buried below, But meanness ends with the floor. Above it all is noble, lofty, vast; everything is ablaze with enrichment of wall, altar and sacristy. The aisles and vaulted dome are majestic in elevation and tone. The least reflective visitor must be impressed with the power of a hierarchy, which was not only charitable and dwelt in comfort, but controlled the wealth which made this probably the richest of our continent's Cathedrals.

To help your conception of what may be seen in this interior, imagine a railing, between four and five feet high, composed of gold and silver, with a small alloy of brass, extending about 200 feet around a choir, which itself is a marvel of carving and statuary, overlaid with flashing metals and brilliant but harmonious colors.

These short hints may give some notion of the general style of numerous churches and chapels we saw in Mexico, wherein the evidences of extravagance were not so great, yet proportionate to their consequence or to the influence of the Order which controlled them. No wonder, then, that the wealth of the Mexican Church was some years ago counted at one hundred millions of dollars at least, while the National Government was borrowing at exorbitant usance wherever it found a credulous lender; no wonder, then, that Comonfort framed and Juarez enforced the reforms which set free these reservoirs of wealth to benefit the people.

It is relief to get out of this church air, heavy with incense, into the sunlight of streets and squares. The surging crowd that we left on entering the cathedral still throngs every nook and corner. It is a busy, bustling place. You will of course visit the *Teatro Iturbide* and the *Teatro Nacional*, which are superb modern buildings, with excellent actors. The theatre is still, as of old, one of the regular society-institutions of Mexico. I might take you to many places of interest in the city if we had time, such as the *Minorea*, a school of mines, a noble edifice; the *Accordada*, or prison; numerous excellent hospitals, built and maintained by charitable Spaniards and native Mexicans; the fine old convents and churches, now used for schools, some mixed, others exclusively in charge of Protestants. Thirty years ago no foreigner would have dared to assemble a dozen Protestants in his parlors to listen to a traveling parson from England or "the States." Now there are church-buildings, once belonging to convents, which resound on Sabbaths with hymns and sermons of clergymen of the Reformation. I might take you, also, to the Museum of Aztec Antiquities, which, I believe, has never been much better noticed than it was in my works on Mexico, published in 1844 and 1852. Indeed, while we are still on the *Plaza* I must call your attention to the great "Calendar Stone of the Aztecs," which is imbedded, for preservation as well as exhibition as a monument of antiquity, in the wall of the western tower of the cathedral, facing the *calle del Empedradillo*. It is eleven feet eight inches in diameter, and its circle of sculpture, in *relievo*, is raised on a rim seven and a half inches above the square block of basalt on which the whole is carved. This, like other monuments of the same kind, you must study in the original, or in excellent photographs, in order to understand. Its scientific value and use by the Aztecs has often been described by Mexican and North American authors. It was found in 1790, six feet below the surface of the *Plaza Grande*, on which we are standing, and I think it has been correctly described by antiquarians as the *Tonalponalli*, or sun-reckoning of the Aztecs, who probably derived both system and symbols from the Toltecs. Here, also, near this calendar, was found another basaltic monument covered with elaborate carving, and larger than the one first-mentioned, which has been commonly called the "Sacrificial Stone," but, in the opinion of Señor Gama (one of the earliest and best Mexican archæologists) was used for neither sacrifices nor gladiatorial combats. These great carved masses are interesting and valuable as displaying the skill with which a people whom we call barbarous wrought such vast blocks without tempered tools, and bore them from distant quarries to the Capital. The wonderful architecture and sculpture of these aboriginal Americans are their best historical titles to civilization. In the Court of the Muses, in the University building, you will find a gigantic statue called *Teoyaomiqui*, also cut in solid basalt, nine feet high, five feet broad, and, like the sculptures already mentioned, found, in 1790, beneath this *Plaza*. Great numbers of similar carvings, large and small, were excavated at this spot. It was the centre of the Aztec capital—the site of the great temple, or *Teocalli*—surrounded by buildings inhabited by the hierarchy of *Tenochtitlan*—a huge mass of stone pyramidal terraces, whose top, reached by stairs, was the altar of religious sacrifices, and the area on which Spaniards and Indians fought one of the bloodiest battles of the Conquest. This statue is elaborate in carving. Its sex is female. Antiquarians call it *Teoyaomiqui*, wife of *Huitzilopotchtli*, god of war—the Aztec Venus of an Aztec Mars. The task of this goddess, as the legend tells, was to lead the spirits of warriors who died defending their altars to the Aztec elysium, which was the "House of the Sun"—a pretty fable implying the escape of the brave from the darkness of eternal death to eternal light. But *Teoyaomiqui* was not beautiful, if her statue was a portrait and not fantastically symbolic. Her head is capped with a rich, reticulated web, to confine and conceal her hair, beneath which peer out two staring eyes; tusks crop out above a forked tongue from frog-like jaws; the backs of big hands rest on pendant breasts; claws terminate her mixture of arms and wings; she is belted with a serpent, clasped centrally with a skull; a fringe of plaited snakes drapes her lower limbs, which the contortions of a boa divide; her naked feet end in claws that would be gigantic for a grizzly bear. The bottom, as well as every other part of the statue, is carved, for in the days of this idol's adoration the gigantic mass was raised aloft on stone pillars placed under lateral projections of its arms, so that worshipers might pass beneath.

The Aztec theology, like that of some other peoples, seems to have been propitiatory of the Evil principle, rather than worshipful of the Good. Like the Chinese, they sought through sacrifice, respite, relief or avoidance, by the Bad. They did not believe that "the Good" needed to be appeased. Hence, the ugly symbols of venom, death, destruction, force, deceit, revenge, which are found in the remains excavated on this Plaza; wherein Señor Gondra told me in 1842, there were still hidden many fine monuments of *Montezumasera*. The *Museo* is full of objects of immense theological and archaeological value; so also are many private collections in Mexico, all of which will prove mines for future antiquarians who have taste and knowledge for the work.

But it is time to leave the "past" and join again the crowd in its movement toward the western side of the city. If we wish to quit the Plaza by a pleasant street in that direction, we take the *Calle Plateros*—the "street of silversmiths," and hasten past the Hotel Iturbide; the *façade* of the old convent and church of Saint Francis, much of which is now used as a Protestant chapel; a quaintly built dwelling of the olden time, encrusted externally with painted chinaware tiles, a fantastic architectural toy; pass the Acordada; and so on to the Alameda, an inclosed grove drive, and promenade of fifty acres. Who has visited

Mexico and dwelt there for any length of time without making the Alameda his habitual resort for pleasant exercise on the charming mornings of this exquisite climate? A park in a city, a veritable *rus in urbe;* it combines the planted richness of a garden with the wildness of a forest. Shady walks, trim flower-beds, playing fountains, comfortable seats, are shut out from a surrounding road which is only disclosed in rare glimpses through shrubbery. The Alameda is seldom crowded except at festivals. Passing its gates, the city's hum is unheard. One may hide from noonday warmth in the quietude of this cool retreat, below the old, overarching trees, whose broad leaves are filled, like emerald cups, with the wine of golden sunshine.

A short distance west of the Alameda, several streets converge, and turning southward, the *Paseo de Bucareli* opens fresh before us, extending in unbroken vista to the *Garita de Belen.* Its extent is not much less than a mile. A floor-like roadway, bordered with majestic trees, is twice broken at regular intervals by elaborate fountains, while at the end of the drive plays the *Fuente de la Libertad,* erected in commemoration of National Freedom. When the *beau-monde* of Mexico comes hither for "the drive," on evenings that are always serene, experienced travelers are reminded of the *Champs Elysées,* and confess that the display can scarcely be distinguished from that of Hyde Park and the Bois de Boulogne. The difference is in numbers, not in styles. It is a full-dress parade of both sexes. Some of the *cavaliers* occasionally sport the picturesque dress of Spanish horsemen of earlier days. The dandies confine their outfit to the latest fashions of France and England: while *dama* and *donçella* appear in the most *récherché* apparel of Paris. Here the "Society of Mexico" can be seen externally, and its appearance at least, admired by strangers.

The *Plaza de Toros,* where those wretched beasts were fought by Spanish *matadores,* was in this neighborhood; but the civilization of modern reforms broke up that brutal holiday in 1874. Bull-fighting was the most popular of Mexican amusements; its relinquishment is typical of advancement. The Mexicans' love of pugnacity is now limited to the *Tapada de Gallos,* and "Cock fights," I believe, are still fashionable modes of amusement, or gambling.

A colossal bronze equestrian statue of Charles IV. of Spain, the work of Tolsa, a native Mexican, during vice-royal government, which I admired thirty years ago, when it was shut up obscurely in the University's quadrangle, has been transported hither, and is certainly one of the best monuments of classic art in America.

As we stand at the northern entrance of this *Paseo,* the whole Valley plain is relieved southwardly and westwardly against the mountains; and from this point to yonder castle-crowned hill of Chapultepec, girdled by its grand Aztec cypresses, poor Maximilian lovingly opened a broad, direct avenue, called to this day, "The Empress's Drive." It is a grand highway, well-kept and planted; still used also, though not so daringly as under the rule of the Emperor, who made the roads around his Capital safe from assassins. Two years ago, horsemen seldom rode more than half-way along it to Chapultepec, unless they went in well armed parties; and even as late as 1874, guards of soldiers were provided on the railway cars between Mexico and Vera Cruz.

Chapultepec's Castle was embellished externally and internally by Maximilian, who intended to occupy it as one of the Imperial residences—for in truth it is a princely seat. The view from its *Azotéa* is more picturesque than that from the Cathedral tower. The elevation is much greater, and the observer's eye, starting in the high country from a foreground of superb cypresses, hoar and green in sombre glory, comprehends the lakes, the snow mountains, the tree dotted plain, and the city in perspective. Chapultepec interests us not only as a picture, or for its Aztec association, but because Scott stormed and took it, and mounted the flag of the United States on it, after the terrible battle at Molino del Rey. These names will be for ever associated with Churubusco, in the History of American wars.

You reach Tacubaya by rail from the city, but we may go there across the country, for it is not more than a couple of miles from the Castle of Chapultepec. No capital has a more charming refuge for its citizens. It is, indeed, but three miles from town, on a tree-lined roadbed, which, after skirting the northern side of the Alameda and the Cosmé's arches, strikes off into the fields. On this side of the Capital there is a scant suburb. The city seems abruptly chopped off. Some of Tacubaya's streets are slovenly, but its choice parts are embowered in shrubbery and parks, inclosing the villas of wealthy Mexicans, who have lavished the skill of European artisans in their embellishment.

Alluring as was this neighboring retreat three years ago, many owners refrained from occupying their villas, in consequence of the danger of being kidnapped by adroit *plagiarios,* who had succeeded in capturing incautious people.

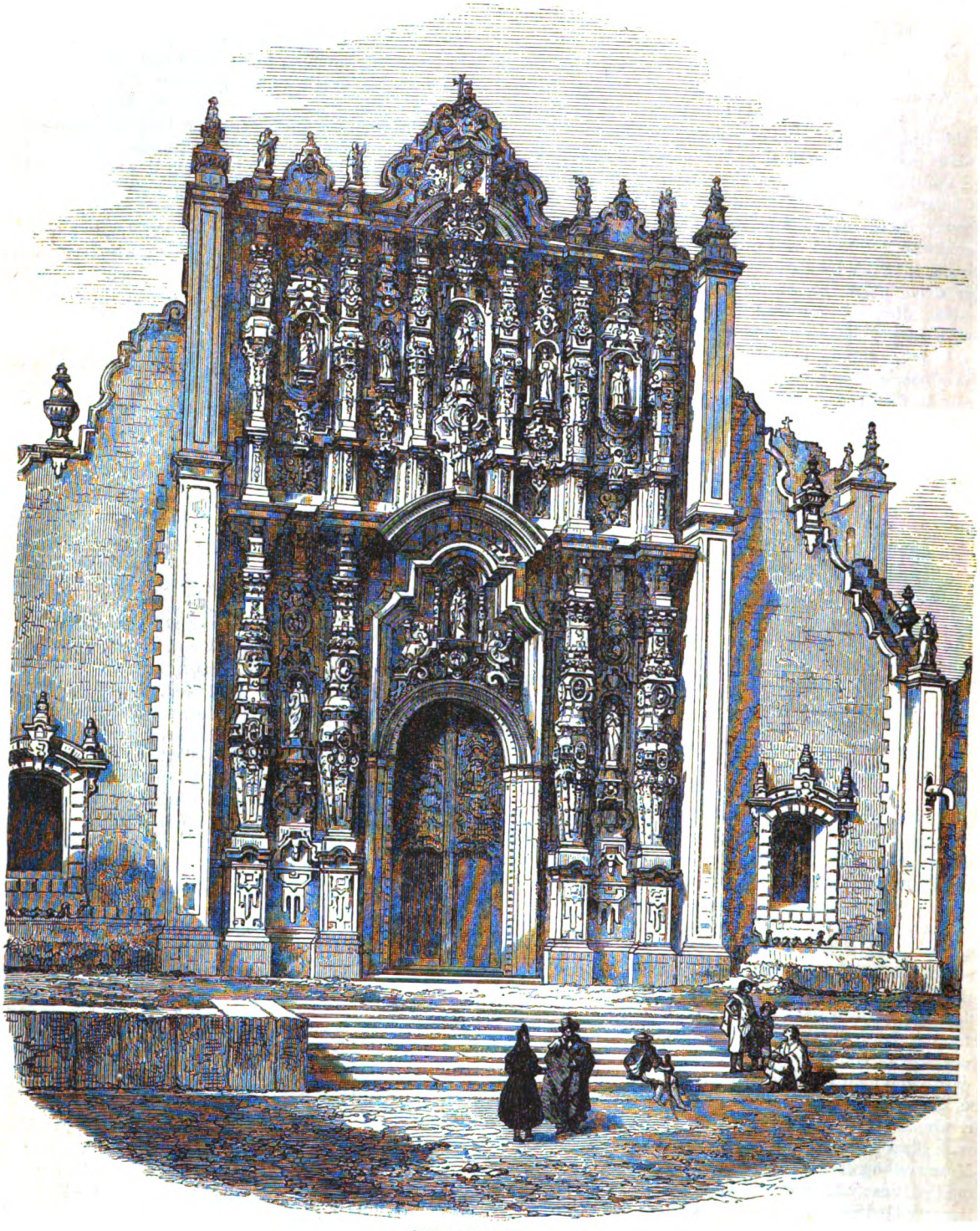
I would like to take you hence to those western mountains, now lush with pine-greenery; and to the famous "Dessèrto," whose conventional remains are so picturesque in the forest. The trees of Mexico, especially those on the mountains, are not remarkable for height or girth. They are not comparable with those of California; and even the great cypresses of Chapultepec, or the noted *ahahuete,* of Tacuba (so well known for its alleged historical connection with Cortez), do not match the smallest *sequoias* I saw on the road to Yosemite.

We must repass the city to its eastern side, and, *en route,* look at the libraries, hospitals and university. We pass onward rapidly to the suburbs, near the *Garita de San Lazaro.* Observe the New Market, due to Santa Anna, where you find all things of Mexican earth, air and water; very poor fish, very good wild ducks, rather flavorless beef, very dear mutton and hams, excellent poultry, incomparable tropical fruits—indeed, all the edible materials whose general quality makes it no marvel why French and Spanish cooks tax their invention to flavor food which has little essential *gusto.* Does not the excellence of French cooking come from the comparative insipidity of French materials?

The Tenochtitlan of the Aztecs was built, as you remember, in the water or marshes of Tezcoco, and, in part, at least, was an Indian Venice. The Mexican Capital that usurped the Aztec is no longer in the water, but a very long distance from the lake. From the city centre, at the great square, the land slopes very gently upward toward the hill country; while eastwardly, it slopes downward almost imperceptibly from the Plaza to the border of Lake Tezcoco. In three centuries the waters have dried and the lake margins contracted, yet communication with the lakes has always been kept up by boats; for, on the east, the old canal connecting with Lake Chalco still enters the city, and, as you stand on the Roldan bridge spanning it, you can easily account for the roughness of this quarter, and its numerous *pulquerias.* It is a little relic of the old Aztec Venice. The streets are water; and the water is full of boats, loaded with country people—*indios* and *indias*—from the broad, wet plains—the rescued garden plots, called *chiñampas;* fabulous "floating gardens" of fanciful beauty—no longer afloat, but sedimentary, boggy, and extremely prolific.

If you have a taste for such excursions you may step into one of the boats of these *chiñamperos* and go out with him

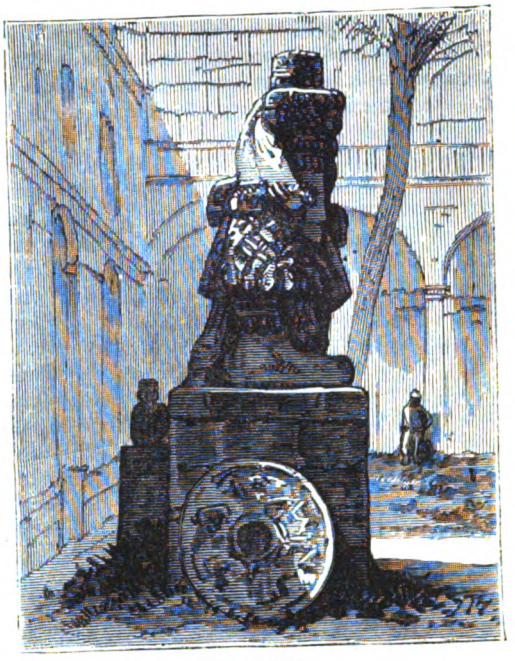
into the country bordering the canal. You will be surprised at the extent and beauty of the gardening and flower-culture of these apparently unmeasurable flats. Near the lake you will see cloudlike myriads of wild ducks. You may return with the evening boat-load of market-stuffs and forage. There are pleasure-boats, also—long, low, narrow, but safe, covered with gay awnings, used by festive people who visit old-fashioned tea-gardens in the *chiñampas*, where, in past times, we have enjoyed excellent dinners. But these resorts are no longer the vogue; the *Tivoli de San Cosmé* seduces dandies and epicures, and the West End lords it over the old, uncomely East. Such is the fate, also, of the *Paseo de la Viga* of this oriental quarter, which, a quarter of a century ago, was "the *ton*." No one goes there now. It is not haunted even by the ghost of fashion. A few worm-eaten trees, leafless and dwindled to skeletons, rise on a shabby road—*el jardin del pueblo!* It is skirted by the ancient Aztec canal just mentioned, which, by intersection at a city corner, links Chalco and Xochimulco with Lake Tezcoco. In fact, this side of the city is Hispano-Aztec, the other is Europeo-American. If you wish to be clean and civilized, adhere to the west; if, at times, you



THE SAGRARIO.

THE CATHEDRAL OF MEXICO.

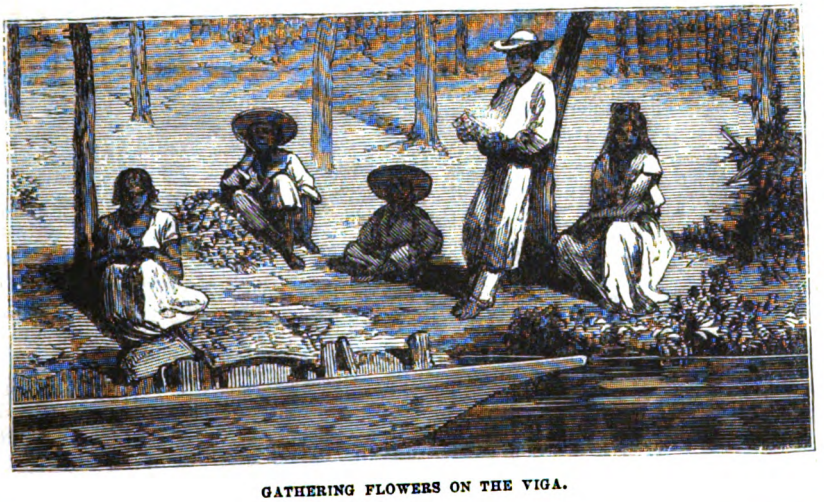
churches, chapels and convents, the palaces of Chapultepec and of the National Government, the *Minerea*, or school of mines, the aqueducts, hospitals and most of the houses of beneficence, bridges, roads — all these permanent materials of a great capital were the work of viceroyal governments. The very fine modern theatres —amusement palaces—are recent and Republican. I may be asked: "Why blame the Republic for not redoing what it found already done?"



TEOYAOMIQUI.

desire a peep at *pulquerias*, or middle-age simplicity of country folks, or civic *lépero*-ism in full feather, pay a short visit to the east.

This, of course, has been only an eye-study of Mexico. Its most monumental objects are attributable to Spain, not to the Republic. The city's foundation, the parish

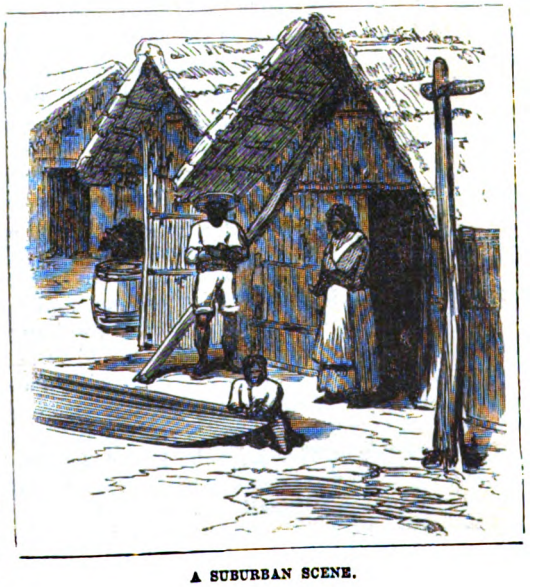


GATHERING FLOWERS ON THE VIGA.

come shabby and dilapidated. The royal roads, the chief means of communication throughout the country, which were superb in structure, are now wretched; and good roads, safe from robbery, are the first things that should be established by a Government wanting population, productive industry and

THE MAGUEY.

There is no plausible answer to this, except that perhaps it would have been better for Mexico if she had not got so much, for the Republic, satisfied with what it realized from its rich Spanish legacy, has not kept up or increased it, or gone on progressively, from the point at which it broke with Spain. Let me mention at least two things—the Spanish roads and aqueducts, which the Republic has suffered to be-



A SUBURBAN SCENE.

commerce with the world. The aqueducts might long ago have been made to furnish every house in the city, help its sluggish sewerage and become the best sanitarian in Mexico; but fine climates and chronic revolutions relax human energy. Men, harassed by civil wars, become greedy for respites of peace; yet spasmodic peace, uncertain of duration, is always unproductive. Military, political and ecclesiastical mischief-makers, sometimes for ambition, sometimes for plunder, have been constantly at work. The vibrations between rest and revolution during sixty years in Mexico are enough to have distracted, if they did not destroy, the couple of millions of whites who were intellectually dominant over the seven and a quarter millions of mixed races. The spirit of liberty, to say nothing of the spirit of reform, has had a hard fight for over half a century. In that time Mexico was no less than four times harassed by foreign wars. "For many years," (said her commissioners at our Centennial Exhibition, when apologizing for their nation's display of productions, which they considered unsatisfactory)—"for many years since her independence, Mexico has struggled to disarm two powerful classes, whose political preponderance was one of the inheritances of colonial *régime*, and whose pretensions to perpetuate a retrograde and parasitic influence constituted for a long time the yeast that fermented civil war."

Mexican producers were slow to exhibit at our International, for the nation's products had been shut up within herself, and almost no commercial relations existed between the greatest part of Mexican industries and foreign markets; nor does Mexico seem to have made her mark in Literature, Science or Art, though it is not destitute of highly intellectual, cultivated people. This is the result of never-ending strife, diverting men's minds from culture to self-protection. But the people seem at last to have aroused themselves under the influence of religious as well as civil liberty, and it is to be hoped that they will persist in the progressive system. They have undertaken the task of building railroads, channels for industry and commerce; they have finished one to Tacubaya and Ilapam, in the Valley, and another, whose construction was a marvel of engineering, 263 miles in length, from Vera Cruz to the Capital, with a branch to Puebla from Apizaco. Must not just-thinking men admit that Mexico has done well, considering her afflictions? The struggle of a few enlightened patriots was for religious as well as civil liberty—a double task, whose burden none can weigh who have not dwelt long in a country where there is only one tolerated faith. Instead of depreciating Mexico, we should applaud the "independents" who survived the crush between the upper millstone of superstition and the nether of military despotism. In 1844, I counted at least thirty *pronunciamientos*, *gritas*, and revolutions, between that year and the epoch of Independence; but since that year I have stopped counting!

Mexican society is not gregarious, and protects itself by an etiquette which we have heard criticised as too formal by our off-hand people. You cannot enter without tickets of invitation and full dress. Besides, most North Americans visit the Capital not only unintroduced, but unacquainted with the Spanish language. Yet foreigners, properly presented, familiar with the *idiom*, polite, and willing to adapt themselves to national habits, will soon find formality relaxed into welcome, and that they never visited a country in which strangers of different religion are more cordially admitted, not only to hospitality, but to friendship.

My observation in Mexico, while I resided there in a diplomatic capacity many years ago, convinced me of the incongruity of our populations and the impossibility of prosperous results from annexation. Subsequent events and reflection confirm this opinion.

The *ultramontane*, reactionary party in Mexico will probably encourage war with us as a policy, with the double hope that as the conflict would probably end favorably to our arms, the *progresistas* who actually wage it will be broken down; and secondly, because if Mexico's annexation occurred in consequence of the war, the Church and its large remaining properties could no longer be assailed by the "Reformers," after they came within the bounds of our Union. The policy which I have always advocated with Mexico and Mexicans has been that which should govern two such entirely different peoples, who by the accidents of time and circumstance have been cast side by side as neighbors: perfect Independence of each other, accompanied by perfect Alliance. And so we send our friendly "all hail" to our regenerated Neighbors.

MINE AND COUNTERMINE.

It was on a raw November evening in 1869 that a spare, hook-nosed individual, bearing in his hand a small valise, entered a café-restaurant in the immediate vicinity of the Gare du Midi at Brussels.

"I may as well dine here as anywhere else," he said. "Perhaps something may turn up."

After a brief conference with the solitary waiter, the new-comer leisurely examined the taciturn smokers around him. A very cursory glance, however, at the different groups seemed to satisfy him; and he concluded by installing himself at one of the tables, took a note-book from his pocket, and was soon absorbed in its contents.

It may be remembered that about the period in question, the circulation in France of M. Rochefort's *Lanterne* had been for some time rigidly prohibited; but that, notwithstanding every precaution taken at the frontier, several hundred copies of each number of this pungent squib found their way into the very heart of the Empire.

Now it happened that a police agent, noted for sharpness, by name Etienne Brigaud, had been summoned from Paris to Lille, and from thence dispatched to Brussels respecting a case of disputed extradition, and, his mission successfully accomplished, was awaiting the departure of the half-past eight o'clock train, by which he purposed returning to Lille. "Keep your eyes open," had been the parting injunction of the commissaire; "before leaving Brussels see Chaponet, of the Belgian police; you may trust him. Ascertain how many copies of the last *Lanterne* have been sold, and to whom; and bid the people at Blandain be on the alert, for I have positive information that they are smuggled into France that way."

M. Brigand then, it was, who, pending the arrival of his dinner, sat conning over the particulars he had gleaned from his colleague Chaponet, which, in fact, amounted to little or nothing. "Not much to be learnt from that quarter," soliloquized the detective, with a contemptuous air, pocketing his note-book, and swallowing his first spoonful of a so-called Julienne. "Hollo! who have we here?" added he, glancing curiously at two new-comers who entered the café, apparently man and wife, and both well laden with hand-bags and other traveling appendages.

"Ah, bah!" muttered M. Brigaud, with an impatient shrug of the shoulder, "des bourgeois, going back to Ath or Tournay, no doubt."

Meanwhile the couple had taken their seats at an adjoining table.

"Garçon!" said the male stranger, "deux bock, et vivement!"

"Sac à papier! they're French." murmured the police agent. "No Belgian ever asks for a bock, and I'm pretty

sure there is no such word as 'vivement' in their dictionary! I must have another look at my friends yonder."

M. Brigaud's small, but penetrating gray eyes let nothing escape them. While ostensibly engaged in demolishing his "bifteck," he was eagerly watching his unsuspecting neighbors. Their conversation, however, was carried on in so low a tone that for some time the practised listener could not distinguish a single word. At length, the supposed bourgeois, turning to his companion, inquired in a sufficiently audible voice, if she were certain that "the books were well hidden?"

"Je crois bien," was her answer: "I defy anyone to guess where I have stowed them away."

"We'll see about that by-and-by, Madame," thought M. Brigaud, pricking up his ears.

A quarter of an hour later, the mail train from Brussels to Calais was on the point of starting, and a motley crowd of passengers were hurrying to and fro. Among them, apparently on the watch for somebody, was the hook-nosed detective, sauntering along leisurely, but keenly investigating every carriage as he went by. Presently he stopped before a first-class smoking compartment, the occupants of which were two in number; and after a whispered intimation to the guard on duty that no one else was to be admitted, he opened the door, and installed himself quietly in a vacant corner. In another moment the train was gliding out of the station.

Sitting opposite his fellow-travelers, who were the identical couple whose temporary sojourn in the café has been already recorded, M. Brigaud maintained for some time a discreet silence. His reflections, whatever they might have been, were suddenly interrupted by the appearance of the guard with the usual formula, "Vos billets, s'il vous plait!" a demand responded to on the part of the police agent by the display of a pass ticket for Lille, and on that of his female *vis-à-vis* by the production of two bearing the inscription, "Bruxelles à Londres."

"Brrr!" shivered M. Brigaud, as a rush of cold air made its way into the carriage. "You will find it unpleasant traveling on the sea, monsieur," said he, addressing his neighbor.

"We have taken our precautions, you perceive," replied the stranger, wrapping a thick cloak round him as he spoke.

"I wish I could say as much," observed the detective; "I must have left my paletot in the café; I missed it as I got in here."

"If monsieur does not mind," interposed the lady, "we have a spare coat lying idle, belonging to my brother-in-law. It will keep monsieur warm, at all events, as far as Lille."

"*Ma foi!* the very thing!" exclaimed her husband, dislodging the article in question from a recess by his side, and tossing it on the opposite seat. "There," he said, "wrap yourself well up in that; it's a trifle too large for you, but you'll be all the warmer."

M. Brigaud, after a decent show of resistance, allowed himself to be persuaded.

"Very civil people these," he murmured. "Sorry to be obliged to split upon them, but must do my duty."

"Blandain! Blandain! Tout le monde descend pour la visite!"

At this unwelcome summons our three travelers woke up with a start, and hastily collecting their various goods and chattels, prepared to join the other unfortunates assembled outside the douane. M. Brigaud slipped unseen into the building by a side-door, and taking the grim-visaged female entrusted with the examination of the lady passengers aside, communicated his suspicions to her, and after accurately describing the supposed delinquents, repaired to a back apartment, there to indulge in the luxury of a "grog au rhum." In about ten minutes the sound of a bell warned him that the "visite" was at an end.

As the detective passed rapidly through the *salle*, he was arrested by the shrill voice of the female official, calling him by name:

"Ah ça!" she said, "what cock-and-bull story have you been telling me?—keeping everybody waiting, and giving me all this trouble for nothing?"

"What! You don't mean to say you didn't find the books?"

"Books!" shouted the enraged dame; "what do I care about English books! They don't pay duty!"

"English books!" muttered M. Brigaud, as he hurried off. "I've put my foot in it nicely, this time; if they ever hear of it in Paris I'm done for!"

Once more in his snug corner, he found his fellow-travelers in the highest spirits, detailing with infinite zest the discomfiture of the searcher.

"It was as good as a farce, Monsieur," said the lady, nearly choking at the recollection.

M. Brigaud inquired what could have been Madame's object in concealing them, as they were not contraband.

Here the husband and wife exchanged looks, and smiled.

"Not here, I grant you," replied the latter, "but in London, that is quite another story. No, no; I have them safe in my pocket, and the English douaniers are too polite to look for them there!"

The idea of the London officials being taken in tickled the detective amazingly, and with the help of another cigar he gradually recovered his good humor, and chatted pleasantly with his companions, until a succession of whistles and the periodical flickering of gas-lamps announced their approach to Lille.

"You stop here, Monsieur, do you not?" asked the lady, who had just whispered a few words to her husband.

M. Brigaud, at that moment engaged in divesting himself reluctantly of the comfortable coat, answered in the affirmative.

"I have a great favor to beg of you, Monsieur," she continued, "if it would not give you too much trouble."

"Say rather pleasure," was the gallant reply. "I am entirely at Madame's orders."

"You know the Hôtel du Chemin de fer du Nord," she pursued—"it is close by; would it inconvenience you to leave the coat there for my brother-in-law? I am so afraid he may not think of coming to the gate."

"He shall have it in five minutes, Madame. What name shall I enquire for?"

"Monsieur Jules."

"Madame may consider her commission as already executed." And with many bows and mutual expressions of good-will, M. Brigaud took leave of his fellow-passengers.

On arriving at the hotel, he found a stout individual standing at the door in conversation with a waiter.

"Monsieur Jules?" he began, addressing the latter.

"C'est moi, Monsieur," replied the stout man, looking hard at the coat.

"Monsieur," said the detective, "I have been commissioned to deliver this coat into your hands. You will pardon me, I trust, for having worn it during the cold journey."

"Comment donc! I cannot sufficiently thank you for your kindness. Believe me, Monsieur, I shall not easily forget how much I am indebted to you."

"Well," said M. Brigaud to himself as he walked away, "Who would think that I had only brought back a coat which didn't belong to me! They say we French are a polite people, and if my fat friend yonder is an average specimen of the nation at large, I suppose we are."

M. Brigaud directed his steps toward the Préfecture, and was forthwith admitted to the private office of the commissaire, to whom he rendered a detailed account of his mission, and received orders to be in attendance at twelve o'clock on the following day.

At the appointed hour he was once more ushered into the cabinet of his chief, no longer smiling affably as on the previous evening, but frowning ominously.

"What is the meaning of this, Brigaud?" said he sternly, holding out a paper for the inspection of the agent. It was a telegram, marked "private," and dated that morning from Brussels.

"Read it aloud," pursued the commissaire. M. Brigaud obeyed, and read as follows:

"BRUSSELS, Thursday, 9:30.

"Yesterday twelve copies sold, sent last night by Calais mail train, sewed inside coat lined with fur. Bearers, two persons unknown. CHAPONET."

"Dame, M'sieu," replied the waiter, "he didn't tell me who he was, but I saw one thing plain enough."

"Ha! what was that?"

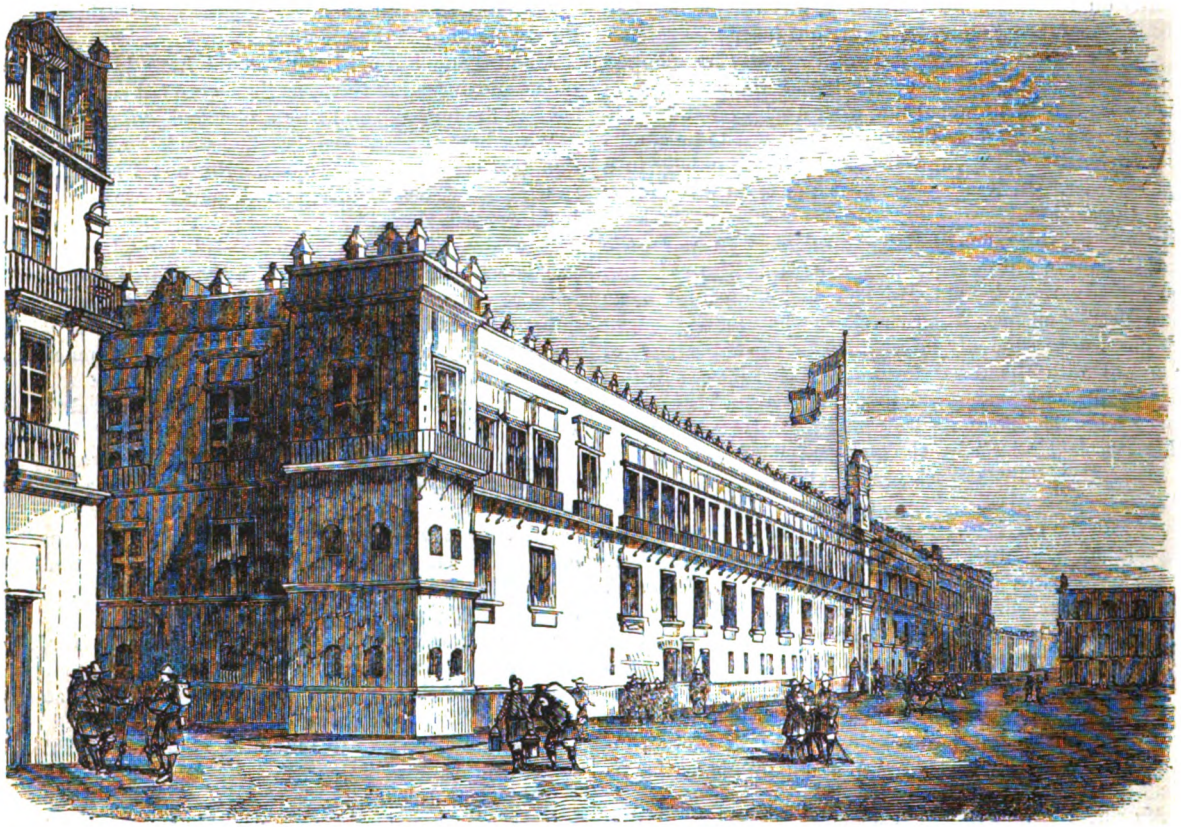
"Why, M'sieu, I saw that he was uncommon glad to get his coat again!"

It was with faltering step and downcast mien that the police agent re-ascended the staircase leading to the private bureau, and so utterly depressed and woe-begone was his appearance that the commissaire stared at him for a moment in speechless wonder.

"Monsieur Brigaud," said he at length, "perhaps you will now have the goodness to explain the meaning of this unaccountable conduct."

"Monsieur," began Brigaud.

"Stay," interrupted the commissaire. "I will listen to your excuses presently. Answer me first; is this information," pointing to the telegram, "correct?"



PALACE OF NATIONAL GOVERNMENT AND PRESIDENT'S RESIDENCE, MEXICO.

During the perusal of this document the police agent's voice trembled, and his face grew ashy pale. Suddenly he seized his hat, and, without attempting an explanation, darted headlong out of the room.

In an incredibly short space of time he had reached the hotel, and grasped by the collar the luckless waiter.

"Where is the scoundrel?" he shouted.

"What scoundrel?" stammered the half-throttled garçon.

"Monsieur Jules, idiot! I must see him directly."

"What do I know about Monsieur Jules?" cried the waiter, rescuing himself with difficulty from his infuriated aggressor. "If you want him, you had better take the next train to Paris and follow him. He left here at six this morning."

"Ah, triple canaille!" exclaimed the baffled detective. "And the train arrived at eleven! Those infernal copies will be half over Paris by this time! Stay, garçon, who and what is he, this Monsieur Jules?"

"I am afraid it is," replied the detective.

"The twelve copies of the *Lanterne* passed the frontier last night?"

"I—I believe so."

"Concealed in the lining of a coat?"

"Apparently," sighed the agent.

"Without suspicion being attached to any particular individual? The employés at Blandain shall answer for this."

"It was no fault of theirs," exclaimed the detective, unable to contain himself any longer. "Tenez, this questioning drives me wild, and I had rather make a clean breast of it at once. Monsieur, I have been tricked, as police agent was never tricked before! I have laid a trap, and fallen into it myself. The entire occurrences of last night have been one enormous mistake. The innocent wearer of the cloak lined with fur was no other than ——"

"Who?" interrupted the commissaire, eagerly.

"Etienne Brigaud."

LOVE AND FROST.—"'ALL RIGHT,' SAID THE GALLANT MERCHANT, SPRINGING OUT INTO THE SNOW TO TAKE A LARGE SLIP OF BROWN PAPER FROM NORNA'S EXTENDED HAND. 'WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?' 'READ IT—READ IT,' SAID NORNA."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

LOVE AND FROST.

THERE was beauty enough to be found in Mataska Valley, what with the river and the lake and the forest-crowned hills, at least in Summer time; and even the dry, cold rigor of a Minnesota Winter could not take it all away. Nevertheless, there was nothing else there half so beautiful as Norna Ericson.

Her withered, old Norwegian father had settled himself on a good-enough piece of land, away up above the head of the lake, miles away from Mataska Village, and no one could say he had so much as one friend more, at the end of a five-years' residence, than the day the first timber was cut for his house.

A thoroughgoing miser was old Jan, and his crusty selfishness included not only his earthly goods, and the gift or use thereof, and his own not very desirable company, but also his one jewel of a daughter.

Rarely was Norna seen in the village; almost never at all at any merry-making of the neighborly country folk; and old Jan seemed to take an ogreish sort of pleasure in preventing her from entertaining visitors—young men especially—at his own house.

And so, the more Norna's beauty grew and became known among them, the more unpopular was old Jan Ericson among the free-hearted settlers of the Mataska Valley.

And yet there were those who had succeeded in breaking through or climbing over the odd old miser's wall of reserve.

John Pinner had done it, by his father's advice; for Judge Pinner was Jan Ericson's lawyer, and he had more than once hinted to his son and heir that Norna had other and more solid attractions than her beauty.

If, therefore, any fair occasion offered to send a message to the Ericson farm, John Pinner had been generally quite ready to oblige his father by carrying it, and more than once he had even ventured on a brief call without any special errand.

As for Paul Wood, on the other hand, either he had not sufficient cunning to invent errands, or his pride forbade any subterfuge, for he had positively and openly braved, more than once, even the harsh discourtesy of old Jan, in his uninvited, unabashed intrusions.

If Paul did not pretend to vie with John Pinner in dress, wealth or apparent prospects, he was certainly a fine, manly specimen of a young Western farmer, and his dark curls and almost swarthy features wore a pleasant contrast to even the ripe blonde Norse loveliness of Norna herself.

One bit of strategy it seemed that Paul had stooped to, for more than once Norna had been surprised to find that he had been "out a-hunting in that neighborhood" on the very days which old Jan had chosen for a bit of teaming on the furthest edge of his possessions, or for a trip to the store at the village.

Nobody ever knows how such things come to be common property; but, somehow or other, Judge Pinner and his son were made aware that they had reasons for distrusting Paul Wood, and he had been made to feel the fact very sensibly, more than once.

There had been an added bitterness the past Autumn, in the fact that John Pinner's nomination to the State Legislature had only resulted in showing the folly of the Mataska Valley people, for the stupid fellows had known no more than to choose Paul Wood instead; and even Norna Ericson had said she was glad of it

There came a day, however, in the early Winter, when Paul would have given his political honors and his best horse, perhaps even his farm to boot, to have known why it was that Norna suddenly became as distant and repelling as old Jan himself.

Not a word would she vouchsafe him, though he met her a full half-mile from the house, and walked to the very door by her side.

He did not give the matter up, even then, half so much for the volley of bitter abuse with which the old miser greeted him, as for the icy look of indifference with which Norna marched straight on into the house, and closed the door.

There was really very little "give up" in Paul's composition; but he met John Pinner, before he had left the farm a mile behind him, and there was a look on John's face that suggested a good many ugly thoughts to the sore heart of the discomfited youth.

The next day and the next, and, in fact, a good many days after that, were decidedly unfavorable to courting of any sort.

It was weather to have "bred a coolness" in a blast furnace. First, there came a driving northerly storm, bringing untold freights of drifting snow from the Arctic regions, till all the country was buried under a genuine "Minnesota blanket." No roads, no paths—no use in trying to make any, almost.

And then there followed a cold snap, that utterly exhausted the expressive powers of the thermometers. The only way to get the mercury low enough was to hang it down a well. Thirty, thirty-five, and some said forty degrees below zero—only, when people are half frozen, they are apt to exaggerate.

Anyhow, there were terrible stories of suffering, here and there, and nobody cared to stir far from home "until the frost should let go its hold a little."

"John," said the careful judge, on the third day, when the abating storm began to let in the frost—"John, don't you think you'd better go and take a look at the Ericsons? I don't believe the old man was ready for this."

"What! You ain't in earnest?" exclaimed that ardent lover. "Ten miles through these drifts! Do you want me to bury myself?"

"Well, maybe you're right; but I wouldn't wait too long. They'll be breaking out the roads in a day or so," replied the judge.

But more than a "day or so" went by before the Mataska people cared to attempt a great deal in the way of road-making, and in the meantime the Ericsons "had not been ready for this."

With endless supplies of timber-land close by—that is, within a mile or so, and generally fine Winter weather to haul in what he might want, old Jan could never see the policy of making up much of a wood-pile.

Besides, a huge provision for warmth, such as his neighbors made, offended Jan's keen sense of economy. They would surely waste what they had so much of.

When, however, the old man saw the storm beginning, the even unusually bare condition of his pile of chips struck him with sudden dismay, and he at once started for the forest with a yoke of oxen.

It was a rash thing to do, for a man of his age; but he had counted on his thorough Scandinavian toughness to carry him through. And so it did; for at supper-time he fought his way to the house again, through the heaping drifts and the blinding rush of the storm; but he came alone, for his team and their load were hopelessly stalled and snowed under.

There was fuel enough on hand for that night, with

economy, and old Jan cheered Norna with the promise of what he would do on the morrow. And Norna tried to be cheerful; but the howling, dismal tempest without was only too well in keeping with the dismal state of her own internal feelings and thoughts.

The night went by and the morning came, and the storm still raged; but old Jan Ericson did not go out to cut wood.

He did not even leave his bed, for exposure and cold and over-exertion had done their work on his rheumatic old limbs, and imprisoned him only too effectually.

Poor Norna's heart sank within her, for she knew that such attacks were apt to be tediously long, and even food might fail her, as well as the means of cooking it.

She was a brave girl, and she made out to go to the barn and the stables that day, so that the stock did not suffer; but the few fence-rails and odd pieces of timber she was able to bring in enabled her to make but a poor defense against the fast increasing cold.

Moreover, old Jan was chilly, and fretted and complained of the absence of the grand old fires he had been used to in his youth, among the distant hills of Norway.

That was a terrible day for Norna, and when another morning dawned, she looked out upon the white and more than Arctic desolation around the house, with a feeling near akin to despair.

Still, with true courage, the Beauty of Mataska faced her troubles, waded through the drifts, fed carefully her one feeble fire, attended to the querulous demands of unreasonable old Jan, and wondered, now and then, if the people at the village would ever dream of sending out to look after them.

Then there followed another long, dark, miserable night, and Norna could not get a wink of sleep till toward morning, for thinking of what might come.

She did not even rise at once when the tardy light began to come through the thickly frosted panes of her window. Why should she, when she had nothing to make a fire with?

"Would it not be better to burn the furniture than to freeze? She could make a cup of coffee, at least, with the kitchen chairs."

Just then she thought she heard a slight sound in the adjoining room, and wondered if her father could be stirring.

It was an effort even to rise and dress in that stinging cold; but Norna was brave, and in a few minutes more she was ready to face the labors and perils of the day.

Her heart was heavy enough when she laid her hand on the kitchen-door; but when she opened it she fairly started back in astonishment, for a blast of warm air, balmy with the breath of blazing pine, smote her in the face.

Not the cheerless, chill, deathly desolation she had expected was the ample kitchen, but the high-piled hearth blazed and crackled with a most unwonted prodigality of pine, oak and hickory, while heaped on either side of it were ample supplies for at least that day's consumption, whatever might be the condition of the thermometer.

Norna did not believe in miracles, but she thought of her bedridden father, about to be frozen to death but for that pile of wood, and she just sat down by the window for a good, wholesome cry before she set herself to work at getting breakfast ready.

The tea-kettle had evidently filled itself, and started for a boil on its own account, and Norna's curiosity took her at once to the door, to see what solution of the puzzle might be found outside. Not a sign of human life was there, but somebody had been at work with a shovel, for there was a very decent pathway cut as far at the barn.

Tracks, of course, here and there, but big boots are too nearly alike to tell tales to the eyes of any one less acute of vision than an Indian trailer.

Still, Norna wondered and wondered how all that wood could ever have got there.

Getting into the house was easy enough in a region where wooden latches take the place of combination locks, but, whoever the unknown benefactor had been, he must have possessed wonderful faculties for silence.

There was magic in it, and Norna called to mind the old Norse tales she had heard of good-natured demons of the forest; but, then, all that belonged to Norway, and not to Minnesota.

Later in the day, as Norna paced here and there among the drifts, she got one hint, at least, for those broad though deep dents in the surface of the snow-drifts could only have been made by snow-shoes.

When she finally found her way to the stables, Norna saw that her work there had all been done for her, and a good deal more, and that even an old wood-sleigh had been dug out of the snow, as if in anticipation of future use.

Inside the house the "food question" was fast becoming an important one, so closely had the narrow and stinting policy of old Jan permitted the current supply to run down; but, for all that, Norna Ericson sang all day the quaint and musical rhymes of her northern ancestry, which her mother had taught her years before.

Bitter, bitter cold it was without, but the bountiful provision of the unknown friend left little to ask for within, and the very dancing blaze itself seemed to laugh in mockery of Norna's curiosity.

The long night came again, of course, and Norna tried hard not to go to sleep, so that she might listen.

Youth and health forbade any such doings, however, and Norna woke in the morning, not to find her fire alight, but all preparation made outside, in the shape of heaps of fuel.

It was evident, moreover, that Jan Ericson's remaining ox-team had been having a night of it. Well they might be jaded and used up, for, not only had some pitiless driver forced them to help him break a road to the timber through a mile of drifts, but to haul home again a very respectable load.

All that was a later discovery of Norna's, but the first thing to greet her eyes, as she swung the door open, was the carcass of a goodly deer that hung against it, and she knew very well how much better venison-steaks are than utter starvation. They are a good deal better!

The next day and the next went by, and the terrible cold seemed to have griped everything with a hand of frozen steel.

Again and again did Norna Ericson shiver and turn pale, as she thought of what would surely have been her fate, but for her unknown helper.

Old Jan was able to sit up now, and grumble at the sad necessity of burning so much good wood, just to keep warm!

In reply to Norna's speculations as to who had sent it, however, he testily replied:

"I knowed Judge Pinner would keep an eye on us. That coffee you say was left this morning came from Jones's store at the village. I knowed it soon as I tasted it. It's what the judge always buys, and it's two cents a pound more than I want to give."

True enough, Judge Pinner had by no means forgotten his client, and at last he succeeded in stirring up John's chivalry and his own, now the roads were becoming a trifle better broken, and the mercury ventured a few points higher up in the glass.

It was with more than a little misgiving that they started, and they decided to take some of their neighbors with them, "in case they found anything bad had happened at old Jan's."

Bitter cold yet, but when the double team of Judge Pinner pulled his comfortable, closely packed sleigh in sight of Jan Ericson's homestead, the curling smoke from the chimney promptly dispelled all their fears.

"Hurrah for old Jan!" exclaimed the judge. "Jack Frost didn't catch him napping."

Great was the surprise of both father and son, however, when the old man hobbled out to meet them, to be greeted with such a torrent of what seemed to be genuine gratitude for the kind attention they had shown during his illness, and all they had saved him and Norna from during the cold snap.

Just at that moment a man on snow-shoes came plodding down the road, but nobody thought much about him, and John Pinner mustered self-possession enough to answer:

"Well, of course, we were anxious about you and Norna, and we've come now to see if there's anything else we can do. How's Norna?"

"I'm pretty well, thank you," said that young lady herself, from the doorway. "Father, you should thank Mr. Pinner for the venison and the coffee."

The man on snow-shoes had half halted within hearing distance, and could not have lost a word of Jan Ericson's thanks, or the dubious protesting and yet acknowledging acceptance thereof by the Pinners.

"Is that you, Mr. Jones?" again interrupted Norna, addressing the "storekeeper," who still sat muffled up in the sleigh. "I'm glad you've come. I want you to read something for me."

"All right!" exclaimed the gallant merchant, springing out into the snow to take a large slip of brown paper from Norna's extended hand. "Where did that come from?"

"Read it—read it!" said Norna.

"Paul Wood! That's plain enough; and it's in my own handwrite. Oh, I remember, I did up a whole lot of things that day for one and another, and I put the names on 'em, so's not to git 'em mixed."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said the beauty. "I see now. Father, John Pinner got Paul Wood to buy the coffee for him and bring it out. Mr. Pinner, how much did you pay Paul for working all night in the storm? Did you tell him not to forget about the venison and the rest? It was real good of you. 'Twas good of him, too, to give up his courting in the village all through the cold snap."

"What's that?" suddenly exclaimed the man on snow-shoes, untwisting a huge fur muffler from his head as he spoke—"what's that about courting in the village?"

John Pinner was evidently getting very chilly, judging by the way his teeth chattered, and it was really a very cold day; but Norna Ericson's face was all in a bright warm glow.

"Paul!" she exclaimed—"Paul Wood! Come right in *now!* Come and warm yourself by the fire that would have been out for ever if it hadn't been for you. Father, John Pinner and the judge would have let us freeze and starve. It was Paul that saved us. Come in, Paul. Mr. Jones, you come too, and the judge and John may come if they want to."

"John," dryly remarked the storekeeper, "don't you think we'd better go home while the sleighing's good? This is Paul's day. Elected again, sure's you live!"

There was no doubt about it. Paul Wood was Norna Ericson's "elected."

LOVE AND FROST.—"HER HEART WAS HEAVY ENOUGH WHEN SHE LAID HER HAND ON THE KITCHEN-DOOR; BUT WHEN SHE OPENED IT, SHE FAIRLY STARTED BACK IN ASTONISHMENT, FOR A BLAST OF WARM AIR, BALMY WITH THE BREATH OF BLAZING PINE, SMOTE HER IN THE FACE."—SEE PAGE 162.

SNUFF-TAKERS.

In the reign of Queen Anne, Court ladies voluntarily contracted the habit of taking snuff. A lady, writing in 1712, describes herself as an insignificant creature, who dressed not, took no snuff, and did no fashionable things. Lady Betty Modish, who would accept no gift from her lover save a snuff-box, asserts, "Sincerity in love is as much out of fashion as sweet snuff, nobody takes it now." Steele, who was very fastidious—though in the case in point not too much so—inveighed loudly against the impertinent custom the women had fallen into; whether performed coquettishly or with a sedate, masculine air, it was in his eyes equally disagreeable.

He describes Mrs. Saunter taking snuff as often as salt with her meals, with such wonderful negligence that an upper lip covered with snuff and sauce was presented to all who had the honor of dining with her. He could pardon beauties who manipulated the snuff-box for the sake of displaying a pretty hand, but thought Flaville went a little too far in pulling out her box in the middle of the sermon and offering it to the men and women sitting near her, as well as inviting the churchwarden to take a pinch as she dropped her contribution into the plate.

THE UNITED STATES LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

ITS ORIGIN, PROGRESS, AND PRESENT CONDITION.

By George J. Hagar.

The life of a coastguardsman, at all times a sturdy challenge for the sympathy and admiration of inland dwellers, is invested with peculiar interest during the Winter months. Then, special dangers mark his path, a new vigor is called into play, self-abnegation becomes the characteristic of action, and the patrol along the treacherous coast, unrecognizable in the uncouth paraphernalia of his calling, is regarded as a superlative hero.

The public make his acquaintance only upon the saddest occasions, for his bravery is heralded by the press and from the pulpit in the same moment that disasters, involving the loss of life and property, are announced. For all the humanity he has displayed, for all the risks of life and health he has sustained, the people are apt to thank him heartily one day and forget him utterly the next, so rapidly do events crowd upon the mind in these busy days. When the cold and furious wind rushes down the chimney, wrestles

A WRECKER ASCENDING THE "TELEGRAPH" OVER THE SURF TO THE MAINTOP OF A STRANDED VESSEL.

with the shutters and whistles defiantly around the eaves; when, in corners made cheery by the crackling and sparkling of the fire and the companionship of an admired author, one exclaims, "What a terrible night it must be for those at sea!" the comfortable soul finds relief from its forebodings in the reflection, "Well, thank God, the life-saving men are looking out for them." And, although attention is frequently called to the service in which he is engaged, the contemplation of a particularly distressing disaster isolates the man and his crew from comrades keeping their vigils with equal fidelity at other points. Thus, no just conception of the extent of this great system of life-salvage can be formed, nor can the steps by which its present efficiency has been attained be estimated.

The general public are familiar with its leading operations since 1871, when Congress initiated an improvement of the Service and gave authority for the employment of crews at all the stations. But to consider it deservingly, to bestow the credit of its conception and early fostering upon the proper persons, it will be necessary to go much farther back in point of time.

Previous to the year 1838 the legislation of the General Government on the subject of the saving of life and property on the routes of marine travel was mainly confined to the anchorage of a number of vessels along the coast, and the erection of lighthouses designed to mark dangerous places. The sum of $5,000 was appropriated for this purpose in 1837, and for several succeeding years money was voted cheerfully to increase and maintain the number of lightships, under the special direction of the President of the United States. The United States Coast Survey was organized in 1832, and attention was at once given to a thorough examination of the Atlantic coast, from New York eastward and southward, with a view to preparing a series of charts showing dangerous localities, for the use of mariners. This work has been prosecuted with much energy, and under the present management of the Bureau we have from time to time the results of a scientific investigation of the laws of the tides, winds, storms and changes of the weather, and a study of their relation to navigation and their effects in producing the constant changes going on in harbors and channels and on beaches. In 1837 there were 208 lighthouses and twenty-six lightships. An efficient system was established by the Lighthouse Board, organized in 1852, by whom the reflectors were rapidly replaced with lenses, and the number of beacons increased until there are now upon our coasts 637 lighthouses and thirty lightships. In addition to these means of warning seafarers, Congress passed an Act in December, 1837, authorizing the President "to cause any suitable number of public vessels adapted to the purpose to cruise upon the coast in the severe portion of the season to afford such aid to distressed navigators as their circumstances and necessities may require." Under this authority some of the naval vessels were at first designated for this duty, but on account of their size and draught they proved unsuitable, and were superseded by revenue-cutters.

In the Winter of 1839, William A. Newell (since Governor of New Jersey, chairman of the National Executive Committee of the Union League and Representative of the Grand Lodge of New Jersey in the Grand Lodge of the United States, I. O. O. F.), who had just graduated as a physician, paid a visit to Manahawken, N. J. The season had been an unusually severe one, and shortly before his arrival a terrible storm of wind and snow had prevailed, causing the wrecking and disabling of several vessels. In a day or two he had occasion to go to Long Beach, and he reached his destination in time to see a party of villagers drag the drowned bodies of thirteen persons, lost from the Austrian brig *Count Perasto*, from the surf below Barnegat Inlet. Seeing the ship thumping helplessly upon the bar but a few rods from shore, it occurred to him that those lives might have been saved if communication could have been established between the shore and brig at the time she struck the bar or become imperiled. How to carry a line the required distance became an absorbing problem. It was evident that no ship's boat, manned even by the most skillful oarsmen, could ride in safety over such surf, neither could the strongest arm throw a quantity of rope a quarter of the way. He promptly began experimenting with such materials as were at hand. He melted several bullets into a ball, to which he attached a long and stout cord, and shortened the barrel of an old blunderbuss. Hastening down to the beach he discharged his weapon. To his satisfaction he saw the ball lead the string several yards beyond the surf-crests, and when it had sunk he was able to pull the line pretty taut. This simple demonstration yielded such encouragement that he devoted the leisure of several years to the elaboration of a scheme for the saving of both life and property along the shore of his native State, awaiting with hopefulness an opportunity for putting his plans into effective operation.

His election to Congress in 1846, created this opportunity. While awaiting admission, he fully matured his project, consulting with everyone from whose experience he could hope to obtain information.

In 1847, when appropriating $5,000 to build lighthouses along the Atlantic coast, Congress took the management of marine relief out of the hands of the President of the United States, and placed it in those of the Secretary of the Treasury, where it has since remained.

On the 3d of January, 1848, Mr. Newell offered the following resolution in the House:

"*Resolved*, That the Committee on Commerce be instructed to inquire whether any plan can be devised whereby the dangerous navigation along the coast of New Jersey, between Sandy Hook and Little Egg Harbor, may be furnished with additional safeguards to life and property, and that they report to this House by bill or otherwise."

In order that no misunderstanding might arise, he appeared before the Committee when in session, and gave the members a full explanation of his plans. To his great surprise, he noticed that the scheme was considered absolutely chimerical, and he had the mortification to hear the Committee, a little later, flatly refuse to even make a recommendation in its favor. Nothing daunted, however, on the 3d of August of the same year, when the House, in Committee of the Whole, was considering the Army Appropriation bill, he recalled attention to his rejected resolution in a lengthy speech. He stated that, from April 12th, 1839, to July 31st, 1848, there were known to have been wrecked on the New Jersey coast, and between the points mentioned in his resolution, 158 vessels of all classes, and that 122 of these wrecks had been reported since February 26th, 1846; and declared it the bounden duty of the Government especially to protect the lives of such of its citizens as are engaged in these perilous pursuits, from which are immediately derived the revenues of the country. He asked for a small appropriation to provide surf-boats at suitable stations along the coast, and to furnish each station with a carronade "of sufficient calibre to throw a ball, with a rope attached, over the vessel in distress," and a quantity of rockets, "so that, in a dark night, a signal from the shore may be made to apprise those on board the distressed vessel in what direction they may look for aid."

On the 9th of the same month, while the Lighthouse bill from the Senate was under discussion, he again spoke on his proposition; and in closing offered this amendment

to the pending bill: "For providing surf-boats, rockets, carronades and other necessary apparatus for the better protection of life and property from shipwreck on the coast of New Jersey, between Sandy Hook and Little Egg Harbor, $10,000; the same to be expended under the supervision of such officers of the Revenue Marine Corps as may be detached for this duty by the Secretary of the Treasury."

Profiting by his past experience before the Committee on Commerce, he this time presented his views to the most influential members of the House; and when the bill, with his amendment, came to its final passage, it was adopted unanimously. This was the first legislation in behalf of the Life-saving Service of our country.

Captain Douglass Ottinger was detailed by the Secretary to carry out the provisions of the amendment, and this officer enlisted the co-operation of a committee of the New York Board of Underwriters, and entered upon the work at once.

Under date of January 16th, 1849, he reported to Mr. Newell that he had selected "eight stations on the beach, within the prescribed limits, and designed to have at each of them a frame house of the most substantial kind, to be furnished with a galvanized iron surf-boat, with 10 separate air chambers, built upon a model approved by the surf-men on the coast, 180 fathoms of hawser, 360 fathoms of hauling-line, 600 yards of rocket-line, rockets, etc. In addition to the surf-boat, I propose to have a 'life-car' at each station, which is designed to be sent to the stranded vessel when the wind and sea is (are) too heavy for the best constructed boats to live. I have made some experiments in throwing a line from the shore to a vessel with a rocket . . . outside of Sandy Hook, . . . and threw out 250 yards of line, weighing 1.62 ounces per yard, with which we tested the practicability of sending a hawser from the beach to a boat or vessel. It is my intention, as soon as the weather will permit, to make some trials in throwing a line by means of a mortar and shot, and am of the opinion that we shall also place them at the several stations."

At each of these eight stations he erected a building 28 by 16 feet in dimensions, and furnished it with a variety of experimental apparatus. During the progress of his work Captain Ottinger designed a lifeboat, and the life-car alluded to in his report, both of which were adopted in our own service and subsequently in that of Great Britain and other sea-washed countries of Europe. He refused to avail himself of the restrictive advantages that letters patent would give him, but waiting until his invention had proved a success by saving life on various occasions of shipwreck, he petitioned Congress for remuneration for its past, present and prospective use, and also for an appropriation of $5,000 to enable him to test practically at sea its adaptation to rescuing passengers and crews during violent gales. A bill directing the payment to him of $10,000 passed both houses and was approved by the President, February 14th, 1859.

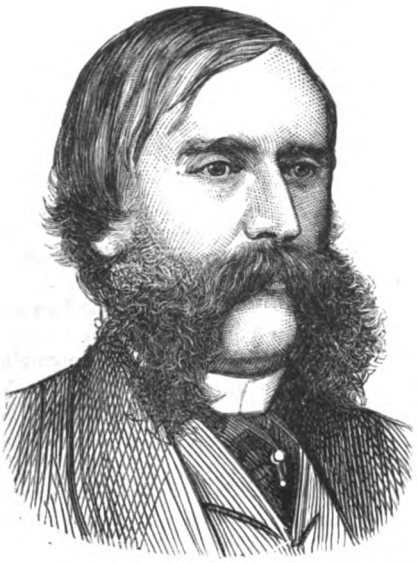
At the next session of Congress Mr. Newell introduced another resolution (Feb. 17th, 1849), extending the limits prescribed in the first Act, so as to include the remaining portion of the New Jersey coast and also the whole of that of Long Island, and providing a further appropriation of $20,000. But a few weeks previously the Secretary of the Treasury, in answer to a special resolution of inquiry, had reported to the House that during the last fiscal year 585 vessels had been wrecked and 477 lives lost, and that out of property worth $1,721,857 that perished cargoes valued at $750,000 were lost within the very limits designated in the bill. This statement produced a profound effect, and after Mr. Newell had Captain Ottinger's report read, and had commented largely upon the vast benefits to humanity and commerce that a liberal extension and support of the Service would yield, the resolution was adopted without opposition. Lieutenant John McGowan, of the Revenue Marine Corps, was detailed as the agent of the Department to superintend the expenditure of the portion of this amount allotted to the coast of New Jersey; and Edward Watts, a civil engineer of high repute, was commissioned to perform a like duty on the coast of Long Island. Eight stations were located at intervals between Montauk Point and Coney Island, on the outer shore of Long Island, one at Fisher's Island, and one at Eaton's Neck, in Long Island Sound; and six were added to the number that had been erected by Captain Ottinger on the New Jersey coast. As Captain Ottinger had availed himself of the advice and co-operation of a committee of the New York Board of Underwriters, Lieutenant McGowan called to his assistance a committee of the Philadelphia Board of Underwriters, and Mr. Watts one from the Life-Saving Benevolent Association of New York. In the Winter of 1849—50 a series of unusually severe disasters thoroughly tested both the advantages and the capabilities of these stations. The month of January, 1850, was particularly fruitful in accidents. During a furious gale the coast of New Jersey was strewn with many wrecks. The life-car invented by Captain Ottinger demonstrated its great usefulness by conveying from the stranded ship *Ayshire* 201 persons, including a number of women with children in their arms, through a surf that ran so high that no ship's boat could live in it. In the imperfect records of this season it appears that the cars and boats rescued 264 persons on the coast of Long Island and 90 on that of New Jersey, besides saving considerable property on which the Government realized a large amount in duties.

At the next session of Congress a further appropriation of $20,000 was made for the purpose (September 28–30, 1850), and the petition of the Life-Saving Benevolent Association of New York—to have half of this amount expended in the erection of additional stations on the coast of Long Island and also one at Watch Hill, Rhode Island—was granted, and Lieutenant Joseph Noyes, of the Revenue Marine, was given charge of the work. After the completion of this extension the balance of one-half of the appropriation was expended in placing lifeboats on portions of the coasts of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida and Texas, and providing for their preservation. Additional appropriations for placing lifeboats at various points were made in March, 1853, and August, 1854. The first of these gave the sum of $10,000 without confining its expenditure to designated localities; another the sum of $12,500, for the purchase of boats for twenty-five different points named on Lake Michigan, and at such other localities as the Secretary of the Treasury might determine, and a third the sum of $20,000 for the continuation of the system of protecting human life from shipwreck as already established by lifeboats on the New Jersey coast.

Up to this time 82 lifeboats had been located on the coast of the United States, exclusive of those furnished by the Humane Society of Massachusetts—the 28 at the stations on the New Jersey coast, the 23 on the outer shore of Long Island, and the four in Long Island Sound. Lakes Ontario, Michigan, Superior and Erie, and the Pacific shore were now embraced in the system.

In 1854 a decided improvement in the government of this service was made; or, rather, a government was established, for the care of the Treasury officials had previously been withdrawn as soon as the stations were erected and supplied with apparatus.

By the wrecking of the *Powhattan*, on Squan Beach, at least 300 lives were lost. This disaster, as many readers may remember, produced an intense excitement throughout the country. The people called upon Congress for prompt



EX-GOVERNOR WILLIAM A. NEWELL, FOUNDER OF THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

and effective action. In the Senate, the Committee on Commerce asked of the Treasury Department the fullest information relating to the service, and the opinion of the Secretary in respect to further provision for the protection of the coast. The Secretary replied, in brief, that the number of stations should be doubled, and that they should be placed in charge of persons accountable to the Department, recommending the appointment of a superintendent for each coast and a keeper for each station.

A bill was promptly reported, but an adjournment was taken before it could be put on its passage. At the next session, however, it passed both Houses, and became a law, December 14th, 1854. Simple as the appointment of these officers may now appear, it was a firm and practical step toward efficiency. The appointments were made, and a marked change in the *morale* of the service was soon noticeable.

In 1864, Mr. Newell, having been again elected to Congress, secured another appropriation of $20,000 in aid of his now well-exemplified theories. To this gentleman, therefore, belongs the honor, not only of devising and suggesting the plans for the establishment of this great work of humanity, but of carrying them, by sure and steady steps, to official recognition, indorsement and support. No legislation of any kind had ever been attempted in any part of the world when he broached and strove for his grand idea, and all the honors that have since been bestowed upon him combined, are insignificant beside this one work, for the accomplishment of which, in a monarchical country, he would have received jeweled evidences of a nation's gratitude.

And to Captains Ottinger and McGowan the Service owes the practical experiments which have contributed to its present thoroughness of detail, its systematic action.

Captain James H. Merryman, of the Revenue Marine, was designated as Inspector of the Service in June, 1872, and should be largely credited with the success that has attended its operations since that time. His labors have been indefatigable, and he has suggested many of the improvements made in the Service.

The desideratum at this stage of the history of the Service was the employment of regular crews of surfmen, and the first step toward the accomplishment of this was effected by the Hon. S. S. Cox, of New York. The measure was, however, first introduced in Congress in the form of an amendment to the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill, by the Hon. Charles Haight, of New Jersey, in response to a resolution of the Legislature of that State; and was to the effect that the Secretary of the Treasury should be authorized to employ crews of six surfmen at the several stations upon the coasts of Long Island and New Jersey, from December 1st to March 31st of each year. This amendment, after the earnest advocacy of several gentlemen, was lost. Mr. Cox, however, here came to the rescue in an eloquent speech, and actually compelled the adoption of a compromise, by which the employment of crews at alternate stations was authorized.

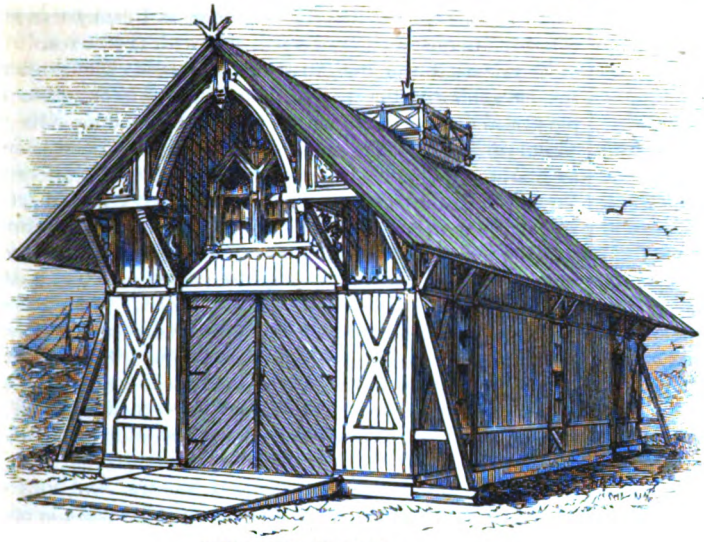
This was a step of the utmost importance, and was really the initiatory measure which led to the employment of crews at *all* the stations, and formed the basis of the present effective organization. When the proposition reached the Senate it met with opposition similar to that it had in the House; when the Hon. John P. Stockton played the same part in its behalf as that performed by Mr. Cox, and by a speech of vivid power and pathos secured its passage.

Heretofore, on occasions of disaster, the crews were all volunteers, and were composed of fishermen, farmers, irresponsible wreckers, and such men as frequent the vicinity of the shores—none, certainly, upon whom satisfactory dependence could be placed. They served, when they happened to be on hand at an accident, without pay, and, with the exception of some of Quaker discipline, were scarcely the kind of men to be contented with the satisfaction that arises from the consciousness of having performed a highly meritorious deed.

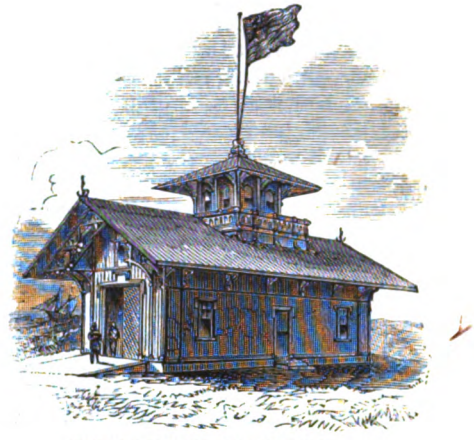
In February, 1871, Sumner I. Kimball, chief clerk in the Second Auditor's Office, Treasury Department, accepted the position of Chief of the Bureau of Revenue Marine, and General Superintendent of the Life-Saving Service, upon the solicitation of Secretary Boutwell. He at once instituted a thorough reorganization of the system, applying, for the first time, the strictest practical business principles to its government.

At his suggestion, Captain John Faunce, of the Revenue Marine Corps was detailed to examine and report upon the existing condition of the various stations, their equipment and individual management. At the same time Mr. Kimball made a personal survey of the buildings in the most dangerous districts, and of the constantly changing lines of

S. I. KIMBALL, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.



LIFE-SAVING STATION.

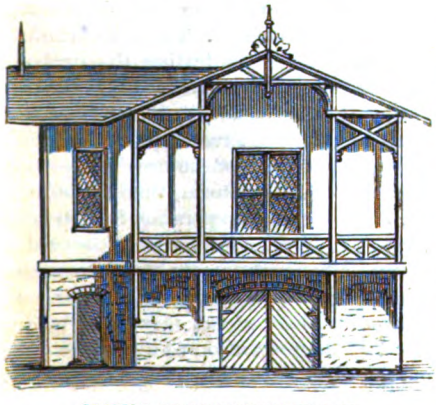


THE STATION AT LONG BRANCH.

the seaboard. From these observations he prepared plans for the erection of new buildings on the most exposed portions of the coasts of New Jersey and Long Island, with a view to diminishing the distance between the points of succor, and enlarged and improved the old ones, besides supplying them with better apparatus.

On the 20th of April, 1871, Congress made the handsome appropriation of $200,000. This grant was made in the form of an amendment to the Deficiency Bill, the amendment being introduced by Mr. Stockton, then Senator from New Jersey, in response to a resolution of the Senate and General Assembly of his State. The New Jersey coast was alone designated as the part to be benefited. The amendment was adopted by the Senate, but before its consideration reached the House it was modified so as to include the coast of Long Island, and to authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to employ crews of experienced surfmen at such stations and for such periods of the year as he might deem necessary. In this form it met the approbation of Secretary Boutwell and Mr. Dawes, then chairman of the Committee on Appropriations in the House, and, after some discussion, it became a law. At this time the records showed that since 1850 there had been 4,163 lives saved by the experimental system; and from incomplete reports it appeared that in the preceding ten years 4,527 vessels had been wrecked on the Lakes alone, 1,341 lives lost, and property worth $27,370,062.23 either lost or seriously damaged. With the ample fund named above, Mr. Kimball began extending the line of houses, erecting twelve new ones on the coast of New Jersey and six on that of Long Island. Incapable and inefficient officers and men were promptly removed, and suitable ones substituted. A code of instructions, setting forth the duties required of officers and men during a disaster, as well as inactivity, was promulgated. A more rigid supervision of the men and materials was established. One by one the features of the old irresponsible management were abolished. That it was high time for a radical change is shown in Captain Faunce's report, wherein he stated that most of the stations were too remote from each other; that the houses were much dilapidated, "many being so far gone as to be worthless," and in a filthy condition; that the apparatus was rusty from want of care, and some of it utterly ruined by the depredations of vermin and malicious persons, and that the most indispensable articles had been removed by crews employed during the Winter, the outfit in no station being found complete. It had also become apparent that the scope and usefulness of the Service demanded a marked improvement in the apparatus supplied to the stations, and the provision of new appliances to facilitate the humane work. Secretary Boutwell bestowed deserving consideration upon the smallest details of the new Bureau, and warmly recommended to Congress the suggestions of the Superintendent. It was in answer to one that a

SECTIONAL VIEW OF IMPROVED SAFETY-CAR.



STATION AT NARRAGANSETT BAY.

THE MERRIMAN RUBBER SUIT.

commission consisting of Rear-Admiral Boggs, Captain C. P. Patterson, Captain William Gaskell, Captain C. W. Maxon, and Chief Clerk Saville of the Treasury Department, was appointed early in 1872 to examine and test such life-saving apparatus as might be submitted in response to an invitation to the public for the presentation of any device which might be serviceable in such work. The commission met at Seabright, between Sandy Hook and Long Branch, and experimented with a variety of life and surf boats, a wagon for the transportation of the same from a station to the surf or from one station to another, a new rocket designed to supersede the use of the mortar, a life-raft, night-signals and the Merriman life-saving dress. A modified surf-boat of cedar, the life-preserving dress and the night-signals were recommended by the commission, and are now to be seen in all the stations.

In June of that year, through the efforts of the late Hon. James Buffington, Congress authorized a further extension, so as to include Cape Cod, and the erection of ten stations thereon was provided for. In the following year (1873) the Hon. John Lynch, of Maine, introduced a bill to provide for the erection of a number of stations along the coasts of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Virginia and North Carolina, and direct the Secretary to ascertain at what other points the establishment of stations was desirable. For this purpose another commission was appointed, with Mr. Kimball at its head. In his report the Superintendent estimated the expenses of the additions he believed necessary as follows: Atlantic coast, eight new stations, $12,872; Florida coast, five houses of refuge, $4,000; Pacific coast, seven lifeboat stations, $4,280; Lake coasts, thirty stations, $20,256; making a total, with contingent expenses for all of $6,000, of $47,408. The total cost of a life-saving station, complete in all its appointments, he estimated as aggregating $5,302.15, representing the following articles:

Station-Houses	$2,500 00
Mortar and Balls	147 15
Hawsers, Lines and Chandlery	525 00
Bedding, Cots, etc	175 00
Stoves, and furniture of same	70 00
Surf boat	250 00
Life car	400 00
Boat-carriage and hand-cart	250 00
Signal apparatus, lanterns, etc	50 00
Rocket apparatus, with line rockets	635 00
Other equipments, freights and incidental expenses	300 00

Mr. Kimball reported the existence of eighty-one stations on the coasts of New Jersey, Long Island, Cape Cod, and Rhode Island, and designated the points at which ten others were under construction and also those where twelve more would be erected during the ensuing Autumn. The average distance between the stations was reduced from five miles to three. This was a most important improvement, as it enabled adjoining stations to communicate readily with each other by signals as well as to maintain an effective patrol along the whole line of sea-board.

These buildings are divided into three classes: life-saving stations, simple lifeboat stations, costing an average of $4,790 each, and houses of refuge, costing $2,995 each. The latter class was provided for the coast of Florida, where the shores are so bold that stranded vessels are usually thrown high enough upon the beach to permit easy escape from them; therefore the usual apparatus belonging to the complete station were not deemed necessary for that section. The strip of shore extending from Indian River Inlet to Cape Florida is almost destitute of inhabitants, and persons cast upon its inhospitable beach are liable to perish from starvation and thirst, from inability to reach the remote interior settlements rather than in a struggle with the waves.

In all cases the buildings are of wood. The houses of refuge are large enough to accommodate twenty-five persons, and during the stormy season are supplied with provisions to last that number for at least ten days. The life-saving stations proper, as constructed according to Superintendent Kimball's plans, average forty-two feet in length by eighteen in width. They are divided into two stories, and each one contains two apartments. The main entrance is by double doors wide enough to permit the free passage of the lifeboat on its broad-wheeled wagon. Boats, lifecar, mortar, rockets, signals, rubber suits and other properties are kept in the front part of the lower story, the rear being used as a mess-room. Up-stairs the space is arranged as a dormitory for the crew and shelter for rescued persons, and is supplied with a stove, tables, cots, bedding and cooking utensils.

In 1873 the Service experienced another vast improvement. The country had learned to properly value the operations of the Signal-Service established in Washington after the close of the war under the direction of General A. J. Myers, facetiously known as "Old Probabilities." The accuracy of the prognostications made at the general office from the indications telegraphed from all the observatories in the United States, and thence re-telegraphed to all the large cities for publication, had become proverbial. Places indicated for the display of cautionary signals were scanned by mariners as closely as their charts. Times of sailing were regulated by the waving and flashing signs that indicated the probable condition of the weather for at least a period of eight hours. Commerce benefited greatly by the system, navigation found in it a remarkably reliable director, trade and travel in every form acknowledged its comprehensive utility.

Under the provisions of the Act of Congress of March 3d, 1873, the storm-signal system of the Signal-Service was directly connected with life-saving stations at nine localities upon the Atlantic coast. The benefits derived from the combination of the two systems have each year, since it was first effected, more than equaled anticipation. But the greater value of the connection is found in the fact that the establishment of the Signal-Service at the various life-saving stations has proved exceedingly efficacious in diminishing the number of disasters in their neighborhoods, through the warning of the cautionary signals. This is a red flag with a black square in the centre by day, and a red light by night. It is displayed where the information in possession of the central office induces the belief that dangerous winds are approaching. Considering the difference in the rapidity of the wind on the Atlantic ocean and on the Great Lakes, it has been decided that the cautionary signal shall be displayed wherever the winds are expected to travel as fast as twenty-five miles per hour, and to remain at that speed for several hours, within a radius of one hundred miles from the station. Besides indicating the probable condition of the wind the signal gives warning that the danger appears to be so great as to demand extra precaution on the part of navigators and other interested parties—such as an examination of vessels or other structures liable to be endangered by a sudden or heavy storm, the inspection of crews, rigging, etc., and a general preparation for a struggle with rough weather. And it calls for frequent inspection of local barometers and other instruments of ship captains, and the study of local signs of a change of weather. By heeding this signal those who are expert may often be confirmed as to the need of the precaution to which the warning calls attention, or may determine that the danger is either over-estimated or past.

The practical operations of the Life-Saving Service are admirably portrayed in the accompanying engravings. Nine out of every ten vessels wrecked on the coasts usually lie within 300 yards from the beach. When the surf is too heavy to permit the dispatch of a life or a surf boat to a distressed vessel, the mortar and ball are brought into use. A rope having a range of 410 yards is attached by a short length of chain to the ball, and the mortar is aimed so as to throw the line over the ship. As the line falls athwart the deck a hawser is fastened to the shore end, and the sailors haul in until the stouter line is reached and made fast to a block or mast. This hawser acts as a rail upon which the life-car and the breeches-buoy can be run. With the hawser there usually passes a piece of board containing instructions for the crew in case the services of the life-car are deemed necessary. This car is cylindrical in form, made of galvanized iron, and is sufficiently large to accommodate four to six persons "on a pinch," which a disaster renders of little consequence. The interior is reached through a square opening on the top, furnished with a hinged plate or lid of iron. As the transfer, under favorable circumstances, can be made within five or six minutes, a quantity of air equal to this demand is admitted through a number of finely-drilled holes. When the car is demanded the shore end of the hawser is passed through an eye terminating in a stout handle at each end, a car-line, previously hauled from the ship, is adjusted to a ring on the top of the shell, a shore-line fastened to an opposite ring and a signal made for those on shipboard to pull the car out. The singular-looking vehicle passes alternately through the air and the surf, and on reaching the ship the lid is unbolted and the passengers are handed in. As soon as the car is filled the station crew are notified, and they then haul upon the other line until the car reaches the beach, when the occupants are released and it is put in order for a second trip. The rocket is used for the same purpose as the mortar and ball, and is particularly valuable in night-time. Rushing through the air like a shooting star, its trail of fire indicates the condition of the disabled craft, and also serves to guide the Service men in estimating the angle for the discharge of a second rocket in case the first falls short or on one side of the ship. The apparatus shown in the engraving consists of a steel-cased rocket with a long metallic loop to act as a staff. It is fired from a tube resting upon an adjustable iron tripod, arranged to obtain any required elevation and a comparative certainty of direction. The charge is ignited by a simple percussion-lock, while the line is laid in a light wooden box so constructed with pegs or partitions that it runs out without hindrance. Besides this apparatus there are small brass mortars and howitzers, all used for the same purpose, according to the condition of the wind and the distance of the ship from the shore.

When the lifeboat can be used it is always selected in preference to any other mode of approaching a ship. The crew take their places in the boat while it is upon the wagon, after having been drawn from the station to the nearest working point by hand or horses. It is backed, bow first, into the surf, and while the crew are keeping stroke with the oars so that they may all catch water at the same time, the coxswain is standing at the stern with his long oar in position ready to steer. The lifeboat is made of galvanized iron, and the surf-boat of cedar. The lifeboat is self-righting and self-bailing, and is supplied with a variety of air chambers that will not permit the boat to sink even if a hole were stove in the bottom. If a heavy sea is taken the first rise of the boats releases all the water through tubes extending from the deck to and through the bottom.

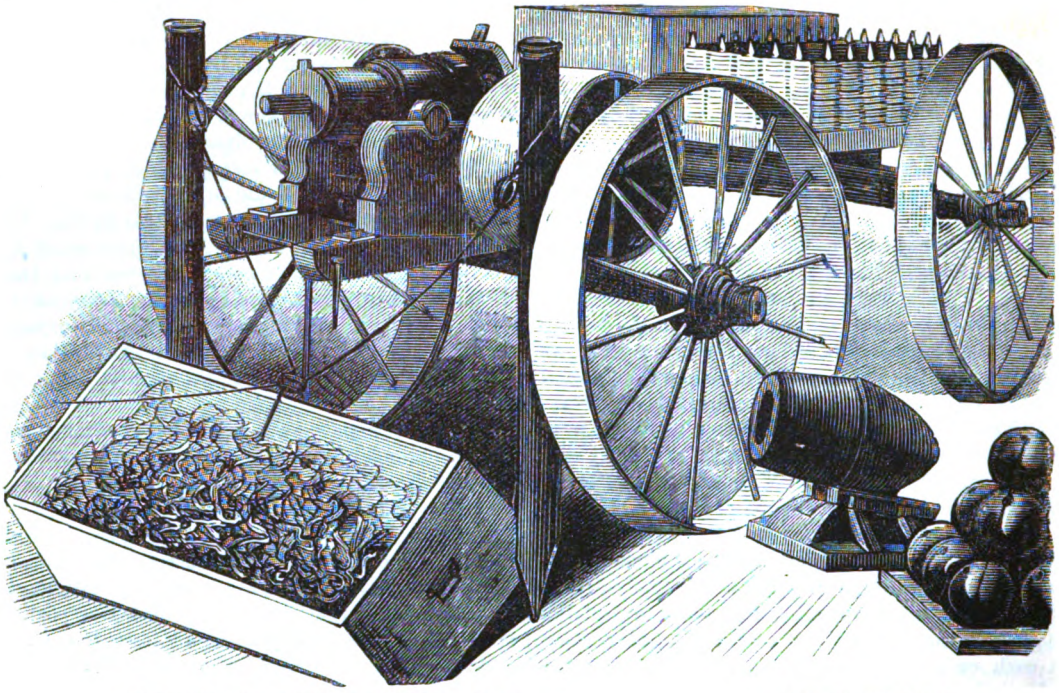
A very important part of the working apparatus of the Service is the rubber life-preserving dress liberally supplied to the various stations. The dress is the invention of C. S. Merriman, and consists of two parts, the pantaloons and boots, and the waiscoat and head-piece; each inflated by a separate set of tubes. The position of the wearer is regulated by himself, being controlled by the amount of air let into each section of the dress; thus doing away with the heavy metal clogs on the feet by which an upright position was maintained by the old styles. This is the suit with which the now famous Captain Paul Boyton, formerly attached to the Service on the New Jersey coast, has created such an excitement in England, France and Italy, and in which he made the memorable voyage between Dover and Calais. After witnessing a number of his experiments the directors of the Royal Lifeboat Institution of Great Britain ordered a supply of these suits for their own service.

All of these properties are for use after a wrecked or disabled vessel has been clearly made out, and when the full working force of a station is on duty. But, between the stranding or other misfortune and the launch of the lifeboat or car there intervenes a season of agony to those imperilled in which the thoughts, the resolutions, every possible emotion of human nature, are crowded into the most fleeting seconds. At night their suspense is particularly demoralizing. Everybody seeks a knowledge of the exact location. Where are we? How far off is land? Is there anybody near us who can give assistance? How can we make known our peril? When the night is dark, the sea angry, the air bitterly cool, no amount of self-possession on the part of officers can conciliate the fears of their passengers. Assurances of safety gain confidence only when means of safety can be discerned. Faith has exceedingly limited sway in a panic-stricken throng. The old saw, "seeing is believing," comes at such times into full and powerful play. The moment, however, the signal of distress, either the booming of a gun or the flashing of a rocket, is answered on the shore, the suspense on shipboard is so far relieved as to permit officers, crew and passengers to proceed with judgment in applying the means of saving life at their command, while awaiting systematic succor.

Patrolmen always carry at night a red hand light, to be used upon the discovery of a wrecked vessel or any signal for assistance; and in order to more fully insure its being seen they are instructed to burn it, when practicable, upon a prominent eminence nearest the vessel. Lifeboats before going off to a wreck at night are provided with a white light which may be burned if necessary either to afford light to facilitate the escape of endangered persons, or to give notice to the crew on shore when the boat has got alongside the wreck. In translating the language of the signals used in the Service by means of the sketches the reader must bear in mind that in the indications of flags and rocket lights, lines running perpendicularly represent red; those running from right to left, green; those from left to right, blue; all the others are white. The flag and lantern signals are displayed from a staff, the rockets are attached to a hand pistol and ignited by an ordinary percussion cap.

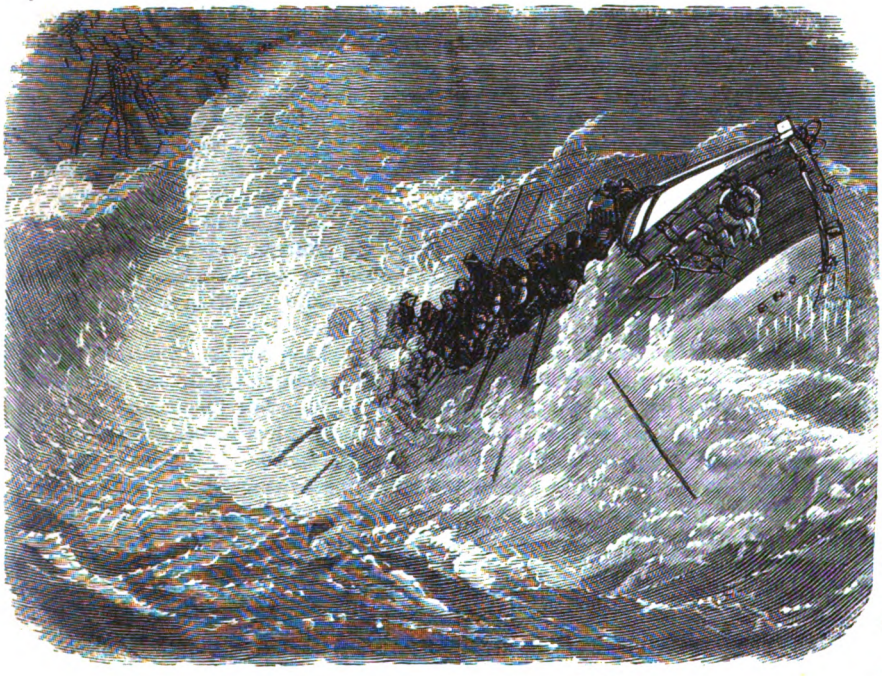
No. 1. *Preparatory.*—Whenever it becomes necessary for a station to make signal to adjacent stations, the preparatory signal will be used, and will be continued until acknowledged by the stations signaled. This is done when there is a probability that the work ahead will require more apparatus or men than one station can provide.

No. 2. *Answering Signal.*—All signals are answered by this signal to notify the signaling station that its communication is seen and understood. If any signal should not be understood at once the signaling station is notified, in day time by dipping the flag the entire length of the staff.

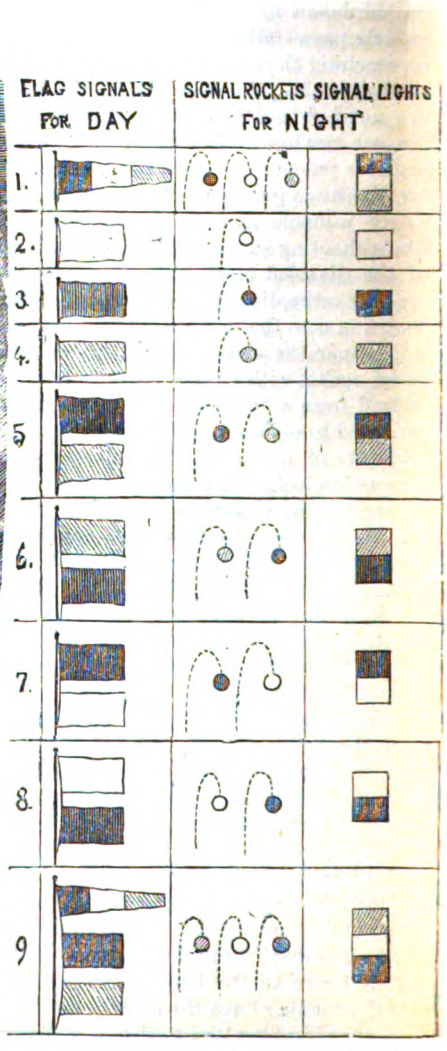


HOWITZER FOR FIRING A ROPE OVER A SHIP.

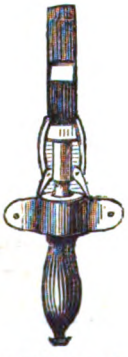
MORTAR AND BOMBS.



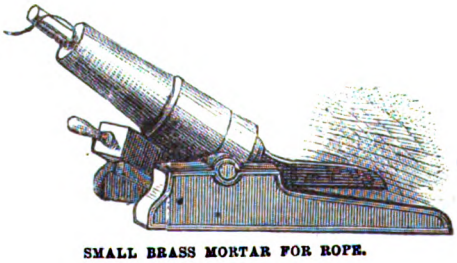
LIFEBOAT RETURNING FROM A WRECK.



SIGNAL CODE ADOPTED BY THE UNITED STATES LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.



HAND SIGNAL LIGHT.



SMALL BRASS MORTAR FOR ROPE.

and at night by burning two white rockets or Coston lights.

No. 3. *Danger.*—This is made on the station first discovering a wreck, or when any vessel is observed to be in danger. It also serves to notify persons in danger that aid is near at hand.

No. 4. *Aid required—bring your men.* Immediately after answering this signal with No. 2, the keepers and crews of the adjacent stations are expected to proceed to the assistance of the station displaying the signal, and likewise in answer to the four following signals, with the articles required:

No. 5. *Bring your boat and equipments.*

No. 6. *Bring your life-car and lines.*

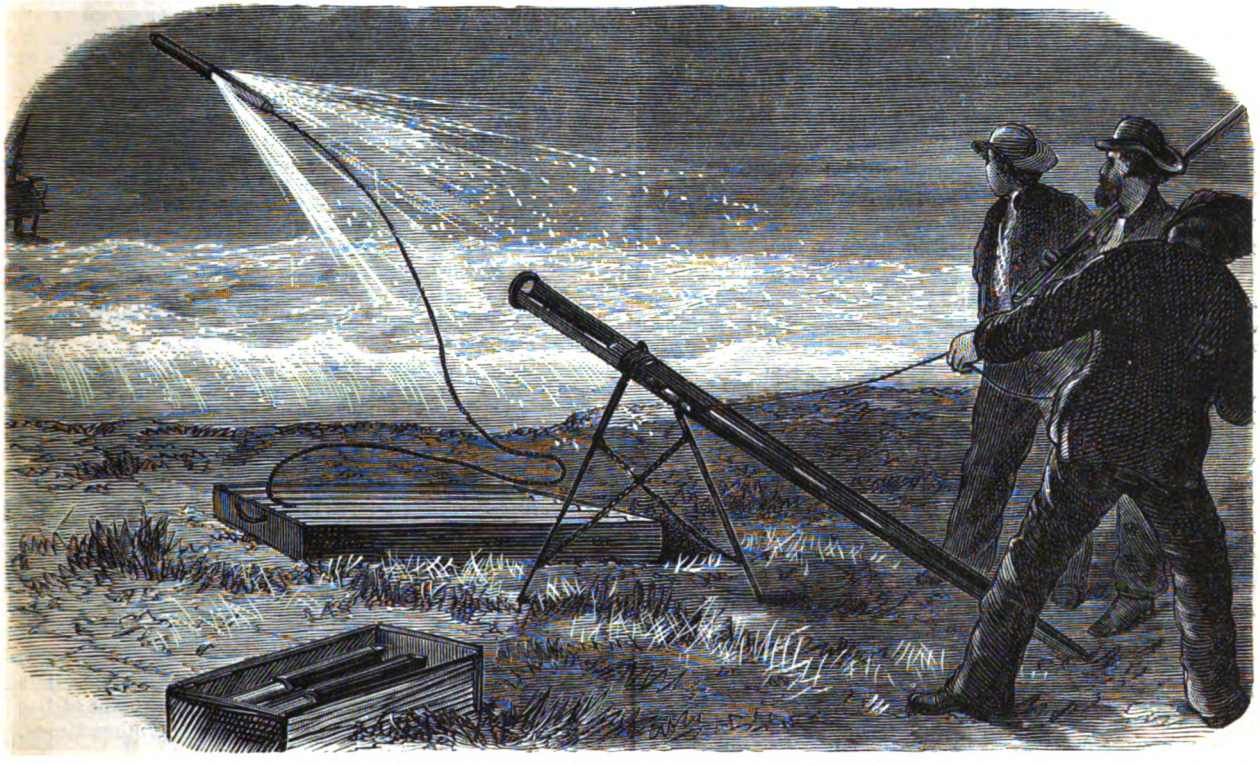
No. 7. *Bring rocket apparatus.*

No. 8. *Bring mortar and apparatus.*

No. 9. *Assemble.* When this signal is displayed at a station, all persons attached to it are obliged to hasten to the house at once for service.

be performed, both in the line of duty and simple humanity. The sheltering, nourishing and caring for the rescued until they can be forwarded to their homes or friends, are important parts of this admirable system. Then, too, there are means to be applied for the restoration of persons exhausted or apparently drowned. For this purpose the station-keepers are provided with complete medicine-chests, and are thoroughly instructed by a medical inspector in the use of medicines and surgical appliances, and the most approved manner of manipulating a body to restore animation.

While the absorbing interest of these crews in a wreck ceases with the recovery of the parties imperiled, that of the rescued is but little abated, as new efforts have to be put forth to obtain as great a quantity of property as is possible. No pains are spared by officers and men of the Life-saving Service to recover valuable goods, in the absence of other authorities; but, as their duty is more specifically confined to the saving of human life, the systematic salvage of the cargo, especially on the Atlantic and Lake coasts, is generally left to the wrecking company controlled by the New York Board of Underwriters, and operating in conjunction with the Custom-house officials.



FIRING A LINE, WITH ROCKET ATTACHED, TO A DISTRESSED VESSEL.

When double rockets are used at night, they are sent up separately at short intervals, and in the order indicated in the key. Thus, in No. 5, a red star rocket is sent up, and followed by a green star rocket, and a red lantern is hoisted over a green one.

If a signaling station desires to communicate with one only of its adjacent stations, the *preparatory* signal-flag is hoisted in the daytime, as a distinguishing pennant, *under* either Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 or 8, as the case may be, to indicate that the station to the eastward or northward is specially signaled; and at night by an ordinary exploding rocket immediately *following* the above numbers. South and west stations are indicated in daytime by the *preparatory* flag *above* either of these numbers, and at night by an exploding rocket *preceding* the Coston signals for them.

As the last living person is taken from a wrecked vessel, the work of the Life-saving Service is practically at an end. There are, it is true, many other labors usually necessary to

The wreckers reach a vessel after the Life-saving men have performed their distinctive duty. They pass from before the mast to the successive grades of engineer, captain, foreman and agents, and become, in time, skillful sailors, surfmen, sailing-masters, executive officers, etc. The agents are all veterans, and are stationed at particularly dangerous points along the coast.

As soon as a serious accident befalls a ship within working distance of the shore, the agent nearest the spot summons a wrecking party sufficient in number for the task ahead, and the labor of saving the cargo begins. The Board of Underwriters and the Custom-house authorities are promptly notified, and they dispatch an agent and inspector to look after their respective interests. Where it is evident that a vessel will not float after being relieved of the weight

of its cargo, or where it founders or becomes stranded so as to impede navigation or run the risk of speedily going to pieces, the wrecking company send out powerful tugboats, under experienced engineers, provided with every conceivable apparatus for raising and floating the ship.

Although the wreckers are the last to reach a disabled ship, it frequently happens that they and the life-saving crews are engaged almost at the same time upon a single vessel.

The steamship *L'Amerique*, of the General Transatlantic line, ran ashore at Seabright, N. J., near Long Branch, at three o'clock on the morning of January 7th, 1877. Directly the vessel struck, the captain sent a small boat to establish communication with the shore. The crew consisted of an officer and eleven men. On reaching the shore, the boat was caught in the undertow, and in effecting a landing three of the crew fell overboard and were drowned. Meanwhile the signals on *L'Amerique* attracted the attention of the patrol of Life-Saving Stations Nos. 3 and 4, and the entire force of both stations was soon at work. A line was thrown to the ship, and by aid of the French crew, the hawser was hauled on deck and the life-car set in operation. By this means every one of the passengers, and all of the crew save a few who remained with Captain Pouzolz, refusing to desert the ship, were landed without accident. In the afternoon a tug and steamer of the Wrecking Company were sent down from New York, under command of the famous Captain Merritt. The reader may remember the long and patient labor of this officer. It appeared at times as if the resources of the engineer's skill were exhausted; but, abandoning one by one the usual expedients for such work, he devised a bold scheme, and after months of toil, anxiety and waiting for an off-shore breeze, he succeeded in floating the iron monster.

Again, on the 17th of March following, the Red Star line steamer *Rusland* went ashore at Long Branch, a little to the south of the West End Hotel. She was soon discovered by a patrolman of Life-Saving Station No. 4, who immediately aroused his comrades, who put off for the locality with their entire apparatus. Soon after they were joined by the crew from Station No. 6, with their surf-boat. From the two crews the boat was manned, and started for the steamer through a high sea. The rescuers reached the ship and took off a load of passengers. While so engaged the remainder of the crew made several attempts to fire a line over the ship, and, at length succeeding, got the life-car in position and with it assisted the surf-boat crew in rescuing all on board except the captain and a handful of men, who were determined to remain on board. One of the wrecking boats at work on *L'Amerique* put off to render assistance until one could be ordered from New York.

A third accident which excited a vast amount of public sympathy in behalf of the wreckers was that of the British ship *Circassian*, which went ashore at Bridgehampton, Long Island, on the 11th of December, 1876. The wrecking crew this time included the Shinnecock Indians. Work was promptly begun and continued successfully until Friday, 29th, when the storm, which had already begun, increased in violence, and the wreckers who had been housed on board were forced into the rigging for safety. After remaining there about ten hours the ship broke suddenly to pieces and threw them all into the water. Out of thirty-two persons engaged in the work of wrecking, twenty-eight were drowned. The four survivors were taken from the beach, to which they had swam or been washed, by the Life-Saving men and properly nourished. More recently (Oct. 6th, 1877) the New York and Providence line steamer *Massachusetts*, a very marvel of strength, beauty and luxury, dashed upon the ledge at Rocky Point, on the Long Island shore, and, though she thumped for many days upon the rocks, Captain Merritt brought her safely to a dry dock in New York.

The present condition of the Life-Saving Service is extremely encouraging. During the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1877, there were driven ashore by stress of weather, within the scope of the operations of the Service, 134 vessels, having on board 1,500 persons. Of these only thirty-nine lives were lost, or about two and one-half per cent. There were 963 days' subsistence and succor afforded to shipwrecked persons, the number of recipients being 368. The estimated value of the vessels wrecked is $1,969,744, and of their cargoes, $1,296,868, making a total property valuation of $3,266,612, of which amount a total of $1,713,647 was saved. Upon fifty occasions of disaster the life-saving apparatus was used, and 817 persons were rescued by it, while in nearly all the other instances aid of some kind, in succoring the shipwrecked and saving property, was rendered by the crews of these stations.

There are now in operation 151 life-saving and lifeboat stations, which are located as follows, viz:

Dist. No. 1.	Coasts of Maine and New Hampshire	6
" " 2.	Coast of Massachusetts	14
" " 3.	Coasts of Rhode Island and Long Island	36
" " 4.	Coast of New Jersey	39
" " 5.	Coast from Cape Henlopen to Cape Charles	8
" " 6.	Coast from Cape Henry to Cape Hatteras	10
" " 7.	Coast of Florida (houses of refuge)	5
" " 8	Coasts of Lakes Ontario and Erie	9
" " 9.	Coasts of Lakes Huron and Superior	9
" " 10.	Coast of Lake Michigan	12
" " 11.	Pacific Coast	3

Besides these, preparations are in progress for the erection of five additional stations on the Pacific Coast.

The *personnel* of the service consists of one superintendent for each district, one keeper for each station, six surfmen for each of the life-saving stations on the Atlantic and Lake coasts, employed generally from November to April; and enrolled and volunteer crews who respond upon occasions of wrecks near life-saving stations on the Pacific and Lake coasts; the total force embracing about 1,100 men.

The annual compensation of superintendents is $1,000 each, except in districts Nos. 3 and 4, where it is fixed at $1,500 for each; that of the assistant superintendent is $500 per annum, and that of the keepers $200. The surfmen receive $40 per month during the period of their active employment, in which they are required to reside at the stations. Their services, however, are at the disposal of the Government upon any occasion of shipwreck at other times, for attendance at which they are paid $3 each.

The following table presents a general summary of all disasters occurring within the range of the operations of the Service, from the reorganization in 1871, up to and including June 30th, 1877:

Total number of wrecks	407
" value of vessels	$ 6,904,394
" " " cargo	4,204,292
" amount of property imperiled	11,106,686
" value of property saved	6,967,947
" " " lost	4,102,729
" number of lives imperiled	4,730
" " " saved	4,650
" " " lost	80
" " persons sheltered at stations	954
" " days' shelter afforded	2,867

It will be observed that during the years 1871–2 the operations of the Service were confined to the coasts of Long Island and New Jersey; from 1872 to 1874, to Cape Cod, Rhode Island, Long Island and New Jersey; and in 1874–5 to Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode

Island, Long Island, New Jersey, Virginia, North Carolina, the Lakes and the Pacific coast. Notwithstanding the high state of efficiency in which the Service is shown to be by the records, efforts are being constantly made to bring it to still greater perfection. A new gun and projectile have been secured recently, by which an additional range of 100 yards can be attained beyond that of the ordinary mortar and ball line. The Department has ordered twenty of the improved apparatuses to be supplied during the Winter to those stations where a long range is required. A code of signals for communication between wrecked vessels and the crews of the stations, to be incorporated into the International Code, has been prepared, and will also be introduced into the Service this Winter.

Early in October last the Secretary of the Treasury authorized the employment of crews for the inclement season as follows:

District No. 1, from November 1st, 1877, to May 1st, 1878. District No. 2, at stations 1, 2, 5 and 6, from November 1st to May 1st; at remaining stations, from November 1st to April 15th. District No. 3. at stations 2, 5, 19, 21, 27, 30 and 35, from November 15th to April 15th; at the remaining stations, with the exceptions of Nos. 4 and 34, at which the employment of crews is not deemed necessary, from November 15th to April 1st. District No. 4, at stations Nos. 2, 10, 12, 17, 27 and 35, from November 15th to April 15th; at the remaining stations, with the exception of 41, at which the employment of a crew is not deemed necessary, from November 15th to April 1st. District No. 5, from December 1st to April 1st. District No. 6, from December 1st to April 1st.

The reason why the stations in the Sixth District, which comprises the coast of Virginia and South Carolina, from Cape Henry to Cape Hatteras, were not named earlier than December 1st, was that the funds appropriated by Congress were not sufficient to allow it. The amount placed at the disposal of the Secretary of the Treasury for the employment of crews for the Life-saving Service during the present fiscal year is $146,000, out of which the actual expenses of the stations maintained amount to $144,040, leaving $1,960 for emergencies.

The anomaly of having a well-organized and thoroughly equipped bureau and not enough money to place it in working condition at a time when its advantages would be most valuable was illustrated with terrible vividness on Saturday, November 24th, last, when the United States sloop-of-war *Huron* was wrecked off Oregon Inlet, North Carolina. She had started under steam from the Navy Yard at Norfolk on the day previous, *en route* to Havana. On Friday night storm signals were displayed, but no danger was apprehended by her officers. At midnight a furious gale sprang up; at 1 o'clock on Saturday morning an order was given to cease taking soundings, and was quickly followed by another to go ahead fast. The next moment the vessel struck, about 300 yards off shore, and two miles north of Life-saving Station No. 7. Signals were given to stop the engines, then to back, but were all too late. Before the men had time to batten down the hatches the sea rushed into the engine room, and as the ship thumped on the bottom the starboard boilers gave way, and drifted across the fire-room, till brought up by the port boilers. Every effort was made to keep the fires going. At 2 o'clock the engines stopped suddenly with forty pounds of steam, and this amount was used in blowing the whistle for assistance. The officers and men rushed from their berths when the danger became apparent, and the most perfect discipline was maintained for the short time the ship held together. Two boxes of Coston night signals were rescued from the flooded store-room; five rockets were sent up and over one hundred signals burned. Officers and men were swept from their lashings as they sought one place of safety after another. Each sea, breaking over the ship, carried off men working coolly to save the lives of all. The bowsprit, to which four seamen were fastened, broke away and drifted ashore. Attempts were made to lighten the ship by throwing overboard her heavy ordnance, but she pitched so much and the sea was so relentless that all failed.

By daylight there were some fifty officers and men huddled together on the top-gallant forecastle, and every sea decimated their number. After much difficulty the balsa was launched from the trembling steamer. Ensign Young and several men who had assisted him in detaching it determined to attempt a landing, in the hope of securing succor for their imperiled comrades. The balsa was but a shaving in that fearful sea. Three times it was capsized, at every mishap losing some of the brave men, until, as the courage of the survivors was beginning to wane, a heavy sea cast it upon the beach.

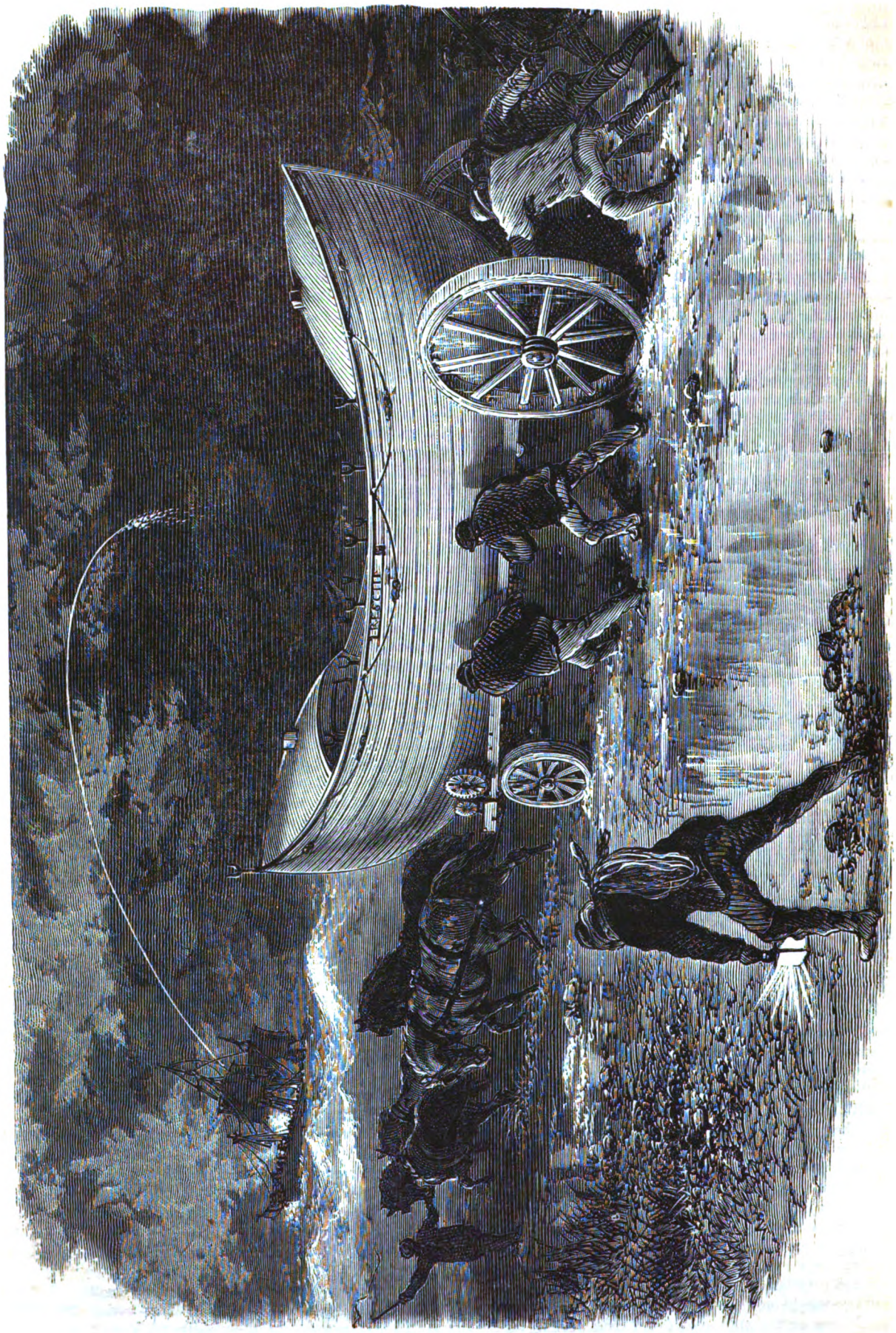
Many of the officers and men threw themselves from the *Huron* and endeavored to swim ashore, but few accomplished the feat. Commodore Ryan, the commander, and Lieutenant Palmer, the navigator, were washed overboard and drowned. By six o'clock each man left on the steamer had to shift for himself. It was fully seven o'clock when Ensign Young and his small party were beached, three-quarters of a mile above the wreck. The first one to appear to render any assistance was Sheriff Brinkley, of Dace County, North Carolina, who invited the survivors to his residence. The officers accepted this offer, and the men were provided for at Life-saving Station No. 6, with provisions, beds, blankets and clothing. Sheriff Brinkley then went up the beach with his wagon and a posse of men in search of drowned bodies.

Ensign Young telegraphed to Rear-Admiral Trenchard at Hampton Roads for assistance, and when the news of the disaster became known at Washington, Secretary Thompson issued orders for the immediate dispatch of the men-of-war *Swatara*, *Powhattan* and *Fortune* and a wrecking-steamer from Norfolk, and on Sunday morning the *Swatara* and the wrecking-steamer *B. & J. Baker* appeared off the remains of the *Huron*. Communication was at once established by means of signals.

At two o'clock Captain Stoddard, with a crew of six men and two volunteers, manned a surf-boat and pulled off from the *Baker*. Just as she reached the outer bar, about 200 yards from the shore and 100 south of the wreck of the *Huron*, the steering-oar broke in the hands of the helmsman, and a breaker twisted the surf-boat broadside on, and, catching it on the crest of the waves, threw it bottom upward into the air ten feet. All the crew were thrown into the sea, and five were drowned. Among the latter was Captain J. G. Guthrie, the Superintendent of Life-saving District No. 6. He had been gathering the crews for the stations in his district, which, under the orders of the Secretary of the Treasury, were to be manned on the first of December, and, hearing of the disaster, went from Norfolk on the wrecking-steamer to take control of whatever men he could find and operate the life-saving apparatus. He is said to have literally thrown his life away in trying to gain the shore to get out his mortar and life-line.

All the bodies recovered on Sunday were taken to Norfolk and buried in the Hospital grounds on the Monday following, and as from time to time others were washed ashore they were tenderly taken up and given respectful interment. Out of a list of 145 officers, marines and men, but four officers and thirty men were saved. The *Huron* was one of the thirteen iron sloops-of-war authorized, in 1874, to be built, and cost $307,024.

It is very evident, from the foregoing recital of the condition and capabilities of the Life-saving Service, that, had the stations in the vicinity of Kitty Hawk and



HAULING THE LIFEBOAT FROM THE STATION TO THE SURF.

Oregon Inlet been manned earlier in the season, but few lives would have been lost. People on the shore saw the signals of distress flashed from the ill-fated steamer, but none of them dared break open the stations and take out the apparatus. Even had they done this, the effort might not have proved advantageous, because the most experienced surfmen are required for this hazardous service. But, had the two contiguous stations been manned earlier, the disaster would have been seen almost the moment it occurred by the regular patrol, and the entire force and apparatus of the stations brought into use.

The *Huron* struck some 300 yards off shore, so that the usual 410-yard line thrown by the mortar would have passed over it. The shipping of a stout hawser, and the application of the life-car alone, require only a few moments of time. By this means, as on other occasions, it is probable that nearly, if not quite all, of the officers and men could have been saved. This was the only course to pursue under the circumstances, as it was proved, at the cost of valuable lives, that a stout surf-boat, even when manned by experienced crews, could not ride successfully those terrific breakers.

The sad reflection remains in full force that, had Congress, usually most liberal in appropriations for this service, been a little more generous, we should not have had to chronicle the total destruction of the *Huron*, or the loss of

METHOD OF LAUNCHING THE LIFEBOAT INTO THE SURF

the greater part of her complement of men. It is not for the proper support of such institutions as the Life-Saving Service that the people question the appropriation of the public funds.

Among the foremost friends of the Service in its reorganized form should be mentioned Senators Frelinghuysen and Stockton, of New Jersey; Hamlin, of Maine, and Thurman, of Ohio; and Representatives Cox, of New York; Hale and Lynch, of Maine; Hooper, of Massachusetts, and Conger, of Michigan.

THE LIGHT OF HIS EYES.

By E. OWENS BLACKBURNE,

Author of "A Woman Scorned," etc., etc.

Chapter I.

It is the afternoon of Lady Emily Curzon's croquet party at Uplands Park, and everybody who is anybody in and about Llanaber has been bidden to it. There is also a thin sprinkling of nobodies, whom policy demands should be invited.

This class is worthily represented by William Evans, the family solicitor, for Lady Emily knows it is the correct thing to have one's lawyer seen at the house occasionally. His daughter Phillis is present also.

What is your opinion of her, reader? There she stands, under the shade of that beach-tree, a tall, brown-skinned young woman of nineteen, dressed in a thick white *piqué* dress, with some bows of black velvet about it. She wears a broad-brimmed, coarse, white straw hat, also little bows of black velvet and diaphanous *crêpe lisse* upon it; and that hat droops over a pair of deep, dark-lashed, blue-gray eyes. The nose is small and well-shaped, and the full red lips disclose two even rows of strong, white teeth. The hat is tilted up behind in orthodox style, and reveals masses of warm-looking, copper-brown hair, tastefully coiled around her head.

She is talking to a lady richly attired in a marvelous combination of white muslin, lace and pale-blue silk—a refined-looking woman, with calm, hazel eyes. She has passed her *première jeunesse*, but the years have been kind to her, and have passed lightly over her head, for there is not a furrow on the smooth white brow, and the winning tenderness of the face and smile tell of a heart yet young.

Honoria Cromie is the orphan niece of Lady Emily Curzon. Rich, agreeable and admired, people wonder why she has reached the age of two-and-thirty and is yet unmarried.

It is not that she has not had offers of marriage. No; she has "had lovers in plenty," but Honoria Cromie yet holds her romantic, girlish creed—the creed of every good, true woman—that she ought not to give her hand unless her heart be in it.

"I am so pleased to have made your acquaintance," she is saying to Phillis Evans. "I expect to spend some time here with my aunt, and I hope we shall see each other very often."

"Thank you;" and Phillis hesitates. The next moment she raises her proud, beautiful eyes, and says, "You are a stranger here, so perhaps do not know that I am not exactly on visiting terms with Lady Emily Curzon."

Honoria is about to reply, when a voice beside them says:

"Come, come, Miss Cromie! you require to be called to order. You are a rover from the game in every sense of the word. People cannot play croquet and talk scandal at the same time."

Honoria laughs pleasantly.

"Indeed, Sir Henry, we were not talking scandal. Allow me to introduce you to Miss Evans." Having done so, she continued, "And now I must run away."

And off she goes to take her part in entertaining others of her aunt's guests.

"No," says Phillis, in answer to a remark of Sir Henry's, "I have never seen Miss Cromie until to-day, but I have often heard of her. I believe she is enormously wealthy."

"Well for her!" ejaculates her companion. "By-the-by," he adds, "may I ask if you are the daughter of my old friend, Mr. Evans, who resides in the Dower House?"

"Yes."

"So I had fancied. We are likely to be near neighbors for the present. May I call and see you?"

As he speaks, Phillis's father makes his appearance, and Sir Henry again prefers his request, which the fussy little solicitor grants.

"Miss Cromie is coming to see me, father," says Phillis, as she drives home with her father in the old-fashioned little phaeton.

"I am very glad to hear it, my dear."

"Sir Henry is coming, also. How grand we are becoming, father!" and she laughs merrily.

"I don't half like the reports I hear about Sir Henry," says the attorney, shaking his head. "Too gay, too extravagant."

"Why, I thought he had plenty of money. Don't he own all the land about here?"

"Nominally he does; but in reality it belongs to his creditors. Almost every acre, every bit of timber upon it, is mortgaged," explains Mr. Evans, who continues to descant upon the shortcomings of the Allinghams, whilst Phillis's eyes rest dreamily upon White Hill.

It looks bare and unhomelike, and the long, late afternoon shadows fall upon it, causing it to look grayer and drearier than usual. Then she thinks of its owner, apparently so joyous and careless, and she fancies how like a modern Damocles he must feel with that sword of miserable circumstances hanging over his head. Presently she is aroused from her reverie by hearing her father say, energetically:

"Sir Henry's only chance now is to marry a rich wife. Egad! he ought to look after Miss Cromie! Fifteen hundred a year in her own right, unencumbered in any way."

* * * * * * *

Nearly a fortnight has passed away, and in the pretty drawing-room of the Dower House Sir Henry Allingham has passed many a pleasant hour, and has said words which have brought the swift, sweet blushes to Phillis Evans's cheeks.

And so the days pass away, until one Sunday, when Sir Henry walks out of the church porch with Lady Emily Curzon and Honoria Cromie, and the latter says:

"I saw Miss Evans in church. I wonder where she has disappeared to?"

"Miss Evans? Oh, that young person whom you introduced me to at the croquet-party?"

Sir Henry appears to recollect Phillis with an effort.

"Yes," replied Honora; "I wanted to see her about that school *fête*."

"Send for the girl in the morning," suggests Lady Emily, whilst Sir Henry amends:

"Would you wish me to call to-morrow morning, and find out about the *fête* for you, Miss Cromie?"

"I do not like to trouble you."

"Anything I can do for you is no trouble. Pray, let me call and make these inquiries for you, and I shall come to Uplands and let you know."

Sir Henry parts from the ladies at the gate of the Uplands demesne, and as he walks slowly along the pleasant searoad, gay with groups of the Summer visitors to Llanaber, few would have fancied that the tall, high-bred looking young man, upon whom many an eye is turned as he passes along, scarcely knows where to look for a little ready money.

He is a thorough social aristocrat—not one of Nature's gentlemen, able, strong in his manliness and native dignity to work if occasion requires it. Nothing could ever make him comprehend that

"The heart of the toiler hath throbbings
Which stir not the bosoms of kings.
He, the true ruler and conqueror,
He, the true king of his race,
Who nerveth his arm for life's combat,
And looks the strong world in the face."

As he walks across the green of Llanaber, he devoutly wishes he could exorcise the demon of debt and despair which *will* keep rising before his mind's eye and mocking him. As he ascends the high grounds overlooking the sea, whence White Hill looms gloomily in the distance, he knows that, honestly speaking, he cannot call one stone of it his own. Then his eyes rest upon the pretty Dower House, and he secretly congratulates himself upon his diplomacy in securing the chance of an interview with Phillis Evans; for he has no idea of allowing every one to know, if he can possibly conceal it, that he is on familiar terms with the attorney's daughter.

In fulfillment of his promise, Sir Henry speeds across the fields the next morning, and is met at the gate of the Dower House by Phillis herself, attired for a walk.

"Good-morning, Miss Evans," he says, as he advances. "I was just coming to pay you a visit. Miss Cromie has commissioned me to ask you at what hour your school *fête* is to take place.

"On Thursday next, at one o'clock."

"Thanks. I am going over to Uplands, and just called on my way there."

A slight pang of disappointment shoots through the girl's breast, but true woman's pride hinders her from allowing it to be seen. With a faint smile and a formal bend of the head, she says:

"Then I will not detain you. I am going in the opposite direction, therefore I will say good-morning."

* * * * * * *

"I met that young person you spoke of, Miss Evans, on the road this morning, and gave her your message," remarks Sir Henry Allingham, seating himself on an ottoman opposite to Honoria Cromie, whom he finds alone in the drawing-room at Uplands. "Awkward, unformed sort of girl she seems," he continues, the curt dismissal by Phillis yet rankling in his mind.

"I thought her particularly the reverse. At all events, you must admit she is strikingly pretty."

"Oh, I dare say the young woman is well enough; but for my part I don't care for the milkmaid style. I like a refined woman, able to hold her own in society. You know what N. P. Willis says:

"'You may talk of "love in a cottage,"
Of bowers of trellis'd vine;
Of nature bewitchingly simple,
And milkmaids half divine.
But your "love in a cottage" gets hungry,
Your vine is a nest for flies;
Your milkmaid shocks the graces,
And simplicity talks of pies.'"

"Well, the poet and I quite agree. I like a civilized state of society. Awful thing it must be for a man to marry a woman who continually runs the risk of committing herself, as country-bred girls so often do when they find themselves at a dinner-party or anything of the kind."

Honoria's heart beats a little faster. This man, nearly seven years her junior, whom she has seen so much of, of late, has occupied a large share of her thoughts; and she wonders what all this confidential chat is tending toward.

"What wonderful arrangement is this?" he inquires, taking hold of a corner of her work, a handsome, pale-blue satin neck-scarf, which she is elaborately embroidering in gold and silver thread. "What a gorgeous piece of work! This is for nothing less important than your wedding, I presume?"

"I don't know," she says, while a thrill shoots through her heart, and a happy little smile plays over her face.

Ah, there is no beautifier like happiness! All manufactured aids sink into insignificance before it! Sir Henry cannot avoid noticing the change. Honoria looks years younger, and her companion suddenly thinks what a nice, agreeable woman she is, and one who evidently appreciates his society.

So he sits there, endeavors to make himself fascinating, utters many polite speeches and semi-confidential remarks, and, after luncheon, rambles with Honoria through the shady walks of Uplands. He cannot help admiring her, and no wonder, for she is a lovable, intelligent woman, with sweet, pleasant ways and an honest, frank face.

They become very confidential during that *tête-à-tête* ramble, and, making an appointment to ride with her the next day, he takes his leave of her, thinking, as he walks home:

"By Jove! Miss Cromie improves upon better acquaintance! She might not be such a bad speculation, after all!"

He is within sight of the pleasant, old-fashioned garden of the Dower House as he comes to this conclusion. He sees two figures—a man and a woman—seated under the shade of a tree, and, with a pang of jealousy, he recognizes Phillis and an acknowledged admirer of hers, George Markby, the young doctor of Llanaber. Unseen by them, Sir Henry saunters slowly toward his dreary home, and in the hall is met by a servant, who says:

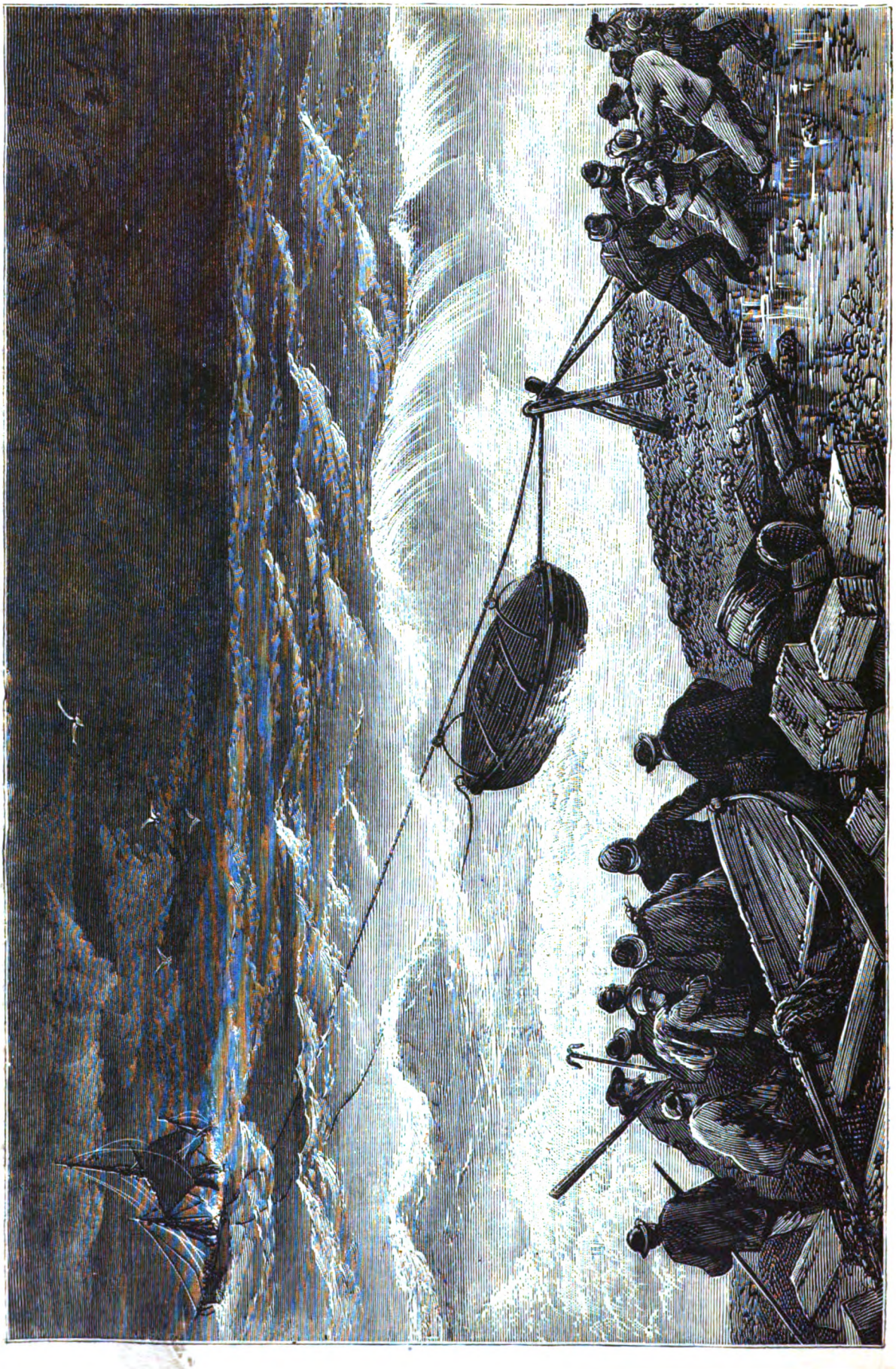
"Captain Scroope, sir, is in the library, waiting for you."

The young man starts; an expression of mingled rage and misery passes over his handsome face as he strides across the hall, opens the library-door and confronts a tall, thin, military-looking, middle-aged man. He is faultlessly attired in a light gray waistcoat and trowsers and a black frock-coat, whilst the smoothness and brilliancy of his shirt-front and wristbands is only to be equaled by the smoothness of his cleanly shaven face and the brilliancy of his piercing, cold blue eyes and large white teeth. Sir Henry, with demonstrative welcome that bears perturbation upon the face of it, advances toward him, and, shaking him warmly by the hand, says, mendaciously:

"Scroope, my dear fellow, I'm delighted to see you! Really, it's quite an act of charity upon your part to come and stay with a fellow in this out-of-the-way place!"—whilst all the time he is wondering what ill wind has blown the captain in this direction.

After some mutual compliments pass between them, there is a silence for a few minutes; Captain Scroope coughs, rubs his hands, and meditatively gazes out of the window; he is the first to break the charmed silence, and says:

"Many thanks, my dear friend, for your very hospitable welcome; but I think I had better explain my real motive for intruding. The fact is, you must be aware there are



PASSAGE OF THE LIFECAR, WITH RESCUED PASSENGERS, FROM A DISABLED VESSEL TO THE SHORE.

rumors abroad that your credit is rather shaky, and I should be glad to know if the bills of yours which I hold are likely to be honored when due ?"

The clammy dew of agony is standing in cold drops upon his victim's forehead ; but Sir Henry is equal to the occasion. Admirably concealing his perturbation, he says, in a well-feigned tone of surprise :

"Is it possible, Scroope, that you have not heard that I am going to marry Miss Cromie, the heiress ?"

"No !" Captain Scroope looks interested.

"Lots of money, old boy !" exclaimed the other, with an affectation of friendliness and familiarity. "Never fear for your money ! it is sure to come all right."

And thus it is how it comes to pass that Sir Henry Allingham, who, a fortnight before, would have scoffed at the idea of marrying a woman nearly seven years his senior, finds himself the next day making himself agreeable to Honoria Cromie, as they ride along the pleasant, shady roads together ; finds himself saying those tender nothings which mean so little and yet so much ; and Honoria, like another pure and good woman of old, "kept all these sayings and pondered them in her heart."

'Phillis, dear Phillis, I love you better than my own life !"

The girl feels it will be very bitter for him, but he must be undeceived ; so, laying her hand on his arm, she nervously commences : "George——" when Sir Henry and Honoria Cromie abruptly turn the corner, and the conversation, as they all walk toward the rest of the company, becomes general. But George, blundering, love-blinded George, thinks it is all right, and with a heart full of joy, he whispers to Phillis, whom he is obliged to leave a few minutes afterward to attend to a professional call :

"Phillis, my darling, I don't envy Sir Henry. That Miss Cromie he is going to marry isn't to be compared to you, for all her wealth."

Phillis makes no reply, but turns a little paler, hurries away from George, and is soon engrossed in helping to attend to the children.

* * * * * *

"When is your wedding to take place, my dear Sir Henry ?" inquires Captain Scroope, as they return together to dress for dinner at Lady Emily Curzon's, whither they are invited.

OPENING THE LIFECAR ON THE BEACH.

Chapter II.

"Phillis," says that young lady's devoted admirer on the day of the Llanaber school *fête*, waylaying her behind a tree in the woods where the entertainment is being held—"Phillis"—and poor George Markby, for it is none other than he, stops, as if unable to proceed any further.

"Well ?" she replies, inquiringly, in a matter-of-fact tone, looking up at him saucily from beneath the brim of her shady hat.

"Phillis !" he again whispers. "I know I'm not much to look at," he continues, ruefully, "but I think my looks are the worst part of me. Phillis, do you think you could care a little for me ?"

The tone is so pitifully pleading and passionate ! and what is Phillis to say ? Of late there has been a face very often before her mind's eye—a low, winning voice in her ear. Yes, Sir Henry Allingham has been at the Dower House very often of late, and has said sweet words to Phillis ; words which have sunk down into her heart. But George knows nothing of this, and with his rough, manly voice toned down to a strange tenderness, he continues, fervently :

Sir Henry fancies Captain Scroope suspects all is not fair sailing, so he says, ambiguously :

"That is for the lady to settle. Perhaps I may be able to tell you something definite after this evening."

Yes, after that evening Sir Henry is able to tell Captain Scroope that the marriage will take place within two months. And at the time he is telling it, as he and his Mephistophiles are smoking the calumet of peace together that night, two women are simultaneously praying for him, each unconscious of the claim that the other has upon him, and each, with a loving woman's self-abnegation, thankful to be deemed worthy of his love.

* * * * * *

The day of Honoria Cromie's wedding arrives, and foremost among the bevy of bridesmaids stands Phillis Evans. She is determined to show Sir Henry that she can rise superior to any feeling of regret which he, in his masculine vanity, may fancy she feels for him.

He stands at the altar, awaiting the advent of his bride. Presently she comes—a tall, slender, lady-like woman, attired in a plain, rich, white satin dress, looking every hour of her age, and much older than her intended husband.

Every one present is struck with the contrast. Unfortunately, Honoria has never looked to less advantage, and never has Phillis looked more radiant.

Sir Henry sees the contrast, and could Phillis see the demon which arises in his breast, she would feel fully revenged.

It is needless to enter into the details of a fashionable wedding-breakfast. "The happy pair" soon leave for London, whence they proceed to the Continent.

At the earnest request of his wife, Sir Henry has taken into his hands the entire management of her affairs, which he succeeds in managing so completely to his own satisfaction, that by the time they are six months married, he has so far satisfied his creditors, that he feels he can return to England with impunity.

Honoria is no business woman. She knows no more about stocks and shares beyond the fact that they seem to her to be some mysterious way of increasing money. So, when her husband talks learnedly to her about it, and brings her papers to sign, she never dreams of questioning him.

But the dark days soon come. Only a few months have elapsed, yet neglect and systematic unkindness are the rewards for the devotion of the gentle, patient wife.

At length a day comes when she does not see him at all, and a brief note informs her that he has been obliged to fly from his difficulties.

Ill in mind and body, Honoria at length makes up her mind to return to her aunt, Lady Emily Curzon; and one gusty April evening, worn out and unattended, she arrives at the house whence, less than a year previously, she had departed a joyous and happy bride.

"You shall be my child, Honoria," says Lady Emily. "Do not grieve. To-morrow we shall see Mr. Evans, and hear his opinion upon the matter."

"No, no!" cries Honoria; "I could not have my husband's name looked down upon here, where he is so well known."

"But he deserves it, Honoria. I have no patience with you, my dear!" ejaculates her ladyship. "Although you won't acknowledge it, I firmly believe your husband neglected you, as well as having spent your money."

Honest Honoria cannot say No, but she replies, with dignity:

"That is between my husband and myself. I only realize that I love him dearly—ay, even more so than on the day when we were married. I must find him and comfort him;" and the tears flow afresh.

Mr. Evans, the tried, trusted friend, does his utmost to save what he can for Honoria. But the weeks pass away, and the June roses come again, and, to the dismay and astonishment of all, there are no tidings of Sir Henry.

Phillis, a good deal of her old resentment softened down, is indefatigable in her endeavors to comfort the worse than widowed wife; and when mellow August comes, bringing with it a son to Honoria, it is Phillis who stands godmother for it; and as she walks home through the fields with George Markby on that evening, he says:

"Phillis, do you think you are treating me quite fairly?"

"How, George? What do you mean?"

What a little coquette she has become!

"You know how I love you, Phillis. It is more than a year now since I told you so. I have been waiting patiently, and you have never given me any decided answer."

The light is falling, so George cannot see the expression which plays over her happy face as she asks:

"What do you want me to say, George?"

"Do you love me?"

"I think so."

The result of that answer is a quiet wedding six weeks afterward. Nothing will do George but to go to Germany for their honeymoon.

Thoroughly Phillis enjoys her stay at Stuttgardt! Few incidents in their tour are more amusing than George's uncouth attempts at speaking German; and, being foiled in his endeavors, decides that it is not a language fit for a Christian!

"I'm sure it is an improvement upon Welsh," suggests Phillis.

"I don't even know that it is," replies George, meditatively; "but, by Jove, that's a good idea, my clever little wife! I'll try speaking Welsh; the German language is very like it!"

"George, what a goose you are!" laughs Phillis, merrily; "the two languages are not in the least alike."

"There's no harm in having a try for it," says her lord and master, as he nods his curly head; "there's the landlady's daughter—I'll experimentalize upon her! Hallo! I say, Fraulein! Do you think you can understand Welsh, *Dinnot Brave?*"

But the decorous and stolid German maiden solemnly shakes her head. After a few ineffectual trials of skill, George gives it up as a bad job, and the girl turns and says something very earnestly to Phillis. George listens, intensely curious to know what they appear so interested about. At last he says:

"Phillis, what the mischief are you two saying?"

"She is telling me that her aunt keeps a boarding-house near this, and that there is in it at present an English gentleman who is quite blind and very ill, and who cannot speak German well. She wants to know if you will come and see him."

"To be sure I will!" says George, promptly and good-naturedly; "but you must come also and tell the people I am a doctor—swear to my identity, as I cannot do it for myself in this blessed language."

The boarding-house is in the next street, and in a short time George, having left Phillis in chat with the landlady, is soon standing by the side of the sick man's bed.

It is Sir Henry Allingham!

Yes, Sir Henry Allingham lies there almost blind from the effects of a virulent attack of smallpox, from which he had scarcely recovered when he was stricken down by rheumatic fever. There he lies, a mere wreck of his former handsome self! The loathsome disease from which he has suffered has left pitiless ravages upon his face, whilst every joint in his body is racked with agony."

George actually forgets all about Phillis! Forgets Sir Henry's bad conduct—this tender-hearted fellow's heart is always wrung in the presence of suffering—and as he gazes at the helpless man he only recognizes that there is a fellow-creature seeking his aid.

After a time George hastens down-stairs, and, taking Phillis aside, tells her the sad tale.

She says, promptly:

"We must send for his wife at once."

George hesitates.

"Do you think she would come? You know, Philns, Sir Henry has been a desperate scamp!"

The young wife stands up straight before her husband, looks into his face with her clear, loving eyes, and inquires, earnestly:

"George, if you were in a like case, do you think I should come if you sent for me?"

"Of course you'd come to me! I'm not a scamp like that fellow!" he exclaims, indignantly.

Phillis comes nearer to him, and his arm is around her as she says, in a low voice:

"Georgie, my darling husband, I want to be very kind to Sir Henry."

"Why?"

And then Phillis tells the tale of how Sir Henry had deceived her—tells it simply; not in the least glossing over her own brief infatuation for him.

George listens wonderingly, and when she concludes he says, excitedly:

"Phillis, my own wife, I always thought you were an angel; but, if you befriend that fellow, I shall be looking for your wings, expecting you to take flight from this sphere."

"Don't be afraid, Georgie; I shall never fly away from you. No; my greatest revenge—and yours too—will be for us to do everything in our power to help him."

"Was there ever a poor man so completely hen-pecked?" he exclaims, as he clasps her closer to him. "I suppose you must have your own way."

"Not unless you wish it, George."

"I do wish it. God bless you for ever and ever, my own darling wife!" and he puts his arms around her and kisses her tenderly.

"George," says Phillis, looking up provokingly from his circling arms, "are you not afraid I may yet be fond of Sir Henry?"

George roars with laughter at the very absurdity of the idea, and replies:

"Bless my soul! you may be fond of a whole regiment of Sir Henrys if you have any fancy for them. The more the merrier; but you'll never love any one of them as you love me."

The happy husband and wife leave the house, and at once telegraph for Honoria. A few days later, and she arrives, bringing her baby-boy with her. She comes late one evening, and George takes her direct to the wreck of what was once her handsome young husband.

He is asleep when they enter, and George with an instinctive tact and delicacy that few give the great rough fellow credit for possessing, pleads some excuse, and leaves them alone.

The closing of the door rouses the sick man, and then Honoria lays her cool, soft hand upon his burning forehead and whispers:

"Henry, my husband, why did you leave me?"

He gasps out:

"Honoria, Honoria! is it you?"

"Yes, my dearest. You must not excite yourself.

"Can you forgive me?" he asks, turning his sightless face toward her.

The next moment they are sobbing in each other's arms. All, all is forgiven, and she now truly feels that at last they are true husband and wife.

But there is yet more joy in store for him. Gently disengaging herself from his embrace she goes to the foot of the bed and takes therefrom a bundle of clothes, terminated by a round, blackish excrescence. She places her husband's hand upon it, and he starts, saying:

"Honoria, it is the baby! George told me of it."

"Yes, Henry, it is the baby—our baby;" and she tries to place it in her husband's arms.

But he puts it aside, exclaiming, in a voice trembling with suppressed emotion:

"I'll have nothing to say to it, Honoria! I'm not worthy of having anything to do with a child of yours!"

But when George comes to look after his patient some time afterward, he finds the baby lying beside its father, whose head is pillowed upon Honoria's breast.

* * * * * *

Sir Henry and Lady Allingham live now at the Dower House, old Mr. Evans having gone to live with Phillis and George; and often, on a Summer's evening, Sir Henry may be seen strolling across the fields to the doctor's, leaning upon the arm of Honoria, who, he says, is literally "the light of his eyes"; for he is now stone-blind, and can only see through the eyes of his faithful wife.

UNCLE GEORGE; OR, THE FAMILY MYSTERY.

By Wilkie Collins.

WAS it an Englishman or a Frenchman who first remarked that every family had a skeleton in its cupboard? I am not learned enough to know; but I reverence the observation, whoever made it. It speaks a startling truth through an appropriately grim metaphor—a truth which I have discovered by practical experience. Our family had a skeleton in the cupboard; and the name of it was Uncle George.

I arrived at the knowledge that this skeleton existed, and I traced it to the particular cupboard in which it was hidden, by slow degrees. I was a child when I first began to suspect that there was such a thing, and a grown man when I at last discovered that my suspicions were true.

My father was a doctor, having an excellent practice in a large country-town. I have heard that he married against the wishes of his family. They could not object to my mother on the score of birth, breeding or character—they only disliked her heartily. My grandfather, grandmother, uncles and aunts, all declared that she was a heartless, deceitful woman; all disliked her manners, her opinions, and even the expression of her face—all, with the one exception of my father's youngest brother, George.

George was the unlucky member of our family; the rest were all clever; he was slow in capacity. The rest were all remarkably handsome; he was the sort of man that no woman ever looks twice at. The rest succeeded in life; he failed. His profession was the same as my father's. He had, like my father, the best medical education that London and Paris could afford; and he profited by it, by dint of dogged industry, so as to be quoted among his medical brethren as one of the promising surgeons of his time. But he never got on when he started in practice for himself, for he never succeeded in forcing the conviction of his knowledge and experience on the wealthier class of patients. His coarse, ugly face, his hesitating, awkward manners, his habit of stammering when he spoke, and his incurable slovenliness in dress, repelled people. The sick poor, who could not choose, employed him, and liked him. The sick rich, who could—especially the ladies—declined to call him in when they could get anybody else. In experience he gained greatly by his profession; in money and reputation he gained nothing.

There are very few of us, however dull and unattractive we may be to outward appearance, who have not some strong passion, some germ of what is called romance, hidden more or less deeply in our natures. All the passion and romance in the nature of my Uncle George lay in his love and admiration for my father. He sincerely worshiped his elder brother as one of the noblest of human beings. When my father was engaged to be married, and when the rest of the family, as I have already mentioned, did not hesitate to

THE LIGHT OF HIS EYES.—"WHEN GEORGE CALLS TO LOOK AFTER HIS PATIENT, SOME TIME AFTERWARD, HE FINDS THE BABY LYING BESIDE ITS FATHER, WHOSE HEAD IS PILLOWED UPON HONORIA'S BREAST."—SEE PAGE 178.

express their unfavorable opinion of the disposition of his chosen wife, Uncle George, who had never ventured on differing with any one before, to the amazement of everybody, undertook the defense of his future sister-in-law in the most vehement and positive manner. In his estimation, his brother's choice was something sacred and indisputable. The lady might, and did, treat him with unconcealed contempt, laugh at his awkwardness, grow impatient at his stammering—all that made no difference to Uncle George. She was to be his brother's wife; and, in virtue of that one great fact, she became, in the estimation of the poor surgeon, a very queen, who, by the laws of the domestic Constitution, could do no wrong.

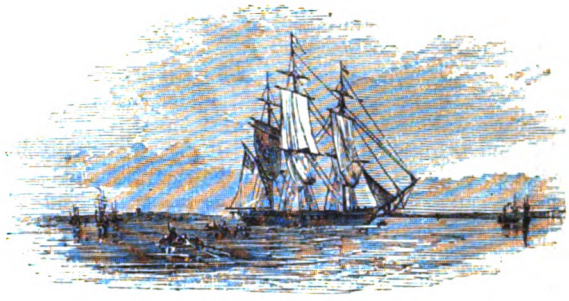
When my father had been married a little while, he took his youngest brother to live with him as his assistant. If Uncle George had been made President of the College of Surgeons, he could not have been prouder and happier than he was in his new position. I am afraid my father never understood the depth of his brother's affection for him. All the hard work fell to George's share; the long journeys at night, the physicing of wearisome poor people, the drunken cases, the revolting cases—all the drudging, dirty business of the surgery, in short, was turned over to him; and day after day, month after month, he struggled through it without a murmur. When his brother and sister-in-law went

UNCLE GEORGE.—THE UNCLE EMBRACING HIS NEPHEW. SEE PAGE 183.

out to dine with the country gentry, it never entered his head to feel disappointed at being left unnoticed at home. When the return dinners were given, and he was asked to come in at tea-time, and left to sit unregarded in a corner, it never occurred to him to imagine that he was treated with any want of consideration or respect. He was part of the furniture of the house, and it was the business as well as the pleasure of his life to turn himself to any use to which his brother or sister-in-law might please to put him.

So much for what I have heard from others on the subject of my Uncle George. My own personal experience of him is limited to what I remember as a mere child. Let me say something, however, first about my parents, my sister and myself.

My sister was the eldest born and the best loved. I did not come into the world till four years after her birth; and no other child followed me. Caroline, from earliest days, was the perfection of beauty and health. I was small, weakly, and, if the truth must be told, almost as plain-featured as Uncle George himself. It would be ungracious and undutiful in me to presume to decide whether there was any foundation or not for the dislike that my father's family always felt for my mother. All I can venture to say is, that her children never had any cause to complain of her. Her passionate affection for my sister, her pride in



THE NEPHEW SENT TO SEA.

the child's beauty, I remember well; as also her uniform kindness and indulgence toward me. My personal defects must have been a sore trial to her in secret, but she nor my father ever showed me that they perceived any difference between Caroline and myself. When presents were made to my sister, presents were made to me. When my father and mother caught my sister up in their arms and kissed her, they scrupulously gave me my turn afterward. My childish instinct told me that there was a difference in their smiles when they looked at me and looked at her; that the kisses given to Caroline were warmer than the kisses given to me, that the hands which dried her tears in our childish griefs touched her more gently than the hands which dried mine. But these, and other small signs of preference like them, were such as no parents could be expected to control. I noticed them at the time rather with wonder than with repining. I recall them now without a harsh thought either toward my father or my mother. Both loved me, and both did their duty by me. If I seem to speak constrainedly of them here, it is not on my own account. I can honestly say that, with all my heart and soul.

Even Uncle George, fond as he was of me, was fonder of my beautiful child-sister. When I used mischievously to pull at his lank, scanty hair, he would gently and laughingly take it out of my hands; but he would let Caroline tug at it till his dim, wandering gray eyes winked and watered again with pain. He used to plunge perilously about the garden, in awkward imitation of the cantering of a horse, while I sat on his shoulders; but he would never proceed at any pace beyond a slow and safe walk when Caroline had a ride in her turn. When he took us out walking, Caroline was always on the side next the wall. When we interrupted him over his dirty work in the surgery, he used to tell me to go and play until he was ready for me; but he would put down his bottles, and clean his clumsy fingers on his coarse apron, and lead Caroline out again, as if she had been the greatest lady in the land. Ah, how he loved her! and let me be honest and grateful, and add, how he loved me too!

When I was eight years old and Caroline was twelve, I was separated from home for some time. I had been ailing for many months previously; had got benefit from being

THE CHURCHYARD.

taken to the seaside, and had shown symptoms of relapsing on being brought home again to the midland county in which we resided. After much consultation it was at last resolved that I should be sent to live, until my constitution got stronger, with a maiden-sister of my mother's, who had a house at a watering-place on the south coast.

I left home, I remember, loaded with presents, rejoicing over the prospect of looking at the sea again, as careless of the future and as happy in the present as any boy could be. Uncle George petitioned for a holiday to take me to the seaside, but he could not be spared from the surgery. He consoled himself and me by promising to make me a magnificent model of a ship. I have that model before my eyes now, while I write. It is dusty with age; the paint on it is cracked, the ropes are tangled, the sails are moth-eaten and yellow. The hull is all out of proportion, and the rig has been smiled at by every nautical friend of mine who has ever looked at it. Yet, wornout and faulty as it is—inferior to the cheapest miniature vessel now-a-days in any toy-shop window—I scarcely know a possession of mine in this world that I would not sooner part with than Uncle George's ship.

My life at the seaside was a very happy one. I remained with my aunt more than a year. My mother often came to see how I was going on, and, at first, always brought my sister with her. But during the last eight months of my stay, Caroline never once appeared. I noticed, also, at the same period, a change in my mother's manner. She looked paler and more anxious at each succeeding visit, and always had long conferences in private with my aunt. At last she ceased to come and see us altogether, and only wrote to know how my health was getting on. My father, too, who had, at the earlier periods of my absence from home, traveled to the seaside to watch the progress of my recovery as often as his professional engagements would permit, now kept away like my mother. Even Uncle George, who had never been allowed a holiday to come and see me, but who had hitherto often written and begged me to write to him, broke off our correspondence. I was naturally perplexed and amazed by these changes, and persecuted my aunt to tell me the reason of them. At first she tried to put me off with excuses; then she admitted that there was trouble in our house; and finally she confessed that the trouble was caused by the illness of my sister. When I inquired what that illness was, my aunt said it was useless to attempt to explain it to me. I next applied to the servants. One of them was less cautious than my aunt, and answered my question, but in terms that I could not comprehend. After much explanation I was made to understand that "something was growing on my sister's neck, that would spoil her beauty for ever, and perhaps kill her, if it could not be got rid of." How well I remember the shudder of horror that ran through me at the vague idea of this deadly "something"! A fearful, awe-struck curiosity to see what Caroline's illness was with my own eyes troubled my inmost heart, and I begged to be allowed to go home and help to nurse her. The request was, it is almost needless to say, refused.

Weeks passed away, and still I heard nothing except that my sister continued to be ill. One day I privately wrote a letter to Uncle George, asking him, in my childish way, to come and tell me about Caroline's illness. I knew where the post-office was, and slipped out in the morning unobserved, and dropped my letter into the box. I stole home again by the garden, and climbed in at the open window of a back-parlor on the ground-floor. The room above was my aunt's bedchamber, and the moment I was inside the house I heard moans and loud, convulsive sobs proceeding from it. My aunt was a singularly quiet, composed woman; I could not imagine that the loud sobbing and moaning came from her; and I ran down, terrified, into the kitchen to ask the servants who was crying so violently in my aunt's room.

I found the housemaid and the cook talking together in whispers, with serious faces. They started when they saw me, as if I had been a grown-up master who had caught them neglecting their work.

"He's too young to feel it much," I heard one say to the other. "So far as he's concerned, it seems like a mercy that it's happened no later."

In a few minutes they had told me the worst. It was indeed my aunt whom I had heard crying in the bedroom. Caroline was dead. I felt the blow more severely than the servants or any one else about me supposed. Still, I was a child in years, and I had the blessed elasticity of a child's nature. If I had been older, I might have been too much absorbed in grief to observe my aunt so closely as I did, when she was composed enough to see me, later in the day.

I was not surprised by the swollen state of her eyes, the paleness of her cheeks, or the fresh burst of tears that came from her when she took me in her arms at meeting. But I was both amazed and perplexed by the look of terror that I detected in her face. It was natural enough that she should grieve and weep over my sister's death, but why should she have that frightened look also, as if some other catastrophe had happened? I asked if there was any more dreadful news from home besides the news of Caroline's death. My aunt said "No," in a strange, stifled voice, and suddenly turned her face from me. Was my father dead? No. My mother? No. Uncle George? My aunt trembled all over as she said No to that also, and bade me cease asking any more questions. She was not fit to bear them yet, she said; and signed to the servant to lead me out of the room.

The next day I was told that I was to go home after the funeral, and was taken out toward evening by the housemaid, partly for a walk, partly to be measured for my mourning-clothes. After we had left the tailor's I persuaded the girl to extend our walk for some distance along the sea-beach, telling her, as we went, every little anecdote connected with my lost sister that came tenderly back to my memory in those first days of sorrow. She was so interested in hearing, and I in speaking, that we let the sun go down before we thought of turning back.

The evening was cloudy, and it got on from dusk to dark by the time we approached the town again. The housemaid was rather nervous at finding herself alone with me on the beach, and once or twice looked behind her distrustfully as we went on. Suddenly she squeezed my hand hard, and said:

"Let's get up on the cliff as fast as we can."

The words were scarcely out of her mouth before I heard footsteps behind me; a man came round quickly to my side, snatched me away from the girl, and, catching me up in his arms without a word, covered my face with kisses. I knew that he was crying, because my cheeks were instantly wetted with his tears; but it was too dark for me to see who he was, or even how he was dressed. He did not, I should think, hold me half a minute in his arms. The housemaid screamed for help. I was put down gently on the sand, and the strange man instantly disappeared in the darkness.

When this extraordinary adventure was related to my aunt, she seemed at first merely bewildered at hearing of it; but in a moment there came a change over her face, as if she had suddenly recollected or thought of something. She turned deadly pale, and said, in a hurried way very unusual with her:

"Never mind; don't talk about it any more. It was only a mischievous trick to frighten you, I dare say. Forget all about it, my dear—forget all about it."

It was easier to give me this advice than to make me follow it. For many nights after, I thought of nothing but the strange man who had kissed me and cried over me. Who could he be? Somebody who loved me very much, and who was very sorry. My childish logic carried me to that length. But when I tried to think over all the grown-up gentlemen who loved me very much, I could never get on, to my own satisfaction, beyond my father and my Uncle George.

I was taken home on the appointed day to suffer the trial—a hard one, even at my tender years—of witnessing my mother's passionate grief and my father's mute despair. I remember that the scene of our first meeting after Caroline's death was wisely and considerately shortened by my aunt, who took me out of the room. She seemed to have a confused desire to keep me from leaving her after the door had closed behind us; but I broke away, and ran downstairs to the surgery, to go and cry for my lost playmate with the sharer of all our games, Uncle George.

I opened the surgery door, and could see nobody. I dried my tears, and looked all round the room; it was empty. I ran up-stairs again to Uncle George's garret-bedroom—he was not there; his cheap hairbrush and old, cast-off razor-case that had belonged to my grandfather, were not on the dressing-table. Had he got some other bedroom? I went out on the landing and called softly, with an unaccountable terror and sinking at my heart.

"Uncle George!"

Nobody answered; but my aunt came hastily up the garret-stairs.

"Hush!" she said. "You must never call that name out here again—never!"

She stopped suddenly, and looked as if her own words had frightened her.

"Is Uncle George dead?" I asked.

My aunt turned red and pale, and stammered. I did not wait to hear what she said; I brushed past her, down the stairs—my heart was bursting—my flesh felt cold. I ran breathlessly and recklessly into the room where my father and mother had received me. They were both sitting there still. I ran up to them, wringing my hands, and crying out, in a passion of tears:

"Is my Uncle George dead?"

My mother gave a scream that terrified me into instant silence and stillness. My father looked at her for a moment, rang the bell that summoned her maid, then seized me roughly by the arm and dragged me out of the room.

He took me down into his study, seated himself in his accustomed chair, and put me before him, between his knees. His lips were awfully white, and I felt his two hands, as they grasped my shoulders, shaking violently.

"You are never to mention the name of Uncle George again," he said, in a quick, angry, trembling whisper. "Never to me, never to your mother, never to your aunt, never to the servants, never to anybody in this world! Never, never, never!"

The repetition of the word terrified me even more than the suppressed vehemence with which he spoke. He saw that I was frightened, and softened his manner a little before he went on.

"You will never see Uncle George again," he said. "Your mother and I love you dearly; but if you forget what I have told you, you will be sent away from home. Never speak that name again—mind, never! Now kiss me, and go away."

How his lips trembled! and oh, how cold they felt on mine! I shrank out of the room the moment he had kissed me, and went and hid myself in the garden.

"Uncle George is gone—I am never to see him any more—I am never to speak of him again!" Those were the words I repeated to myself, with indescribable terror and confusion, the moment I was alone. There was something unspeakably horrible to my young mind in this mystery which I was commanded always to respect, and which, so far as I then knew, I could never hope to see revealed. My father, my mother, my aunt—all appeared to be separated from me now by some impassable barrier. Home seemed home no longer, with Caroline dead, Uncle George gone, and a forbidden subject of talk perpetually and mysteriously interposing between my parents and me.

Though I never infringed the command my father had given me in his study (his words and looks, and that dreadful scream of my mother's, which seemed to be always ringing in my ears, were more than enough to insure my obedience), I also never lost the secret desire to penetrate the darkness which clouded over the fate of Uncle George. For two years I remained at home, and discovered nothing. If I asked the servants about my uncle, they could only tell me that one morning he disappeared from the house. Of the members of my father's family I could make no inquiries. They lived far away, and never came to see us—and the idea of writing to them, at my age and in my position, was out of the question. My aunt was as unapproachably silent as my father and mother; but I never forgot how her face had altered, when she had reflected for a moment, after hearing of my extraordinary adventure while going home with the servant over the sands at night. The more I thought of that change of countenance, in connection with what had occurred on my return to my father's house, the more certain I felt that the stranger who had kissed me and wept over me must have been no other than Uncle George.

At the end of my two years at home I was sent to sea in the merchant navy, by my own earnest desire. I had always determined to be a sailor from the time when I first went to stay with my aunt at the seaside, and I persisted long enough in my resolution to make my parents recognize the necessity of acceding to my wishes. My new life delighted me, and I remained away on foreign stations more than four years. When I at length returned home, it was to find a new affliction darkening our fireside. My father had died on the very day when I had sailed on my return voyage to England.

Absence and change of scene had in no respect weakened my desire to penetrate the mystery of Uncle George's disappearance. My mother's health was so delicate that I hesitated for some time to approach the forbidden subject in her presence. When I at last ventured to refer to it, suggesting to her that any prudent reserve which might have been necessary while I was a child need no longer be persisted in, now that I was growing to be a young man, she fell into a violent fit of trembling, and commanded me to say no more. It had been my father's will, she said, that the reserve to which I referred should always be adopted toward me; he had not authorized her, before he died, to speak more openly; and, now that he was gone, she would not so much as think of acting on her own unaided judgment. My aunt said the same thing, in effect, when I appealed to her. Determined not to be discouraged even yet, I undertook a journey, ostensibly to pay my respects to my father's family, but with the secret intention of trying what I could learn in that quarter on the subject of Uncle George. My investigations led to some results, though they were by no means satisfactory. George had always been looked on with something like contempt by his handsome sisters and

his prosperous brothers, and he had not improved his position in the family by his warm advocacy of his brother's cause at the time of my father's marriage. I found that my uncle's surviving relatives now spoke of him slightingly and carelessly. They assured me that they had never heard from him, and that they knew nothing about him, except that he had gone to settle, as they supposed, in some foreign place, after having behaved very basely and badly to my father. He had been traced to London, where he had sold out of the funds the small share of money which he had inherited after his father's death, and he had been seen on the deck of a packet bound for France later on the same day. Beyond this nothing was known about him. In what the alleged baseness of his behavior had consisted, none of his brothers and sisters could tell me. My father had refused to pain them by going into particulars, not only at the time of his brother's disappearance, but afterward, whenever the subject was mentioned. George had always been the black sheep of the flock, and he must have been conscious of his own baseness, or he would certainly have written to explain or justify himself. Such were the particulars which I gleaned during my visit to my father's family. To my mind, they tended rather to deepen than to reveal the mystery. That such a gentle, docile, affectionate creature as Uncle George should have injured the brother he loved by word or deed, at any period of their intercourse, seemed incredible; but that he should have been guilty of an act of baseness at the very time when my sister was dying, was simply and plainly impossible. And yet, there was the incomprehensible fact staring me in the face, that the death of Caroline and the disappearance of Uncle George had taken place in the same week! Never did I feel more daunted and bewildered by the family mystery than after I had heard all the particulars in connection with it that my father's relatives had to tell me.

THE EXILE'S FAVORITE SPOT.

I may pass over the events of the next few years of my life briefly enough. My nautical pursuits filled up all my time, and took me far away from my country and my friends. But whatever I did, and wherever I went, the memory of Uncle George, and the desire to penetrate the mystery of his disappearance, haunted me like familiar spirits. Often, in the lonely watches of the night at sea, did I recall the dark evening on the beach, the strange man's hurried embrace, the startling sensation of feeling his tears on my cheeks, the disappearance of him before I had breath or self-possession enough to say a word. Often did I think over the inexplicable events that followed, when I had returned, after my sister's funeral, to my father's house; and oftener still did I puzzle my brains vainly in the attempt to form some plan for inducing my mother or my aunt to disclose the secret which they had hitherto kept from me so perseveringly. My only chance of knowing what had really happened to Uncle George, my only hope of seeing him again, rested with those two near and dear relatives. I despaired of ever getting my mother to speak on the forbidden subject after what had passed between us; but I felt more sanguine about my prospects of ultimately inducing my aunt to relax in her discretion. My anticipations, however, in this direction were not destined to be fulfilled. On my next visit to England I found my aunt prostrated by a paralytic attack, which deprived her of the power of speech. She died soon afterward in my arms, leaving me her sole heir. I searched anxiously among her papers for some reference to the family mystery, but found no clew to guide me. All my mother's letters to her sister at the time of Caroline's illness and death had been destroyed.

THE NEPHEW AND THE FRENCH PRIEST.

More years passed; my mother followed my aunt to the grave; and still I was as far as ever from making any discoveries in relation to Uncle George. Shortly after the period of this last affliction my health gave way, and I departed, by my doctor's advice, to try some baths in the south of France. I traveled slowly to my destination, turning aside from the direct road and stopping wherever I pleased. One evening, when I was not more than two or three days' journey from the baths to which I was bound, I was struck by the picturesque situation of a little town placed on the brow of a hill at some distance from the main road, and resolved to have a nearer look at the place, with a view to stopping there for the night if it pleased me. I found the principal inn clean and quiet, ordered my bed there, and after dinner strolled out to look at the church. No thought of Uncle George was in my mind when I entered the building; and yet at that very moment chance was leading me to the discovery which, for so many years past, I had vainly endeavored to make—the discovery which I had given up as hopeless since the day of my mother's death.

I found nothing worth notice in the church, and was about to leave it again, when I caught a glimpse of a pretty view through a side door, and stopped to admire it. The churchyard formed the foreground, and below it the hillside sloped away gently into the plain, over which the sun was setting in full glory. The *curé* of the church was reading his breviary, walking up and down a gravel-path that parted the rows of graves. In the course of my wanderings I had learnt to speak French as fluently as most Englishmen, and when the priest came near me I said a few words in praise of the view, and complimented him on the neatness and prettiness of the churchyard. He answered with great politeness, and we got into conversation immediately.

As we strolled along the gravel-walk, my attention was attracted by one of the graves standing apart from the rest. The cross at the head of it differed remarkably, in some

HE FINDS HIS LONG-LOST UNCLE.

points of appearance, from the crosses on the other graves. While all the rest had garlands hung on them, this one cross was quite bare; and, more extraordinary still, no name was inscribed on it. The priest, observing that I stopped to look at the grave, shook his head and sighed.

"A countryman of yours is buried there," he said. "I was present at his death; he had borne the burden of a great sorrow among us, in this town, for many weary years, and his conduct has taught us to respect and pity him with all our hearts."

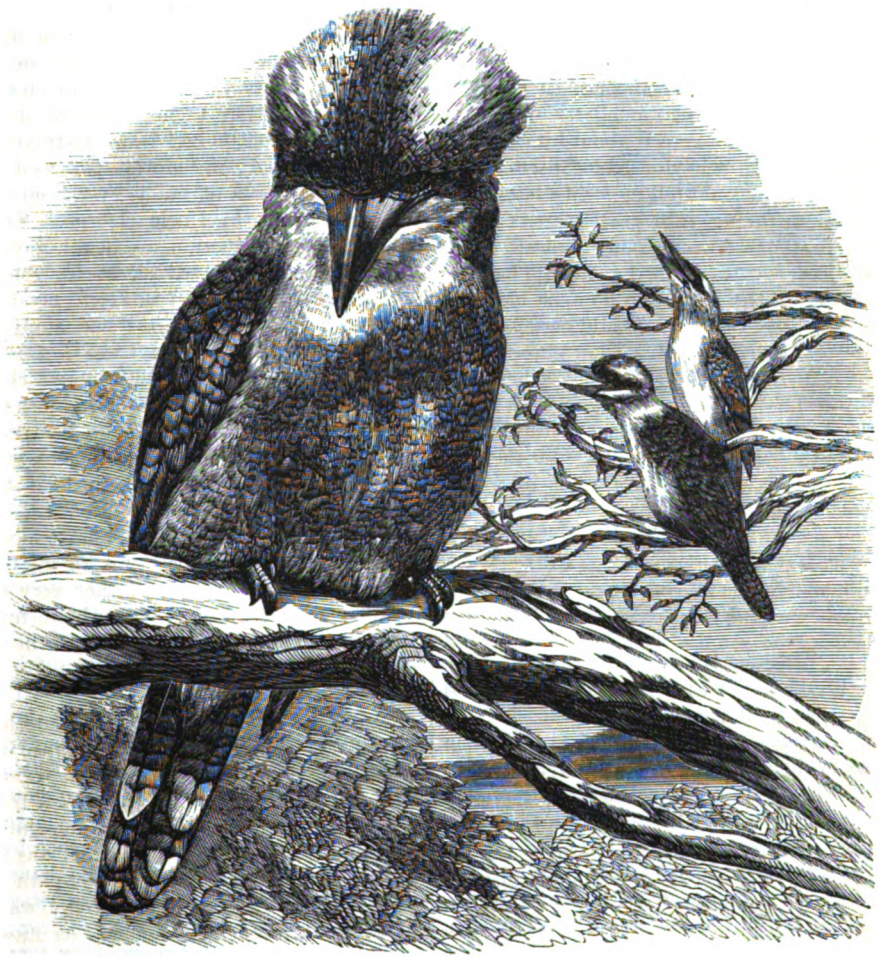
"How is it that his name is not inscribed over his grave?" I inquired.

"It was suppressed by his own desire," answered the priest, with some little hesitation. "He confessed to me, in his last moments, that he had lived here under an assumed name. I asked his real name, and he told it to me, with the particulars of his sad story. He had reasons for desiring to be forgotten after his death. Almost the last words he spoke were, 'Let my name die with me.' Almost the last request he made was that I would keep that name a secret from all the world, excepting only one person."

"Some relative, I suppose?" said I.

"Yes—his nephew," said the priest.

The moment the last word was out of his mouth, my heart gave a strange, answering bound. I suppose I must have changed color also, for the *curé* looked at me with sudden attention and interest.



THE LAUGHING JACKASS.—SEE PAGE 191.

"A nephew," the priest went on, "whom he had loved like his own child. He told me that if his nephew ever traced him to his burial-place, and asked about him, I was free in that case to disclose all I knew. 'I should like my little Charley to know the truth,' he said. 'In spite of the difference in our ages, Charley and I were playmates years ago.'"

My heart beat faster, and I felt a choking sensation at the throat, the moment I heard the priest unconsciously mention my Christian name in reporting the dying man's last words. As soon as I could steady my voice and feel certain of my self-possession, I communicated my family name to the *curé*, and asked him if that was not part of the secret that he had been requested to preserve. He started back several steps, and clasped his hands amazedly.

"Can it be!" he said, in low tones, gazing at me earnestly, with something like dread in his face. I gave him my passport, and looked away toward the grave. The tears came into my eyes as the recollections of past days crowded back on me. Scarcely knowing what I did, I knelt down by the grave and smoothed the grass over it with my hand. Oh, Uncle George, why not have told your secret to your old playmate? Why leave him to find you here?

The priest raised me gently, and begged me to go with him into his own house. On our way there I mentioned persons and places that I thought my uncle might have spoken of, in order to satisfy my companion that I was really the person I represented myself to be. By the time we had entered his little parlor and sat down alone in it, we were like old friends together.

I thought it best that I should begin by telling all that I have related here on the subject of Uncle George, and his disappearance from home. My host listened with a very sad face, and said, when I had done:

"I can understand your anxiety to know all that I am authorized to tell you; but pardon me if I say first that there are circumstances in your uncle's history which it may pain you to hear——" he stopped suddenly.

"Which it may pain me to hear, as a nephew?" I asked.

"No," said the priest, looking away from me; "as a son."

I gratefully expressed my sense of the delicacy and kindness which had prompted my companion's warning, but I begged him at the same time to keep me no longer in suspense, and to tell me the stern truth, no matter how painfully it might affect me as a listener.

"In telling me all you knew about what you term the family mystery," said the priest, "you have mentioned as a strange coincidence that your sister's death and your uncle's disappearance took place at the same time. Did you ever suspect what cause it was that occasioned your sister's death?"

"I only knew what my father told me, and what all our

friends believed, that she died of a tumor in the neck, or, as I sometimes heard it stated, from the effect on her constitution of a tumor in the neck."

"She died under an operation for the removal of that tumor," said the priest, in low tones, "and the operator was your Uncle George."

In those few words all the truth burst upon me.

"Console yourself with the thought that the long martyrdom of his life is over," the priest went on, after allowing me a few moments to control the violent agitation which his disclosure had caused in me. "He rests; he is at peace. He and his little darling understand each other, and are happy now. That thought bore him up to the last on his deathbed. He always spoke of your sister as his 'little darling.' He firmly believed that she was waiting to forgive and console him in the other world—and who shall say he was deceived in that belief?"

Not I! Not any one who has ever loved and suffered, surely!

"It was out of the depths of his self-sacrificing love for the child that he drew the fatal courage to undertake the operation," continued the priest. "Your father naturally shrank from attempting it. His medical brethren, whom he consulted, all doubted the propriety of taking any measures for the removal of the tumor in the particular condition and situation of it when they were called in. Your uncle alone differed with them. He was too modest a man to say so, but your mother found it out. The deformity of her beautiful child horrified her; she was desperate enough to catch at the faintest hope of remedying it that any one might hold out to her, and she persuaded your uncle to put his opinion to the proof. Her horror at the deformity of the child, and her despair at the prospect of its lasting for life, seem to have utterly blinded her to all natural sense of the danger of the operation. It is hard to know how to say it to you, her son, but it must be told, nevertheless, that one day, when your father was out, she untruly informed your uncle that his brother had consented to the performance of the operation, and that he had gone purposely out of the house because he had not nerve enough to stay and witness it. After that, your uncle no longer hesitated. He had no fear of results, provided he could be certain of his own courage. All he dreaded was the effect on him of his love for the child, when he first found himself face to face with the dreadful necessity of touching her skin with the knife. It is useless to shock you by going into particulars. Let it be enough if I say that your uncle's fortitude failed to support him when he wanted it most. His love for the child shook the firm hand that had never trembled before. In a word, the operation failed. Your father returned, and found his child dying. The frenzy of his despair when the truth was told him carried him to excesses which it shocks me to mention—excesses which began in his degrading his brother by a blow, which ended in his binding himself by an oath to make that brother suffer public punishment for his fatal rashness in a court of law. Your uncle was too heart-broken by what had happened to feel those outrages as some men might have felt them. He looked for one moment at his sister-in-law (I do not like to say your mother, considering what I have now to tell you), to see if she would acknowledge that she had encouraged him to attempt the operation, and that she had deceived him in saying that he had his brother's permission to try it. She was silent; and when she spoke, it was to join her husband in denouncing him as the murderer of their child. Whether fear of your father's anger, or revengeful indignation against your uncle, most actuated her, I cannot presume to inquire, especially in your presence. I can only state facts. Meanwhile, your uncle turned to your father and spoke the last words he was ever to address to his eldest brother in this world. He said: 'I have deserved the worst your anger can inflict on me, but I will spare you the scandal of bringing me to justice in open court. The law, if it found me guilty, could at worst but banish me from my country and my friends. I will go of my own accord. God is my witness that I honestly believed I could save the child from deformity and suffering. I have risked all, and lost all. My heart and spirit are broken. I am fit for nothing but to go and hide myself and my shame and misery from all eyes that have ever looked on me. I shall never come back, never expect your pity or forgiveness. If you think less harshly of me when I am gone, keep secret what has happened; let no other lips say of me what yours and your wife's have said. I shall think that forbearance atonement enough—atonement greater than I have deserved. Forget me in this world. May we meet in another, where the secrets of all hearts are opened, and where the child who is gone before may make peace between us!' He said those words, and went out. Your father never saw him or heard from him again."

I knew the reason now why my father had never confided the truth to any one, his own family included. My mother had evidently told the worst to her sister, under the seal of secrecy. And there the dreadful disclosure had been arrested.

"Your uncle told me," the priest continued, "that before he left England he took leave of you by stealth, in a place you were staying at by the seaside. He had not the heart to quit his country and his friends for ever without kissing you for the last time. He followed you in the dark, and caught you up in his arms, and left you again before you had a chance of discovering him. The next day he departed from England. He had spent a week here once with a student friend, at the time when he was a pupil in the Hotel Dieu; and to this place he returned to hide, to suffer and to die. We all saw that he was a man crushed and broken by some great sorrow, and we respected him and his affliction. He lived alone, and only came out-of-doors toward evening, when he used to sit on the brow of the hill yonder, with his head on his hand, looking toward England. That place seemed a favorite with him, and he is buried close by it. He revealed the story of his past life to no living soul here but me, and to me he only spoke when his last hour was approaching. What he had suffered during his long exile, no man can presume to say. I, who saw more of him than any one, never heard a word of complaint fall from his lips. He had the courage of the martyrs while he lived, and the resignation of the saints when he died. Just at the last, his mind wandered. He said he saw his little darling waiting by the bedside to lead him away; and he died with a smile on his face—the first I had ever seen there."

The priest ceased, and we went out together in the mournful twilight, and stood for a little while on the brow of the hill where Uncle George used to sit, with his face turned toward England. How my heart ached for him, as I thought of what he must have suffered in the silence and solitude of his long exile! Was it well for me that I had discovered the family mystery at last? I have sometimes thought not. I have sometimes wished that the darkness had never cleared away which once hid from me the fate of Uncle George.

TAKE a skeleton from the box of an anatomist, give its head an immovable mask of flesh; clothe the skull, but leave all besides dry bones; make it calculate, but not feel; give it motion, but not life, and there's your model—there's your trading gamester.

THE LAUGHING JACKASS, OR GIANT KINGFISHER.

THIS bird is an inhabitant of Australia, being found chiefly in the southeastern districts of that country and in New South Wales. In Van Diemen's Land, Mr. Gould believes that it does not exist. In no place is it found in any great numbers; for, although it is sufficiently common, it is but thinly dispersed over the country. It is rather a large bird, being eighteen inches in total length, and is powerful in proportion; being able to wage successful war against creatures of considerable size.

Although one of the true kingfishers, it so far departs from the habits of the family as to be comparatively careless about catching fish, and, indeed, often resides in the vast arid plains, where it can find no streams sufficiently large to harbor fish in their waters. Crabs of various kinds are a favorite food with this bird, which also eats insects, small mammalia and reptiles.

Mr. Gould mentions an instance where he shot one of these birds for the sake of possessing a rare and valuable species of rat which it was carrying off in its bill. It is also known to eat snakes, catching them with great dexterity by the tail, and crushing their heads with its powerful beak. Sometimes it is known to pounce upon fish, but it usually adheres to the above-mentioned diet.

The cry of this bird is a singular, dissonant, abrupt laugh, even more startling than that of the hyena, and raising strange panics in the heart of the novice, who first hears it while bivouacking in the "bush."

Being of a mightily inquisitive nature, the laughing jackass seems to find great attraction in the glare of a fire, and in the evening is apt to glide silently through the branches toward the blaze, and, perching upon a neighboring bough, to pour forth its loud, yelling cry. The "old hands" are in nowise disconcerted at the sudden disturbance, but shoot the intruder on the spot, and in a very few moments convert him into a savory broil over the fire which he had come to inspect.

At the rising and the setting of the sun, the laughing jackass becomes very lively, and is the first to welcome the approach of dawn and to chant its strange, exulting pæans at the return of darkness. From this peculiarity, it has been called the settler's clock. In allusion to the cry of this bird, which has been compared by Sturt to the yelling chorus of unquiet demons, the natives call it by the name of Gogobera.

The laughing jackass is in no way fastidious in choosing a locality, as it may be found in equal plenty in the bush, the forest or the open plain. While at rest upon a branch, it sits in a rather dull and "lumpy" attitude, its chin resting upon its breast, and arousing itself at intervals to utter its discordant laugh. It is readily tamed, and bears the climate of England with tolerable hardihood.

The home of the laughing jackass is usually made in the hole of a gum-tree (*eucalyptus*), where it makes no sort of nest, but simply lays its eggs upon the soft, decaying wood. The eggs are pearly white, and the bird keeps a vigilant watch over the burrow which holds its treasures, fiercely combating any creature that may approach the entrance, and aiming the most desperate blows with its long, pointed and powerful beak.

It is a really handsome bird, and although not possessing such an array of brilliant plumage as falls to the lot of many kingfishers, is yet very richly colored. The bird is decorated with a dark-brown crest, and the general tint of the back and upper surface is olive brown. The wings are brown-black, a few of the feathers being slightly tipped with verditer, and the breast and under portions are white, washed with pale brown, which forms a series of faint bars across the breast. The tail is rather long, and rounded at the extremity, and is of a rich chestnut color, banded with deep black and tipped with white.

THE REFORMED ROBBER.

IN the year 1810, Father Raphael, an ecclesiastic of Orne, Normandy, was one day sent for into the country to prepare a highwayman for death. The criminal was not more than two or three and twenty, with an interesting physiognomy, and had been seduced by bad company. He had frankly confessed all the circumstances of his guilt; his chains were already taken off, as usual, previous to his execution; and as there was no convenient place in the prison, the clergyman and the culprit were shut up in a small chapel, which stood detached from any other buildings, at the extremity of the village, and received all its light from an aperture in the middle of the vaulted roof.

Here the ecclesiastic immediately commenced an earnest exhortation to repentance; but, though he made it as persuasive and pathetic as possible, he observed that the poor fellow paid very little attention to what he said. As his appearance, age and confession gave the father no reason to suppose him a hardened criminal, he was somewhat surprised at this inattention. He ascribed it, however, to a natural levity of disposition, which he did not fail seriously to reprove, and reminded his companion to make the best use of the short time he had yet to live.

"By all means, reverend father," replied the prisoner; "that is just what I should wish to do. Your exhortations are indeed excellent; but yet I doubt whether your reverence would yourself pay much attention to the finest prayers in the world if you were in my place. For, to say nothing about the confoundedly disagreeable sensation, arising from the knowledge that in a few hours one's neck is to be broken, there is one idea which suggests itself with such force as to occupy my whole soul."

"Well, and what is that?"

"That I might yet find means to get off, if your reverence chose to spare my life."

"I?—I? What do you mean?"

"Don't you see that opening in the roof?"

"Yes, certainly; but what then?"

"That it is a considerable height is evident enough. But if we were to put that altar exactly underneath it, and upon the altar that chair; if your reverence would get upon the chair, and then suffer me to mount upon your shoulders, I should certainly be able to reach it."

"And when you had got up there, what would you do?"

"I would scramble down the roof to the cornice, and then a leap of five or six yards would be but a trifle for a man in my situation. I hope that nobody is watching on the outside. The chapel stands detached, a wood is not far off; I can assure you that as soon as I reached the ground I would run as fast as my legs would carry me."

Here the poor fellow paused. The priest considering the whole plan in silence, with difficulty repressed an involuntary smile, and rejoined:

"Excellent! And I am to assist you to do this! At a great risk to myself, I am to enable a robber to continue his guilty course! All the depredations which you would henceforth commit——"

"No, reverend sir, never would I commit any more. I am now fully aware of the consequences. I have this time approached too near the gallows not to avoid it in future as far as lies in my power. I will betake myself to work, and maintain myself honestly, let me toil ever so hard to do it. Help me but this once, I entreat you!"

The father did not suffer him to solicit long; he only exacted a solemn promise of amendment, and then, though his heart was long before softened in favor of the prisoner, he complied with his request. He assisted to move the altar, placed the chair upon it himself, and patiently served to lengthen out this singular ladder. The poor fellow certainly had great difficulty to reach the opening; but what will not the fear of death accomplish?

When he had crept out, the father listened attentively for some time, and as the leap was followed by no outcry or noise, he removed the altar and chair to their proper places, and contentedly waited full two hours to see how the affair would end.

At length the officers of justice, conceiving that the prisoner had been allowed sufficient time to prepare himself, the jailer and executioner went to fetch him away. The former knocked at the door. The ecclesiastic from within replied that he had long been anxiously wishing to be released. With astonishment they opened the door of the chapel, and with still greater astonishment they beheld the father sitting all alone in the midst of it.

"Where is the prisoner?" was very naturally the first question.

"The prisoner," calmly replied the ecclesiastic, "was either an angel or a devil; it is impossible he could be a man. While I was endeavoring, to the best of my ability, to bring him to a due sense of his guilt, he suddenly rose from the place and ascended through that aperture. I looked after him, petrified with astonishment, unable to move a limb, or to utter a single word. It was not till you knocked that I regained the power to stir or speak."

THE REFORMED ROBBER.— SEE PAGE 191.

The jailer and executioner would willingly have supposed that the father's intellects were deranged; but as the criminal was irrecoverably lost, they knew not whether to consider it as a miracle or a deception.

Several of the villagers assembled; but after the most diligent search in every corner of the chapel, no trace of the criminal could be discovered. The executioner, who was the greatest loser by this accident, hastened to acquaint the officers of justice with the circumstance. They repaired to the spot, and to them the ecclesiastic repeated the same story as before. He added, that in no case was it his duty to act the part of keeper to a prisoner, and that he was almost convinced this reputed culprit was innocent; and solemnly swore that he went out at the aperture in the roof. The superstition of the multitude led them to suspect sorcery; and the father took no pains to refute it.

Years passed away, and the circumstance of the lost criminal was almost forgotten by the good people of Orne, when one day Father Raphael was journeying through a distant province, and was belated so that night came down upon the worthy priest in the midst of a deep forest. In the midst of his troubles a light gleamed out in the distance, and toward it he made his way. It proved to proceed from a small and comfortable cottage, into which he was ushered by a comely young woman, to find a good-featured, stalwart man sitting by the fireside.

The good father noted a strange manner about the man on their meeting, and afterward an extra desire upon the cottager and his wife's part to shower upon him all the creature comforts possible. The best that the house could give and the choice bed were his, and on the morrow a proffer from the man to escort the father upon his way within sight of his destination, a proffer which was accepted.

They jogged pleasantly on until the time came for parting, when the cottager, in a very delicate way, slipped a small purse with, for a poor man, a liberal allowance of coin, and whispering to Father Raphael "For the love of God," said:

"Now, father, we must part, but before you go let me ask you a question. Do you not remember me?"

"No," was the response.

"Strange!" said the man, "when you once saved my life."

The story was told. It was the identical highwayman who had, through the benevolent priest's agency, so many years before, escaped an ignominious death.

He had kept his promise faithfully, and become an honest man, married and prospered, and the father had his reward, not only in knowing that he had an agency in giving him to the world, but ever afterward, about the beginning of the year, a small purse, with its little gold pieces, found its way mysteriously to the father's hand, and aided not a little in smoothing the Winter of his life.

THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.—"'WAIT, MERCY!' HE PURSUED, GETTING SWIFT POSSESSION OF ONE SLIM HAND, 'I HAVE HAD NO GIFT FROM YOU ON THIS, MY BIRTHNIGHT!'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.

By Etta W. Pierce.

CHAPTER V.

(Continued.)

MERCY DILL did not see him—did not know that she was pursued. When upon the street, she never glanced to the right hand nor the left. She hurried on, and came to a corner where the squeaking voice of a hand-organ was making the heavy air melodious.

There, upon the curbstone, a dirty, unkempt old cripple was seated, with a handkerchief twisted round his head, and a greasy old hat placed before him to receive the pennies of passers by. Wildly he was grinding away at "John Brown's Body." Mercy would have passed him unnoticed, but his alert eyes singled her swiftly out from the pedestrians moving back and forth before him.

"Halloo, little lass," he called, holding out one begging hand over the top of the organ, "don't pass your old friends by without a trifle."

Then she glanced down at him, and recognized the man, Joseph, who had robbed Moll Dill of shawl and shoes on the night of her return from Deer Island—recognized him with an indignant flash of her violet eyes, and hurried on without word or sign.

"Ha, you're growing proud, you be, little lady!" called Joseph after her, derisively; but she did not heed or hear.

A dozen yards, perhaps, beyond the old organ-grinder's corner, a hand was laid softly and suddenly upon Mercy's shoulder.

She turned with a frightened start, and saw the swarthy, marked face and glittering eyes of the man whom she had encountered at the pawnbroker's door.

"Leetle beauty," murmured he, with a strong foreign accent, "where you go so fast? *Peste!* wait, I want to speak to you."

The angry blood flashed into Mercy's pale face. Poor, humble as she was, this was the first time in all her young life that open insult had ever been offered her. Even the black sheep, the pariahs of that North End street where she had suffered so long with her outcast mother, looked upon Moll Dill's daughter—the girl with the angelic face and strange, superior air—as something to be feared and respected—a being, in fact, of another sphere, before whose presence they always slunk away abashed and discomfited. Mercy shook off the stranger's hand.

"How dare you!" she flashed, like an outraged princess; and then, overcome by some great, strange fear—some premonition, perhaps, of what she was to suffer at this man's hands in the future, she broke from him wildly and fled.

He followed; but in a moment she was lost to his view—some alley, some abrupt turn in the crooked street had swallowed her up.

"*Dame!*" whispered the man, in profound disappointment. He looked around him irresolutely. Then, struck with a sudden thought, turned on his heel and retraced his steps to the organ-grinder's corner.

That one-legged artist had by this time abandoned "John Brown's Body," and was pegging merrily away at "Champagne Charlie." In the midst of his sharp look-out for pennies, he was surprised to see a dark, elegantly-dressed man pause in front of his organ, with a very interested air.

"Is ze business good, friend?" said he, speaking with a strong foreign accent.

"Not at all, sir," answered Joseph, gruffly. "Bad—mighty bad."

The dark gentleman moved a little nearer—near enough, in fact, to show Joseph that betwixt his delicately-gloved thumb and finger he held a genuine greenback.

"I haf a question to ask you, sair," he pursued, smiling. "Mees—ze young lady zat passed here ze other moment—you see her, you know her, you speak to her; I hear you—eh?"

Joseph's dirty, stupid old face grew as keen as a knife. He looked the speaker over carefully from head to foot.

"Yes, sir, I know her; and a nice little girl she is, too—one of the hymn-singing, religious sort. Now, who may *you* be?"

The dark gentleman smiled again, and this time very impressively.

"Zat's no matter of yours. You will tell me her name and where she live, and I will give you this bit of green paper. Is it a bargain?"

Joseph looked cautious.

"It's always best for a man to know who he's dealing with."

"*Dame!* Here is ze money! Will you take it? Yes or no?"

If the old man had ever possessed a conscience, it was now as dead as the Pharaohs. He held out his grimy hand eagerly.

"Yes, I'll take it. Her name's Mercy Dill; she's a sewing girl, with a drunken mother, and good as gold, as I said afore. She lives at No. 10 Seedy Court." Joseph remembered only too well the writing on the paper which had been left in his care for Moll Dill. "You can find the place easy enough. Much obliged to you, sir."

"No. 10 Seedy Court," repeated the gentleman, in a tone that plainly showed he meant to remember the address. "Farewell, friend. Shall I find you again at this corner if I want you, a week, a month hence?"

"That you will, sir; it's my stand; I'm here reg'lar."

He of the dark face and foreign accent nodded expressively, turned on his heel, and walked away.

And Mercy? With her bundle grasped tightly in one frightened hand, she was rushing down the street, jostling fellow-pedestrians, dodging aggressive umbrellas, not daring to look behind her, lest she should see that man at her back.

A fire-alarm sounded in the murky air. Suddenly she found herself in a great crowd of people and vehicles—a blockade of cars, fire-engines and police—a mælstrom in which one atom of humanity might plunge and be lost from all but an Omniscient gaze.

Instantly Mercy sprang from the safe curbstone into the midst of the dangerous tumult. Her bundle was knocked from her hand. She stooped to pick it up, and was struck and thrown down by a snorting horse—thrown down, but before the iron hoofs could trample her, snatched up again by a strong arm, bundle and all, and carried, half-senseless, to the opposite sidewalk.

"Good heaven! how imprudent of you, Miss Dill!" cried a male voice. "How did you expect to get through that jam alone? If I hadn't reached you just as I did, you'd have been crushed to death, ten to one."

She grasped his arm with both hands, looking back over her shoulder in a pale, scared, hunted fashion.

"Oh, is it you, Mr. Black?" she said, with a long, sobbing breath.

"Of course—who else should it be?" answered Val Black, tucking her under his arm. "What's the matter? How white you are! How you tremble! Are you hurt?"

She half opened her lips to tell him of the unpleasant thing which had befallen her; but a feeling like shame, and a certain shyness which often assailed her in this young fellow's presence, held her dumb. The man was gone, her fright was over, and she would never mention the horrible, hateful incident to any one.

"No, I am not hurt," she stammered. "It is nothing, thank you. Oh, how glad I am that you were near!"

"Not half so glad as I am," he answered, promptly. "It's a deuced shame, Miss Dill, that a girl like you should ever have to go upon the street unattended. You wouldn't, you know, if Aunt Affry wasn't crippled with rheumatism. Hillo! the rain is coming down again—let me hoist your umbrella. I'm bound homeward also."

He opened the old cotton thing, and hurried off with Mercy through the wet, gathering night. Anything more cozy and delightful than a walk under an umbrella betwixt parties who are good friends cannot well be imagined. One naturally runs to confidences and soft looks and a low tone of voice—one naturally feels isolated from all the world under that light shelter, and if there is any charm in proximity you have it there. Mr. Valentine Black was a young man almost as shabby in outward appearance as Mercy herself, for he was only an ill-paid under-clerk in the Boston house of Sardis the banker. Neither had he much to boast of in the way of good looks. His closely-shorn hair was as red as it is possible for hair to be; his features differed from all classic models; his hazel eyes were honest, brave and kindly, but not in the least beautiful. He was broad-shouldered, merry-hearted—a purely useful, not an ornamental, being; commonplace, but dearly loved by dogs and little children; strong of hand, heavy of limb and face, and the nephew, the idol, the sole comfort and support of that poor little rheumatic spinster, Miss Affry Black.

"What sort of a day has this been with you?" he said to his companion, not inquisitively, but in a voice full of covert sympathy.

"Much as usual," she faltered.

"Where is your—your—mother?"

"At home—sick," said Mercy, faintly.

"Sick" was a very mild term to apply to Moll Dill's disorder. Alas! no reformation had been effected as yet in the shameful creature. Val Black stole one pitying glance at the girl's pale, drooping face, then he set his teeth and tramped on silently through the mud and mire.

The rain fell in a steady downpour, clattering loudly on the umbrella. Presently Mercy spoke.

"This is your birthday, is it not? Miss Affry told me."

"Yes," answered Val, dubiously, "I am twenty-five today. Mr. Sardis left town this afternoon; he's off to Newport with his ward, Miss Beatrix Sardis. I half expected an increase of salary before his departure, but it didn't come. For Aunt Affry's sake I would have liked it."

There was so much covert disappointment in his tone that Mercy murmured, involuntarily,

"Too bad!"

He brightened at once.

"Well, I'm used to hard luck, so it doesn't affect me much, and I've a lively and abiding faith in the future, and that's a comfort. Fortune is a fickle jade, and she will be sure to show me a brighter face some day."

Mercy gave her escort an eloquent look, then asked:

"Has Mr. Sardis recovered from his hurt?"

She knew all about Val's employer, having heard of him often from Miss Affry.

"Yes."

"And the person who assaulted him—has he been found?"

"No."

"It was very odd."

"And very unpleasant. Mr. Sardis doesn't care to speak of it. His ward came with him to the office to-day. I happened to see her—a pleasant-faced little thing."

"And handsome, I suppose?" said Mercy, with girlish curiosity.

"No, not at all. There is a daughter, though, the banker's heiress, who is called a great belle. She's in Europe with her mother. I read in a newspaper paragraph yesterday that some foreign nobleman was paying her marked attention at a Swiss watering-place."

"A nobleman!" echoed unsophisticated Mercy, quite overwhelmed.

"Count—I don't remember the name. Well, whoever he is, he may consider himself a lucky dog if he wins Miss Sardis, for there is really no end to the banker's money, and she is the sole child of his house and heart."

Mercy heaved an unconscious sigh.

"Young, rich, beautiful—how happy she must be," she murmured.

Val had never paid a compliment in his life, and he grew very red and embarrassed as he stammered:

"There's one thing, at least, that you needn't envy her—I mean good looks, you know. It's scarcely possible that any fine lady living can surpass you on that point."

They had reached the door by this time; and it was not necessary for Mercy to answer.

The wooden face of dingy, old, gray No. 10, dripped wearily with rain. The court was sloppy, dark and disagreeable; but in Miss Black's window, first floor, front, a lamp cheerily burned, and as the two young folks stepped from the gloom and went into its obtrusive red beams, lo! the door flew open, and Miss Black herself, in her Sunday gown and smartest cap, awry as usual, appeared on the threshold,

"What! both of you!" she cried, her wrinkled little face all aglow with delight, "how fortunate! Mercy, you must take your tea with us to-night—I will hear no denial—neither will Val, I am sure."

"That I will not!" cried Val, firmly, "let her refuse to join us, and I will decline to eat the chops which perfume this house—I will do even worse—repudiate my own birthday."

Mercy's violet eyes danced. She gave Miss Black's rheumatic hand a grateful pressure.

"I shall be only too happy—that is, if you feel sure I will not seem one too many—birthdays are thought to be strictly family affairs."

"And what are you but one of the family?" demanded Miss Black, screwing her face into a mock frown. "Take off your hat and jacket this moment, child."

"Let me go up to the room first," whispered Mercy, shrinking back, "and see about—mother."

She fled like a spirit up the stair, to the back chamber. She opened its door with a reluctant hand and looked in. On the old broken sofa in the corner Moll Dill was sleeping the sleep not of the just but of the unjust. A rank odor of gin greeted Mercy's nostrils, and turned her faint and sick. It was too dark to see the woman's face, but her stertorous breathing told that she was deeply unconscious. Neither Deer Island nor her child's passionate pleading had cured Moll—Miss Black was wont to say that nothing *would* cure her save death—the only creature mad enough to entertain the smallest hope of her reformation was Mercy—Mercy who now laid her golden head helplessly against the door, and whispered a faint, small, heart-broken prayer. After that she put her bundle of work inside the chamber,

closed it again with an irrepressible shudder, and went back to the happy, the joyful, the innocent room below.

Val came forward to meet her and led her to a seat near the fire. He looked absurdly happy, in spite of his disappointment on the salary question.

A litle, round tea-table stood in the centre of the floor, spread for three. The cloth, though not particularly fine in quality, was white as snow, the cups were real china of egg-shell pattern, and Miss Black had prepared a feast indeed, in honor of her boy's birthnight. There were chops, crisp and brown, potatoes baked to a turn, a salad and a pat of golden butter to add color to the board, and lastly, an extraordinary cake, stuffed with raisins and translucent bits of citron, and placed as a *chef d'œuvre* of culinary art in the centre of the table.

The room, as Mercy looked around it—she was familiar with every object it contained, yet every day it awakened in her the same glow of pleasure—was not at all like the chamber above stairs. Its furniture was homely and old, but full of comfort. The carpet had suffered innumerable rents and darns, and home-made rugs now covered the frailest spots in its surface. A jolly, chintz-covered sofa occupied a corner, and the walls were hung with inexpensive pictures, a shelf crowded with books, a mirror in an antique frame and a rack of newspapers. Undoubtedly these Blacks were poor. Miss Affry was for the most time crippled with rheumatism, and the rent of the rooms and Val's small salary were scarcely more than enough to make ends meet, even in an humble place like Seedy Court. Yet there was a sunny cheerfulness about their poverty which robbed it of half its terrors. Brightly burned the lamp, cheerily snapped the fire, and the trio seated themselves at the board, and fell upon Miss Affry's feast, like three happy children.

After they had eaten the crisp chops and the salad, and made a gulf of darkness in the side of the fruit-cake, Miss Affry produced from under the table a mysterious package, and cutting the string that bound it, disclosed a handsome copy of Dante.

"I'd be glad to present you with a kingdom if I could, laddie," she said, fondly; "but your old aunt must be, I much fear, a burden to you always, and not a help. Such as I have, give I thee, dear boy."

Val took her offering, with a look on his face that made it almost handsome—took it, and with it her poor, rheumatic fingers, and carried the latter quickly to his lips.

"Thank you," he answered; "I feel no particular yearnings after a kingdom, Aunt Affry, but I am very glad to have a 'Dante.' Don't dare to call yourself a burden, little woman; say, rather, that you are the only mother I ever knew—that you worked for me, fed, clothed and educated me, when I could do nothing for myself; and now, in a reversed condition of things, when I am strong and you weak, the utmost that I can do for you will only seem a small part of a great debt, all of which, I shall probably never be quite able to pay."

"Dear me! what a long speech!" said Miss Affry, shaking her cap at him, "and how solemn Mercy looks—just like a pretty owl. I doubt if she ever got such an insight into our family history before."

Mercy sat at the little spinster's right hand, with her damp, golden hair curling all about her lily throat and temples, and her violet eyes brimful of interest and attention. Why should not everything which pertained to these, her only friends, interest her? Val turned to his guest, smiling.

"You must know," he explained, "that I was left in Aunt Affry's care at an outrageously early age, fatherless, motherless, and, I dare say, graceless. She took me in charge, she brought me up in the way I should go, and she and I are alone in the world. Here my knowledge of myself ends, and Aunt Affry never encourages me to ask questions on the subject. If she has any secrets in reserve—she doesn't look like that romantic creation of the novelist, a person with a secret, eh?—she has never lisped a word of them to me."

He spoke in a light, jesting tone, and was surprised to see Miss Affry drop her eggshell cup so suddenly that its contents spilled over the cloth.

"Val!"—her voice sounded sharp and strange—"what are you hinting at—what do you mean?"

"Mean! why, nothing at all, to be sure," he answered, half amused, half wondering; "did you think I was in earnest? What secrets could a dear little woman like you have, and how could you keep one from me if you possessed a baker's dozen? You have told me that my father was a poor, a very poor man—that the only thing he had to leave me was his blessing; and as for my mother, she died at my birth. Well, all that is sad enough, Heaven knows, but not at all marvelous."

She answered not a word, neither did she look at him. Indeed, to Mercy Dill, who was gazing straight at her, it seemed as if Miss Affry was reluctant to meet her nephew's smiling eyes. She arose abruptly from the table.

"No, there's nothing marvelous about you and I, Val," she said; "we are poor, humble people, and we shall be just that, I dare say, till our dying day. Since you made no mention of it, Mr. Sardis did not raise your salary, I suppose?"

He shook his head.

"Never mind, lad; we will go on nicely as we are for a while longer."

With Mercy's help, Miss Black swept her tea things quickly out of sight, and then the three seated themselves around the pleasant lamp, while the rain beat on the curtained window, and the wind shrieked through the dark court outside. Miss Affry took up Val's evening paper, still damp from the press.

"Like all old women," she said, smiling, "I am fond of news. Val, you may tell Mercy about Dante and Beatrice, while I read the deaths and marriages."

She put on her steel-bowed glasses and opened the sheet, and Val, nothing loath to act upon her suggestion, especially as Mercy turned up to him a lovely, inquiring face, leaned back in his chintz-covered chair, and began the story:

"Beatrice was the daughter of Folco Portinari, a wealthy citizen of Florence, and was born about the year 1265. Dante saw her for the first time at a banquet in her father's house. It was a May-day festival, and she wore a blood-red dress, and inspired the poor poet with a sudden and violent passion. He had reached the mature age of nine years, she was a twelvemonth younger; but they were old enough to love—at least Dante was——" And so on—Mercy all interest and attention, Val delighted with the *rôle* of narrator.

She sat in a low chair on his right hand. The soft color pulsed in and out of her upturned face, the lamplight slanted off her rich, curling, clinging hair and shone in her large, wide-open eyes, brimful now of pity and sympathy for a pair of lovers that had been dust and ashes for six hundred years. Val looked at her so closely that he began to grow confused; his voice shook, he jumbled his Guelphs and Ghibelines recklessly together. Suddenly a half-smothered cry from the other side of the table cut short the story of Dante and brought both the young people to their feet.

Aunt Affry had fallen helplessly back in her chair, the evening paper lay on the floor beside her. Her withered face was colorless, and she was shaking in every limb.

"Heavens! Aunt Affry, what is the matter?" cried Val, shocked at her strange look.

"Nothing—don't mind me," gasped Miss Black. "A sudden pain—that is all."

Mercy ran to her side.

"Oh, how white you are, and how you shake! Let me help you, Miss Black."

But the old spinster put her gently back.

"No, my dear, it's past now. Take your paper, Val—I've read enough for to-night—more than enough. There! that will do. I am quite right again."

Val stared at her in amazement. He had never before seen her so pale and shaken. He took the paper suspiciously and looked over its contents, intent upon convincing himself that no item in the evening news had given her this singular fright. He found the usual medley of politics, the usual amount of foreign and domestic intelligence, but nothing of a particularly agitating nature—nothing in the least likely to blanch Miss Affry's old face or make her tremble. Val was constrained to believe in the sudden pain. He went back to his chintz chair, and Miss Affry, as if ashamed of her own weakness, snatched up her knitting nervously and went to work.

Over her old face a certain gray shadow had fallen—something which robbed it of all its cheerfulness. It was there while she talked to Mercy; it was there while Val read aloud, with great power and feeling, some grand passages from Dante; it was there while she watched her boy in an odd, intent way, and, as it seemed, with some new purpose in her mind. Both her nephew and her guest saw the change in her, and felt instinctively that some unpleasant element had entered into the little room; but neither had the slightest clew to the mystery.

The clock struck nine when Mercy arose and bade her friends good-night. Val followed her into the narrow hall and closed the door betwixt himself and Miss Affry. A lamp on the landing above shone down the old oil-cloth-covered stair and made a light by which the two could see each other's faces.

"Mercy!" whispered Val Black.

With her foot on the lowest stair she turned back to look at him. Broad-shouldered, red-haired, unhandsome he was, but now a sudden glory had leaped into his rugged face, and transfigured it, so that it no longer seemed commonplace or plain.

"Wait, Mercy!" he pursued, getting swift possession of one slim hand, "I have had no gift from you on this, my birthnight."

Her head, rippling over with gold-bronze hair, fell on her breast.

"And if you have not," she faltered, "you know the reason why. I would have been glad—oh, so glad!—to have given you some token—if I could."

He griped her hand fast.

"You can give me the most royal, the most precious of gifts, if you will," he whispered. "*Will* you, Mercy?—your love, I mean—yourself! I am but a poor pleader, but you will believe me—will you not?—when I say that I have loved you ever since I first saw you—ever since you first came to this house. Who could know you and not love you, you beautiful, heroic darling! Say that you care for me, Mercy, just a little, and no king on his throne can feel so happy, so proud as I."

His voice shook and broke with genuine passion, his hazel eyes looked pleadingly into hers. The light fell softly on them from above, the storm beat on the door beside them like an angry hand. A great joy flashed into Mercy's face but was met swiftly by as great a doubt and slain at its very birth.

"Oh, it cannot be!" she sobbed, sorrowfully.

"And why?" demanded Val, with vehemence.

"Think of what I am—think of—of—mother! Could I lay my disgrace upon you? could I hear it said that you stooped to such as I? could I cast shame and reproach on Miss Affry? No—no—Oh no!"

"Nonsense!" said Val Black, "you are not answerable for your mother's sins, Mercy, and good heaven! you have reversed the case, you know—it is you who stoop to me, not I to you, for you are one girl among ten thousand, both for beauty and goodness—two possessions of great value in this world, foolish child. And what am *I?* A poor clerk, with nothing to bless myself with but a pair of stout hands——"

"And a good name," interpolated Mercy.

"As to that, how can I tell? How do I know what my ancestors may have done, or if I ever had any a whit more respectable than the woman above stairs? They were certainly an obscure lot, for I never heard one of them mentioned, even by Aunt Affry. All I want to know is this, Mercy—do you, can you, will you, love me?"

She leaned against the old baluster, with the lamp overhead casting red gleams on her drooping face and swaying figure.

Her only answer was a half repressed sob.

Val gathered her instantly into his arms.

"Darling!" he cried breathlessly, "you *do* love me, and we are too humble, too low down in the social scale for the world to meddle with us or care what we do. From this moment you are mine—your sorrows, your troubles, are mine, Mercy. Now let us go back and tell Aunt Affry."

She drew away, frightened.

"Oh, Val—she is so proud of you—so fond of you—she will never consent—never! And she has been the best of friends to me—she will think this a poor return for all her kindness. I dare not! She will *hate* me."

Val drew the head of riotous gold hair to his broad shoulder and caressed it rapturously.

"Hate you! Absurd child! as if such a thing could be under any circumstances! Very well. Then I will tell her the news unassisted. *I* am not afraid, I know Aunt Affry too well. She loves you, and she has sense to appreciate my rare good fortune. Kiss me, darling—kiss me, my precious birthnight gift!"

The pure lily cheek was laid against his own for a moment, the proud, reluctant lips touched his own, "No one ever cared for me in all my life," she murmured, "no one, not even mother."

And with this sad, tearful confession, she broke from him and fled up the stair.

Val went back to the room he had left, to find Miss Affry sitting at her little round table, her crooked rheumatic hands fallen on her knitting, and an unmistakable trace of tears on her withered cheek. The sight gave him an odd thrill. Val could not remember that he had ever before in all his life seen her in tears. He marched straight up to her and leaned over the back of the chair.

"What is it, little woman?" he demanded.

"Nothing," she answered, kissing him between the eyes.

"Very well. Then listen to me. I love Mercy Dill—I have just told her of it. Do you know any reason why I should not make her my wife?"

Miss Black did not reply at once. The room was very still, the rain beat on the windows, the dying fire snapped feebly. At last she put up her hand and drew from her bosom a black silk chain on which was tied a hoop of plain gold. This she detached and laid upon Val's broad palm.

"Your mother's wedding ring," she said, looking at him with strange earnestness.

"Val, you heard me cry out over that paper to-night — I deceived you—it was *not* a pain which startled me, but a piece of news that I read there. You know, too, what you said about me at supper—how I was not the person that looked as if I had a secret. Ah, laddie, I am commonplace enough, insignificant enough, Heaven knows, but—I say it sorrowfully, I say it regretfully—I *have* a secret—one that I have kept from you all your twenty-five years, whether wisely or not, I cannot say, but I acted according to my best judgment, I did what I thought was right—so indeed, you must not be angry with me."

"In the name of all that's mysterious, what *do* you mean, Aunt Affry?" cried Val, looking at her as if he thought she was taking leave of her senses.

"I will tell you, laddie, for now I cannot with a good conscience keep this thing longer from you, and I think—there *is* a reason—a strong one—why you should not marry a girl like Mercy Dill; but that is a point which you yourself must decide. Take this chair beside me, Val—there! Slip *her* ring on your finger—so! Promise me, first of all, that you will not be angry with me—I could not bear your anger, laddie!—for keeping a hurtful thing from your boyhood and youth, and then, as the years went on, growing more and more loath to speak—more and more reluctant to disturb our peace and contentment together. It all came upon me to-night so sharp, so sore, that I felt somehow as if I had been wronging you—I, who love you more than myself! Promise, Val, promise!"

"I promise anything," said Val, in helpless amaze.

She took the evening paper from the table, opened it and pointed to the paragraph which had agitated her so deeply a little while before. It was in the column of foreign news, and it related to a person whose name Val had never heard of before.

"Hark!" whispered Miss Affry, with a nervous start; "that's Mercy's door closing, isn't it? She is beautiful and she is good, Val, but you will never marry her—never! Now listen to me;" and, grasping his hands firmly and leaning toward him so that her old, withered face was nigh to his, she looked straight into "her boy's" amazed eyes and told her secret.

CHAPTER VI.

ETHEL'S CHOICE.

"WHY the deuce doesn't he come?" said Larry Harding, checking for a moment his impatient strides up and down the little woodland path. "It's five minutes past the time."

"You're in a confounded hurry to get shot," answered Fred Bradford, who, with his back against a tree near by, was nervously trying to light a cigar. "Perdition take the weed! I'm as shaky as a woman. I hope to Heaven he won't put in his appearance at all. It's a bad business altogether, Larry. I thought duels were obsolete."

"Bless you, no!" said Lawrence, airily. "Continental gentlemen still assuage the pangs of wounded honor in this fashion, and it's good, you know, to humor a man in his favorite whims. *Dame!* as the French say, what does the count mean? It's scarcely courteous to keep the challenged party waiting."

The place was a quiet opening in a chestnut wood, at a little distance from Lucerne. The sun was not yet up. Dew lay thick on the forest leaves, on the tufted grass, in the cups of the wild flowers bordering the path. Harding was walking swiftly up and down, as I have said, his hat in his hand, a frown of impatience on his brown, handsome face. His friend, quite as uneasy, puffed fitfully at his cigar and watched the far end of the path which entered the forest from Lucerne. Along the edge of the wood an old peasant woman, passing at that moment with a bundle of sticks on her shoulder, turned to look back curiously and wonder what the two gentlemen could be waiting for there, under the chestnut trees.

"It will make no end of talk," grumbled Bradford. "Mighty unpleasant for Miss Sardis, I should say, or do women like the notoriety of such things? Heaven knows, they are queer cattle. The count's a sure shot, I have heard—wings his man every time."

"A foeman worthy of my steel!" said Larry, with a short laugh. "Excellent! There will be no scandal, my dear boy. Both the count and myself intend that everything shall be done, not only with due decorum, but with as much secrecy as possible. Look yonder! Is not that his manly figure which I see approaching, at last?"

At the other end of the path, Count Stahl and his second appeared, followed by a third party, a French surgeon from Lucerne. The count's second was a Swiss gentleman, short, stout and puffy. He shook hands with Bradford, who looked stiff and uncomfortable enough, and the count and Harding exchanged a civil bow.

It was the morning after the affair on the quay. A prompt challenge from the count had forced Lawrence to postpone his departure from Switzerland for still another twenty-four hours, and now the two were prepared to settle their little difference as became men of honor.

"A fine morning," said the little surgeon, cheerfully; "a glorious morning, gentlemen!" As if men with such a purpose as this pair had in their hearts could care anything for the weather!

Harding looked cool and disdainful, the count flushed and excited. Evidently the latter had not slept well. His blue eyes, as they rested furtively on his antagonist, were full of bitter, deadly hate. Harding had made for himself a pitiless enemy, and he knew it, but was totally indifferent to the fact.

The pistols were drawn from their cases and carefully examined; the distance measured; all preliminaries speedily arranged. Harding and the count took their places in the little path.

"One!"

A bird perched high among the chestnut boughs overhead broke into a trill of song.

"Two!"

Sweet scents of green Summer things fanned through the wood, and the tinkle of a waterfall near at hand mingled with the voice of the bird.

"*Three!*"

Simultaneously two reports echoed through the quiet glade, two puffs of blue smoke curled up into the early sunlight. Harding's shot, made with cool deliberation, struck the count's right arm, and laid it, broken and helpless, against his side. The count's bullet, aimed straight at Harding's heart with fierce, confusing haste, missed its vital mark by a little space, and simply grazed the American's side.

As the weapon dropped from his disabled hand, the wounded man staggered back against his second, and grew deadly pale, partly with pain, partly with wrath and disappointment.

"Gentlemen, are you satisfied?" cried the French surgeon. "Pray acknowledge that you are satisfied!"

Pale, bleeding, and with a face full of baffled fury, the count looked at Lawrence.

"Further satisfaction of this nature is impossible to me this morning," he answered, sullenly. "I am disabled, as you see."

"I can give you no further opportunity for settling the matter," said Lawrence, calmly, "for I leave Lucerne to-day. For my own part, I am content to call it well ended."

He half put out his hand, but the count drew back with a most unpleasant smile.

"There are many places in the world beside Lucerne," said he. "Adieu, sir. We part now, but let me venture to express a hope that some day we shall meet again. I give you my word that I never made so bad a shot before in my life!"

"Insolent beggar!" said Bradford, as the count hurried off with his friend and the French surgeon, to a carriage waiting near by in the wood, "he doesn't understand the first principles of courtesy; he's as vindictive as a Modoc. I hope to heaven he'll never get the chance to do you a mischief, Larry; he wouldn't hesitate to improve it, you may be sure."

"Bah! Let him hate me to his heart's content," said Lawrence; "I am willing. Come, we must be off, Bradford. Time is precious—no more delays are possible for me, you know."

They stopped to breakfast at a little *châlet* in the forest—a charming spot, made musical by the voice of the River Reuss, that foamed and fretted near at hand. A red-cheeked girl, in picturesque Swiss costume, brought them their chocolate, and a basket of fresh apricots and cherries from the garden of the *châlet*.

Apropos of the duel, Bradford said:

"That scoundrel meant to kill you, sure, and had he kept his temper, he might have succeeded. His Swiss friend has a château somewhere in this vicinity—ten to one the count has gone to nurse his wounded arm in peace and quiet there. You'll not be likely to see him again."

With a sad, bitter face Harding looked up from his untasted breakfast.

"No, I suppose not. I shall be in Basle this afternoon. My God!" he clinched his hand on the little table, "how I hate to go, Bradford! How hard it is for me leave him in full possession of the field! For half my life I shall regret, I dare say, that I did not shoot him dead this morning."

"You mean to move heaven and earth to speak with her before you go, eh?"

"Yes."

"Well, perhaps it's best. You would not be satisfied with anything less."

They sat a little while talking together—they had been classmates together at college and good friends always—then arose, paid their score, and retraced their steps to Lucerne. The town was full of excitement. Some *fête* was in progress, and streamers, flags and arches of flowers glorified the streets.

By the time they reached the hotel breakfast was over. A steamer lay puffing at the pier, and little companies of tourists were rushing off to the Righi, to St. Gothard's Pass, to various excursions, here, there, and everywhere. In the midst of the hubbub Lawrence Harding, hurrying through an upper corridor of the house, stumbled upon a dark, heavy-faced French servant in a dainty cap and snowy apron. He turned and followed her.

"Hi! Lisette—Marie—Celeste—whatever your name is—wait a moment—where is your mistress this morning?"

He slipped something bright into her hand.

She looked curiously at his haggard, breathless face.

"My name is Finette, monsieur. My mistress is much fatigued—she has not yet risen—Madame is not strong."

"Not madame but mademoiselle—your *young* mistress."

Finette's dull eyes grew brighter.

"Pardon—*she* has gone to hear the organ at the Cathedral—it is a *fête*-day—you will find her there."

He was striding away when she rushed after him and seized his arm. A strange eagerness filled her whole dark and somewhat repulsive face.

"*Have you killed him?*"

That was the question which fell breathlessly from her lips.

Harding stared.

"Killed—who?"

She kept her odd, intense look.

"Count Stahl."

Harding started. This was strange.

"What do *you* know of Count Stahl?" he demanded.

"He was once my master, monsieur. I was waiting-maid to his countess at the time of her death."

Harding felt a curious shock of surprise.

"The deuce! Does Miss Sardis know it?"

"No, monsieur."

"How came you to take service with her?"

"The American madame's maid left her in Paris," answered Finette, stolidly. "I heard of the place, I applied for it—I got it. Nothing could be more simple, monsieur."

It might be simple, but it was also unpleasant. Harding eyed her keenly. A dark, unhandsome woman, on the shady side of thirty, with a face that expressed nothing, told nothing—a secretive, unreadable face. It piqued his curiosity greatly.

"You asked if I had killed the count," said he, "what did you mean by that, my good girl?"

A faint smile flitted across Finette's thin lips.

"I mean that monsieur fought a duel this morning. *Ciel!* it is no secret—everybody in the house suspects it. Does he live?"

"Most certainly. Now answer *me* a question. Is the count aware that his dead wife's waiting-maid is the servant of Miss Sardis?"

She drew back a step and her dull eyes flashed.

"*He!* No, monsieur. Adieu. I must not talk with you further," and the next moment she vanished down the corridor.

Harding descended the stair, and through the narrow streets of the town hurried off toward the two-spired cathedral. The morning was intensely hot. Pitilessly the sun streamed down on the promenade, on the gay banners and arches, on the little shops full of exhaustless crystals and wood carving. All the way Lawrence thought of the discovery he had made—thought of Finette's face, with an eager, breathless, intense something, looking out through all its dullness. What was it—hate, fear, love? He could not determine.

"Were I to remain here," he said to himself, "I would see her again, and question her more closely. It's an odd chance that leads anyone connected with the Countess Stahl into Ethel Sardis's service."

He entered the Cathedral. It was filled with people, natives and strangers. The famous organ was shaking the arched roof with its grand, resonant voice. He looked around, and the first thing on which his eyes rested was a ponderous female figure, puffing with the heat, and wielding a Spanish fan furiously with one hand, while she beckoned Lawrence with the other. Mrs. Bradford.

He started toward her, but suddenly paused. Madly the blood leaped in his veins, his heart seemed turning to a coal of fire, as his gaze fell upon—what? An old stall on his right hand, covered with carved reliefs, and, rising against

it, a girl's chestnut head, the outline of a pearl-white cheek, a sea-shell ear, hung with a luminous jewel, and a pale, perfect profile, as cold as the snows of the Jungfrau. He had found her, sitting a few paces from the Bradfords, in the rainbow light of a stained glass window, listening with a rapt, dreamy face to the music of the cathedral organ.

With breath coming thick and heavy, Harding made his way to her side. He was haggard, disordered, livid—altogether a different Larry from the one she had heretofore known. She gave a nervous start, and surveyed him in a sort of displeased amaze.

"What! you have not left Lucerne yet?" said she. "Do you *never* mean to go?"

"Look toward the altar," he answered, "or your friends will suspect something uncommon. Yes, I am going; have patience. I am here now to say good-by to you."

"What have you been doing this morning?" she queried, breathlessly.

"Since you ask me, I must tell you—settling a point of honor with your friend the count."

"How wicked!—how dreadful, Larry! I am shocked and surprised. Are you hurt?"

"No."

"And the count?"

"He has a broken arm—I have no time to talk of *him*—I love you, Ethel; I have loved you for years. Whether you wish it or not, I shall love you for ever. Though you would not let me speak yesterday, you shall listen to me now. I love you, and, as God is my witness, I believe I was made for you and you for me. I believe I can make you happy if you will let me, in spite of my poverty—in spite of the difficulties piled mountain high betwixt us."

He said this, standing beside her there in that old sanctuary, while the music poured in a grand volume through the arched roof overhead, and the light from the stained window fell in hot, shifting waves of color upon both.

"Answer me quickly," he urged; "can my love avail anything with you, Ethel? Can I persuade you to accept it?"

This troublesome suitor could no longer be put off. Willing or unwilling, she must dispose of him at last. She was very pale, and her voice faltered a little as, averting her face from his fierce, burning eyes, she gave utterance to that sad, cold, discouraging syllable, "No!"

He set his teeth, like one repressing an outcry of pain.

"You will not marry me?"

"No."

"And yet, had you been left to yourself, I think—solemnly, reverently—that I could have won you. Think? Yes, I *know* it!"

The color flamed, at last, into her cheek.

"Be sensible, Larry," she pleaded, in a low voice; "don't rave. I tried to spare you this, but you would not let me. Few people *are* left quite to themselves in this world, and, all things considered, it is quite as well that they should not be. What could you do with a wife like me? I have been educated for a future of wealth and luxury. Were I your bitterest enemy, I could not wrong you more than to marry you. Go home, and forget me as soon as possible."

He looked at her with a pale, bitter face.

"You would not dare to face the world alone with the man you loved?"

"No."

"With all your beauty you have no heroism."

"I would not Lawrence, for I could not! It is more than likely that marriage with you would cut me off from fortune, friends, society, and I am weak—I love ease, I am full of worldly wisdom and ambition. I am not fit for you, I am not worthy of you—cannot you see it for yourself?"

Alas! He could see nothing but the dark, languishing eyes uplifted to his own, the perfect beauty which had maddened him.

"You will marry the count!" said Lawrence Harding.

She colored angrily.

"Be so good as not to speak of him, Lawrence."

"All your ambition points that way. You might love me if you would, but you will not. You will marry him—you will slay your own happiness and mine alike. My God! How I could work for you, how I could love you!—how hard it is for me, as you sit here under my covetous eyes, to give you up to him!"

For an instant the cathedral reeled before Miss Sardis's sight.

In the organ an angel's voice seemed wailing for some great bliss for ever lost. It was only by a great effort that she recovered herself.

"The Bradfords are watching us, Lawrence; they are wondering what you can be saying to me. Go now, and let us forgive each other all things—sins of omission and commission alike—and part friends."

With a faint, forced smile she put out to him one pleading hand.

He took it—wrung it in his own.

"Under no circumstances can I be anything less than your friend, Ethel. Some time you may need me in that character, who knows?—some time you may wish that you had dared more for love's sake. As pious people say, God be with you, darling, and so good-by."

Never till her dying day would she forget his stern, reproachful eyes, as they looked down upon her in the light of the stained window; never would she forget that old cathedral, with its antique carving, its vaulted roof, its wailing, wonderful music.

"Good-by!"

The next moment Lawrence was gone.

She scarcely knew how she got out of the place and back to the hotel. He was gone, and she felt that she ought to be glad, and yet was not. Alice Bradford, too, worried her like a gnat.

"What could have ailed Lawrence Harding?" she said, "he did not so much as glance at mamma and I. I never saw him behave so rudely. Do you think there has been a duel, Ethel? We have not caught so much as a glimpse of Fred this morning, which seems very suspicious. I hope Lawrence has not killed the count—I am sure he looked as if something tragic had happened," and so on to the door of the hotel, Ethel answering evasively, or at random, or not at all.

An hour or two later a servant brought to Mrs. Sardis a message from Count Stahl. It was written at his Swiss friend's château, in the neighborhood of Lucerne—Fred Bradford's surmise regarding the count's movements had been found perfectly correct—and sealed with an elegant motto and crest.

"By an accident which has just befallen me," it ran in careful English, "I may be deterred from seeing you again for several days. This prospect makes me inconceivably wretched, for I am most anxious, most eager, dear madame, to speak with you on a subject of great importance—I think your own heart will tell you what I mean. Do not, I entreat you, suffer Miss Sardis to forget me during my forced exile from her presence, for that would be a punishment greater than I could bear.

"Devotedly yours,

"OTTO, COUNT STAHL."

Mother and daughter were seated together at a long, plate-glass window, opening on a vine-hung balcony and a

view of surpassing beauty. Ethel put down one of George Sand's novels to read the above communication, which her mother laid in her hand.

"You see," said Mrs. Sardis, "that Lawrence Harding's brutal attack upon the count, yesterday, has resulted in a meeting."

counter, if he did not really begin it. The count has lofty ideas of honor, and, properly enough, he considered the theft of your rose a piece of sheer impudence. If Lawrence does not leave Lucerne at once, I shall be forced to go to Interlaken, for after this affair I cannot and will not tolerate him longer."

MOTHER'S PET.

Ethel leaned carelessly forward to pluck a spray of ivy from the balcony.

"Yes, but you wrong Larry, do you not, mamma? He was not the aggressive party. It was the count who attacked him—you saw the affair yourself."

Mrs. Sardis's haughty face put on its most freezing look.

"Ethel, you surprise me! Harding provoked the en-

Ethel smiled oddly.

"Be at ease, mamma—he is gone already. I bade him farewell at the cathedral. By this time he is a long way on his road to Basle."

Mrs. Sardis gave her daughter a keen, comprehensive look.

"Gone! Thank heaven! Then we have seen the last

of him forever, for it is highly improbable that he can ever appear in society again. He will go home to his mother and sister—really, it is very hard for *them*—find a clerkship, or something, and Evelyn can teach music—she has talent that way. Of course they will not starve, but they are as dead to the world—*our* world—as if the grave had swallowed them up."

"Jack Severne is engaged to Evelyn, mamma," said Ethel, "and it is possible—just possible—that he may be man enough to marry her in spite of her loss of fortune."

"Possible, but not probable," replied Mrs. Sardis, calmly. "Did Lawrence propose to you before he went away?"

Ethel's eyes were fixed upon the hot, blue, hazy lake beyond the long window.

"Yes, mamma."

"And you answered——?"

"*No.*"

Mrs. Sardis drew a breath of relief.

"It was inevitable, I suppose. I am glad it is over. My dear child, you have great good sense. We will never mention his name again. And now, what does the count mean by this matter of importance upon which he wishes to speak with me? What *can* he mean, except that he is ready to offer you a coronet?"

This leader of the *haut ton*, this queen of society, who rarely indulged in demonstrations of any kind, leaned from her easy chair and kissed her daughter tenderly. She was happy. With Lawrence Harding's departure a mighty load seemed lifted from her heart. She could now remain in peace and safety at Lucerne to await the count's reappearance, and the question he wished to propound to her. Indignant as she would have felt had any one dared whisper that Ethel was capable of a *mésalliance*, she yet experienced a lively relief in finding that this troublesome lover had taken himself out of her way at last.

A few days of comparative quiet followed. The Bradfords departed for Italy, and Alice, in bidding adieu to her school-friend, said, with the spite peculiar to her age and sex:

"*Sans doute*, I shall soon hear important news from you, *ma chère*. I hope the count is not mercenary—these foreign noblemen usually are. Poor Larry Harding! Fred says he is sure to go to the dogs now—whatever that may mean. Your rejection of him in the midst of his other troubles was like Pelion piled upon Ossa. Well, adieu, dearest, till we meet again in Paris."

On the evening following the Bradfords' departure, Ethel stood alone at her window, looking listlessly out on the lake. She had just come up from dinner to write letters to her father and Bee. Day was dying. A crimson light, like a sheet of fire, rested on the distant snow-peaks, streamed along the broken amphitheatre of hills and flung its splendor over the blue water. Adown the promenade in front of the hotels people were strolling, laughing, talking in a half-dozen different languages. Boats flashed hither and thither; a steamer had just arrived from Weggis, and fresh tourists poured into the house. The shrill American voice was audible above all others—Miss Sardis wondered why the tones of her countrywomen should seem so much like their native north-east winds. Lovingly the sunset fell upon her as she stood framed in the window—lovingly it flashed adown her rich dinner-dress, touched a jewel at her throat, kissed the pale Greek face, with its wide, shining eyes and disdainful mouth, and glanced off the ripples and waves of her chestnut hair, marvelously dressed by Finette's skillful French fingers. It was small wonder that Mrs. Sardis courted a coronet for that matchless beauty.

The room grew dim. The fiery light died away on the distant peaks that thrust their mighty alabaster walls up against the purple of the eternal heaven. Out on the lake some boatmen were singing a wild, sweet Swiss air. She could hear no words, but the music was full of pain and passion—the old, old story, for ever new.

"Ethel!"

She started and turned, to find Mrs. Sardis standing at her side, calm and cool indeed, for who ever saw her otherwise? but with her thin, haughty face—yea, her extended hand and the very rustle of her gros grain dress full of suppressed triumph.

"Ethel, go to the *salon*—go at once; the count is there. I have given him permission to speak to you."

A certain startled expression overswept Ethel Sardis's pale face. She had scarcely expected to be called upon so soon to decide her own destiny.

At once! That was imperative, and brooked no delay. Mother and daughter exchanged one look; then Mrs. Sardis's jeweled fingers closed around Ethel's. She led her to the door.

"You will be envied beyond measure, at home and abroad," she whispered. "You will be the star, not of watering-places, but of courts. You will take your place among the great ones of earth——

"Go! You know my heart; he is all that I can desire. I shall order your *trousseau* in Paris before we start for home. Go!"

She had obeyed that voice all her life. She walked straight across the threshold of the door, which closed softly behind her, and entered a little *salon*, picturesque with the bare, waxed and polished floor, the tinted walls, the wide windows and flower-hung balcony peculiar to Swiss hotels. At a round table in the centre of the room stood the count, pale, handsome, his right arm in a sling, the dying light giving to his blonde face a sad, romantic look. He advanced to meet Miss Sardis, and led her to a seat with an air eager and adoring.

"I fear you have been ill," she began, looking hard at his disabled arm.

"Yes," he answered; "nothing less than illness could have kept me from *you* for six interminable days; they have seemed to me like so many centuries."

She did not answer. The scent of flowers floated in from the balcony; outside, the stars were already coming out above the Righi.

"Tell me," sighed the count, "have you thought of me once in my absence?"

"Once?" she echoed, with a sweet, slow smile; "oh, yes, many times."

He flung himself into an attitude of devotion seldom seen of late years, except upon the stage—that is, he fell at Ethel Sardis's feet.

"Madame your mother has given me permission to lay bare my heart," he cried. "I love you—I ask you to be my wife. Do you remember our first meeting in the forest at Baden-Baden? I vowed that day that, if it were possible, I would win you for my own. I followed you to Lucerne for that sole purpose. I desire nothing so much as the possession of your heart and hand. Tell me, may I hope?"

His blue eyes, uplifted to the face of the American girl, glowed with eager passion. His kneeling figure was full of grace and strength and utter adoration. Verily, he was in earnest! With all his soul he desired to have this girl. And she? What did her heart say? What did her ambition say? Would she be a countess or not? Would she at this moment turn traitor to the school in which she had been so carefully reared?

"Speak!" implored the count; "do not keep me in suspense. I lay my heart at your feet, and with it my ancient

name, my ancestral estates, my hotel in Paris, my honors, my wealth, my all! Speak! Tell me that I am the most blessed of men—say that you will marry me!"

For a moment the little *salon* seemed whirling before her eyes. A face came between her own and the count's—a brown, handsome, clear-cut face, full of stern anger and reproach. And then it was over; her fate, for evil or for good, was sealed. She held out her hand, and the count seized and carried it to his lips.

"You are mine?" he cried.

Her eyes did not droop before his, nor her cheek redden. In a sweet, even voice that had in it neither tremor nor embarrassment, she answered: "I am yours!"

* * * * * * *

That night, when the placid moon was shining over the Righi, the lake and the two spires of the old cathedral, Ethel sat alone in her own chamber, and wrote as follows to Beatrix Sardis:

"I am engaged to Count Stahl, and mamma is very, very happy. Does not your prophetic heart already hear her talking grandly to her dear five hundred friends of 'My daughter, the countess'? And think of all those belles with whom I disputed laurels at Saratoga and Newport last season—how piqued they will be, *ma chère*, at my good fortune. Shall I like to be a countess, do you ask? Yea, verily!—what girl would not? I am no better than the rest of my kind. If one does not live for society, mamma says, one may as well be out of the world; and she ought to know. I like distinction and homage—I like to fill people with envy and admiration. Think of me as the wife of a poor man! Would not you pity the man, Bee? Moreover, it would not be safe for mamma's daughter to make an imprudent marriage. Often she has frankly declared that she would leave me to starve without remorse or compassion—that she would direct papa to bequeath his wealth to charities, and disown me altogether, should I dare to disgrace her in that way. Ugh! it was no idle threat, either, for she is a woman of character—capable of many hard and unpleasant things. Now, however, my future is settled to her entire satisfaction. She is absorbed, heart and soul, in the thought of my prospective honors, my *trousseau*, and the splendor with which she means to solemnize my wedding. Congratulate me, darling Bee. How can I fail to be happy in the possession of a title, a hotel in Paris, and old castles and estates in Saxony? Of course you are now at Newport with Miss Vann, catching your first glimpses of fashionable life, and waiting impatiently for your *début*. Unsophisticated darling! Take care that you do not lose your little, warm heart to any of Charlotte Vann's male friends, for she particularly affects poor young men of genius, and papa has full control of your person and your fortune till you are twenty-one, you know. I warn you, mamma would oppose a *mésalliance* in your case quite as determinedly as in mine. A *mariage de raison*, Bee, is the proper thing, the only thing, for both of us. ETHEL."

CHAPTER VII.

A NEW LODGER.

FIVE steady, solemn strokes rang out from the clock on the mantel. Valentine Black, humble clerk in the Boston banking house of Sardis & Co., started out of a maze of troubled thought, and pushing back his chair, rose up from the round table, like a man waking from sleep. But he had not slept.

Somewhere in the wee sma' hours, after a long, a very long, talk with her nephew, Aunt Affry had hobbled away to take a little repose, but not Val. He had been listening to a strange revelation, to the unfolding of a secret, kept religiously for years, and his head was in a whirl, his mind full of amazement, confusion, perplexity. All night long he had sat there, unmindful of the passing hours—a most unusual circumstance, for this happy-go-lucky fellow was not given to solitary vigils or midnight meditations. His habits were regular, his conscience clear.

As he arose now from the table, his eyes fell on the newspaper, folded at the paragraph which had agitated Miss Affry so much on the preceding evening. He caught it up in a hurried, guilty way, tore it in strips and tossed it into the fireless stove; then went over to the window, drew up the white shade, and gazed out into the morning.

"Strange! I cannot comprehend it yet!" he muttered, and his rugged, good-natured face looked five years older, at least, than on the preceding night. "Can I go back to my desk to-day, as if I did not know this thing? Can I keep my secret as faithfully as Aunt Affry has kept it all these years? God help me! Have I strength, or have I not, to be the same man still—to forget all that I have heard, and act as if it was still unknown to me?—*ah!*"

The door that opened on the narrow hall was standing ajar. Miss Black's lodgers were scarcely astir, as yet, but down the stair Val saw a stealthy figure creeping—a forlorn, miserable, haggard figure—Moll Dill. Over her unkempt, black hair an old hood was tied, a tattered shawl covered her shoulders. She unbarred the door and like an unclean thing, stole out into the early day. He watched her vanish down the court—watched the last flutter of her ragged shawl in the distance, and something very like a shudder shook his stalwart figure. Mercy's mother!—his own prospective mother-in law!

"Mercy is beautiful and good," Aunt Affry had said to him on the previous night, "but you will never marry her—never!"

The ominous words rushed back anew to his memory, Did any truth dwell in them? Had the night's meditation wrought any change in his heart toward Aunt Affry's fair young lodger? The telling of Aunt Affry's secret had altered all his life in a moment—it made him look at the world this morning with changed eyes, but did it overturn his idol—did it lead him to already wish to recall the words spoken only a few hours before? And just then he heard a second step on the stair, and this time it was Mercy herself descending with a little cracked pitcher in her hand—going out, as he knew well enough, for the milk for her humble breakfast.

I have said that the stair at No. 10, Seedy Court, was narrow and dingy, and poorly carpeted with oil-cloth; but as that girl appeared upon it, it seemed all at once to become something beautiful and grand. There she was, with her perfect, statuesque figure and glorious, young face, her deer-like head crowned with rippling masses of golden hair, her violet, velvet eyes looking darker, sadder than ever under their splendid, night-black lashes. Rich she was in beauty, though so poor in everything else. She might be the child of a drunken outcast, a woman who had been before the Police Court, and served one sentence, at least, in a reformatory, but what lady in all the length and breadth of the city could match her loveliness, her strange, unconscious air of breeding, the calm, white innocence of her heroic young face? He had time to look at her well—time to think of his own position and of all the barriers, present and future, which might thrust them apart—as she glided softly down the stair. What did he mean to do? Did he still choose her from all the world—this poor, young banking-house clerk, who had pretended to love the girl a few hours before? The blood rushed like fire through his veins, flashes of light burned under his eyelids. He stepped out into the hall and met her face to face, just as she put out her hand to open the outer door.

"Mercy—darling!"

The two words burst from his lips in a great, involuntary cry.

The color surged into her beautiful, shy face. She looked at him with a surprised, half-timid air. Haggard, sleepless, worn—it was plain that something had happened to Val. In a dry, hot clasp he held her hand as if he would never let it go.

"What is the matter?" said Mercy, quickly, "are you ill?—is anything wrong with Miss Affry?"

"No, to both questions," answered Val, "how early you are up! Good heaven! what a hard life it is, sewing from dawn till midnight. Is it always so?"

"Usually—but I don't mind it," she replied, evasively, "at least, not much."

He took up his hat and followed her out.

The pavement glistened with last night's rain. Seedy Court was very still, but in the distance the rumbling of milk wagons could be heard over the stones of the street. As Mercy glanced up at her lover—at his broad shoulders and red hair, and strong, unhandsome face, it seemed to her that he had put on a grave dignity, a certain solemn, reflective air, as strange as it was new.

"Mercy," he said, before he had gone a half-dozen steps, "I wish you would tell me that you love me here in open daylight—I want to make sure that I have not been dreaming."

Pursuing a milkman at half past five in the morning may not be a favorable condition under which to talk sentiment; but these humble young folks did not think of that. Romance had little to do with either of their lives. Mercy's violet eyes fell, and her low voice faltered:

"I love you," she answered, sadly, solemnly; "it is no dream."

"Blessings on you!" cried Val, with a tremor of his strong, square mouth. "And I—if I loved you last night, I adore you this morning! It's a blessed wonder how you, with your dainty beauty, should ever come to think of an ugly clown like me—a fellow who has no earthly right to any such good luck."

She made a little gesture.

"Don't! you hurt me when you talk like that—exalting me when I have cause—*such* cause!—to be the lowliest of women. Did you—did you tell Miss Affry?"

"Yes."

She kept her eyes on the wet pavement along which they were walking slowly—very slowly.

"What—did—she—say?"

The unbecoming blood flew into his rugged face and out again.

"It's all right," he answered, hastily—"it's all quite right, darling! Did I not say we had nothing to fear from Aunt Affry? She will not meddle with us in the least. She wants me to be happy above all things, and trusts perfectly my judgment to decide how I can best compass that end."

She gave him a quiet, searching look.

"You do not tell me what she *said*, Val."

"I really don't remember the exact words," replied Val, with great effrontery; "they were of no importance, I assure you—she wished me to do as I thought best. Have no fear; we shall meet with no opposition from Aunt Affry. Some other time I'll think up every syllable of her conversation on the subject and repeat it to you faithfully. Now, however, give me your hand—nobody is looking—the court is quite deserted. It's an odd place for a betrothal, but we do not care for that, do we? There! now you are pledged to me, Mercy, and as God is my witness I will never give you up, come what may."

He slipped upon her finger a plain, old-fashioned gold band—the very ring that Aunt Affry had given him the preceding night.

"It was once my mother's," said Val, simply; "it is now my betrothed wife's. Wear it, and remember that you are mine, Mercy—whatever happens, you are mine."

How oddly he spoke! Clearly he was thinking of something unpleasant. Mercy wrinkled her brows in a perplexed way.

"I am yours," she said, thoughtfully, "till you grow ashamed of me—till you cease to care for me, Val."

"Then you are mine for ever!" he cried. "Ashamed of you! How dare you speak of such an impossible, outrageous thing? Cease to care for you! Let me tell you that I am a very plain, boorish sort of a fellow, but there is some manhood in me, after all—some tenacity of feeling and of purpose. I can no more help loving you than I can help breathing. I could no more resist your beauty and youth, your innocence and loneliness when you came to us here, than steel can resist the magnet that draws it. And once giving up to you my whole heart, how can I ever recall it? I could not if I would, I would not if I could. I love you! that tells the whole story, and—I said as much to you last night—I count myself uncommonly fortunate in winning you."

They had now reached the end of the court, and the appearance of a milk-wagon there cut short the conversation. Mercy made her humble purchase and retraced her steps, Val bearing the cracked pitcher and walking by her side as proudly and loyally as if she were a princess. He *did* love her with a power and passion that startled even himself.

"I cannot let you go on as you are," he said, as they reached the door of No. 10—"working day and night for bare subsistence. It is true I have not much to offer you, but I can save you from actual hardship, and by and by better times are sure to dawn for me. With you to work for, there is nothing I cannot do. You'll not be afraid to take up life with me, even at my present salary—will you, darling?"

"Afraid? oh, no!" she answered in a low, steady voice, "but don't talk of that—yet—don't! You must have time to think well of what you are doing; Miss Affry must have time to be quite sure that I am welcome in her home; and—and my mother—I must have time to think about her, and to do something for her. There! let me take the pitcher now—I hope no one has seen you with it."

"I don't care if the whole city sees me."

They were in the shadow of the door, and he gathered her up to him, regardless of the splashing lacteal fluid, and kissed her fervently.

A moment after, Mercy was decorously ascending the stair with her breakfast, and Val walked into Miss Affry's sitting-room, humming, derisively:

> "When Adam delved and Eve span
> Who was then the gentleman?"

Miss Affry was spreading the table for breakfast. She had not slept either, as her weary eyes and anxious face showed plainly. She gave her "boy" a quick, questioning glance.

He went straight up to her and laid his hand on her rheumatic shoulder.

"I have thought it all over, as you bade me, Aunt Affry, I have been all night thinking of it, and this is the conclusion I have reached: I love her, and every consideration I have been able to think of falls dead before that one fact. Whether I could live without her or not I do not know, but I shall not make the experiment. I shall marry her—I shall take the goods the gods provide, and ask no questions of the future."

A little shadow flitted across her old face; then she smiled brightly up at him from her vastly inferior height.

"Just as you think best, laddie! *I* shall not meddle in the matter at all, only consider well what you are doing—there may be much, very much involved in it that you cannot foresee now."

He made an impatient gesture.

"I know—I shall marry her, my mind is made up."

"Very well," returned Miss Affry, in a voice of calm resignation, "I have had good reason in my day, God knows, to distrust love-matches, but I say, very well! whatever you do, you are sure of Aunt Affry's blessing, boy—and of her devotion to you and yours."

He knew that well enough. He gave her a grateful glance, then, as if casting away from him a burden—the burden, perhaps, of the secret he held with her. He made a hasty breakfast and went away to his daily toil—to the familiar desk in the banking-house of Sardis & Co., where his fellow-clerks would snub him, jest with him, and exchange commonplaces; never dreaming that the big, loutish fellow who had once been an office-boy in the establishment, and was the shabbiest of all the clerks, could have anything mysterious in his life, past, present, or to come.

Val had always been the butt of his companions at the banking-house. He worked the hardest of them all, and received the poorest pay. He wore threadbare coats, and was the unresisting victim of all sorts of impositions from his associates. His poverty was well known among them; also the fact that he lived with a decrepit aunt who kept lodgers in a wretched part of the city.

Though he had risen from the post of office-boy, no favor had ever been shown him in the establishment. Jacob Phillips, the head clerk, called him the least efficient man there.

"Black is an honest fellow," he was wont to say, but dull—abominably dull. He'll be nothing but a poor plodder as long as he lives."

As for Cullen Sardis, that great capitalist never interested himself in his employés, nor pretended to know them—always excepting Phillips himself, who had long been the banker's confidant and friend. It is probable that he had never heard the name of Valentine Black—certainly he knew nothing of his faults or his merits.

Meanwhile, in the back chamber at No. 10, Seedy Court, Mercy Dill sat at her eternal stitching. On her window-sill bloomed a pot of violets which Val had given her. An unwonted light was shining in her great wells of eyes—the light of a new, strange happiness. She looked shyly at the ring on her hand—Val's ring—then drew it off and turned it to the light.

Oh the inner side these letters, in old English text, were inscribed: "R. A. to C. B."

"R. A.," meditated Mercy; "that was his father, but—A. does not stand for Black! That is strange."

So it was. Nevertheless, she kissed the little, shining, old-fashioned thing with a thrill of rapture. It would have required something more than a wrong letter to put her out this morning. Some one loved her. She was no longer alone in the world. Many thoughts began to flit through her little head. Would she disgrace Val *very* much by marrying him? Only a few days before, Aunt Affry had said to her:

"You're a wonderful girl, Mercy! How is it that you always speak and act like a lady—you, who were brought up in a North End tenement house?"

"I don't know—I cannot help it," Mercy had answered, simply.

"Did you ever go to school?"

"Yes, a little."

"And did they learn you to talk and act there?"

"I'm not sure—I think it came to me without learning."

"Bless the child, so it did!" Miss Affry had cried. "You're a lady by instinct, Mercy, just as a lily is a lily, though it grows out of foul mud."

She remembered those words now—how happy they made her!

"I would like to be a lady for Val's sake," she thought—Val, whom Jacob Phillips called a dull plodder, seemed to this little seamstress like a king among men. "I would like to be all that is beautiful and good, for *his* sake!"

Presently, as the sweet thoughts flitted like happy birds through her brain, she began to sing one of her beloved "gospel songs." Moll Dill's daughter was deeply religious. She went to the mission chapel every Sabbath of her life, and read her Bible daily, like a little saint. Her voice was a strong, silver-sweet soprano—uncultivated, indeed, but wonderful in strength and purity.

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my hope on Thee is staid,
All my trust from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head,
With the shadow of Thy wing."

Little did Mercy suspect the urgent need she had to make this solemn invocation. At the very moment when its pathetic words were falling from her lips, something happened below stairs. The bell of No. 10 rang smartly, and Miss Affry Black, as fast as her rheumatic limbs would carry her, ran to answer the summons.

As she opened the door her defective eyes discerned upon the steps a man standing, lithe and elegant of figure, faultless in attire. He doffed his hat to Miss Affry, turning upon her a swarthy, pock-marked face, with a carefully-waxed moustache and supernaturally bright black eyes.

"You haf lodgings to let, madame?" he said, with a smile that disclosed a set of glittering teeth, and an accent that bespoke foreign origin. He waved his gloved hand expressively toward the placard which hung for two-thirds of the time, at least, in Miss Black's window. Somehow, lodgers were hard to obtain in Seedy Court.

"Yes, sir," she answered, quite awed by his eloquence.

"Would it trouble madame too much to show the rooms?" he asked.

"No, indeed; I shall be most glad, I'm sure." And she stepped back to let him enter. "I have two, sir—a front chamber up the first flight, very airy and pleasant, sir, and an attic, which I'm sure *you* will not want."

He bowed and smiled again—he was very, very full of smiles and bows.

"I will look at ze chamber if madame pleases; I think ze chamber will suit me. I wish for a second floor, airy, pleasant. I hope madame has a good class of lodgers?"

Miss Affry led the way up the stairs.

"Indeed I have. Working people, sir, but very orderly, very quiet."

Her heart misgave her a moment when she thought of Moll Dill, but she opened the door of her second floor front, and the gentleman entered to inspect it.

It was a very unpretending room, and its humble appointments looked sadly out of keeping with the elegance of this applicant. Indeed, the contrast was so great that Miss Affry's spirits fell at once. In fear and trembling she stood awaiting his decision, while he walked from one window to the other, gazing critically around him, and deliberating, evidently, upon the attractions of the place. And all the while, from the small back chamber across the landing, Mercy Dill's young voice was pouring out like a bird's—pouring straight into the room and into the greedy ears of this man, whose wicked eyes grew blacker and brighter than ever as he listened.

"All my hope on Thee is staid,
All my trust from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head,
With the shadow of Thy wing."

He turned quickly to Miss Affry.

"The rent, madame?" he demanded.

"Two dollars per week, sir, which isn't bad, I hope, for a furnished room."

He drew out a handsome, well-filled purse.

"No, madame. I pay for one month in advance, and I take possession—well, let us say in a day or two. It suits me well."

"I'm very glad," said Miss Affry, out of her great symplicity of heart, "and you are very kind, I'm sure. May I ask your name?"

He was still listening to that pathetic hymn across the passage, but he recovered himself quickly, and bowed half way to the floor.

"I am Signor Discordo, madame—a professor of music. I haf pupils—well, everywhere. They calls me much from ze city. I shall not be here all ze time, but I shall pay well for ze room, and always in advance."

"A professor of music! I'm afraid that is *very* genteel for this court," thought Miss Affry, much impressed; and then she said aloud, with some hesitation:

"I suppose you do not play much upon French horns and trombones, and such things, at night, sir? It's somewhat disturbing to a neighborhood—not that I myself care—oh, no! but my nephew and the other lodgers might object."

"French horns! No, madame," said Signor Discordo, "nevair! I abhor them; you shall not be so tormented. I play not at my lodgings—I bring no trombones here. Pardon—zat is a divine voice—zat in ze next room, madame!"

"Yes," answered Miss Affry, shortly.

"One of madame's lodgers?"

"Yes. I suppose, sir, you can give me reference?"

"Certainly."

He drew a card from his pocket and penciled two or three names thereon. Miss Affry just glanced at them, saw that they were all foreign, and put the card in her pocket. Being somewhat careless in her ways, she lost it an hour or two after, and so never sought for the owners of the names. This did not matter much, however. Miss Affry, being unsuspicious by nature, felt that she could easily dispense with references from a lodger who paid his money in advance.

"Is all satisfactory, madame?" said the Signor.

"Yes, sir," answered Miss Affry.

The two stepped out upon the landing. As they did so, the door of the back room opened suddenly, and Mercy Dill appeared, dressed as if for going out. Signor Discordo drew back a step at the head of the stair to let her pass. Involuntarily she looked up; her eyes met his. She recoiled, and, with a paling cheek, a glance of angry amaze, a half-smothered exclamation, recognized the man who had followed her along the rainy, dismal street upon the previous day.

The shock of this encounter nearly took her breath. Who was he? What was he doing here—here, under the same roof with her? Had Miss Affry's vision been less defective she might have noticed something very odd in the appearance both of Mercy and her new lodger; but, being as blind as a bat, she did not see the bold, triumphant gaze of the man nor the astonished, indignant look of the girl. The next moment Mercy darted back and vanished in her own room, and Signor Discordo descended to the dingy hall, talking graciously to his new landlady, and there, with a deep, deferential bow, took his departure.

When Val came home to dinner that day Miss Affry had news for him.

"I have let the second floor front, laddie," she said, brightly, "to a nice—oh, a very nice gentleman! Indeed, it's a wonder how one like him can be content in Seedy Court."

"Who is he?" queried Val, carelessly; he never interested himself in his aunt's lodgers—Mercy Dill excepted.

"A foreigner—a teacher of music. You needn't frown—he has promised not to play here, and he behaved most beautifully, Val—paid four weeks in advance, and was polite beyond everything."

"I am glad for your sake," said Val, briefly, and there the matter dropped.

The way was clear for Signor Discordo, "a professor of music," to take up his abode at No. 10, Seedy Court, under the same roof with the girl whose address he had bought of Joseph, the organ-grinder.

(To be continued.)

CORSICAN FUNERAL RITES.

In Corsica wailing and chanting is kept up, off and on, from the hour of death to the hour of burial. The news that the head of the family has expired is quickly communicated to his relatives and friends in the surrounding hamlets, who hasten to form themselves into a troop or band, locally called the *scirrata*, and thus advance in procession toward the house of mourning. If the death was caused by violence, the *scirrata* makes a halt when it arrives in sight of the village, and then it is that the Corsican women tear their hair and scratch their faces till the blood flows, just as do their sisters in Dalmatia and Montenegro. The widow awaits the *scirrata* by the door of her house, and, as it draws near, the leader steps forth and throws a black vail over her head to symbolize her widowhood; the term of which must offer a dreary prospect to a woman who has the misfortune to lose her husband while she is still in the prime of life, for public opinion insists that she remain for years in almost total seclusion.

The mourners, and as many as can enter the room, assemble round the body, which lies stretched on a table or plank supported by benches; it is draped in a long mantle, or it is clothed in the dead man's best suit. Now begins the dirge, or *vocero*. Two persons will perhaps start off singing together, and in that case the words cannot be distinguished; but more often only one gets up at a time. She will open her song with a quietly-delivered eulogy of the virtues of the dead, and a few pointed allusions to the most important events of his life; but before long she warms to her work, and pours forth volleys of rhythmic lamentation with a fire and animation that stir up the women present into a frenzied delirium of grief, in which, as the præfica pauses to take breath, they howl, dig their nails into their flesh, throw themselves on the ground, and sometimes cover their heads with ashes. When the dirge is ended they join hands and dance frantically round the plank on which the body lies. More singing takes place on the way to the church and thence to the graveyard.

After the funeral the men do not shave for weeks, and the women let their hair go loose and occasionally cut it off at the grave—cutting off the hair being, by the way, a universal sign of female mourning; it was done by the women of ancient Greece, it is done by the women of India. A good deal of eating and drinking brings the ceremonials to a close. If the bill of fare comes short of that recorded of the funeral feast of Sir John Paston, of Barton, when 1,300 eggs, forty-one pigs, forty calves and ten nete were but a few of the items—nevertheless, the Corsican baked meats fall very heavily upon the pockets of such families as deem themselves compelled to "keep up a position." Sixty

persons is not an extraordinary number to be entertained at the banquet, and there is, over and above, a general distribution of bread and meat to the poorer neighbors. Mutton in Summer and pork in Winter are esteemed the viands proper to the occasion.

In happy contrast to all this lugubrious feasting is the simple cup of milk drank by each kinsman of the shepherd who dies in the mountains, in which case his body is laid out, like Robin Hood's, in the open air, a green sod under his head, his loins begirt with the pistol-belt, his gun at his side, his dog at his feet. Curious are the superstitions of the Corsican shepherds touching death. The dead, they say, call the living in the night-time, and he who answers will soon follow them. They believe, too, that if you listen attentively after dark you may hear at times the low beating of a drum, which announces that a soul has passed.

LEAR, THE NONSENSE-POET.

He is a great, broad-shouldered, healthy Englishman, who spends a large portion of his valuable time in making children especially happy. He is the classmate and much-loved friend of Alfred Tennyson (whose beautiful poem to E. L. means Edward Lear); and if you chanced, a few years back, to go to Farringford about Christmas-time, you would have been likely to find a tall, elderly man, in enormous goggles, down on all-fours on the carpet, and reciting, in the character of a lively and classical hippopotamus, new nonsense-verses to a dozen children, amid a roar of laughter —a very undignified position, certainly, for one of the best Greek scholars in Europe, for a landscape-painter unrivaled anywhere, and the author of half-a-dozen learned quartos of travels in Albania, Illyria, Calabria and other interesting countries! But what a delight he is personally to the juniority of England wherever he is known! A few years ago he was obliged to build a cottage in Ravenna, in Italy, and lived there a portion of the year in order to get time for painting and study; for when he is in London the little people, whom he passionately loves and cannot live without, run after him, as they did after the Pied Piper of Hamelin, to that extent he has no leisure for his profession. When it is known that the delightful old fellow is on his way back to England for the holidays, many of the castles and other great residences are on the alert with invitations to secure him for as much time as he can give them. Generations of children have clustered about him in different Christmas seasons. He dedicates his first "Book of Nonsense" "to the great-grandchildren, grand-nephews and grand-nieces of the thirteenth Earl of Derby, the greater part of the book having been originally composed for their parents."

Prime favorite as he is among the Argyles and Devonshires, he has an immense clientele among the poor and overworked peasantry of various countries. Having been a traveler so many years, and so conversant with the languages of the Continent, he is just as much at home with his fun and his wide goggles in the mountain-passes of Switzerland and Spain as he is in the great houses of England.

Long life to Edward Lear, and continued success to his ministry of good nature about the world! He promised, not long ago, he would come to America before he got too old to see our country, and we hope some day not far distant to see him, so full of genial wit and drollery, cutting up his harmless and healthful antics for the amusement of the boys and girls of America. One of his sayings, at least, deserves immortality: "The world will never grow old," he said, "so long as it has little children and flowers in it."

AN ADVENTURE IN THE DESERT OF TUNIS.

While on duty in the Mediterranean, and compelled to put in at Tunis for some repairs, I got leave of absence to strike into the interior and roam amid the ruins of a state that was once the powerful rival of Rome. We reached Zaghouan and its ruined temple, and halted for four days in that delicious garden. Around the ancient ruins was a delightful landscape. The carob-tree, rose-laurel, bananas and figs abounded, their solitude broken only by the light murmur of the water; behind the temple rose Mount Zaghouan, the Zeughitanus of the Latin writers, called by the Arabs, Kelbez-Zocol, the Dog of the Pass.

But we had to leave this charming spot, with its fresh breezes, its beautiful flowers, its fruit and game. Five hours' march brought us suddenly on a camp, all excited at a recent lion visit. This recalled us to the Desert at once. I tried my revolvers, loaded my carbine, and directed all in the little caravan to be on the alert. Then we pushed on, my guide ahead, my dragoman at my side. Suddenly a distant noise struck on my newly awakened sense of hearing.

"What was that?" said I to one of my friends beside me.

"Nothing," he replied. "I can't see a thing or hear a sound."

"But I both see and hear!" I cried, pointing, as I spoke. "See that Arab dashing on. There he goes wheeling around Assan, the guide. There, you cannot see him now, for the dust. What's up? He and Assan are aiming at each other!"

We were on the plateau, shut in on the right and left by a regular corral of ravines and thorns.

Before we could recover, the guide galloped up to us, and the Arab disappeared. Assan soon explained. The Arab was a thief surprised in a tent, and as he was pursued by two hundred men, he sought protection from us.

"Queer way to ask protection," said I, "to aim at your heart. Why did you not fire?"

"Ah, sir, I know them too well. Had I fired, my gun would have been heard, and it might have cost our whole party their lives."

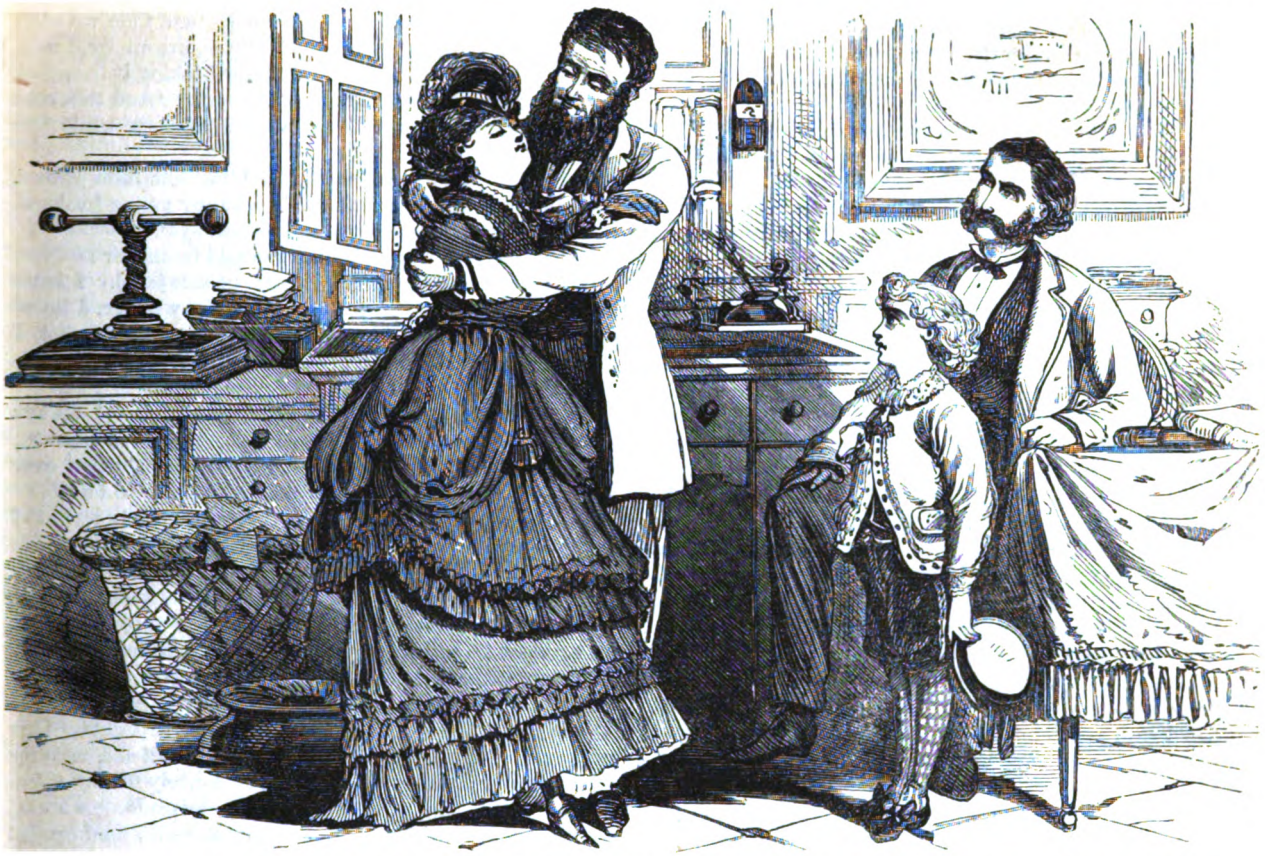
By this time more than two hundred Bedouins poured in upon the plateau from all sides, and came menacingly toward us, each grasping his gun in his right hand, some with lance or yataghan also, others carrying women or children, rudely armed. Stones began to fly around us.

Then I drew up, unslung my carbine, and with my revolver ready, awaited the first shot, to sail in desperately. All at once the fugitive came wheeling from our rear, pursued by four Bedouins, who, as they gained, each sent a ball into his back. His horse gave one bound, the wretch fell lifeless to the ground, and, as if by magic, the whole of our assailants vanished, and we stood alone.

Soon, however, others came running up to wreak their vengeance on the victim, and we learned all. The pursuers, who had been galloping for two hours, thought we had sheltered the villain, and were about to punish our interference, when, luckily for us, the course of his flight led him in sight of our assailants, and saved us from a struggle in which we might die with honor, but which we could never hope to see lead to any but a tragic close.

Patient Suffering.—There is a sanctity in suffering, when strongly, meekly borne. Our duty, though set about by thorns, may still be made a staff, supporting even while it tortures. Cast it away, and, like the prophet's wand, it becomes a snake.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE DESERT OF TUNIS.—"THE FUGITIVE CAME WHEELING FROM OUR REAR, PURSUED BY FOUR BEDOUINS, WHO, AS THEY GAINED, EACH SENT A BALL INTO HIS BACK."—SEE PAGE 207.



UNTIL DEATH US DO PART.—"SHE GAVE ONE WILD, TERRIFIED GLANCE AT THE APPARITION BEFORE HER, AND THEN FELL FAINTING INTO THE ARMS THAT HAD LONGED TO CLASP HER FOR FIVE YEARS."

UNTIL DEATH US DO PART.

I WAS sitting, one evening last Summer (said my friend, Lawyer E——), on a bench in Madison Park, trying to coax coolness out of the sultry air. I had smoked three *principios* since dinner, and eaten an ice; but was not a whit cooler for all my efforts. In fact, it has always struck me that all effort to keep cool invariably defeats itself; and I have always heartily pitied those ladies who are deluded with the idea that the exertion of fanning themselves could possibly reduce the temperature.

Too flaccid in body and mind for even thinking, I sat aimlessly poking holes in the path with my cane. Suddenly I felt something hard against the point of the slender ratan I was playing with—so hard that the cane bent from contact with it.

"A stone," I thought, lazily, and a sudden and irrational desire to dislodge it took possession of me.

Making a sudden push toward it, it yielded to the onslaught, and, taking a sudden leap into the air, fell rattling at my feet.

Amazement took possession of me as I stooped to pick it up. What was it that had moved my hand, without purpose or knowledge on my part, to rake up from its burial-place a gem of rare value and brilliancy? It was a heavily-set diamond, of uncommon size, and of the first water!

I picked it up and examined it carefully. It was a very small ring—one evidently made to fit a most slender and delicate finger. I tried it on my little finger, but it refused to go even over the first knuckle. Then, of course, my imagination set out on a search after the probable owner of the gem—the delicate, fragile being who could

"Shut perfection in so small a ring."

Here, then, was an object of interest. The air did not seem so stagnant as before, breezes seemed to have sprung up, life once more had a motive. And what motive? Only to find the owner of a lost diamond? And what could she possibly be to me, an old man, or, if not positively old, still beyond my prime?

The answer my thoughts gave to this question was, that people frequently feel an interest in each other in this world, unaccountable by any chain of argument that logic can weave.

I went home—I was a widower, and lived in hired apartments—and bethought myself how I should word an advertisement, which I proposed to insert in the *Herald* the next morning.

I had examined the ring carefully. The jewel was set in a crown of gold, very heavy and elaborately chased; and inside the ring, opposite the setting, were inscribed the words "Maurice to Aletea"; and underneath this, in very diminutive letters, this inscription in the Spanish language: "*Hasta que nos separaramos la muerte*" (Until death us do part).

It was, then, quite evidently a wedding-ring, and this of course added to its interest in my eyes; for I am romantic, in spite of my fifty years, and the fact that I belong to the practical profession of the law. I advertised the jewel in this wise:

"FOUND, in Madison Park, a valuable diamond ring. If the owner will call on Charles E——, at his office, No. — Wall Street, between the hours of 11 A.M. and 3 P.M., he can have the ring, on proving property. To save trouble—the inscription inside the ring is in a foreign language."

Of course I had plenty of visitors the next day; but none of them were able to inform me as to the names, nor the sentiment inside the ring. And it was for a whole week

that I was bored with people who sought to prove their ownership of this valuable little piece of property. Many of these were so evidently mere thieves, that it was with difficulty I restrained myself from giving them good speed with the toe of my boot.

But at the end of the week a gentleman called who threw some light on the subject. He inquired about the ring, gave me the size of it, the names inscribed inside it, and the Spanish sentiment; and then informed me that he was not the owner of the ring, but that he had a motive in calling on me, which, if I would have the goodness to listen, he would proceed to explain.

The man was evidently a gentleman, and seemed to me to be greatly troubled. He was a tall, handsome person of about thirty, with fine, dark-blue eyes and auburn hair and beard. All the while he was talking to me I noticed that his eyes wandered continually from my face to the door of my office, as though in eager expectation of the entrance of somebody.

"You are aware, of course, sir," I answered him, "that I am a business man, and that my time is not absolutely at my own disposal. Nevertheless, I will devote a short time to you, as I have no immediate pressing engagement."

"I see that you are a lawyer, sir," he said, "and shall appreciate the favor you are so good as to bestow upon me. And I hope you will consent to act as my counsel, in case I should require any."

"I will do so with pleasure," said I, bowing. "Please to proceed with your story."

"The owner of that ring," said he, plunging at once *in medias res*, "is my wife."

"The ring, then, belongs to you, sir," I said, rather puzzled and surprised.

"In a sense, it belongs to me," he answered; "but wait till you hear my story through. I was married to this lady five years ago, in this city. She is a Spanish lady, of a noble family of refugees, and her maiden name was Aletea de Casablanca.

"The marriage was one of intense love on both sides, but was violently opposed by the lady's parents; who, on the ground of my being a Protestant and a republican, chose to consider it a disgrace that their daughter should marry me, notwithstanding that I came from a well-bred stock, and was possessed of an ample fortune.

"After our elopement and marriage, however, they seemed all at once to overlook their former objections, and were disposed, as far as appeared, to make the best of matters. They received me as their son-in-law with every manifestation of affection, and, as an earnest of their confidence, proposed that I should go to Cuba to take charge of a large sugar-estate, or *ingenio*, owned by my father-in-law, and which was now solely under the care of an overseer, in whom he had begun to lose confidence.

"'But you must not take Aletea with you the first year,' said my mother-in-law, a portly Spanish dame, who had not outlived her beauty at forty-five. 'I cannot think of her leaving me just yet. You will have her, you know, all your life, *hijo mio*, and she is my only daughter—the only one left me by the *buen Dios*, of a family of eight beautiful children. You can go and prepare everything for your wife's reception. It may be that on your arrival you will not find all things so pleasant as you will be able to make them by-and-by.'

"All this seemed reasonable and natural enough, though Heaven knows what it cost me to part, even for a time, from my beloved Aletea. But I was willing to show my appreciation of the unexpected kindness of her family, particularly as she, like a dutiful and affectionate daughter as she was, seconded her mother's wish.

"'It will be only for a short time, *queridito*,' she said, with her beautiful arms round my neck, 'and then we shall be together, never to be parted any more, except by death. That is what my ring says, you know,' taking it from her tiny finger and twirling it before my eyes. 'And this ring shall be my talisman, to keep me from all harm while you are gone.'

"'Superstitious girl!" said I, holding her little brown hand in mine, and looking, as only a happy young husband can look, into her glorious, velvety-black eyes.

"Her face was very serious as she said in answer:

"'I am superstitious, Maurice, about this jewel. I *know* it is charmed. So long as I keep it on my finger, I know that I am safe, and, therefore, I fear to lose it. In fact, I am quite sure that if I lost it, some dreadful fate would come between you and me.'

"'*Que tonteria!*" I said, speaking, as I almost always spoke to her, in the beautiful tongue that she was born to. 'As though a silly diamond could have any influence over our destinies! As if our love was not superior to fate!'

"'I know it seems like folly,' was her reply; 'but I cannot help it. I shall regard the ring as sacredly—more sacredly than the hand that wears it.'

"'No doubt you will take good care of it, Aletea, for my sake,' I said, becoming rather tired of the subject. 'But let us waste no more words upon anything so insignificant. There are other and dearer matters for us to discuss before we part.'

"So the subject was dismissed from our thoughts. Our parting was, of course, hard for us both; but she, usually so passionate and impulsive, bore up bravely for my sake. And I— Well, had any shadow of coming events been cast before me, I should not have gone away with the hopeful heart I did.

"I found the eye of a master greatly needed at the *ingenio*. The idea of giving pleasure to my father-in-law, by assiduous attention to his interests, conspired with a natural sense of justice to nerve me to great exertion. I had soon arranged affairs on the estate to my own satisfaction, and was able to send home a report with which Señor de Casablanca expressed himself more than satisfied.

"Meanwhile, I was in the constant and regular receipt of letters from Aletea, full of tenderest love and warmest anticipations. I had also a friend, a young man named Philip Marchmont, who had been my confidant in my love affair, and my assistant in arranging the details of my clandestine marriage. This friend was able, being a constant visitor at Señor de Casablanca's house, to report many things of interest to me.

"For about six months all Philip's letters were full of the best of news. After that they became suggestive, in a very delicate way at first, but afterward more plainly, of false intentions toward me on the part of Señor de Casablanca. I gave little heed to these, believing that Philip's attachment to my interests had made him unduly suspicious. Then, in due time, came a letter from my sweet wife, full of the tender details in which young mothers delight, of the birth and wonderful charms of a beautiful little boy.

While my heart was full of the joy of this good news, there came a letter from Philip, from which this is an extract:

"'It will be to your interest to believe me when I say that Señor de Casablanca is your enemy, and is concocting a plan to separate you from your wife. I accidentally overheard a conversation, the other day, between him and a Spanish gentleman named Rodriguez, concerning the legality of your marriage. You know that, according to the laws of Spain, no marriage is legal unless performed by a Catholic priest. Rodriguez is in love with Aletea; that I know; and although he is old enough to be her father, he is rich enough to buy the good graces of an old shark like Casablanca, besides

being a hidalgo. I advise you to hasten your return to New York. Aletea is in great trouble, she bids me tell you; she has lost her wedding-ring—the diamond you gave her. She walked out the day before yesterday in Madison Park, and while there, remembers to have pulled off her glove to make some arrangement of her dress. After this she missed the ring, and thinks it must have slipped from her finger, which, she says, has lost some of its former plumpness. Again I say, hasten home.

"'Yours truly, PHILIP.'

"This letter filled me with dismal forebodings. I had almost felt like chiding Aletea for attaching so much consequence to her diamond; but now I found myself as superstitious about it as she had been. At any rate, I determined to take Philip's advice, and return home. But before I could make my arrangements to do so, a blow fell upon me from an entirely unexpected quarter.

"I was riding one morning on my daily circuit round the *ingenio*, on the back of my coal-black *yegua*. I had let the bridle fall on the gentle creature's neck, and allowed her to take her own pace, for my mind was occupied with thoughts of wife, child and home, and was quite abstracted from things around me. Suddenly I felt myself stopped, and looking up from my reverie to chide the mare for her laziness, I saw a Spanish soldier with his hand on my bridle.

"'What does this mean?" I asked, angrily.

"'*Perdoneme vd*,' said the soldier, politely. "You are my prisoner in the Queen's name."

"Quick as a flash of lightning my mind reverted to all Philip's hints and warnings. It was a plot, skillfully laid by my father-in-law, to get me out of the way, in order that he might carry out his plans concerning Aletea.

"Details are unnecessary here. Suffice it to say that I was hurried to prison on a charge of treason against the Queen's government in Cuba, and complicity with those who were striving to incite rebellion in the island.

"Politics had hitherto occupied but a small share of my thoughts. I was to learn from, sad experience of the rigors of a Spanish prison, that love for liberty which I now feel, and which makes me daily pray and labor for the success of the cause of free Cuba.

"Four years in a Spanish prison! You will not wonder that my face is haggard at thirty. During all that long and bitter incarceration, I received but one letter from home, and that was conveyed to me surreptitiously by the hand of a friendly friar—friendly alike to me and to the cause of liberty.

"The letter was from Philip. In it I was informed that representations had been made to Aletea to the effect that I had been executed for treason against the Spanish Government; and that she, poor girl, was quite heart-broken, and had put on widow's weeds for me. Furthermore, that she was now persecuted by her father with commands that she should receive the attentions of Rodriguez. It was, he assured her, a great honor to her to receive any such propositions from a gentleman of his position, after she had been the *illegal wife* of another.

"You can easily understand the harrowing nature of the news. I had already been three years in prison when I received it, and my health and spirits were well-nigh worn out by combined physical confinement and mental agony.

"It was by the aid of my good old priest that I was enabled finally to make my escape from prison. May Heaven reward him for his kindness to me, a poor prisoner of another religion. Visiting me often in the character of confessor, I soon found that there were depths of sympathy in this good man's soul that no creed could shut in. Deeply interesting were our conversations together when the jailer left us alone, and I learned to love him as a brother. A plan for my escape was resolved upon between us, and we only waited for a favorable opportunity to accomplish it.

"The right time came at last. One by one the worthy friar had brought me the various articles of the dress of a Sister of Charity, which I had concealed under a loose stone in the floor of my cell. The last time he visited me he took from under his stole a small bottle of chloroform.

"'This,' said he, smiling, 'with God's help, is to be the angel of your deliverance, my son. An angel that, with gentle and silent touch, will shed slumber over the eyes of your jailer. Be discreet and prompt, and all will be well.'"

"When the jailer opened the door of my cell for the last time that night, he was confronted by a stalwart Sister of Charity, who, before he could recover from his first surprise at the apparition, had covered his face with a handkerchief saturated with chloroform. His struggles for breath only served to aid in the accomplishment of my design; and the heavy form of the man was soon lying prostrate on the floor of my cell, in a deep slumber.

"Hastening my departure with palpitating heart I passed the guard, having been furnished with the necessary password by my 'ghostly confessor,' and made good my escape to the residence of the latter.

"Here I was furnished with a suit of ordinary citizen's clothes of rather shabby quality, a false beard and wig, and a peddler's pack well supplied with gewgaws.

"I made my way thus to the coast, when, taking out my passport in the name of Jabez Short, peddler, from Connecticut, I was enabled to leave the country that had given me so rough a hospitality.

"Arrived at New York, I lost no time in calling, in my proper character, at the house of Señor de Casablanca. Imagine my consternation and rage when he informed me that Aletea was already married to Señor Rodriguez, having supposed me dead; and that even though I were alive, my marriage was not legal in Spain, whither she and her new husband had gone to reside.

"If I could have believed this story, I should have been plunged into the depths of despair—perhaps committed suicide, for trouble has sadly shattered me in these last five years. But I do not believe it, and I will not believe it. In fact, I know from Philip Marchmont that she was seen riding in the Central Park but a week ago. Seeing your advertisement of the lost ring has put a new hope into my heart. Perhaps she will call here to claim it. In case she should, I have a request to make of you, who have so patiently and kindly listened to my sad story."

"And what is that, my friend?" I asked. "I will gladly do anything in my power to bring to a happy termination an experience so eventful and sad."

"It is this," said he, handing me, from his pocketbook, an envelope containing a well-worn photograph. "This will enable you to recognize the lady, if she should visit you. My name is Maurice Davidson, therefore, of course, the name of the lady, if she is not re-married, is Aletea Davidson. If you will undertake to discover for me whether she is still my true and faithful wife, and if so, reveal to her the fact that her husband is still alive——"

The door opened at this juncture, and a clerk inserted his head.

"A lady wishes to speak with Mr. C——"

"What sort of a lady?" asked I, a sudden conviction possessing both myself and my visitor that this was the very *she*.

"A small, pretty young lady, with very black eyes; looks like a foreigner, sir."

I turned hastily to Davidson.

"You see that door behind you," I said. "Step in there,

and leave it ajar, so that you can hear our conversation without being seen."

Davidson eagerly followed my advice. He had no sooner concealed himself than the lady entered by another door.

I had been examining the photograph, so that I was partially prepared for the vision of beauty that presented itself to my eyes, as the graceful little figure glided into the room, holding by the hand a magnificent boy, four years old. But no "false presentment" could give a full idea of beauty such as hers—a beauty of bright lights and deep shadows; of soul, in fact, rather than of form.

She seated herself, at my invitation, but seemed to hesitate what to say. She looked sad, and was dressed in the deepest weeds.

"You called in reference to a diamond ring, I presume," I said, to help her out.

"You are right, sir," she said, with just enough of the Spanish accent to render her speech attractive. "You have probably found my diamond. I should have called before to claim it, had I not been out of town. My name is Aletea David son —"Maur ice to Aletea," —"*Hasta que nos separaramos la muerte*" —that is the inscription inside the ring. Oh, sir!"—and her beautiful eyes swam with joyful tears when I handed her the jewel —"how can I thank you? It is my wedding-ring, and my poor husband——"

"Was executed in a Cuban prison for treason; is it not so, Aletea?"

The shock was too great for the poor little woman. She gave one wild, terrified glance at the apparition before her, and then fell fainting into the arms that had longed to clasp her for five years.

Joy does not kill. Aletea did not remain insensible long Kisses and tears fell like rain upon her face—soft, warm rain, that revived her. She opened those soft, black orbs of hers, and smiled; then a blush overspread her face, and she hid it on her husband's shoulder.

"Oh, Maurice! it is you, indeed! but what will the gentleman——"

"The gentleman would be glad to be as happy, my sweet wife!" said Maurice, with a boyish burst. "And this is our boy, too, Aletea! my boy, with a face just like his mother's! Is it any wonder that I am crazy, Mr. C——?"

Maurice Davidson did not need my services as counsel. He has come into full possession of all his rights. Nobody has contested them. And the diamond ring still gleams on Aletea's finger—with increased lustre, she declares, since its resurrection.

THE CASTLE ON THE LAKE.

PADDY, THE PIPER.

THE exuberant drollery of the Irishman never found a better exponent than in that most humorous of authors, the late Samuel Lover, from one of whose works the following is extracted:

I'll tell you, sir, a mighty quare story. 'Twas afther nightfall, and we wor sittin' round the fire, and the pratees was boilin', and the noggins of buttermilk was standin' ready for our suppers, whin a knock kem to the door.

"Whist," says my father, "here's the sojers come upon us now," says he. "Bad luck to thim, the villains; I'm afeard they seen a glimmer of the fire through the crack in the door," says he.

"No," says my mother, "for I'm afther hanging an ould sack and my new petticoat agin it a while ago."

"Well, whist, anyhow," says my father, "for there's a knock agin;" and we all held our tongues till another thump kem to the door.

"Oh, it's folly to pertind any more," says my father; "they're too cute to be put off that a-way," says he. "Go, Shamus," says he to me, "and see who's in it."

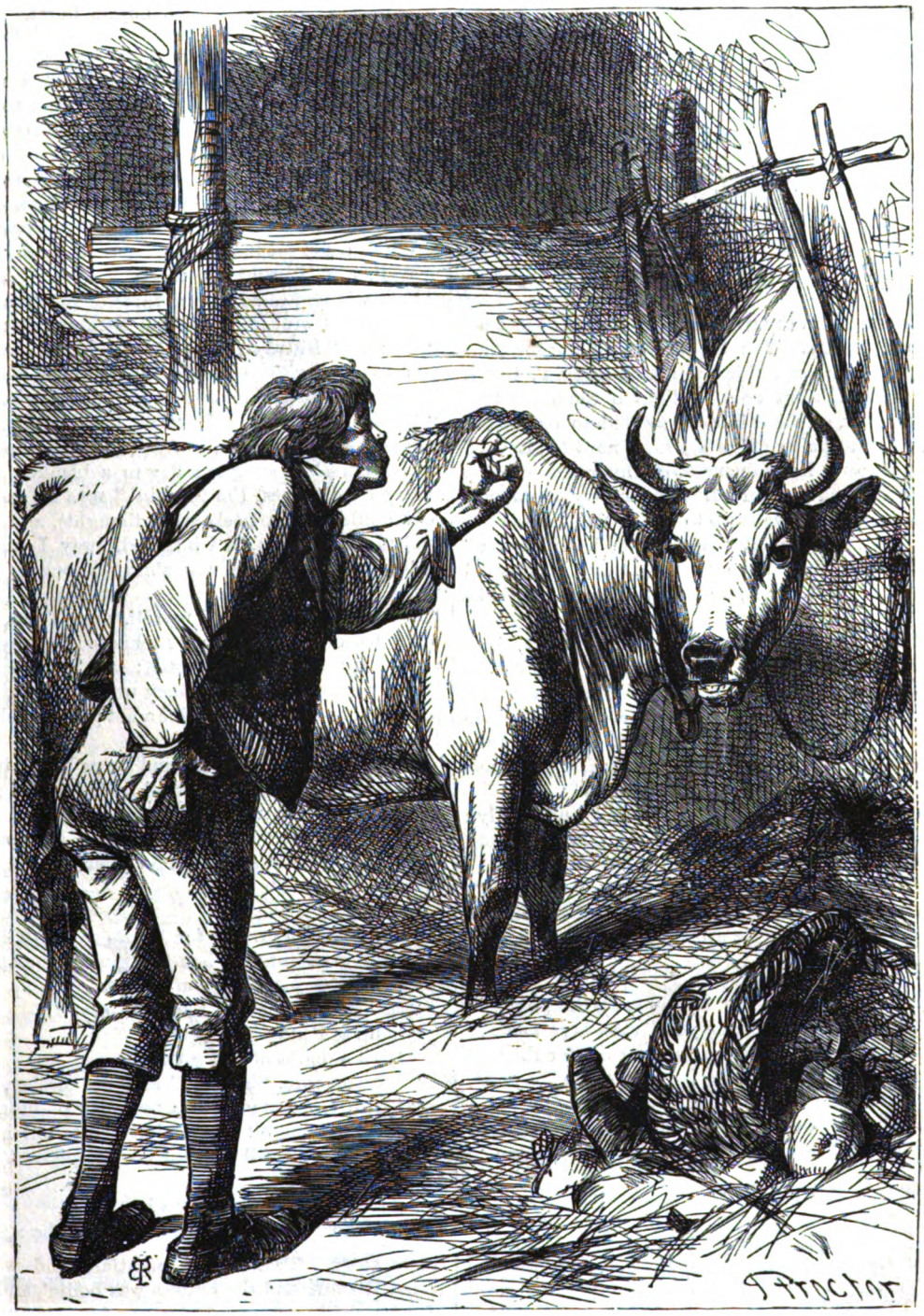
So with that I wint to the door, and there was another knock.

"Who's there?" says I.

"It's me," says he.

"Who are you?" says I.

"A friend," says he, again knocking at the door.



PADDY, THE PIPER.—"'OH, YOU MURTHERIN VILLAIN!' SAYS I, SHAKING MY FIST AT THE COW."

"How can I see who's in it in the dark?" says I.

"Well," says he, "light the candle, thin, and see who's in it. But don't open the door for your life, barrin they break it in," says he, "exceptin' to the sojers; and spake them fair, if it's thim."

"*Baithershin!*" says I, "who are you at all?"

"Arrah! don't you know me?" says he.

"Divil a taste," says I.

"Sure I'm Paddy the Piper," says he.

"Oh, thunder and turf!" says I; "is it you, Paddy?"

"Sorra one else," says he.

"And what brought you at this hour?" says I.

"Be gar," says he, "I didn't like goin' the roun' by the road," says he, "and so I kem the short cut, an' that's what delayed me," says he.

* * * * * * *

"Faix, thin," says I, "you had betther lose no time in hidin' yourself," says I; "for throth I tell you, it's a short thrial and a long rope the Husshians would be afther givin' you—for they've no justice, and less mercy, the villains!"

"Faith, thin, more's the raison you should let me in, Shamus," says poor Paddy.

"It's a folly to talk," says I; "I darn't open the door."

"Oh, thin, millia murdher!" says Paddy, "what'll become of me, at all, at all?" says he.

"Go aff into the shed," says I, "behind the house, where the cow is, and there there's an illigant lock o' straw that you may go asleep in," says I; "and a fine bed it id be for a lord, let alone a piper."

* * * * * * *

Paddy hid himself in the cow-house, and now I must tell how it was with Paddy. You see, afther sleeping for some time, Paddy wakened up, thinkin' it was mornin', but it wasn't mornin' at all, but only the light o' the moon that deceaved him; but, at all evints, he wanted to be stirrin' airly, bekase he was going off to the town hard-by, it bein' fair-day, to pick up a few ha'pence with his pipes—for the divil a betther piper was in all the country round nor Paddy; and every one gave it up to Paddy that he was illigant on the pipes, and played "Jinny Bang'd the Weaver" beyant tellin', and the "Hare in the Corn," that you'd think the very dogs was in it, and the horsemen ridin' like mad.

Well, as I was sayin', he set off to go to the fair, and he wint meandherin' along through the fields, but he didn't go far, until climbin' up through a hedge, whin he was comin' out at t'other side, he kem plump agin somethin' that made the fire flash out iv his eyes. So with that he looks up—and what do you think it was, Lord be marciful unto us! but a corpse hangin' out of a branch of a three!

"Oh, the top of the mornin' to you, sir," said Paddy; "and is that the way with you, my poor fellow? Throth you took a start out o' me," says poor Paddy.

And 'twas thrue for him, for it would make the heart of a stouter man nor Paddy jump to see the like, and to think of a Christian crathur being hung up, all as one as a dog.

* * * * * * *

Says Paddy, eyin' the corpse, "By my sowl, thin, but you have a beautiful pair of boots on you," says he, "and it's what I'm thinkin' you won't have any great use for thim no more; and sure it's a shame to see the likes o' me," says he, "the best piper in the sivin counties, to be trampin' wid a pair of ould brogues, not worth three *traneens*, and a corpse wid such an illigant pair o' boots, that wants some one to wear thim."

So with that Paddy laid hould of him by the boots, and began a-pullin' at thim, but they wor mighty stiff; and whether it was by rayson of their bein' so tight, or the branch of the three a jiggin' up and down, all as one as a weighdee buckettee, and not lettin' Paddy cotch any right hoult o' thim, he could get no *advantage* o' thim at all; and at last he gev it up, and was goin' away, whin, lookin' behind him agin', the sight of the illigant fine boots was too much for him, and he turned back . . . outs with his knife, and what does he do, but he cuts off the legs av the corpse; "and," says he, "I can take aff the boots at my convaynience." And throth it was, as I said before, a dirty turn.

Well, sir, he tuck' d up the legs undher his arm, and at that minit the moon peeped out from behind a cloud. "Oh, is it there you are?" says he to the moon, for he was an impident chap; and thin, seein' that he made a mistake, and that the moonlight deceaved him, and that it wasn't the early dawn, as he conceaved, and bein' friken'd for fear himself might be cotched, and treated like the poor corpse he was afther malthreating, if *he* was found walking the counthry at that time, by gar! he turned about, and walked back again to the cow-house, and, hidin' the corpse's legs in the sthraw, Paddy wint to sleep agin. But what do you think? The divil a long Paddy was there antil the sojers kem in airnest, and, by the powers, they carried off Paddy; and faith it was only sarvin' him right for what he done to the poor corpse.

Well, whin the mornin' came, my father says to me:

"Go, Shamus," says he, "to the shed, and bid poor Paddy come in, and take a share o' the pratees; for I go bail he's ready for his breakquest by this, anyhow."

Well, out I wint to the cow-house, and called out "Paddy!" and afther callin' three or four times, and gettin' no answer, I wint in, and called agin, and divil an answer I got still. "Blood-an-agers!" says I, "Paddy, where are you, at all, at all?" and so castin' my eyes about the shed, I seen two feet stickin' out from under the hape o' sthraw. "Musha! thin," says I, "bad luck to you, Paddy, but you're fond of a warm corner; and maybe you haven't made yourself as snug as a flay in a blanket! But I'll disturb your dhrames, I'm thinkin'," says I; and with that I laid hould of his heels (as I thought), and givin' a good pull to awaken him, as I intinded, away I wint, head over heels, and my brains was a'most knocked out agin the wall.

Well, when I recovered myself, there I was, on the broad o' my back and two things stickin' out o' my hands like a pair of Husshian's horse-pistils; and I thought the sight 'd lave my eyes when I seen they wor two mortal legs. My jew'l, I threw them down like a hot pratee, and, jumpin' up, I roared out millia murther.

"Oh, you murtherin' villain!" says I, shaking my fist at the cow. "Oh, you unnath'ral baste," says I; "you've ate poor Paddy, you thievin' cannable; you're worse than a neyger," says I. "And, bad luck to you, how dainty you are, that nothin' 'd serve you for your supper but the best piper in Ireland!"

* * * * * *

With that I ran out, for throth I didn't like to be near her; and goin' into the house, I tould them all about it.

"Arrah! be aisy," says my father.

"Bad luck to the lie I tell you," says I.

"Is it ate Paddy?" says they.

"Divil a doubt of it," says I.

"Are you sure, Shamus?" says my mother.

"I wish I was as sure of a new pair o' brogues," says I. "Bad luck to the bit she has left iv him but his two legs."

"And do you tell me she ate the pipes, too?" says my father.

"Be gor, I b'lieve so," says I.

"Oh, the divil fly away wid her," says he; "what a cruel taste she has for music!"

"Arrah!" says my mother, "don't be cursin' the cow that gives milk to the childher."

"Yis, I will," says my father; "why shouldn't I curse sitch an unnath'ral baste?"

"You oughtn' to curse any livin' that's undher your roof," says my mother.

"By my sowl, thin," says me father, "she shan't be undher my roof any more; for I'll sell her to the fair this minit," says he, "and sell her for whatever she'll bring.

Go aff," says he, "Shamus, the minit you've ate your breakquest, and dhrive her to the fair."

"Throth I don't like to dhrive her," says I.

"Arrah, don't be makin' a gommagh of yourself," says he.

"Faith I don't," says I.

"Well, like or no like," says he, "you must dhrive her."

* * * * * *

Well, away we wint along the road, and mighty throng'd it wuz wid the boys and the girls, and in short, all sorts, rich and poor, high and low, crowdin' to the fair.

"God save you," says one to me.

"God save you, kindly," says I.

"That's a fine baste you're dhrivin'," says he.

"Throth she is," says I; though, God knows, it wint agin my heart to say a good word for the likes of her . . . I dhriv her into the thick av the fair, when all of a suddint, as I kem to the door av a tint, up sthruck the pipes to the tune av "Tattherin' Jack Walsh," and, my jew'l, in a minit the cow cock'd her ears, and was makin' a dart at the tint.

"Oh, murther!" says I, to the boys standin' by; "hould her," says I, "hould her—she ate one piper already, the vagabone, and, bad luck to her, she wants another now."

"Is it a cow for to ate a piper?" says one o' thim.

"Divil a word o' lie in it, for I seen its corpse myself, and nothin' left but the two legs," says I; "and it's a folly to be sthrivin' to hide it, for I *see* she'll never lave it off—as poor Paddy Grogan knows to his cost, Lord be marciful to him."

"Who's that takin' my name in vain?" says a voice in the crowd; and with that, shovin' the throng a one side, who the divil should I see but Paddy Grogan, to all appearance.

"Oh, hould him, too," says I; "keep him aff me, for it's not himself at all, but his ghost," says I; "for he was kilt last night, to my sartin' knowledge, every inch av him, all to his legs."

Well, sir, with that, Paddy—for it was Paddy himself, as it kem out afther—fell a-laughin' so that you'd think his sides 'ud split. And whin he kem to himself, he ups and he tould uz how it was, as I tould you already . . . And av coorse the poor slandhered cow was dhruv home agin, and many a quiet day she had wid uz afther that; and whin she died, throth, my father had such a regard for the poor thing, that he had her skinned, and an illigant pair of breeches made out iv her hide, and it's in the fam'ly to this day. And isn't it mighty remarkable, what I'm goin' to tell you now, but it's as thrue as I'm here, that from that out, any one that has thim breeches an, the minit a pair o' pipes sthrikes up, they can't rest, but goes jiggin' and jiggin' in their sate, and never stops as long as the pipes is playin'—and there, there is the very breeches that's an me now, and a fine pair they are this minit.

MOUNTAIN TRAVELING IN SPAIN.

THE muleteer (*arriero*) is now about the only person to be seen in Spain with his guitar in his hand or slung over his shoulder. The golden age of serenades beneath balconies is past, and its traditions alone remain. The Figaros and Almavivas charm us now only in operas or comedies. The muleteer, in his long and solitary journeys, has need of distraction and amusement, and he alone clings to the guitar and makes it his constant companion.

Reclining upon his animal's back, as shown in our illustration, he makes the perilous ascent and descent of the Sierra Nevada, singing to the accompaniment of his guitar some improvised refrain in honor either of his mistress or his mule.

Our muleteer is acting as guide and musician. The path is so steep and narrow that we tremble at the loose rein given to both animals alike by gentleman and servant. One false step, and they would be hurled into the abyss below, the mere contemplation of which produces giddiness. But in these perilous mountain paths it is the animal that guides the man. The mules are so accustomed to the road that they know better than their riders where to place their feet. Besides, the mule is self-willed and headstrong; if you prick him with the spur, he stops; if you lash him, he lies down; if you draw the rein, he breaks into a gallop, and your security lies in his very obstinacy; give him his own way, and he will bear you to your journey's end in safety.

The head decorations of the mule in Spain are always very elaborate and showy, and the rosettes, cords, tassels and other accoutrements frequently leave but little of the profile of the animal visible. The ordinary saddle is frequently replaced, as in our illustration, by a kind of pack-saddle, with wicker baskets, which are made to carry two travelers.

THE TELL-TALE LOCKET.

O'ERWEARIED with her daily tasks,
The governess in slumber basks.

The golden locket on her breast
The secret of her life confest.

And oft her pupils asked to see
The shrouded, coffined mystery.

But, with a sigh, she made reply,
"'Tis sacred, darlings, to mine eye."

But now they found her at her rest,
With the locket on her breast.

They press a spring—it flies apart,
And bares the sorrow of her heart.

One side portrays a gallant youth,
Brow decked with valor, thought and truth;

Upon the other side appears
A soldier's grave—the shrine of all her tears.

EATING OPIUM.

LATE twilight in the country. The thick green curtains were down, and four lamps were lighted. Two of these were placed on the toilet-table; two others at equal distances from it, on each side.

At the table in front of the window a young lady sat with intent brows; her toilet was complete, except her dress, and she was now occupied with the last touches necessary to her coiffure; pulling out, fine and shadowy—raveled night—the crimps of her hair; pausing to scan each new arrangement with a critical scrutiny far removed from vanity. Hers was the eye of an artist, examining his work with relentless candor.

Already dressed, Miss Converse leaned silently against the table, watching her friend with an expression half critical, half concerned.

In one of the long pauses of consideration which Stella bestowed upon herself, Miss Converse said, slowly:

"You are taking unusual pains with yourself to-night, are not you?"

"Yes. This is 'Breezy' Gilbert's evening. Anna, I wish you would please hold one of these lamps behind me a moment. I cannot see the outline of my back hair. This light is wretched."

Miss Converse held the light as she was directed, saying, with a touch of irony: "It is perfectly graceful. And you will not encounter the same enlightened criticism here to which you would be subjected in the city."

"I know that," returned the artist, quietly; "but I shall not be brilliant unless I feel I am beyond criticism anywhere."

public benefactress. I enliven their daily walk and conversation."

"You pay a heavy penalty for admiration," said Miss Converse. "There is not a girl in the village but detests you."

Miss Richmond laughed, indifferently.

"I believe that is quite true," she said, once more considering herself. "Now I shall put just one sparkle of fire amongst all this snow, and I shall do, I think."

MOUNTAIN TRAVELING IN SPAIN.—SEE PAGE 215.

When she had clasped glittering drops in her ears, pinned a sparkle or two against her hair, twisted a shining chain around her white throat, and fastened heavy, gleaming bands around her wrists, Anna remonstrated once more.

"You are putting on too much, Stella. Do, pray, dress more quietly this evening. People talk enough as it is."

"Glitter becomes me, dear. As for the people—I am a

The snow was the lace on her bosom; the fire, a deep-hued gem.

"How do I look?" she added, and placed herself in the centre of the room, wheeling slowly, with her exquisite head turned over her shoulder.

EATING OPIUM.—"THERE WAS A CLICK—A SHARP REPORT, AND HENRY CHESTER SANK BLEEDING TO THE GRASS."—SEE PAGE 215.

"Like what you are," returned Miss Converse, slowly. "Handsome by nature, and transcendent through art. And thoroughly aware of every attraction you possess!"

Miss Richmond laughed a low little laugh, and completed the billowy circle.

"I can only sit on a stool—the stool of repentance for misdeeds past and projected, it ought to be, I suppose," she said, as she placed herself; "because a chair will crush me. I wonder how long it will be before messieurs our cavaliers arrive? They ought to be here already, considering the primitive innocence of the seat of man."

Anna Converse—a slight, fair-haired woman of twenty-three, who looked five years younger than she was—made no answer.

Instead, she looked long and intently upon the radiant, yet cold beauty before her. At last she said, only half aloud:

"Stella, when I consider you, as I do now, it is with wonder! You are so nobly beautiful! You have so many good qualities! But what a wreck your life is! Good heaven! How *can* you be so blind, so reckless!"

"Pray, what fault do you find with me, dear?"

Miss Converse continued in the same tone of soliloquy:

"Is it worth what it costs?—this indiscriminate admiration upon which you live? Let your victims be young or old, good or bad, wise, witty or absurd, it is all the same. You are as remorseless as the grave!"

"You consider me, then, perhaps—a flirt?"

"You are the most heartless, the most cold-blooded flirt that ever breathed! And you know it as well as I do!"

All in a moment, Miss Richmond began to lose her color. She looked at her friend with a strange expression. When she spoke, her tone was hard and cold.

"You may call my amusement whatever you please. I can't be an opium-eater, nor a dram-drinker; I must have distraction of some sort; and this answers me."

"What of those who furnish your amusement?"

Stella laughed; an icy, spiteful laugh.

"Nothing, of them! I don't consider them at all!"

Again a silence; a rather long one. Miss Converse broke it.

"I pity *any* body whom you may choose to fascinate; but if you will take my advice—which you won't, of course—you will think twice before you torment 'Breezy' Gilbert too far. Poor Breezy! He is such a handsome, good-hearted little fellow! And, Stella, he has not the cool temperament common to this part of the world. He is worth a million of that hateful Captain Allen, whom you use to make him suffer!" She broke off here, and changed her tone, almost clasping her hands. "Do, pray, spare him!" she cried. "What has poor Clarence done?"

Miss Richmond had risen during this speech, and stood looking at her, hard as a statue of adamant.

"As for Breezy," she said, "he has done nothing. It is the torture of the girl who loves him that interests me. You know I dislike Caroline Stanton."

Then her voice and manner changed, as suddenly as her friend's had done. The next words came as if each one was a weight too heavy for her lips.

"He has done nothing," she added, slowly; "but his handsome, fair face, his sincere, sweet manner, his ready, graceful courtesy—they make me hate him with a hate that you know nothing about. For me, there is no more candor in a mantling cheek, nor truth in an honest eye. Treachery wove those signs of deceit once, too skillfully for human eyes to detect. As I hate, I can love. Once I loved—oh!"

The erect head drooped. That monosyllable fell, like a drop of heart's blood. It was all anguish.

Miss Converse's eyes filled, in ready sympathy, for she knew her friend's story.

Hesitatingly she whispered:

"Darling, even *yet* he may return!"

The blood rushed to Miss Richmond's face and retreated, leaving it deadly pale.

"It is three years since his last letter," she answered, with the calmness of women of her sort. "No. He amused himself. He did well; and he taught me a lesson that I have improved upon."

Both stood silent. And presently the bell rang, breaking this pause, with a sound that seemed heavy and crashing.

A dozen—a hundred times that evening, Miss Converse paused to look at her friend, in dismay and wonder. Radiantly beautiful, scintillant, it almost seemed, of light, and of delicious merriment, she was the centre of a circle that never wearied.

Above all, she was carrying her dangerous amusement even further than usual.

Her magnetic smiles had drawn Clarence Gilbert to her side, and held him chained. All the known and unknown arts of her sex she used, and not in vain.

He hung breathless upon her words; his ardent eyes feasted on every detail of her bewitching face.

When her victim was firmly bound, Miss Richmond—ate opium; amused herself.

Captain Allen—swarthy, black-browed, handsome—took the place beside her that her glance indicated, as it was vacated for an instant.

Miss Richmond's manner changed; gradually she grew almost pensive, and quite absorbed in her companion—her voice, her eyes, speaking the interest in him that shone like a pale light through her whole manner.

With glances of inquiry, or of comprehension, the group about her dwindled until, of all the merry court she had held, none remained except Clarence Gilbert. Poor Breezy, unable to tear himself from her side, stood tortured, to witness the difference in her air when his rival—as the poor boy thought him—engaged her attention. His pale face and burning eyes attracted many glances. And this Miss Richmond knew. She well guessed the criticisms lavished upon herself. She saw Caroline Stanton's spasmodic gayety, and noted the hard red spot burning in her cheeks; and so Miss Richmond ate her opium.

Yet, not one of the women who sneered at and envied her would have changed places with her, could they have known all that throbbed and ached beneath that "snow and fire" upon her bosom.

When the ladies came cloaked from the dressing-room, three gentlemen, in particular, awaited Miss Richmond. Her escort, as a matter of course; Captain Allen, as a matter of right; and Clarence Gilbert, with an unnecessary and unconscious air of pale determination.

The three approached at once.

Captain Allen bent down, whispering, and laughed.

Miss Richmond laughed. Their eyes met in one of those glances which seem to say, more plainly than words, "We are friends."

This glance turned Clarence's jealousy into cold fury. Could he guess that it was given for him?—its effect as nicely calculated as was ever a mathematical prediction?

But he commanded himself as well he was able, and in a sufficiently ordinary voice said:

"Will you do me the honor to ride with me to-morrow evening, Miss Richmond?"

"How unfortunate!" murmured Stella; "but I am engaged for to-morrow evening."

"You were not always so cruel, Miss Richmond," he said,

without knowing how foolish his words were; "or else you chose to conceal it."

There was almost a threat in this tone.

Miss Richmond looked up with beautiful surprise.

"Cruel?" she said, gently. "Why did not you ask me first?"

"The next evening, then?"

"The next evening? Yes, certainly; with pleasure."

She gave him her hand as she spoke. Oh, that gelid, melting touch! Did he dream, or was it truth—that faint, immeasurable pressure? For a moment his head was giddy. Jealous? Jealousy seemed a folly of years ago, never to return!

He did not see the captain's smile behind his mustache. He did not see the laughing glance that shot from Miss Richmond's eyes into the black, eager eyes bent down to meet it. It was not meant he should.

An hour later Miss Richmond and her friend sat alone together, and languidly unwound their hair.

"No harm was done to-night, after all, dear?" said Stella.

Miss Converse turned toward her with unusual warmth.

"Do not allude to this evening!" she cried. "I love you, and I wish to do so always. I want to forget your cruelty when it is not before my eyes. You terrify me. Your very beauty and your charms affright me!"

Miss Richmond smiled a little, and glanced into the mirror.

Tired, pale, almost hollow-eyed, she scarcely looked more than the ghost of the radiant beauty of the evening.

She sighed heavily.

"You might pardon a good deal to so much weariness."

Then she kissed her friend and went away to her room. But all the opium she had eaten brought her neither sleep nor pleasant dreams.

Early next morning a gentleman entered a seaboard city. The steamer had reached port during the night. His air was eager and impatient, and his step hurried. But, reaching the elegant mansion he sought, the dust in door and window, the dry, drifted leaves on the broad steps, told their story mutely. The occupants were away. This seemed neither to surprise nor disconcert him. He rang loud and long, until the sound brought the woman who kept the house in its owner's absence. From her he received the directions he required, and hastened away. He walked as if he looked a long way ahead, seeing some goal that others could not see; as if he hastened with grave, yet anxious joy to reach it.

This man's face was browned by many suns, and hardened by much exposure. Deep lines, plowed in a face still young, attested hardship, privation, grief, but all seemed forgotten. For a high, almost a sacred, joy illuminated every feature.

Walking rapidly along, a wonderstruck exclamation startled him; a hand grasped his and held him fast; and friendly eyes, distended with incredulous delight, scanned his face eagerly. His friend looked almost as if he gazed on some beloved ghost.

"Good God!" he cried, "is this possible? Is this really Henry Chester? Am I dreaming? Where have you been all these years?"

They shook hands heartily again and again. There was a quiver behind the tawny mustache of the wanderer; and a mist in his friend's eyes.

"I cannot tell my story here," said Henry Chester, smiling. "It is an Arabian tale of capture and slavery, and living death. But it is past; and I am on my way from the city. Another time you shall hear all. Now I must hurry forward as fast as steam will take me."

Again that strange and deep delight shone in the pilgrim's eyes.

"You are leaving the city?" cried his friend, in astonishment. "Why must you go? Why not write?"

"I grudge to a letter the news it will carry. I am going to tell her to whom I promised I would return that I have kept my word!"

There was a silence for a moment. Then the two shook hands again, long and heartily, and parted.

Not one line had she had from him all these years—not one line. Yet so true was his truth, so faithful his faith, that no dream of her doubting either had added its bitterness to the strange trials that had made the last three years of his life big with the wretchedness of three-score.

And soon the engines that seemed to crawl along the line, the boats that seemed to sleep upon the waters, were bearing him forward.

The same far look was in his eyes, the same near hope warmed his heart, of that great joy beyond compare, in which he was to be repaid for all that had come and gone.

It was the afternoon of the second day that he left the cars. Eight miles more!

It was a little country station amongst the Berkshire Hills. Here was little civilization except that brought by Summer tourists.

It was the busiest time of the year. It was haying time. Men and women, old and young, were out in the grass meadows; horses, oxen, all were employed; rain threatened, and no conveyance could be had, let Henry Chester offer what price he would. Then a horse, simply? Any sum, almost, would be paid for one! The man lifted his hat and scratched his grizzled head, and slowly shook it. Not a horse did he know of, far or near, to be had for love or money. Better trust to Shanks's mare.

The traveler smiled a patient smile. It was but eight miles more, after all. He could walk. With such a dream before him, fatigue had no existence. To see her again! Oh, delicious dream! Impossible, delicious dream that yet was true! To tell her all! To read love and ineffable pity in her eyes! Ah, God can be kind! Even in this world He can send us minutes of heaven—better yet, of heaven after hell!

The sun was an hour high when he left the little station behind him; its half-dozen square, white houses, its square, white church and schoolhouse, softened by the lavish green of the waving hills. The road was lonely but lovely, and it led toward her! At minutes, emotion almost overpowered him. And then he reproached himself for coming thus unheralded. If he, who could anticipate, was thus overwhelmed by the coming joy, would not she sink beneath its unforeseen flood?

About the time that Henry Chester left the station, Miss Richmond was arranging her riding-habit. Two horses champed their bits outside the little brown gate; Clarence Gilbert's horses, brought with him from the city. Beautiful, fiery creatures, they seemed to share their master's impatience.

He stood near them, casting eager glances toward the window. His brow was bright with the glow of promised pleasure; his shining blue eyes full of honest delight; the very flow of his yellow, floss silk curls, whose lightness and grace had gained him his *sobriquet*, seemed instinct with the same glad life that shone on the yellow green, half-transparent leaves twinkling in the high sunshine.

"Don't be impatient!" called Miss Richmond, showing her lovely face one moment at the window. "I'm coming in half a minute more."

"I am greedy of every instant of happiness," he answered, without disguise.

Then she turned to Miss Converse, who sat quietly watching her. There was a strange change in her manner. She put her hand on her heart.

"Dear," she said, "do you believe in presentiments?"

"Not in the least. What presentiment troubles you?"

"If it were not so very foolish, I would decline to ride, even now. Some calamity overhangs me, Anna. I believe my death is near!"

Miss Richmond had grown so very pale, that her looks and her earnestness affected her friend.

"You are nervous, dearest," she said, anxiously. "It is nothing more than that. The ride will dissipate your feeling, I know."

Miss Richmond shook her head silently. And still pale, almost trembling, she hurried from the room.

But a moment after, Miss Converse caught the gay tones of her voice, laughing merrily, as the horses passed the turn in the road, and were out of sight.

Miss Converse sat down, sighing. She, too, had her story; but it is Miss Richmond's we are telling; and, though she loved Clarence Gilbert well, hers was not the stormy heart to be tossed and wrecked by passionate folly, as was that of her friend.

Half an hour later, the horses were moving more slowly. They answered the mood of their riders; for Miss Richmond, ill at ease, was willing, if possible, to find distraction in the devotion of her last victim. But, notwithstanding her self-possession, she could not be quite herself. Her smiles were as enticing, her glances as softly bright as ever; but there hovered about her manner a something strange—a hesitation, perhaps even a shadow of regret—that gave her a charm unfelt before. Once or twice a covert glance shot from beneath her lashes, that fell almost pitifully upon the frank, truthful face beside her, that was absolutely radiant with happiness. And Miss Richmond sighed beneath her breath.

"Yonder is the view of views amongst all these hills," she said, presently, as they reached the brow of a long eminence which they had been ascending.

A rod further, both paused.

Without the grand characteristics of Nature's wilder moods, it was a lovely, a peaceful scene. A small lake wound in and out amongst its surrounding hills, with more the appearance of a river than a lake. The part nearest them separated two shaggy hills, the highest for miles around, and these stood out, so bold, so dark, that here there rested upon the water an almost perpetual shadow. Further south the lake turned and turned again, warm sunshine shining through the gaps of its broken shores, cultivated fields stretching greenly on until the forest met them, supporting the blue sky, as it seemed, upon their leafy wall.

"Are those lilies that I see on the water?" Miss Richmond asked, after a little silence. "I suppose they are—sweet, beautiful things always grow where one can't get them!"

"Too sadly true!" said Clarence, laughing; "but here, at least, there is not much difficulty."

While he spoke he was off his horse, leading him toward the lake, whose nearer shore was not above ten yards from the road. Miss Richmond followed slowly, and waited at the bottom of the hill.

"SEE WHAT I HAVE GOT!"

"Come nearer the water, Miss Richmond," called Clarence, presently, "and choose which you please. You shall have your fancy of *these* 'sweet, pretty things,' at any rate."

She walked her horse to the water's edge.

"Oh, mayn't I get down too?" she cried, looking about her with childlike delight. "I think this must be the very prettiest spot in the whole world."

"Certainly you may," said Clarence, with a thrill at the bare form of permission.

And he remembered that, helping her down, he must also help her to mount again. Heaven was kind to him, too,

THE TELL-TALE LOCKET.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 215.

to-day. Twice that he had not thought of would he touch that hand.

It was an hour and a place for loitering.

A heavy boulder of granite, fallen perhaps centuries ago from the heights above, dipped one gray-green edge in the water; lichens and softer mosses quite covered its surface, and tufts of plumy, hardy grasses grew in its innumerable crevices.

One almost sofa-formed edge invited repose, and Miss Richmond accepted the invitation. She leaned one arm on the higher spur of rock behind her, her cheek resting on her hand. What was it that moved her to softer impulses than she had known for years? Ah! God who made, and the devil who mars them, understand women. It is not permitted to less instructed entities.

For his part, Clarence sat at her feet, very happy.

Two or three times she glanced at his face. He always looked at hers. Somehow there was a quality in this silence that did not allow of its being easily broken.

But presently, a long, long, low sigh breathed from Clarence's lips, his ardent eyes never faltering in their steady gaze upon her beautiful face.

Miss Richmond turned a glance upon him which really seemed shrinking, almost remorseful. But she smiled.

Clarence—ah, well! the impulse was too strong for mortal resistance—laid his hand upon that one that lay so near him—so warm, so white, so beautiful—held it fast, and bending his sunny head, kissed it over and over again before it could be withdrawn.

Something ran through Miss Richmond's veins like fire and ice. A sudden resolve moved her to a singular task—a stern, a good, a cruel resolution.

Her voice, when she spoke—drawing away her hand—had that crisply cold and clear accent which is to sentiment and passion what a white frost is to the most delicate bloom left upon the flock of Summer.

"You waste too much affection on me, Mr. Gilbert," she said.

"Waste it?" What do you mean?"

She laughed. A frigid, heartless sound.

"Did you never hear," she said, "that I am a flirt?"

Clarence looked at her in surprise that words could scarcely describe. It was caused more by the tone and manner than by the words. They were as if a freezing atmosphere should sink instantly and silently upon some warm garden, languid with the perfume of midsummer flowers. He answered simply:

"Yes; I have heard so."

Again she smiled in his face. Of the pang that smile covered he knew nothing. She meant to be kind—to replace his love with contempt, and release him from her chains. But she suffered in lowering herself before this loyal, faithful heart.

"What did you think when you heard it?" she asked, with just a quiver of the smiling lips.

"What I think now—that it was a baseless lie."

"Well"—a scarce audible sigh belied the icy glitter on her lips—"my friend, it was no lie. It was as true as that we sit together here. I *am* a flirt. I am as cold-blooded, as remorseless a flirt as my worst enemy, and your best friend, could have called me. Would that you had believed those who warned you, for they spoke truly!"

"I shall decline to believe even you when you slander yourself," he answered harshly, with pale lips.

He rose, and looked down on that beautiful face, as if defying her to repeat her words.

She also rose, and stood a little way off, as if a barrier were raised between them.

"But it is true," she said. "I like you, Clarence, and I tell you this *because* I like you. I was sincere and loving once myself. It is too late, perhaps, but I want to save you from this—oh, the awful aching of this heart of mine, that believes in no truth, trusts no constancy, and finds its only miserable pleasure in making others as miserable as I am!"

She stopped abruptly. Was this the unmoved, cold-blooded tone she must use to be believed? An instant for recovery. Then the same frigid smile dawned again upon her lips. Her hands, which had pressed themselves convulsively against her heaving breast, resumed a careless attitude.

"I had intended," she continued, in a tone that now laughed all through, "to make you the subject of another experiment, Mr. Gilbert. And you must thank the innocence of your blue eyes, and the beauty of—of your moustache, was it, I wonder?—for saving you. They touched my heart—yes, even *my* heart! Thank me, too, for the conquest over myself, and forget me."

He stood silent, looking at her. His face had grown haggard, old and white; his harsh, unnatural voice came with difficulty; his throat was dry; his tongue seemed to have lost the power of fluent utterance. He stammered:

"I wonder if—what you are telling me—is true?"

"Still you don't believe me?" she cried, gayly. "To think that after all I should require a witness! Ah, how singularly *à propos!*"

She was facing the road; he, the lake and the woodlands. When she called, and beckoned smilingly to some one passing, he did not turn his head, nor remove for an instant the uncomprehending, despairing gaze he had fixed upon her face.

Captain Allen's strident voice called back again:

"What is it? Am I wanted to settle a lover's quarrel?"

"Oh, no! only a friendly contest about a word."

So they stood, she smiling, he trying to read her heart in her eyes, until the evil beauty of the handsome captain's face confronted them.

The captain alighted, and bowed.

"What is it, mademoiselle? My profound erudition is, like myself, sworn to your service."

"Thanks; but your profound erudition will scarcely be called upon. Mr. Gilbert is so much my friend, that he will not accept my own word against myself. I have been trying to persuade him that I am a flirt. I have spoken with a simple sincerity that ought to have won credence anywhere, but he insists that he will not believe me. May I beg, Captain Allen, that you will give your testimony?"

"Any statement of yours, Miss Richmond, I am happy to corroborate," the captain answered, bestowing his fine, false smile upon her; "but the truth of this one seems too patent to need support. It is certainly my impression, Mr. Gilbert, that Miss Richmond is the most cultivated and heartless flirt, as she is the most bewitching and beautiful of her sex."

"Thanks again," said Miss Richmond, laughing. "Nothing could have been more full or more eminently satisfactory."

Clarence seemed to have paid no attention whatever to any of this. In the same slow, broken speech he said:

"Is it then true that it has all meant—nothing? When you spoke and looked kindly, it was only to entrap me? When you smiled, it was only to lead me on? Your blushes were false, your sincerity was assumed, your life a lie?"

"It was all as you say," Miss Richmond answered, quietly; but something in that haggard face paled her blooming color.

"Will you—kindly—tell me what reason you had!"

"Yes, I will tell you. You have a right to ask me so much, at least. I amused myself."

"Good God!"

"I am not a happy woman," Miss Richmond continued, slowly—perhaps in answer to that adjuration. "I, too, loved once. I was deserted. Since then I have done what I could to revenge myself, But—but when I look at you, I half believe I am sorry!"

She might well have been so!

There was then a little silence. It was broken by the strangest laugh that ever passed mortal lips.

Clarence said, as he laughed:

"Don't distress yourself for me, at least. You have done me an excellent service. To have all the illusions of life shattered at a single blow, is to come at once into the possession of Truth. I thank you—thank you, sincerely. Yet, after all, I scarcely care, I believe, for life, under such conditions."

He drew a pistol, coolly, from his pocket.

Captain Allen made no attempt to interfere with his intention, whatever it might be. Miss Richmond neither started nor cried out. And glancing toward her, Clarence's own hand was paralyzed by the quick and awful change in the face of the wretched woman—who had amused herself!

Her face was that of death. She stood as if frozen with horror. One hand lifted itself, and pointed in the direction where that wild, stormy gaze seemed riveted.

The two gentlemen turned instinctively, and saw that that flickering finger pointed to a man who stood within ten feet of them.

It was Henry Chester.

His dream was realized now—with all the frightful irony of fate. The face he had loved, had lived and longed for, he looked upon. And he had heard all.

All! Like a dream, fearful and grotesque, the last three years rose before him.

The nameless suffering, lightened by the shadowy hope of meeting her, was present with him—the meeting had come. The voice whose remembrance had soothed the endless minutes of those years—he had heard it again. The long, the interminable journey led on by this face, was lived again, and the face was before him. He did not move forward, nor utter a word.

What should a man say, who looks upon such a wreck of life as this.

All turned toward him. All waited.

His noble and patient countenance was pale, but calm. In the place of that high look of content and thankful joy, sat the accepted despair which we call resignation.

At last, Miss Richmond took one wavering step forward. She whispered, because she had no power to speak, a frightened, anguished, indescribable sound:

"Henry, don't judge me, till you have heard what I have suffered! Will you not speak to me? Oh! one word!"

"That word must be—Farewell!"

She sank down, trembling, to her knees, but said no more.

At this, a light dawned on Clarence Gilbert. A gleam of strange joy shot into his eyes.

"Ah! it was this man whom you loved?" he cried.

"Yes, I loved him!"

She still whispered. And the anguished, silent tears of woman's deepest misery rolled down her cheeks. She pleaded no more.

Clarence stepped forward, with his hand outstretched.

"We should be friends," he said. "You have loved her—so have I. Doubtless she has been as kind to you as to me. But my kindness shall infinitely surpass hers!"

And while he still clasped the passive fingers he had taken, there was a click—a sharp report, and Henry Chester sank, bleeding to the grass.

Another moment, and the crazed lover was stretched beside him.

Dumb with horror, forgetting all except the piteous spectacle before her, Miss Richmond lifted Henry Chester's head to her heart.

He raised his faint eyes, in which deathless love conquered death itself.

"It was true, then, that you loved me?"

"Ah! my God! my God! how well I have loved you!"

But, after weeks of horrible suspense, wherein her wretched folly was almost atoned for, they found that life and not death was the portion of both.

The wild passion that dictated the double crime had defeated itself. Steadier nerves were needed for a sure aim.

And in those hours of tender watching, where he might see what her love and her suffering had been, Henry Chester learned the last lesson needed to perfect his human passion. He learned to forgive.

A DEATH-MASK OF NAPOLEON I.

We were shown recently a death-mask of the great Napoleon. Need any one be told what a "death-mask" is? Yet, lest any reader should misapprehend or misunderstand such a relic, it will be well enough to briefly describe the process by which it is taken. The face is smeared with oil and then overlaid with a thin paste of plaster of Paris, which is thickened gradually by laying on layer after layer until a heavy mass of the material is accumulated. The plaster soon "sets," and when that takes place the mask is removed.

We have now a matrix, or hollow impression of the face; but in order to obtain the *fac simile* or "counterfeit presentment," another process is necessary. The shell or mask is filled with the plaster, which, when removed, gives the features to the very hair.

The death-mask of Napoleon is a "proof," but a very fine one, having been taken from the original in Paris many years ago. It shows the head resting on a cushion, with a caul thrown back to disclose the features. The beholder is at first struck with the massiveness of the head, the width of the forehead and between the eyes, and the size and symmetry of the bony structure. The profile is handsome and bold, the nose being prominent and aquiline. The lips are parted, showing the regular teeth. The mouth (according to the mask), was straight, the upper lip short, but overlining the lower lip, which is delicately molded and curving gracefully inward to the firm, handsome chin. The cheekbones are prominent, the jaws square and massive. The cheeks are sunken, but the eyeballs are full, large and prominent, indicating great luminosity. The expression is a noble placidity; a ghost of a smile lingers around the lips.

A METHOD OF TAKING IMPRESSIONS OF PLANTS.

M. Bertot communicated to the French Academy of Sciences the following:

The only materials required in this method are a large sheet of paper, some salad or other oil, black lead, ashes and resin.

The paper, after being lightly oiled on *one side only*, is folded so that the grease may be inside—that is to say, is folded in *four*. This permits the oil to filter very slowly

through the pores of the paper, and prevents it coming into direct contact with the specimen.

The plant, or portion of a plant, of which an impression is desired, is laid flat in the last-made fold of the paper. This paper may be placed between some spare sheets of equal size, so as always to be ready at hand for immediate use.

The pressure of the hand, passed to and fro over the paper every day, causes a very minute quantity of oil, filtered through the paper, to adhere to the surface of the plant, which is then ready to yield an impression. The specimen is carefully withdrawn from the oiled paper, and laid upon a sheet of white paper. As it is greased on both sides, it is best to place it between two sheets. The flat of the hand is then passed over as before, care being taken to hold the specimen perfectly steady the while.

When the plant is removed its impression is on the white paper, but invisible. To make it show, the paper is dusted with a sufficient quantity of black lead and waved to and fro in the air, as in sanding writing. Every part of the impression will then stand out in relief. The effect may be modified at pleasure by increasing or diminishing the oiliness of the paper. Powdered charcoal or lampblack may be used instead of black lead, but on some papers have a tendency to cling to the margin of the design, thereby destroying the sharpness of the outline.

By suitably sprinkling the design with dry colors, such as pastels in powder, the natural colors of the plant can be reproduced.

To remove the surplus black lead I use common ashes, shaken over the paper like sand, which leaves the design untouched, but restores the whiteness of the blank paper.

One necessary condition remains to be fulfilled, which is the fixing of the design to prevent obliteration or effacement. This is effected by mixing the black lead or color with equal weights of powdered resin, which is very cheap, and may be usefully employed too, in place of ashes for cleaning the paper.

The design is fixed by melting the resin under exposure to heat sufficient for the purpose, either in front of a fire or by passing a hot iron over it. The oil, black lead and resin then combine into a resisting homogeneous compound. The impressions thus produced are admittedly not always finished and complete, but they have the merit of exactitude so far as they go. The artist who may desire to finish them off will find his task marvelously abridged; and it sometimes happens that a natural impression without any retouching, no matter how imperfect, is to be preferred to a finished copy by hand.

"HANG UP THAT SADDLE."

Mr. B——, the owner of a livery stable, was the possessor of a large mastiff, which he kept at the stable night and day. One morning a gentleman went to the stable and hired a saddle, and when he returned it Mr. B—— was out. He threw the saddle on the floor, and started to go out; but the dog, which had been lying in the door, sprang to his feet, and growling ominously forbade further progress. The gentleman was somewhat frightened, the dog being large and powerful, and, after one or two ineffectual attempts to pass, he concluded to await Mr. B——'s return. While waiting, his eye fell upon the saddle which he had just brought back, and for want of something to occupy his time, he hung the saddle upon a wooden peg in a row with several others. To his surprise the dog now resumed the recumbent posture in the doorway, making no further opposition to the gentleman's egress.

"HANG UP THAT SADDLE."

AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

If the Horatian maxim concerning a written work—*Nonumque prematur in annum* (Let it be kept for nine years)—were strictly acted up to by everybody concerned, how severe a blow would be dealt to the publishing interests of the country! Of course old gentlemen love to quote this counsel of the Latin poet purely on account of its soundness and wisdom, and not at all because it involves a nice, cheerful, snubbing sort of treatment of the young author!

But fancy men really suppressing their literary creations for nearly a decennary! Think of the changes that years

AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE.—ASKING PAPA.—SEE PAGE 224.

bring about—even nine years. Contemplate your own portrait taken some while back—the dashing water-color drawing by your old friend Verditer; he declared that he had caught you in a very happy moment, and he has depicted you a romantic-looking creature, with flowing hair, in a flowery dressing-gown; your fine eyes gazing well up and out of the picture. Is that like you now? Are you not, in truth, a little ashamed of your old poetic, book-of-beauty expression? Study also, if you can, your letters written nine years back, and your diary of that date, if you have an ample and honest one, and you will find your mind has changed just as much as your body. Are we any of us the same persons we were a short time back? Is that individual who calls himself my friend Robinson—a man of feeble frame, short stature, and not robust mind—is he the same as the boy Robinson, my schoolfellow, a creature of gigantic form and enormous strength, who used to bully me fearfully some while ago? He himself declares that he is so. I confess I scarcely believe it. I cannot find in this frail man a single feature or trace of the monster boy. And for myself I cannot conceive that a person of my inches, both as to height and girth, and of my burden—I know I nearly exhaust the ordinary stock of weights when I get into the scales—can be the same being who was maltreated as a boy by Robinson. I should like to see the person calling himself Robinson attempt it now.

Some men—Clive, for instance—surveying their past actions, have marveled at their own moderation. When I contemplate certain behavior of mine, I am amazed at my own extravagance. A few skirmishers, we are told, during the Crimean war, had at one time advanced so far into Sebastopol, that, had they been supported, they might have captured that stronghold long before the date of its actual fall. So, by an almost unconscious audacity on my part, when a very young man I do believe that I was nearer the possession of a young and rich and beautiful wife than I have ever been since, or am ever likely to be again. I certainly was a very young man when I knocked at the door of old Mr. Wigley's house in Harley Street, with the object of formally applying for the hand of Miss Fanny Wigley; and I am very much astonished now when I consider that old audacity.

He was an early man, I had ascertained. He took his breakfast at half-past eight every morning in the back parlor, which he chose to call his study, chiefly, as far as I could discover his reason, because there he kept his stock of boots. These were all of the Wellington pattern, and were ranged in front of the fireplace semicircularly, very much as Casper disposes the skulls in the incantation scene in "Der Freischutz." I remember that similitude occurring to me on the morning of my visit—the opera being then in the heyday of its popularity. Mrs. Wigley and the young ladies breakfasted at a much later hour in the front parlor. But as my object then was to see Mr. Wigley, and have with him a certain private discussion, of course it was advisable for me to call upon him at his house in Harley Street before he started upon his daily pilgrimage into the city. Having made up my mind to this course on the previous evening, need I say that I was kept awake by the thoughts of it nearly all night, and arose at an absurdly early hour to carry my plan into execution.

Concerning myself, I must disclose that I was at that time an articled clerk in the house of Messrs. Blotherstone and Blackland, the eminent solicitors in New Square, Lincoln's Inn Fields—that I had occupied a stool in their office for about two years—that I was entirely dependent for my support on the remittances I received from my relatives in Cheshire—and that I occupied second floor lodgings in the house of a bootmaker in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury—pleasant apartments enough, but for the all-pervading smell of leather that distinguished them. I know that one seemed to eat, drink and breathe leather there, and the fits of sneezing with which visitors were seized on their entrance, were really remarkable. I was a young man, as I have said. I shaved a good deal; it was not at all necessary, but I did it; I had lively hopes concerning a sickly-looking

tuft on my chin. I was prone to pomatum and partial to sidecurls, brought round with elaborate care well over my ears and on to my temples. I was fond of musk and bergamot, and trousers strapped very tightly under my boots —tightly strapped trousers were then quite *de rigueur*. I humored fashion to the top of her bent; my straps were so tight that walking was difficult, and sitting down perilous, if not impossible. Fortunately, we were then in the old broad-cloth and buckskin days; we had not fallen into the present epoch of flimsey tweed and general shoddyness. People dare not trust themselves with tight straps now. The bobtail, skimping and indecorous coats in which modern young gentlemen appear were not worn then. You put on the first thing in the morning what would now be regarded as an evening coat—a grand, sound, expensive, uncomfortable garment, high and hard in the collar, tight and long in the sleeves, with several buttons about the wrists, cuffs (that could be turned over if you so listed, and thereby exhibit a lining of velvet), long and streaming swallowtails, reaching to the calves, and with the mysterious horizontal semicolon of buttons high up in the small of the back. Such was a coat in the times of which I am narrating. Tailors do well to designate modern attire evasively as wrappers, talmas, paletots, etc., for indeed such things are not coats by the side of the coat in which I went to call on old Wigley. There were other shaped coats even then. You could wear, if you pleased, a superb *pelisse*, with rich silk lining; or a magnificent *surtout*, in which you were at liberty to go any lengths in the way of fur collar and cuffs, or thick silk braiding up the front, as worn by the gracious monarch then sitting, rather heavily, upon the throne of Great Britain.

Mr. Blotherstone was an old friend of my father's. Almost as a matter of favor, and in consideration of that friendship, I was received into the office of the firm in Lincoln's Inn Fields, at the ridiculously low premium of three hundred guineas. For this amount, I was at full liberty to work as an unremunerated copying-clerk for five years. I remember that Mr. Blotherstone had promised my mother most faithfully to watch my progress and look after me in London, as though I were his own child. He fulfilled this undertaking by shaking hands with me once, asking me to one dinner-party and to two evening-parties at his house, and by losing sight of me altogether afterward. But the fact was, there were four articled pupils in the office, and I don't think he ever knew precisely which was which. It was at the evening-parties that I first had the pleasure, the happiness, the intense and inexpressible delight of meeting Fanny Wigley. My presence at Mr. Blotherstone's seemed to be a sort of passport to other evening-parties, at which I also met Fanny Wigley, and danced quadrilles with her. I wore pumps and ribbed silk stockings, after the fashion of the period. No gentleman would then have dared to enter a drawing-room with his boots on. I danced quadrilles with Fanny Wigley, and the dear delicious old triple-timed waltz. How the swallowtails used to fly out in that beautiful dance! I had met her six times, when I determined to ask her hand in marriage; of course, I had been passionately in love with her from the first moment of my seeing her.

She was a beautiful creature, with delicate features and gazelle-like eyes. Her flaxen hair was twined round her high carved tortoiseshell comb, and interwoven with blue ribbon and sprigs of forget-me-nots. She was small in stature, and perhaps at that time, a little too thin for abstract beauty, though it seemed to me that her ethereal and sylphlike figure was absolutely perfect. I could not forget how slender she once was, when I saw her, the other day, panting and rather overcome with the heat and with her walk, a very stout lady, standing with her tall daughters near the house of the elephant in the Zoological Garden, and inspecting the grave deportment of that noble animal? But I am anticipating. It seemed to me the height of earthly bliss to waltz with Fanny Wigley and minister to her wants at supper-time. These were simple and beautiful. She ate only of blancmange and macaroons, though she did not object to her plate being filled and refilled with those luxurious condiments. I deemed them quite an appropriate food for her, and that they supplied all the nourishment that birds and angels could possibly require.

I made no secret of my passion; youth is ever confiding. I blushed and stammered, and tore my glove; still, I avowed my love. She turned up the lovely gazelle eyes, and said: "Thank you," and then asked gently for a little sherry and water. I pressed my suit upon her. She said I had better speak to papa, and added, that she should like "just one more macaroon." Could a lover's prayer be acceded to in a more touching and exquisite manner? I spoke boldly of my love everywhere; I was fond, perhaps, of giving my affection an airing. I was proud of possessing a passion; and it seemed a grand and manly sort of thing—very nearly as good as whiskers. I talked of it at the office, rather looking down on the other articled pupils, in whose limited experiences there were no affairs of the heart. I took counsel on the subject even with old Higgins, the common-law clerk, who had a general reputation for knowing everything. He was not, strictly speaking, a very gentlemanly person, but he was very wise and wary.

"Take my advice," he said solemnly, after a huge pinch of snuff: "make as much love as you like, but don't you trust yourself near a pen and ink. Don't write no letters—none of that; then, you see, you can't scarcely commit yourself, and they can't get hold of you with a breach-of-promise, or anything of that kind. Do you see all these papers? Well, they're all the letters in a breach-of-promise case. We're for the plaintiff, and shall make a good thing of it. By-the-by, there's a copy wanted, on brief paper, for counsel. You may as well make it; you don't seem to be doing much." I thought at that time that he took rather low views of human nature, but then, you see, he was a common-law clerk.

I took for granted that every one I encountered on that eventful morning knew all about me and my mission. It seemed to me that my character was stamped all over in large letters, just as a bad note is marked with the word "Forgery," at the Bank of England. "Lover" was written on my glossy hat, on my shining curls, on my tightly-strapped trousers, on my velvet-lined coat-cuffs. The early milkwoman was conscious of my proceedings, and the postmen, and the bakers with hot rolls in green baize, and the sweeps, and the beggars who proffered me lavender, pressing it upon me as though it were a necessary of life, and bergamot and musk were by no means perfume enough for one man. All knew that I was journeying to Harley Street, to ask of her parent the hand of Fanny Wigley—even to the cook, who was cleaning the doorsteps of Mr. Wigley's house—a massive woman, with whom it was difficult to arrive at an understanding as to whether she proposed that I should pass on the right or the left of her, until it was almost necessary, at last, to gain an entry to the house by clearing her as in a hurdle race. She knew why I came to Harley Street, as did also the tall footman, who appeared to be full dress as to his legs, encased in white stockings, and sulphur-colored plush, and in dishabille as to body and arms—for he wore a soiled gray jean jacket—and who ushered me rather unceremoniously, I thought, into the back parlor, where Mr. Wigley was sitting at breakfast. The street-door being open, there had been no occasion for my using the knocker. Does he conceive that I came with

a ring? I asked myself; for Mr. Wigley did not appear to heed my entrance, and the footman had not announced, nor, indeed, asked of me my name. Mr. Wigley was bent upon tapping his second egg, breaking the shell very neatly all over the top of it. I was disappointed at my reception, I confess. I had flattered myself, and my glass had flattered me, that my appearance was irreproachable, if not positively commanding. I knew that I was red in the face —very red, I may say—and that my cravat felt at that moment a little too tight for me, somehow; but, with those exceptions, I was conscious of nothing disentitling me to a gracious welcome at the hands of Wigley.

I made use of the opportunity afforded me for contemplating my presumptive father-in-law. I detected at once a singular likeness between the shape of his shining bald head and the egg he was so busily tapping. A picture for a moment, appeared before me of a gigantic form, with a monster spoon, standing over old Wigley, tapping his cranium into a number of neat compound fractures, just as he was tapping the egg. He was portly, but pale, with a sandy fringe of hair at the back of his head, and two sandy tufts of whiskers, triangular in plan, on his cheek-bones. He had sandy projecting eyebrows over his pale, blank-looking blue eyes, and a white frill, fastened by a sandy-colored Scotch pebble brooch, guttering out over his large, protruding sandy waistcoat. I could not find a trace of resemblance to my angelic Fanny. Still he was her father, and to be venerated by me accordingly, and loved and tended affectionately. I may as well say that I think, upon the whole, Mr. Wigley was rather a dull man. He was at the head of the eminent firm of Wigley, Bigley & Co., bullion brokers, Ingot Court, Great Winchester Street, City. I did not know then, and I do not know now, anything about bullion brokers and their proceedings. I associate the occupation with the idea of immense wealth, though I cannot imagine any talent possessed by old Wigley in any way resulting in money. But then there are certain businesses that are popularly supposed to work themselves, merely requiring the presence of an elderly gentleman to sit in a snug office and read the newspaper the while. Perhaps the business of the bullion broker is of this kind; for such an occupation Mr. Wigley was clearly formed by nature.

I had met Mr. Wigley on two or three occasions; he was generally to be seen at the evening-parties adorned by the presence of Miss Wigley, either losing half-crowns at the whist-table, or in a torpid state in the corners of rooms waiting for supper or his carriage to take him home. I think we had once shaken hands feebly and flabbily, from not knowing exactly what else to do with ourselves, on the occasion of an introduction to each other by Mr. Blotherstone. But he evidently had forgotten all about me now. I took a chair. He started at this, and looked hard at me. I bowed with a winning politeness.

"I've come, Mr. Wigley—" I said.

"Oh! ah! yes: but, perhaps, you'd better see Mrs. Wigley," he interrupted, nervously tattooing on the table with his fat white fingers. "Mrs. Wigley always attends to these sort of things. I never interfere—never."

"But I thought it desirable——"

"Yes, of course, but it isn't," he said. "You don't seem to me to look very strong," he continued, staring at me.

I thanked him, informing him that, on the contrary, I was very strong indeed, much stronger than I looked, perhaps, and availed myself of the occasion to make inquiries concerning his own health. These, however, he quite disregarded. He fixed his eyes steadily on the bright silver teapot.

"How long have you been in your present situation?" he asked, rather of the teapot than of me.

"Two years," I answered. "I have three more to serve."

"Oh, three more to serve!" he repeated wildly, evidently not in the least understanding me.

"I shall then have done with Mr. Blotherstone," I continued.

"Oh, you come from Mr. Blotherstone?" he cried, with an amazed expression on his face.

"Yes," I said. "I'm his articled pupil, and I've come here, Mr. Wigley"—and I'm sure I spoke with much feeling—"to ask your consent to my union with your daughter Fanny. Mr. Wigley, I love her."

"My daughter Fanny!" and he started up. "Bless my soul! To think of this!" and he fell to rubbing his bald head to a brilliant polish with his handkerchief. "Mr. Blotherstone's articled pupil! My daughter Fanny! Marriage! Dear me! Have you any means?" he asked.

"None whatever," I replied. "But I love her, Mr. Wigley, to that extent——"

There came the flutter and rustle of a muslin morning-gown, and a lady of large mold entered the room. She was a brilliant-looking woman even then, though she was Fanny's mother, with a tendency to dark red in her brunette complexion.

"Oh, Charlotte," cried Mr. Wigley to this superb lady, and an air of intense relief came to him in a moment when, in his embarrassment, I felt sure he was about to say, "Take her, then, you dog. Bless you, Fanny, my darling; bless you both; may you be happy."

"Won't do at all," Mrs. Wigley said firmly, after a glance at me—"won't do at all; will never match Joseph."

"My dear," cried old Wigley in an agony, "it's not the new f——" (my impression is that he said footman, but, as he lowered his voice, I cannot be quite sure). "It's Mr. Blotherstone's articled pupil come to propose for Fanny!"

Mrs. Wigley looked at me inquiringly. I felt my cheeks burning, and wondered they did not set fire to my shirt collars, they were so hot. She gave a hearty laugh.

"Stuff and nonsense!" she said. "Pooh, pooh! What a foolish boy you must be. I remember you now. We met you at Mr. Blotherstone's and somewhere else. Fanny goes back to school next Monday. You mustn't think of such things. Have you breakfasted? Let me give you a cup of tea. There's cold fowl there. Or will you have broiled ham?"

She blew away my offer of marriage with one breath.

I don't know how I got away from Harley Street; I only know that, on leaving, the footman in the sulphur plush whispered, grinning, "You must be a jolly flat to think you could come after me!"

To this day, I have had a difficulty in understanding that singular observation.

I have hinted that I have seen Fanny Wigley since. Perhaps I have kept my offer for nine years, or longer, and then did not publish it. Don't imagine that my passion was too suddenly suppressed. A single frosty night will sometimes destroy a whole season's fruit; and, if you take it in time, a fire that else would burn down your whole house may be put out with a pail of water. Mrs. Wigley was my frosty night, my pail of water.

THERE are rivers emptying into the Amazon (itself but little used for commercial purposes yet), which are themselves larger than the Hudson, yet so lost are they in the wide country and among the greater streams that seek that mightiest of earth's rivers, that even their names do not appear on any but the best maps, and none but good geographers appear to know of their existence.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

Crab Venders at Charleston, S. C.

This characteristic picture is from a sketch taken by the artist while passing through a Charleston street, near the Battery. "Aunty"— for in such familiar phrase is the old colored woman of the South ordinarily addressed—has, in all their seductive beauty, if such a term may be applied to the members of the genus Cancer, spread her boiled soft-shell crabs on a wooden tray, artistically decorated with seaweed. In a low and peculiarly sweet voice, which, however, is heard to a considerable distance, she informs the lovers of crustacean delicacies that—"Heah's yer soft-shell crabs, only a penny a piece. Dey's jus' de ting." The negroes are great lovers of fish, and no small share of Aunty's patrons are her own people. It is a not uncommon thing to pass, in the evening, crowds of colored men and women gathered near the stands of the venders, industriously at work demolishing the crabs, which, to tell the truth, are very toothsome—and, between mouthfuls, laughing their longest and loudest at some joke which one of their number has uttered. Aunty does'nt laugh, however, at these times; she is far too busy to indulge her risible faculties, and above the noisy merriment of the others her voice rises in a ceaseless monotone—"Heah's yer nice soft-shell crabs, only a penny a piece; ebery one ob dem pure beauties, sah," an appeal that quickly results in the emptying of her tray and the filling of her pockets.

SOUTHERN SCENES.—CRAB-VENDERS AT CHARLESTON, S. C.

The best means to learn our faults is to tell others of theirs; they will be too proud to be alone in their defects, and will seek them in us, and reveal them to us.

TURNING THE TABLES.

THE sound that broke upon the intense stillness of the Autumn evening was that most deliciously enervating or most diabolically irritating of all human sounds. the billing murmur of the kiss of love.

In this instance it was the former.

Those two alone heard it who had partaken of its rapture—Harry Brisbane, and the girl who loved him better than aught else upon earth.

She was an orphan with some property, living in the care of her guardian, an uncle upon the father's side, at a house which constituted part of her estate, some miles beyond Tarrytown, on the banks of the broad Hudson. He had forbidden her receiving the young man. But he had been summoned away on business—or said he had. The young man had seized the opportunity of calling upon Ellen Ramsey. And indeed, judging from her trouble, after he had told her what he had become cognizant of, and the kiss with which she had just sealed her consent to his plan for obviating that which had caused it, it might be clearly enough obvious that her love was grateful to him for doing so.

TURNING THE TABLES.—"A STRONG HAND WAS TWISTED IN HIS NECKCLOTH, HE WAS LIFTED FROM HIS FEET, AND IN ANOTHER INSTANT WAS SPRAWLING UPON HIS BACK."

"To-morrow night, then, Ellen?"

"Yes, Harry."

"At ten o'clock."

One more kiss. Another, and a last one for the night, and then they had parted.

Yes. It was a curious story. He had visited the office of Lawyer Gripem, in Tarrytown, on that morning, upon some small business of his own. The lad who did duty as a clerk to Gripem had told him his principal was engaged; but, as it was his hour for dinner, he might remain in the office, if he chose, until Gripem had terminated his conference with a client. He had accepted his offer.

While seated there, he had heard a somewhat loud conversation on the other side of the closed door leading to Gripem's private room, to which he had at first paid no attention. Then he heard the name of Ellen.

In the tones which replied, although he only vaguely caught the words, he recognized the voice of Hugh Ramsey.

What marvel is there that the young man, without pausing to discuss the propriety of his doing so, drew nearer the door, and listened? He could not catch every word. Yet he heard enough to know that Hugh Ramsey was heavily in debt to the lawyer—heard enough to learn that the means of canceling the debt which Gripem proposed to him would insure Ellen's and his own misery; heard enough to show that Gripem could do nothing to win the girl's love from him; heard more than enough for him to piece together and unravel the whole of their plot, from the scattered sentences which came to his ears.

When he heard Hugh Ramsey rise, he had left the office, and crossed the village to the dwelling of Gripem's clerk.

"Do not say that I have called this morning," he said; "but meet me when you leave the office this evening."

Half a dollar insured the lad's compliance with his wishes.

Then he saw Hugh Ramsey go to the hotel, mount his horse, and ride off in the direction of the next village.

About five o'clock—office hours are not so lengthy in Tarrytown as in New York—he saw Gripem's clerk, and learned from him all he wished to know—the time at which his principal proposed leaving Tarrytown.

This was sufficient. He had gone to procure Ellen's consent to his plan. The girl's fear as well as her love had given it most readily.

The hours had rolled on—morning, then forenoon, and afterward noon had succeeded the restless and troubled night. As the hour drew nearer, Ellen Ramsey feared and doubted. Might not Harry Brisbane have deceived?—no, her Harry could not lie. She was sure of that. Besides, as he had told her, her uncle had not returned. But to admit her lover into the house after dark. Was it not—how could she doubt her Harry? At all events, she would not.

And so the hours went on until ten.

"Oh, Harry! you are here at last!"

"Close the door, Ellen. He must have already started."

She did so, and in ten minutes more the sound of wheels was audible.

The vehicle drove up through the shrubbery, and halted at the porch. An impatient rapping was heard at the door. Ellen's old nurse, to whom she had told all Harry Brisbane had told her, heard it. The other female domestic was the wife of their gardener, and lived in a cottage at some little distance. The nurse did not leave her bed. Then the knocking was repeated.

"Answer the old rascal, Ellen!"

Moving toward the door, she did so.

"Who is it?"

"Emanuel Gripem. I have brought home your uncle. He has sustained a severe injury, Miss Ramsey!"

"Open!"

As she obeyed the whisper of her lover, Gripem passed his arm round her waist, and Ellen uttered a sharp cry.

"Pardon me, Ellen, but——"

"Hands off, you scoundrel!" and before Gripem could realize whose voice it was that rung upon his ears, a strong hand was twisted in his neckcloth; he was lifted from his feet, and in another instant was sprawling upon his back on the graveled approach to the doorway.

"Listen, Lawyer Gripem! Although not much of a lawyer myself, I have this morning taken legal advice in New York how to deal with a fellow who attempts forcible abduction of a young lady, against her will, by collusion with her guardian. He told me either law or exposure would serve my turn, in her name. We do not intend having resort to either, unless compelled to do so; but shall merely borrow your wagon and fast-stepping horse."

"Will you?" roared Gripem, as he saw by the moonlight that Ellen Ramsey was shawled and bonneted, as if for a journey.

"Drive off, Dick!"

"Not at all," said Brisbane, with a mocking laugh. "Dick has cast in his lot with me, and intends driving us off in your wagon."

"That will be highway robbery."

"This is an attempt at forcible abduction."

"What the deuce——"

"I leave you in its hands."

"Curse you, Harry Brisbane!"

"Curses, my good Mr. Gripem, are said to come home to roost with those who utter them."

Ellen Ramsey had entered the vehicle, and in another moment was on the road to become Mrs. Harry Brisbane, while the lawyer raised himself from his gravelly couch, or, as it had latterly been, seat, with some difficulty, and commenced rubbing his bruises gently and caressingly, as if he were trying to persuade himself he had been suffering the tortures of the nightmare.

When, however, the wagon and horse were returned him, on the next day, he considered it the wisest thing he could do to hold his tongue on the mischance which had befallen his marital proclivities.

As for Mr. Hugh Ramsey, he was obliged to swallow the leek his nephew-in-law had forced down his throat, in silence. This the more readily, as his niece, Mrs. Ellen Brisbane, insisted on accompanying it with some golden sauce, by paying his debt to Lawyer Gripem, and all his bar-bills within a radius of five miles of Tarrytown.

"You are an angel, Ellen!" said her husband, in a simulated grumbling tone.

"In my honeymoon, dear Harry. Wait a bit, until I have time to develop into a full-grown wife!"

THE CORONATION OF HUGH CAPET.

The engraving which we place before our readers was executed by one of the first artists in France, after a celebrated picture representing one of the most important episodes in European history. We refer to the coronation of Hugh Capet—an event which exactly determines the end of the Roman Empire in France and the beginning of the feudal era, or the Middle Ages.

From the history of the Monk Richer, of the Abbey of St. Remi de Reims, we learn that it was claimed for Hugh, by his friend the Archbishop Aldabéron, that his right to rule was founded on "perfection of body and wisdom of mind, truth to his word and the generosity of a great soul." This was the great argument in favor of the coming man of the then new era, as opposed to the mere legitimacy of Charles de Lorraine, unsupported by personal ability. It prevailed, and the duke was elected king by unanimous consent. A few days after, the 1st of June, 987, he was crowned at Noyon by Aldabéron and his episcopal colleagues, and recognized by the Gauls, the Bretons, the Normans, the Aquitaines, the Goths, the Spanish, the Gascons. "In consequence of this, having the chiefs of different countries about him, he entered on the exercise of royalty, issuing decrees, making laws, regulating all things and distributing appointments with an order of happy omen. Then, to render himself deserving his happiness, when scarcely free from this long train of useful cares, he gave himself up to acts of spirited piety."

A PARISIAN MARRIAGE FETE EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

The bloody wars of the Revolution had passed over France, the guillotine, gorged with victims, lay quiescent, like a noisome reptile, and the country was awaking from its recent ghastly nightmare. The Directory had been established, the army reconstructed, Moreau received the command of the Army of the Rhine, Jourdan of the Sambre and Meuse. Hoche had suppressed the insurrection in La Vendée, and Bonaparte had conquered Italy.

Paris was *en fête*. The mourning which had hung over her like a pall was being gayly cast aside. Once more were the Boulevards alive with busy, gossiping humanity; again were the gardens of the Tuileries bright with matron and maid, with gay cavaliers, and, above all, with the sunburnt,

gray soldiers of the Army of Italy, who were delirious in the wild worship of *Le Petit Caporal*, or "The Little Corporal," as they loved to style that youthful officer of artillery who was destined at no distant future to lead them to further glory and to—death and defeat.

It was a glorious evening in April. The tender, green trees were unfolding their satin leaves to the balmy herald breezes of approaching Summer, and an ivory moonlight lent clear, calm radiance to the few golden bars that showed where the sun had gone down in the west.

Two men sat beneath the elms in the gardens of the Tuileries.

One was young, handsome, with large, dreamy eyes, a well-chiseled mouth, cleanly shaven, as was the fashion, and with curly, chestnut hair. This was Adolphe Nicoteau. His father had been carried into the bloody current which bore everything on its crimson crest, but, to his credit be it spoken, many a doomed man and woman escaped the "embrace of Mademoiselle," as was the ghastly joke, through the intervention of Gaspard Nicoteau.

On the mockery—it cannot be called a trial—that condemned the helpless Marie Antoinette, Nicoteau brought a frown to the cadaverous brow of Robespierre—a frown pregnant with awful meaning; yet, despite this premonitory symptom of wrath, the intrepid citizen loudly proclaimed his opposition to the sanguinary proceedings, and openly defied the human wolves with whom he was unwillingly associated.

The establishment of the Directory found him respected, and honors were heaped upon the man whose name had, a few months before, been placed by the hand of Robespierre himself on the condemned list—a list which saw the light after the death of the arch fiend. Gaspard Nicoteau died honored by all good men.

The second individual was somewhat older, and wore that air of saucy *abandon* which would seem to be the heritage of the soldiers of France. This was Ernest Dupuis, Captain of Dragoons, who had so distinguished himself at the taking of Santa Felice as to receive the personal acknowledgments of *Le Petit Caporal* himself.

"Well, Adolphe, *mon brave*, still heart-whole?" asked the capitano.

"I should say so. I don't believe in this fiction called love; it's a myth, a disease which soft-headed fools take at certain seasons, like the measles."

"I don't go quite so far. I thought *I* was tough as mule leather, but one signorina whom I sighed with in sunny Italy nearly kept me awake for two entire nights thinking of her. *Mille bombes!* the sensation was nice, but depressing."

At this moment the bench next to them became occupied by an elderly lady, accompanied by a younger one, both attired in the deepest mourning.

"I can't fancy the thought of any woman depriving you of even *one* of your forty winks, Ernest."

"Nor can I, but I state a fact, and believe me, *mon camarade*, that when men like you and I are hit, we are hit badly. If every bullet has its billet, *mille bombes!* every arrow from Cupid's quiver has also its destination."

A slight, startled cry from the young girl on the next bench attracted their attention.

The old lady lay with her head against the trunk of the tree, very white, very still. She had fainted.

"*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*" cried the girl. "A little water, messieurs, for the love of Heaven!"

Adolphe sprang forward, presenting a small silver flask containing brandy.

The stimulant produced the wished-for effect, and in a few minutes the sufferer became restored to consciousness.

"My mother is not strong," explained the young girl, "she has had much grief—crushing, overwhelming," clasping her hands together and lifting her pale face, streaming with tears, to Adolphe.

"I shall get you a carriage, Mademoiselle?"

"There is no necessity; we live quite close to this. My arm will support her; it will be quite sufficient."

"My friend and I will take her between us."

Nicoteau would hear of no refusal, and tenderly did the two men escort the feeble, trembling old lady to her apartments in the Rue Cloisoniac—ay, tenderly as women.

"What a charming girl!" exclaimed Adolphe. "What eyes! luminous as stars, deeply colored as violets! A figure of Hebe. So *svelte*, so lissome!"

"We shall be late for our appointment with Mimi Tonette."

"*You* can go, Ernest. I couldn't stand Tonette's slang."

"Why, what a fellow you are! *You* arranged the *petit souper*."

"I did, and *you* may go and enjoy it."

Adolphe Nicoteau had been badly hit by the starry eyes of Julie de la Tour.

The following day found him in the Rue Cloisoniac, with a bouquet of fresh Spring flowers for Madame de la Tour. Julie received him. A tall girl, whose outlines, though she was but eighteen, had in them a rich, full grace; a sunny throat, a dainty mouth, the lips full and crimson, the lower being, if anything, a shade too luscious. Her violet eyes gazed dreamily, yet not vaguely, while her rich, luxurious brown hair shone with a sheen all its own.

Her superb figure appeared to disadvantage in the high-waisted, black dress, but, ugly and unbecoming as was the fashion, it failed to destroy the classical contour of her voluptuous form.

Her gratitude to Adolphe was expressed in gushing terms.

"Poor mamma does not often go out. Last evening I persuaded her to do so—it was so cool, so fragrant, so delicious. As we sat beneath that tree, she glanced up the *Champs Elysées* and fainted. She saw the dread guillotine."

Mademoiselle de la Tour plunged her face in her hands.

"My poor, sainted father," she continued, "was denounced by that cursed Robespierre. Justice was made a mockery of, and he, blameless, pure as the driven snow, with a heart fit to go before the throne of Grace, was executed within three hours of his arrest. Oh, monsieur, monsieur! it is too terrible to dwell upon." And, in a whirlwind of grief, the young girl flung herself upon a *fauteuil*.

Adolphe fell madly in love with Julie—a love that was more than love. His whole being became absorbed; his every waking thought was of the superb young girl whom the horrors of the Revolution had plunged into such an abyss of sorrow, and even in his dreams Julie flashed as a thing of radiance. He visited at the Rue Cloisoniac upon every petty pretext, always fetching flowers or *bonbons* for Madame de la Tour, or books to her fair daughter.

One day madame saw him alone.

"Monsieur," she said, "I am deeply grateful for all your chivalrous attention, and shall never forget the deep debt of obligation; but you bear a name, the mention of which harrows my soul. You bear the name of the man who signed my husband's death-warrant."

A solemn stillness reigned, broken only by the ticking of the Louis Quatorze clock on the mantelpiece.

"Are you related to Gaspard Nicoteau?"

Adolphe knew that his sentence of banishment was pronounced when he uttered the words

"I am his son."

Madame de la Tour grew livid, while a horrible spasm passed through her frame.

THE CORONATION OF HUGH CAPET, KING OF FRANCE.—SEE PAGE 230.

"Go!" she said; "do not ask me to touch your hand."

Adolphe's passion for Julie de la Tour was the cause of considerable merriment to Capitaine Dupin.

"Bah!" he would cry, "*you* don't believe in that fiction called love. Why, *mille bombes!* I would prefer the measles to this attack of yours."

Later on, however, upon finding his friend abstracted, moody, gloomy, suffering that gnawing at the heart which is born of despair, he endeavored to rally him by jest, distraction, and even by dissipation.

Adolphe did not rally. His love had become his life, and, finding how hopeless was his lot, and sick and weary at heart, he prepared to leave France.

In destroying some papers prior to his departure, he came upon a document which caused his heart to give one great leap. It was a folded piece of parchment, tied with a piece of red silk and superscribed with the words, in his father's handwriting:

"My petition in favor of M. de la Tour."

Eagerly tearing it open he read its contents. A manly expostulation against the sentence passed upon the accused, winding up with a prayer that his life might be spared, and signed Gaspard Nicoteau. In a corner in red ink was written: "Rejected. God help the poor fellow, I can do no more."

Adolph flew to the Rue Cloisoniac, the precious document in his hand. "Would madame see me for one half minute?" he hastily scrawled upon a piece of paper.

Julie came to him, pale as death. "Mamma would—that is—I," she began, betraying considerable agitation.

"In examining some of my father's papers"—she shuddered—"I found this—it speaks for itself. He was *not* the butcher that madame, your mother would make him to be."

A bright ray of joy lighted up her lovely face as she read the paper, her lips tremulously forming each word.

"Heaven be praised for this," she cried, with swimming eyes. There was something in her tone that caused white-winged Hope to nestle in a corner of his heart.

"Mademoiselle! Julie," he cried, the passionate words glowing as they passed his lips. "From the moment I saw you that evening in the gardens of the Tuileries I loved you. I loved you on, on, against all odds. I love you now. Julie, may I dare to think that you —— ?"

Her eyes had met his troubled, earnest gaze, and, though her tongue was silent, they interpreted its eloquence.

* * * * * * *

A few weeks subsequently there was a brave wedding at the Church of St. Roque.

Adolphe and his Julie figured as the prominent personages, and Capitaine Dupin as best man. It were useless to describe the quaint costumes then the reiging fashions, as they can be seen by turning to the frontispiece.

It was a glorious day in July, and after the *dejeuner* the bridal party repaired to the garden of the Tuileries, visiting the exact spot where Adolph first encountered his bride.

Gaspard Nicoteau's humanity had made two hearts happy.

A SIGNIFICANT HINT.

CHARLOTTE—*"How cold it is, Cousin George! I could almost wish I were packed in with others in an opera-box."*
GEORGE—*"Yes! quite cold.* (Aside) *Hang it, what does she mean?"*

The Man in the Moon and his Companions.

AMONGST the superstitions yet lingering in the minds of mankind, none, perhaps, is more universal than that of the man in the moon. In England he is immortalized by the old nursery rhyme, but no further details are given of his proceedings. German legends are, however, more communicative, and sundry traditions relate his history, varying in different parts of the country.

A Swabian mother at Derendingen tells her child that a man was once working in his vineyard on Sunday, and, after having pruned all his vines, he made a bundle of the shoots he had just cut off, laid it in his basket and went home. According to one version the vines were stolen from a neighbor's vineyard. When taxed either with Sabbath-breaking or with the theft, the culprit stoutly protested his innocence, and finally exclaimed: "If I have committed such a crime, may I go to the moon!" After his death this fate duly befell him, and there he remains to this day, condemned to eat molten lead as a punishment. The Black Forest peasantry say that the dark spots visible in the moon are caused by a man being spellbound there. He stole a bundle of wood on Sunday, because he thought on that day he should be unmolested by the foresters. But he had not

gone far with it when he met a stranger, who was none other than the Almighty Himself. After reproving the thief for not keeping the Sabbath-day holy, God said he must be punished, but he might choose whether he would be banished to the sun or the moon. The man chose the latter, declaring he would rather freeze in the moon than burn in the sun, and thus the *Besenmännle*, or "Broom-man," came into the moon with his faggot on his back. Some say that the Almighty set light to the faggot and it burns perpetually, in order that the bearer may not be frozen to death. At Waltenburg in the Grisons, the tale is somewhat different. A poor woman besought a *senner* to give her a little milk, which he roughly refused to do. Thereupon she wished he might go to the coldest place in existence, which is the moon, and he is there visible with his milkpail.

The man in the moon frequently figures in North German legends. Kuhn relates a tradition in the Havel country. One Christmas-eve a peasant felt a great desire to eat cabbage, and, having none himself, he slipped into his neighbor's garden to cut some. Just as he had filled his basket, the Christ Child rode past on his white horse and said: "Because thou hast stolen on the holy night, thou shalt immediately sit in the moon with thy basket of cabbage." No sooner said than done, and the criminal is still undergoing his penalty. At Paderborn, in Westphalia, the crime committed was not theft, but hindering people from attending church on Easter-day by placing a thorn-bush in the field-gate through which they had to pass.

In the neighborhood of Wittingen, the man is said to be banished to the moon because he tied up his brooms on Maundy Thursday; and at Deilinghofen, of having mown his meadows on Sunday.

Different versions are related in Limburg, where the man in the moon is believed to have stolen wood on Easter morning; while at Hemer, in Westphalia, people say he was engaged in fencing his field on Good Friday, and had just poised a bunch of thorns on his fork, when he was at once transported to the moon. Some of the Hemer peasants declare that the moon is not only inhabited by a man with his thornbush and pitchfork, but likewise by a woman churning. They are husband and wife, and both broke the Sabbath: the man by fencing his field, and the woman by churning her butter, during the hours of divine service.

An ancient Northern fable states that Mâni (the Moon) kidnapped two children called Bil and Hiuki from the earth, whilst they were employed in drawing water from the well Byrgir, bearing on their shoulders the pail Sægr on the yoke Simul. These children follow Mâni, and are plainly visible from the earth.

This myth of the child-stealing Moon Man, which existed throughout the North and also in Germany, evidently received a Christian coloring in later times. The idea of the theft was retained, but the chief stress is laid on the observance of the Christian festival. The culprit does not suffer for stealing the wood, but mainly for committing the sin on the Lord's-day. This interpretation may have originated in the account in the Book of Numbers, of Moses commanding the Israelite to be stoned who had gathered wood on the Sabbath-day. Grimm says he cannot trace the exact period when the Northern fable first appeared in Germany, but he has no doubt of its great antiquity.

All nations seem to have had a curious desire to account for the spots in the moon.

According to the Hindoos, Chandras, the God of the Moon, bears a hare in his arms. The Mongolians also believe that the spots represent a hare. One of their deities transformed himself into a hare to feed a starving wayfarer, and in honor of this act of virtue the figure of a hare was thenceforth visible in the moon. The natives of Ceylon have a somewhat similar legend. When Buddha sojourned as a hermit on earth, he one day lost his way in a forest, and after long wanderings he met a hare, who thus addressed him, "I can help thee. Do thou take the right-hand path, and I will guide thee out of this wilderness."

"I thank thee," returned Buddha, "but I am poor and starving, and am unable to requite thy kindness."

"If thou art hungry," replied the hare, "light a fire, kill and eat me."

Buddha lighted a fire as desired, and the hare immediately leaped in; but Buddha now displayed his supernatural powers, and, tearing the hare from the flames, he placed it in the moon, where it still abides. This story is related by a French traveler in Ceylon, and he adds that his telescope was often borrowed by the natives, in order that they might inspect the hare in the moon.

Chaucer describes the moon as Lady Cynthia:

> "Her gite was gray and full of spottis blake,
> And on her brest a chorle painted ful even
> Bearing a bush of thornis on his bake
> Which for his theft might climb no ner the heven."

Shakespeare also alludes to the man in the moon in "The Tempest and "The Midsummer Night's Dream."

According to one tradition, the figure is that of Isaac, bearing the faggot on his shoulders for his own sacrifice on Mount Moriah. Another calls the man, "Cain with a bundle of briers." Dante mentions this both in his Paradiso and Inferno. There is a pretty mediæval legend which describes the moon as St. Mary Magdalene, and the spots on it as her repentant tears.

The following Westphalian legends are evidently not of Christian origin. A youth, visiting his sweetheart at night, wished to enter her room by the window, while the moon was shining brightly. He, therefore, took a bramble, with which he attempted to darken it; but he remained hanging to the thornbush.

A tipsy man, coming out of a public-house, threatened the moon with a bramble he held in his hand. This audacious conduct enraged the moon, who drew the man up, and there he is to this day.

Müllenhoff says that the people of Rantum, in the Schleswig island of Sylt, declare that the man in the moon is a giant, who bends down at full tide to scoop up the water and pour it on the earth. At low tide he stands upright, resting from his labors, so that the water may subside.

We now come to the superstitions attached to the power of the moon, and prominent amongst them is the idea that no work may be undertaken in moonshine. The Swabian people consider it a great sin to spin, or knit by moonlight, as though one could not do enough by day. This is the reason why the moon does not give sufficient light for any work. Whoever ventures to spin, for example, weaves a rope for the neck of some relation. There are several stories illustrating the danger of transgressing this rule.

A poor woman at Brackenheim, in Swabia, gained her livelihood by spinning, and her diligence was so great that she spent whole nights at her distaff; in order to save the expense of oil, she never lighted her lamp when there was a full moon. As she thus sat spinning in the moonshine, and the church-clock was tolling the hour of midnight, the door opened and a strange man entered. He had his arms full of distaffs and said: "If thou dost not spin all these full this night, it will be all over with thee, and I shall come and fetch thee." With these words he vanished, leaving the woman in a terrible fright. Luckily she bethought herself of merely spinning the distaffs once over, and in this

way she completed her task before daybreak. The stranger, who was the devil himself, reappeared at the appointed time and silently took the spindles away with him But never again did the woman spin by moonlight.

A similar tale is told at Tübingen, only there the evil one manifested his displeasure at being balked of his prey by leaving such an odor of brimstone behind him, that no one could live in the room for the next six months. A maiden of Pfullingen was knitting at midnight by moonshine, when an apparition appeared at the window, offering her knitting-needles, on which she immediately threw down her work and fled from the room.

Schönwerth says that the peasants of the Upper Palatinate never leave their carts or agricultural implements out of doors when the moon is shining, as its beams would break them. For the same reason, linen must not be left hanging in the moonshine, and superstitious folks always warn their friends against sleeping in the moonlight, and bathing, or drinking from any fountain or well, on which the rays of the moon fall. It is also unsafe to dance by moonlight, because the surface of the earth is then as thin as a cobweb, and the spirits underground are lured upward by the music. The moon is likewise said to blacken the complexion, to promote the decay of fish and meat, and even to blunt the edge of razors.

The precepts concerning the phases of the moon are very numerous. Throughout Germany, except in Tyrol, where the contrary rule prevails, hair must be cut as the moon increases. Eggs laid in the first quarter of the moon are good to eat and for setting, but those laid in the last quarter will never produce chickens. Cattle, poultry and shellfish are all fatter when the moon is full. Rye must be sown as the moon waxes, but peas, barley and wheat when it wanes.

Weddings ought always to be solemnized during the new moon, otherwise the marriage will be unfortunate; and every peasant in East Prussia, Pomerania and Hesse avoids if possible being married during the last quarter of the moon. But washing, chopping firewood and killing pigs may be done at that period. Indeed, the Servian women positively refuse to wash any clothes in the first quarter of the moon, as they declare the whole of the linen would be creased and be soon torn.

The moon plays a great part in popular remedies, sympathetic cures, etc., despite, or perhaps because, its light is believed to be poisonous.

The Tyrolese cure freckles by washing them at night with water in which the moon shines. In the Hartz Mountains and Silesia, the remedy for goitres is to turn one's face to the increasing moon three evenings running, then take a stone, silently touch the swelling with it, and throw it over the left shoulder. Meier quotes a Swabian charm for toothache. When the crescent moon reappears for the first time, the sufferer must gaze at it steadfastly and repeat thrice: "I see the moon with two points; my teeth shall neither shoot nor ache, until I see the moon with three points."

Crabs caught during full moon, and then burnt alive and ground to powder, cure hydrophobia. Of course the moon necessarily assists at all deeds of sorcery, such as casting magic bullets, the manufacture of a divining-rod, and the like.

The following recipe for avenging one's self on one's enemies is given by Kuhn in Westphalia: "When the new moon falls on a Tuesday, go out before daybreak to a stake selected beforehand, turn to the east and say, 'Stick, I grasp thee in the name of the Trinity.' Take thy knife and say, 'Stick, I cut thee in the name of the Trinity, that thou mayest obey me and chastise any one whose name I mention." Then peel the stick in two places, to enable thee to carve these words: Abia, obia, sabia. Lay a smock-frock on thy threshold and strike it hard with the stick, at the same time name the person who is to be beaten. Though he be many miles away, he will suffer as much as if he were on the spot."

The ancient Greeks and Romans considered the moon to be a protection against the evil eye, and they hung small moons made of metal around their necks as amulets. Even the wives and horses of the Romans wore them. The custom has not yet disappeared in Italy and the East. Some years ago Neapolitan ladies used to wear small silver half-moons on their arms, as a preservative against epilepsy, which popular belief has always connected with the evil eye. The talismanic crescent has ever been the badge of Islam, and it still glitters on the minarets.

Before quitting our subject we must add a few traditions respecting the other denizens of the sky; for although the man in the moon is the chief hero of celestial legendary lore, his companions in the firmament are by no means ignored.

Much less superstition is attached to the sun than the moon. Plants possessing magical properties must be gathered, if not by moonlight, yet at any rate before sunrise, for the first appearance of his rays immediately dispels all enchantment, and drives back the spirits to their subterranean abodes. Twice a year the sun changes its course—descending in Summer, ascending in Winter. In pagan times, both the Summer and Winter solstice were seasons of great festivity.

Swabian people believe that on Easter Day, or, as some say, on Ascension Day, the rising sun leaps thrice for joy. At Rotenburg, on the Neckar, the sun is supposed to perform these antics on Christmas Eve, the period of the Winter solstice. On Good Friday, the sun mourns over the crucifixion, and does not shine until three o'clock in the afternoon. In some parts of Upper Swabia, public prayers are still offered up after an eclipse.

The appearance of three suns denotes war; they are only visible at sunrise, and differ in size. The largest gains the day, practically and metaphorically. At Herbrechtingen these suns have frequently been seen, and such was the case just before Napoleon's Russian campaign. The largest sun was in the northern direction, and that is why the Russians won.

The sun is obliged to shine for a short time, at least, every Sunday, in order that the Blessed Virgin may dry her vail. Three Saturdays in the year, on which she mourns, the sun does not shine at all.

The stars also played no small part in heathen mythology. According to popular belief, they are favorable or unfavorable to mankind, depending on the constellation under which each human being is born. There was a pious custom of saluting the stars before retiring to rest, or else repeating a prayer on the appearance of the evening star. Whoever points at a star puts out the eyes of an angel. The "Edda" describes the stars as fiery sparks, which floated about in the air until their places were appointed for them by the gods.

Falling stars are weighty omens, and whoever beholds one ought to repeat a prayer. In Tyrol and elsewhere, it is believed that any wish, expressed while a star falls, will be fulfilled; a treasure lies where it falls. The Lithuanian myth connects falling stars with the Fates. Werpeja, the spinner, begins to weave the thread of each newly-born human being in the sky, and each thread terminates in a star; when death approaches a man his thread breaks, and the star fades and falls.

A comet is prophetic, and generally presages evil. The

THE PANDANUS, OR SCREW PALM.—SEE PAGE 238.

THE BELLS OF HULL.—"JOHN WALLACE AND ANNIE HARVEY RODE OVER THE LONG STRETCH OF FIRM, SANDY BEACH FROM NANTASKET TO HULL. HE TOLD HIS STORY AS ALL OTHERS HAVE TOLD IT, AND IT FELL ON WILLING EARS."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Tyrolese call it "God's Rod," and say that its import may be learned from its color. Red signifies war and misery, but if the light be clear and bright, it portends peace and happiness.

The Milky Way usually goes in Swabia by the name of "Jacob's Ladder," or "Heaven's Ladder." The angels still descend on the earth by it, as Jacob saw in his dream, but they are not visible to every one.

The Great Bear probably owes his name of "Wain" to paganism. It is said that at midnight the chariot turns with a mighty rumbling. The Swabian peasantry believe that it drives to Jerusalem every night; whilst the Swiss have a superstition that if it be low in the sky bread will be cheap, if the contrary it will be dear. Grimm is of opinion that the chariot belonged to Wuotan, as being the chief of the gods, although an old Swedish chronicle attributes the Swedish name, "Karl Wagen," our English "Charles's Wain," to Thor; but Grimm adds that many Wuotan legends were applied to the Frankish Emperor, Charles the Great.

The cities of Antwerp and Groningen have the constellation of Ursa Major or Minor on their municipal seals. The small star, scarcely visible above the middle one in the pole of the chariot, has its own legend, and is called "Hans Dümken" in North Germany. It is said that he once drove our Lord, who in return promised he should go to heaven; but the man replied he would rather drive throughout eternity, and his wish was granted. Most likely this is founded on some heathen tale of Wuotan's charioteer.

Orion, as the Greeks called the belt of glittering stars, has several German names. In some parts the three stars are called the "Three Mowers," and the Rhineland name is "The Rake." The Swabians say it is Moses's staff with which he divided the Red Sea, and other names are "Jacob's Staff," and "St. Peter's Staff."

In Germany, the Pleiades are almost universally known as "The Hen," because the foremost star is supposed to resemble a hen leading her brood of chickens. There is a curious legend of the origin of these stars. Our Lord once passed a baker's shop, and perceiving a strong odor of new bread, He sent in one of His disciples to ask for a loaf. The baker refused, but his wife, who was standing a little way off with her six daughters, was more compassionate, and secretly bestowed the loaf; for which good deed she and her daughters were transferred to the firmament as seven stars. The baker was changed into a cuckoo, and the Pleiades are always visible as long as the cuckoo calls in the Spring.

The appearance of the rainbow in the sky gave rise to many mythological conceptions. The "Edda" describes it as the heavenly bridge Bifröst, traversed by the gods. It is the best of all bridges, and is strongly constructed of three colors; nevertheless, when the end of the world comes, it will break down while the sons of Muspell are driving over it. Its end reaches to Himinbiörg, the abode of Heimdall, and Heimdallr guards it against the giants, lest they should penetrate into heaven.

According to popular belief, the extremities of a rainbow always touch streams, whence it draws water, by means of two large golden dishes. That is why it rains for three days after the appearance of a rainbow, because the water must fall again on the earth. Whoever arrives at the right moment at the spot where the rainbow is drinking, can take possession of the golden dish, which reflects all the colors of the rainbow; but if nobody is there the dishes are again drawn up into the clouds.

Some say that the rainbow always lets a dish fall. This once happened at Reutlingen, in Swabia. It broke in several pieces, but the finder received a hundred gulden for it. At Tübingen, people used to run to the end of the rainbow, which appeared to be resting over the Neckar or the Steinlach, to secure the golden dish. Usually it is considered wrong to sell the dish, which ought to be kept as an heirloom in the family, for it brings good luck. A shepherd in the Swabian Alp once found such a dish, and he never afterward lost a sheep. An unfortunate native of Heubach, who sold the treasure at a high price, was struck dumb on the spot.

Small round gold coins, marked with a cross or star, are frequently found in Swabia, and the peasants declare that these were manufactured from the rainbow dishes by the Romans when they entered Germany.

In the Black Forest, the rainbow uses a golden goblet, which is afterward dropped. A shoe thrown into a rainbow comes back filled with gold. The Servians have a theory that passing beneath a rainbow changes the sex—men become women and *vice versa*.

When a double rainbow is seen, Swabian peasants say that the devil would like to imitate the rainbow, but he cannot succeed. The Esthonians call the rainbow "The Thunder-god's Sickle."

A theory existed in the Middle Ages that the rainbow would cease to appear a certain number of years before the Last Judgment, and Hugo von Trimberg, in an old German poem, mentions forty years as the prescribed time; but this supposition is not alluded to in any ecclesiastical works.

The Lithuanians have a quaint legend respecting the rainbow. When their chief god, Pramzimas, was looking out of the window and beheld the whole earth full of wars and wickedness, he despatched two giants, named Wandu and Wejas (Water and Wind), to the sinful world, who destroyed everything for twenty days and twenty nights. While engaged in eating heavenly nuts, Pramzimas gazed on the scene of desolation below, and he threw down a nutshell, which fell on the summit of the highest mountain, where a few men and women and some animals had fled for refuge. All got into the nutshell, which floated on the waves of the now universal flood.

The god then looked on the earth for the third time. He allayed the tempest and bade the waters subside. The human beings who had been saved all dispersed, excepting a few couples who remained in that part, and became the ancestors of the Lithuanians in the following manner: As old age crept upon them, they sorrowed greatly at their probable extinction, so in order to comfort them Pramzimas sent the rainbow, who advised them to leap over the bones of the earth. Nine times did they perform this feat, and thence sprang nine couples, males and females, from whom the nine Lithuanian tribes are descended.

THE PANDANUS, OR SCREW PALM, COVERED WITH CLIMBING PLANTS.

A SHOWY and imposing forest view is, undoubtedly, presented in this sketch, from the pencil of one of the most cultivated travelers who has penetrated to the hitherto unexplored regions of Africa.

The Pandanus, of which the tree is a striking specimen, is a genus of plants which belong to the natural family of the *Pandanaceæ*, or screw pine tribe, called by some the screw palm. The leaves resemble those of the pineapple, and are inserted equally along the stem, giving such a resemblance to a screw as to lead to the popular appellations. It is found in Africa, Southern India, Bourbon and the Mauritius. One species, being highly fragrant, is much esteemed in all Asiatic countries. Oil impregnated with the odor of its flowers, and the distilled water, are highly esteemed, both for their odor and their medicinal use as stimulants.

In the Mauritius, sugar-bags are made from this palm. At a distance, this tree looms up to the white traveler like the Gothic steeple of a civilized land, bearing his mind back to home and its associations. In many parts the luxuriant tropical creepers climb to the very summit, giving it every fantastic outline of Gothic architecture.

THE BELLS OF HULL.

OLD PETER HARVEY was a strange man. After living fifty years a bachelor, he astonished the little world in which he lived by marrying a little old maid as strange as himself; and all the little world laughed.

But he was a good husband, and kind father to his only child Annie. After twelve years of married life, he and his wife Elizabeth were called away almost in an hour, leaving little Annie to sob out the first great grief of her life.

After the funeral, when Peter Harvey and his wife had been laid side by side in the old graveyard, and the stern Covenanter minister had said his few solemn words of regret for the dead and comfort for the living, little Annie Harvey went to live with her uncle, Andrew Mallory, till she should become of age.

At twelve years old Annie Harvey was like a rosebud. One fears to see the bud expand into the magnificent flower, lest the delicate tints or the exquisite proportions may be lost.

Such were the feelings of good Mrs. Mallory when she said to her husband:

"I wish the lassie would just stay the pretty bairn she is now."

"Tut, tut, mither; I mind when ye were a wee bairn yoursel'; and who says ye're not a comely body noo?" said the sturdy old Scotchman.

Mrs. Mallory, delighted with a compliment from her husband, went about her work, remembering the days of her girlhood in far-away Scotland, when handsome Andy Mallory, in his Sunday best, came to court herself, Marian Harvey.

That Annie Harvey should have other views than her aunt concerning herself is not strange. She was impatient for the time to come when she could assume the long dresses and the accompanying airs of riper years, and already she had faint dreams of the delights of beaux, parties, dancing, and that crowning delight, flirting.

From twelve to seventeen! How slowly the years move! It seems an age in youth, and but a moment in age.

Little Annie Harvey had become Miss Harvey. She was exceedingly pretty, and she knew it. She also knew that she was heiress to the lands and money of her prudent though odd father, and she had been told that the money had been doubled and quadrupled in the careful hands of Uncle Mallory.

But another thing she had not been told, that would have been pleasanter in her ears than all this. She certainly had lovers; but they were such milk-and-water fellows that she

could not, for the life of her, help thinking of them as she did of her uncle's oxen—great, harmless, good-natured animals—good enough, but so dull!

Among the friends of Peter Harvey was Robert Wallace, an honest, hard-working man, but singularly unfortunate. If a cow became choked eating turnips, it was his cow; if a boy went to sleep in meeting, and was marched out in disgrace, or warned from the pulpit, it was sure to be his boy. When the minister's bees swarmed on Sunday, and refused to go into the nice new hive, out of a hundred heads present they selected his head, and fought sharply for a resting-place there.

His wife nailed a horseshoe over the door, and he drove his oxen and horses with a witch-hazel rod, but still the troubles came. Finally old Kezzie Brock threw salt in his well, and from that day forward his troubles ceased.

Within an hour after old Kezzie had settled the witches in the well, Peter Harvey came riding down the lane, singing his favorite song, "Comin' through the Rye," a sign he was in an excellent good humor. After stopping to have a chat, and taking a drink of "Glenlivat" with a drop of water from the well, he proposed to Robert Wallace to sell the few animals and other things he could not take with him, and emigrate to Illinois; and, drawing out his well-filled pocket-book, he counted him four hundred dollars for the journey.

Great was the joy of the Wallaces at this unexpected act of friendship.

"But," said Peter Harvey, when he had written out a note for the money, made payable *when convenient*, "you must give me security, and I'll just take a mortgage on this colt." And he clapped his hand on the head of one of the half-dozen lads who called Robert Wallace father.

With true Scotch humor the mortgage was executed and recorded, and Robert Wallace, with his household, started for distant Illinois.

Like all emigrants to a new country, he had his troubles, but in the end prospered. He owned broad acres, and cattle and horses in abundance; and, after eight years on the prairies, he said to his wife:

"When the crops are secured, we will go back to old Ryegate, and take a look once more at the green hillocks of Vermont."

"And mind you cancel that mortgage, and make me a free man," said John Wallace, now a young lawyer in Peoria.

"I'm thinking the lad intends to marry, and wants to show a clean record," said his mother, laughing.

But Robert Wallace and his wife never saw their Scotch friends in old Ryegate, nor the green hills of Vermont. Before the crops were gathered, man and wife were cut down by the harvester Death, and their neighbors laid them side by side under the trees their own hands had planted.

John Wallace, the son, with whom this story has to do, with that restlessness common in western life, had gone still further west, and finally located in Denver; and there he prospered slowly, as young lawyers in new places generally do.

* * * * * * *

Annie Harvey was ailing.

"A breath of sea-air might do her good," said old Doctor Goodwillie; and to the seashore she went.

The little steamer *Rose Standish* carried her load of passengers safely through all the windings of that crooked channel which leads to the dock of ancient Hingham.

Mrs. Helen Sackie and her invalid charge Annie Harvey were glad to accept the offered aid of a gentleman fellow-passenger, who placed them in a carriage, which conveyed them over to the beach at Nantasket.

The sea-air wrought wonders in Annie Harvey. Before three days had passed, she was flirting outrageously with young Perkins, of Boston, whose mother had learned from Mrs. Sackie by sharp cross-questions the undoubted respectability (*id est*, in dollars and cents) of her charge.

Miss Harvey had also condescended to smile graciously upon her fellow-passenger in the *Rose Standish*, Mr. Wallace, of Denver. But when that gentleman invited her to ride, she was engaged for the same pleasure with young Perkins and his mother. Let him make what advances he would, Perkins was continually in the way; and yet Perkins was, to use the plain but expressive language of John Wallace, "an infernal fool," still, none the less troublesome for that.

But John Wallace was in love for the first time in his life, and he was not a man to let trifles or simpletons stand long in his way if he could help it. So he persevered in his wooing, and at last thought he might venture to propose to that most fickle lady, Annie Harvey.

Moreover, his business demanded his speedy return, for he was yet too poor to afford any long vacation. He found Miss Harvey on the veranda, busy with crochet or some other feminine employment. He invited her to ride; but Mrs. Perkins reminded her of a prior engagement. Mr. Wallace expressed his regret, for it was his last day at the Beach. That information seemed to startle Miss Harvey, for she at once laid aside her work, and, saying she would be happy to ride with Mr. Wallace, went to her room to dress.

Ancient Hull has, or had, nineteen lawful voters. Rotation in office would permit each voter to represent his distinguished constituents in the General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts at least once in his lifetime.

The wise politicians of Hull weighed carefully the probabilities and possibilities of politics; and so skillful did they become that Boston, the concentrated centre of all wisdom, looked anxiously for the returns from the elections in Hull, saying, resignedly, "As Hull goes, so goes the State."

John Wallace and Annie Harvey rode over the long stretch of firm, sandy beach from Nantasket to Hull. They talked of the sea, of the old wrecks, of Minot's lighthouse, and the white waves for ever dashing against its sides; and John Wallace described his home in far-away Denver, the little city surrounded by its giant peaks, which, in the clear mountain air, seemed so near, yet were many miles away. The lady was silent, thoughtful, reserved, almost demure. So is a certain domestic animal when approaching cream.

John Wallace told his story as all others have told it, and it fell on willing ears.

"But," said he, "to-morrow at this time I must be on my way to Vermont to pay a debt of my father's. I am mortgaged, and have been since my childhood. When that is canceled, I can with honesty offer you my hand and heart."

A little laugh followed. Ringing out sweet and clear across the beach came the bells of Hull, telling the little world around it was twelve o'clock.

"They sound like wedding-bells," said Miss Harvey, quietly.

"They do, indeed!" was the reply.

The old preacher was sitting in his door, his coat off, thinking dreamily of his unwritten sermon. A vehicle drove past, but he was still in the clouds.

"Will you please step over to the church, sir?" startled the preacher from his reverie; and he bustled on his coat and hat, wondering what the gentleman could want at the little old church.

When he entered the church, he found the old sexton talking with a gentleman and lady.

"We want you to perform the marriage ceremony," said the gentleman to the astonished preacher; and he handed him a card with the names of John Wallace and Annie Harvey written on it.

The old preacher laid aside his hat, and, brushing down his white locks, walked to the desk, followed by the others. The schoolchildren, seeing strangers in the church with the minister and sexton, gathered round the door and whispered to each other their curiosity at the unusual sight.

In a few solemn words the old minister pronounced John Wallace and Annie Harvey man and wife, then gave them his blessing, and kissed the bride. John Wallace kissed her, also, and as he did so, was told, in a whisper:

"That cancels the mortgage."

The old sexton, forgetting that he had rung his mid-day peal, set the bells again in motion, and the wives of Hull looked out in wonder.

"This time they are wedding-bells indeed!" said John Wallace, as he helped his wife into the carriage.

"Yes—our own wedding-bells," was the happy answer.

SPORT IN OUR FAR NORTH.—WALRUS HUNTING AT SITKA.

SPORT IN OUR FAR NORTH.—WALRUS HUNTING AT SITKA.

This appears to be the leading sport of the recent addition to Uncle Sam's Farm known as Sitka; and as some of our sports may emigrate thither, we here give a description of a late hunt. Says one who took part therein:

"While at Kingegan, an Esquimaux village of 900 inhabitants, on the Straits, I accompanied the natives in one of their walrus hunts in Behring's Sea, which was both dangerous and exciting. Before venturing into the Straits, north winds are chosen, and incantations performed to insure safety. Their boats, which are made of walrus hides stretched over light wooden frames of driftwood, fifteen feet long, are kept near the water's edge, in readiness to start without loss of time.

"With the wind fair, we started. About fifty boats, each containing nine Esquimaux, shoved off from the land ice at the same time, and a general race was indulged in as we paddled out to sea. The scene was grand and exciting. Every Indian pulled with all his strength, shouting and hooting as they dodged among the ice floes with bare heads and hair streaming in the winds.

"This was kept up until we were about forty miles out from shore, when they became separated in their search for walrus. Here a stop was made to listen for the bark of the animals, which was heard about a mile ahead of us.

"One of the Indians exclaimed, 'Ah-mal-vak-tok' (great many), and we paddled hastily forward until we were in sight of the walrus, which were lying on the floes in large numbers, as far as the eye could reach, barking and playing with their young.

"Here another stop was made, and everything gotten ready for the attack. Spears, guns and harpoons were placed where they could be seized instantly, and a large walrus-hide rope was stretched the whole length of the boat, just inside the gunwale, to each end of which were attached large sealskin buoys.

"Kap-al-tuks were put on over their deer-skin coats, and every dark object carefully hidden from the view of the animals.

"After these preparations, we paddled rapidly and noiselessly forward, shooting the bow of the boat up on to the floe which had been selected with the largest number of walrus upon it. As they plunged off into the water, each Indian hurled his spear into one of them, and fastened the line attached to its head to the rope connecting the buoys in the boat, which were immediately thrown overboard, and the captured walrus allowed to plunge and snort around in the water. As they come to the surface they are killed by thrusting a long lance through their body, or shot in the head when they do not come close enough to be lanced. When all are killed they are towed to a large floe, hauled out, skinned and dressed. This is the work of but a moment, as those Esquimaux are well skilled in the use of the knife, and thoroughly understand the anatomy of those animals.

"One of them extracted the bullet from the brain of a large walrus which I had shot, and gave it to me as a remembrance of the hunt.

"After the operation of dressing, every part of the animal, except the gall, for which they have no use, was thrown into the boat, and we started for more, paddling and sailing around among the floes for nearly two days without success.

"A heavy fog settled down upon us, and we were lost for several hours, when it cleared away with a strong south wind, which rendered our position extremely critical, as

"'The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It crack'd and growl'd, and roared and howl'd,
Like noises in a swound.'

"Our escape seemed almost miraculous, an opening happening to occur, through which we dodged until we reached open water, when we set sail and reached shore in safety, after being three days out, with but very little to eat. Several boats have gone out in this manner and never returned.

"Never did men feel more rejoiced than did our party when a vessel sailed into anchorage in this port. Starvation, with all its attendant evils, fled with her approach."

When a man begins to love money for money's sake, and not for what it will procure, it is no longer a desire for independence, but the provision of avarice.

THE PRINCESS CHRISTABEL.

A Fairy Story.

Once upon a time there was a king who had that greatest of all earthly afflictions, to lose a wife, to whom he had been married many years, and to whom he was tenderly attached. She left behind her one only daughter, Christabel, who was a marvel of beauty. Although only seventeen years old, she had received more offers of marriage from powerful princes than I have time to tell. It is always a foolish thing for a man of fifty, which was the age of the king when his queen died, to marry again; but, happening to meet with the widow of a prince who had ruled in a neighboring country, he fell in love with her—although really, speaking truly, no man can ever love twice in his life. After some little courtship, the king and the widow were married. Now, it unfortunately happened that this widowed queen had a daughter whose age was about twenty-five. I must here tell you that both mother and daughter were very wicked, and they had no sooner set their eyes on the beautiful Christabel than they conceived a mortal hatred for her, the natural result of her great amiability, which seemed a perpetual reproach to their own bad qualities.

THE PRINCESS CHRISTABEL.—"FLORIZEL IMMEDIATELY RECOGNIZED IN THE SHEPHERDESS THE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS CHRISTABEL."

The new queen's daughter was named Mandetta, and although she was not positively homely, her native arrogance was such that she had disgusted all the young princes of the time, so that she had never had but one offer, and that was from a prince who, fortunately, died the day before the morning appointed for their marriage.

Mandetta, who was incapable of loving any one except herself, was more annoyed than grieved at his sudden death; for, had he lived another day, she would have come into the possession of a large treasure of gold and precious stones, which he had intended to give her as a wedding-present.

After a time the hatred which the new queen and her wicked daughter had conceived against the amiable Christabel became so intense that they resolved to get her out of the way, so that Mandetta might inherit the kingdom when the old king died. For this purpose they consulted a fairy who was almost as wicked as themselves, for there are bad as well as good fairies, just as there are bad and good men.

The fairy promised to further their design, and one day when the princess was walking alone in her garden, there suddenly appeared a chariot drawn by flying dragons. The

princess paused in astonishment and fear, when an invisible power lifted her from the ground and placed her in the enchanted car, which sped through the air with great speed.

After some hours' traveling the car descended to the earth and disappeared, leaving the princess alone on a large heath, and not far from a farmhouse. What was the surprise of Christabel to see that during her ride in the air her costly robes had been changed into the dress of a shepherdess.

She sat upon the stump of a venerable oak tree, bemoaning her fate, when she saw an old shepherd walk toward her. Inquiring of her the cause of her grief, she told him that she had been carried off from her home by a malignant fairy, who had transformed her clothes into the garb of a shepherdess.

The old shepherd, whose name was Anselmo, very kindly invited her to his cottage. She gratefully accepted the offer, and soon found herself in the place, where she was welcomed by the old shepherd's wife.

After sharing their frugal meal, she told them her story, but thought it best to conceal that she was a princess, lest they should think she was mad.

They had no children, so they offered to adopt her and consider her as their own daughter, promising to leave her everything they had when they died.

I will leave Christabel in this peaceful dwelling, and return to the palace of the king, her father.

The sudden disappearance of the princess plunged the king and all the court, excepting, of course, the wicked queen and her daughter, into the profoundest sorrow, for she was so much beloved by all that her loss was considered a national calamity.

The king sent heralds into the neighboring regions, offering immense rewards to any person who should restore her to his care. Even the wicked queen and her equally wicked daughter pretended the utmost affliction, and expressed great sympathy with the bereaved father.

The news of the mysterious disappearance of the Princess Christabel reached the ears of Prince Florizel, the son of a neighboring king.

Now it so happened that he had seen the princess at a grand ball given by her father, and had become desperately enamored of her beauty, and a short conversation he had with her during the festivities completed the conquest.

When he heard the sad news of her disappearance he resolved to devote his entire life to search for her.

Without saying a word to anybody, he disguised himself as a shepherd, and proceeded on his self-imposed task. He had roamed for several weeks without any tidings of the missing princess, when, feeling himself overcome with fatigue, he stretched himself beneath the shadow of a noble oak, whose foliage spread over a wide extent.

He soon fell into a sweet and refreshing slumber, when he dreamed that he had found a pearl as large as a beautiful woman, and that it sang like an angel. He was dreaming this delicious dream when the Princess Christabel came up. She did not recognize him, but considered him to be a neighboring shepherd, whom she was surprised that she had never seen before.

While she was looking at him, she let her crook fall upon his arm. She was stooping to pick it up when Florizel opened his eyes. His astonishment was only equaled by his delight, for he immediately recognized in the shepherdess the beautiful Princess Christabel.

What was her surprise to hear the handsome young shepherd exclaim:

"Am I, then, so blest by Heaven as to find the lovely Princess Christabel, whose absence for the last six months has plunged the king, her father, in the deepest sorrow?"

"Alas!" replied the fair princess, "I am that unhappy creature; the malignity of some fairy has torn me from my home!"

She then related to him the adventure of the enchanted car.

"But how came you, shepherd, to know my name? Are you the fairy king?"

"No, I am not the fairy king, although I am the son of a king, and I knew you at first sight, for I have never ceased to think of you since I had the inexpressible happiness of dancing with you at the court of the king, your father!"

"Ah, now," replied the princess, with a blush, "I remember everything. You are the Prince Florizel."

"You are right," he exclaimed; "I am Florizel, and the happiest man in the whole world, since I shall be able to restore you to a loving and now sorrowing father."

While they were conversing they heard a noise in the air. Looking up, the beauteous princess saw, to her anguish, the enchanted car and the fiery dragons.

She uttered a cry of despair, when, at that very moment, a fairy, bright as the evening star, rose from the earth like a full-grown lily, and, handing to Florizel a sword, said:

"Valorous and faithful youth, if there is one thing in the world that I love more than another, it is a virtuous affection. When the car touches the earth, wave this sword over it. In the car is an invisible fiend, who will then perish, for this is an enchanted blade, and kills even the invisible. Then take the princess by the hand, place her in the chariot, take your station by her side, and wave your sword thrice. You can rely on the fiery dragons, for they are the slaves of this enchanted sabre. In an hour you will be at the court of the king, the father of the charming princess."

As she said this she extended her hands to Florizel and Christabel, who, as though by a common instinct, kissed them. At that very instant the appearance of the two lovers was changed.

The princess was dressed in the most beautiful and costly robes you can imagine, and adorned with such a profusion of precious stones, one would have thought that Golconda had been emptied to make the display. The prince, likewise, was most splendidly attired, as became the betrothed of so beautiful and virtuous a princess.

The journey from the peaceful meads where the princess had passed the last few months of her life was so rapid that it seemed like a flash of light.

I cannot tell you what was the joy of the king and the court, and the dismay of the wicked queen and her daughter, when they saw the enchanted car, drawn by the fiery dragons, alight at the entrance of the palace.

Among the first to tender their congratulations were the wicked queen and her still more wicked daughter, because it is not so horrible to see a wicked old man or woman as it is to see a wicked young person; since the former may have been slow of growth, while youthful wickedness shows sin from the root.

It requires the voice of a Ronsard to depict the joy of the old king when he beheld Prince Florizel lead into his grand cabinet his much-prized daughter.

The false queen and her false daughter were also lavish of their thanks.

Soon afterward, their nuptials were celebrated with great pomp, and their felicity was so great that there never had been any like it. Indeed, they were so happy that they forgot to punish the wicked queen and her daughter, but contented themselves by allowing them to reside in a palace near them, where they could behold the happiness of the pair they had vainly endeavored to mar.

GLADIATORIAL EXHIBITION IN SOUTHERN INDIA—THE NUCKI-KAKOUSTE, AT BARODA.

ENGLISH influence tolerates in India a fearful gladiatorial show, which, till quite recently, was habitually established at Baroda. This was the Nucki-Kakouste, or claw-fight. In this the combatants, almost naked, adorned with garlands, tore each other with iron claws fastened to the fists. These fearful weapons, to which the brass knuckles of our desperadoes are gentle, were of steel, and made the death of one combatant certain. They were suppressed as too cruel. Horn implements are now used.

The gladiators, infuriated by draughts of *bang*, a decoction of opium and *cannabis indica*, rush on each other with a kind of chant; the head and face soon stream with blood, and a frenzy seizes them. The King of Baroda, with haggard eyes, and the veins of his neck swollen, gazes on the spectacle with such intense interest, that he imitates the passes of the combatants.

The arena is wet with blood, and at last the conquered, often in a dying state, is carried away, and the victor bows his mangled face before the King, to receive a collar of fine pearls and precious robes.

Should one flinch, he is set upon and beaten so that life hangs by a thread.

Louis Rousselet, a French traveler, lately witnessed such a scene, and, regardless of the offense he might give the brutal ruler, rose and retired.

CHARACTERISTIC SCENE IN A BURMESE MONASTERY.

IT is a spacious building, containing one or more large rooms with bare, boarded floors, and open on one side at least to the winds and to all comers. The approach is guarded only by the numerous wild dogs which trade upon the pious aversion of the Buddhist to the taking of animal life, and lurk among the pillars upon which the building is supported. Ascending the wooden staircase and passing over an open veranda, we are at once within the monastery. The sight is for a moment blinded by the darkness of the interior, the wooden walls being unrelieved by any color, and the ear is at the same time deafened by a chorus of children's voices repeating, with the full power of their lungs, the traditional Burmese spelling-book. As we enter, the voices, now raised higher than ever, are found to issue from forty or fifty boys recumbent on the bare floor in regular ranks, each having before him a small, oblong, black board which serves the purpose of a slate. A smart tap from a long cane on the boarded floor causes instant silence, and the visitors advance to an inner recess where mats and cushions are spread, and where the monkish pedagogue is seated on the ground. By his side are curiously shaped boxes and dishes of lacquer-work and silver, containing betel-nut, water and the like. Huge palm-leaf fans and monster gilded umbrellas lean against the wall, and in the dim light we find ourselves surrounded by gilded images of Gaudama—the name uniformly given in Burmah to the founder of Buddhism—in brass, marble or silver, piles of dusty palm-leaf manuscripts, some of them richly illuminated, and boxes of various sizes and forms ornamented with gilding and a kind of mosaic of colored glass. Above us, colored lamps hang from the richly carved ceiling, and amid the strange medley are carpets and vessels of English manufacture, and, in a conspicuous niche, an American eight-day clock. Near us lounge a number of tall youths and boys with fair, olive complexions, dressed in the uniform yellow monastic robe, and attentive to every word or signal from their superior. These are the juniors or probationers of the Order, who minister to his immediate wants; who daily, in solemn procession through the village, beg for his morning meal, fan him in the heat, shield him from the sun as he walks, or row him in his boat on a journey. We are received with an air of apparent indifference and offered a seat on the mats, and while our host continues to chew his betel-nut in silence and awaits our opening of the conversation, we may note his outward appearance, which is striking enough. His skin is dark and his cheeks thin, as if with fasting. His head is bare and close-shaven, and his dress is the uniform toga of sombre yellow cloth, so folded as to leave one arm completely bare. The seams which traverse the robe in so many directions are relics of the original injunction, so that the monk should be clothed in rags gathered in the graveyard and stitched together. In his hand he holds a rosary of beads, and the whole aspect is that of the recluse who has neither part nor lot in the things of the world.

Common as this scene is to those who live in the country, it is one worthy of a painter's canvas, and to step aside from a metaled high road, skirted by a line of telegraph, into one of these quaint retreats, is like passing at a step from the nineteenth century back to the years before Christ.

A CURIOUS EXPLOSION.

THERE was a curious explosion in the First Presbyterian Church at Plattsburg, N. Y., recently, the windows being blown out, the furnaces shattered, and the ceilings ruined. Those who entered the main audience-room found it filled with gas, the carpets and cushions blazing, several of the memorial windows ruined, three small arched windows over the organ completely shattered, and the heavy outside front door blown into the street. The statement of Sexton Prindle is that he spent a portion of the day in the main room, sprinkling benzine upon the cushions and carpets, according to directions given to him, to kill the moths with which the carpets and upholstery were infested. He thinks that about two-thirds of a barrel of benzine was used in this manner. After finishing his work up-stairs, he went down into the lecture-room, and made his preparations to start a fire in the furnace in the southwest corner. He cut kindlings and ignited a match, when a shock came which threw him fifteen feet, and rendered him insensible.

ATMOSPHERIC PHENOMENON.

THE following is from a letter of an English naval officer: "There is not an inch of the Gulf of Bothnia but we have crossed over. It is a strange place—the effect of the irregular refraction is very singular. The other morning we saw a lighthouse in the air, and on looking at the chart it was proved to be fully fifty miles off. Ships appear when you are nearly a day's sail from them, now with three hulls, now without sails, and—in a moment, with a cloud of canvas, now turning upside down, and half a dozen ships over the other, all as large as the biggest three-decker; and when you come up with her she is some insignificant little coaster. We are within a couple of degrees of the Arctic circle; the sun does not set until 10 P. M., and rises about 2; we have broad daylight all the time it is below the horizon. We are going to the head of the Gulf, and shall there see the sun at midnight."

AS WE grow older, it is with hearts as with heads of hair—it is not easy to distinguish the true from the false.

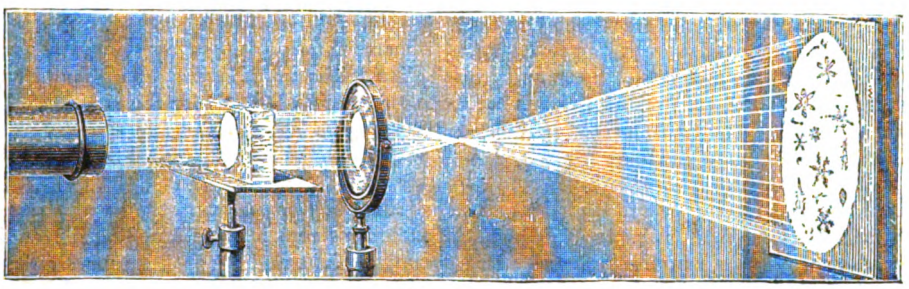
GLADIATORIAL EXHIBITION IN SOUTHERN INDIA.—THE NUCKI-KAKOUSTE AT BARODA.— SEE PAGE 243.

THE ARTIFICIAL PRODUCTION OF COLD.

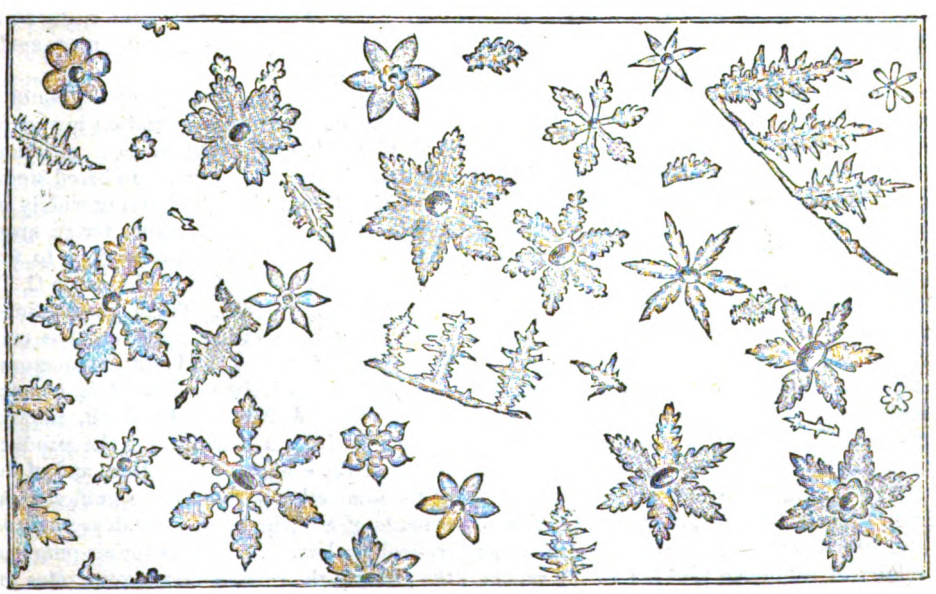
ICE MACHINES, FREEZING MIXTURES, AND THE ICE TRADE.

By Professor Charles A. Joy, Ph. D.

The artificial production of cold is a branch of knowledge which has been much less cultivated than its opposite, the production of heat. The use of heat is one of the necessities of mankind. Its application in the preparation of food distinguishes man from the lower animals. Even ancient cave-dwellers appear to have rubbed sticks of wood together and to have kindled fires both for warmth and for cooking food. Artificial warmth for our dwellings is exacted on every side, and it would be difficult to describe the great number of inventions that have been devised to comply with this requisite; but no one thinks of cooling down his house in the Summer, and stoves for that purpose are not offered in the market. Another reason why heat is better understood than cold is, that we employ steam as a motive power, whereas cold has no similar application. During the last thirty years the habits of society have undergone important modifications, and a demand for ice for many household purposes has been increasing, and where ice could not be had some substitute in the way of artificial cold has been suggested. The preservation of small supplies of provisions at home developed the idea of cheapening food by bringing it from great distances in a frozen condition, and then the subject began to assume proportions not contemplated in the earlier stages of this industry. Water assumes three forms—solid, liquid and vapor. Below 32 deg. of the Fahrenheit scale it is a solid, familiarly known as ice. Ice is lighter than water and swims on the top, the air bubbles inclosed within aiding materially its buoyancy. The specific gravity of the frozen water is variously stated at 0.92 and 0.94. Ice is composed of crystals which are all hexagonal prisms connected together at angles of 30, 60, or 120 degrees, and often forming structures of great beauty. That the solid ice is composed of conglomerations of the crystals can be shown by aid of the electric light and a condensing lens. If the powerful electric light be passed through a thin piece of ice, and a lens be intervened, and the image caught on a screen, the internal structure will be exhibited, and will be found to resemble the figures produced by snowflakes on a window pane. When a mass of ice is thrown violently down and fractured, its crystalline structure is at once displayed, and it appears to be built up of a vast number of six-sided prisms. When the crystals are pressed together and a layer of water is poured between the pieces of ice, the temperature sinks considerably below 32 deg. Fah.; in fact, it appears by experiment that for every atmosphere of pressure the temperature falls 1-115th of a centigrade degree. The regelation of the ice is explained on this principle, and the movements of immense masses of glaciers are attributable to the force of alternate thawing and freezing of the ice. Glaciers are frozen rivers, often of great depth. They flow slowly down the mountain with a uniform motion, grinding and crushing large masses of rock and carrying heavy boulders into the valley. The centre of the glacier, like that of a river, moves more rapidly than the sides; the motion is continuous and not by jerks or starts, and is sometimes at the rate of 375 feet annually. Sometimes they are so wide that, as in Switzerland, they are called "Seas of Ice"—not rivers. Of these the great Aletsch glacier is an example. When the glaciers flow into the ocean, the ice, as it reaches the sea is broken off and carried by the current into deep water, where it floats with the Gulf Stream until it gradually melts away. When ice changes to a liquid, a large amount of heat is necessary, and if this heat is not supplied to it, it will abstract it from the nearest surrounding objects and make them proportionately colder. That is the way in which ice acts as a cooling agent. We need not, however, confine ourselves to ice, as there is a universal law involved



ICE CRYSTALS.



ICE FLOWERS.

in the subject, namely, that when a solid is changed to a liquid, a certain amount of heat is absorbed. Every soluble salt, therefore, produces cold when thrown into water, and the finer it is, and the more rapid its solution, the greater the cold. It is upon this principle that chemists have compounded cooling mixtures, some of which are now available for household use, as the materials are manufactured on a large scale and are very cheap. There has been a great revolution in chemical manufacture during the last twenty years, so that many salts which were formerly entirely out of the question, are now approaching more and more within the range of everyday application. Take for example, the nitrate of ammonia; this salt mixed with water will cool the surrounding liquid to very nearly zero. The operation can be cheapened by mixing 20 parts nitrate of soda and 80 parts nitrate of ammonia, thus lowering the temperature 87 deg. Fah. A large number of salts have been tried in a similar way with varying degrees of success, depending upon the rapidity of solubility of the materials. Snow and common salt or pounded ice and salt, are familiar to everybody, but are not always available. They give us cold six degrees above zero. When nitrate of soda and snow are mixed, we arrive at zero. It has been shown that when citric acid and crystalized carbonate of soda in powder are stirred together the temperature falls from 60 deg. Fah. to 8 deg. Fah. All elementary works on physics contain tables of a large number of salts suitable for freezing mixtures, and it is not necessary to enlarge further on this branch of our subject.

MAKING ICE BY EVAPORATION IN VACUO.

A very old experiment in the lecture-room has been to freeze water by rapid evaporation, by means of an air-pump. A small quantity of water is placed on a watch glass, under a bell jar, and a vacuum rapidly produced by the pump. At first the water boils, and the vapor evolved will absorb so much heat from the water, that at last it will freeze and form a small piece of ice. It is usual to put a cup of concentrated sulphuric acid under the watch glass, to absorb the watery vapor, and thus facilitate operations.

M. Carré, of Paris, has reduced this method to practice by means of a portable pump and cylinder for sulphuric acid. A strong glass bottle is nearly filled with water, and connected by a rubber joint with an air-pump. Between the bottle and the pump is a reservoir containing sulphuric acid, over which passes the air and watery vapor which the pump draws from the contents of the bottle; the sulphuric acid absorbs the vapor, and when one-sixth of the water has been removed, the rest will rapidly freeze.

Professor Van der Weyde, one of the most accomplished physicists of our country, says of this apparatus: "The amount of labor required is perfectly in accordance with the theory of the mechanical equivalent of heat, which is that one unit corresponds with 776 foot-pounds; and as from every pound of ice-cold water 142 units have to be extracted to transform it into ice, the abstraction will be equal to 142 x 776, or 110,192 foot-pounds. It will take a man 27 minutes to effect the abstraction. If the work is done by machinery, we find that a horse power will freeze 1 pound of water every three minutes, or 20 pounds per hour; and as, in a good steam engine, a horse power can be obtained at the expense of 2 pounds of coal per hour, we see that 2 pounds of coal will be sufficient to produce 20 pounds of ice, or 1 ton of coal 10 tons of ice. If, however, we use as an aid the intense affinity of sulphuric acid for watery vapors, we may surpass this estimate; but it must be considered that ice is usually wanted in warm climates or during hot seasons, and the loss of cold from, or, rather, the incursion of external heat to, the different parts of the apparatus, is so considerable that it is necessary to use all possible precautions, and to employ all known means, if we expect to attain the theoretical maximum of one ton of coal producing ten tons of ice."

It is not always necessary to have recourse to a vacuum for the production of ice by evaporation, as an analogous result can be obtained by spontaneous evaporation in the open air. The inhabitants of Thibet and China employ this method of procuring ice in the months of December and January, when the thermometer sometimes sinks to 35 deg. Fah. Several acres of nearly level land are laid out in square plots, from four to five feet wide, with borders of raised earth to serve as paths; the cavities made by the removal of the earth are filled up with straw, on which are placed as many broad, shallow pans of unglazed earthenware as the spaces will hold. To prevent the ice from adhering to the pans, they are smeared with butter on the inside. Without this precaution it would be impossible to remove the ice without breaking the pans. The pans are filled with water in the afternoon, by persons who walk along the borders left for the purpose. It is computed that as many as 100,000 pans are exposed at one time, and that it requires the services of 300 hands to fill them and remove the ice.

They begin to take up the ice at about five o'clock in the morning; this is done by plunging an iron hook into the centre of it, and by that means breaking it into several pieces. By putting the pieces under pressure, it would be possible thus to manufacture large blocks of solid ice. Such a method can be practiced only in countries where the cost of labor is exceedingly small.

Mr. Charles M. Keller and Hon. James Henderson, of New York, invented an apparatus in 1866, where the same principle is applied. Their plan was to place water in cast-iron or other metallic vessels, about twelve inches square, with either rough or corrugated surfaces, varying from two to eight inches deep, made rather smaller at the bottom than at the top, to facilitate the removal of the ice. These vessels are suspended by their rims and filled with water; the cold of the atmosphere acting with almost equal effect on the bottom and sides, converts the water into solid blocks of ice with great rapidity, at times when none can be formed upon ponds. The effect may be increased by making a central hollow space in the vessel, rising from the bottom to the level of the top, thus exposing more surface to the action of the cold air.

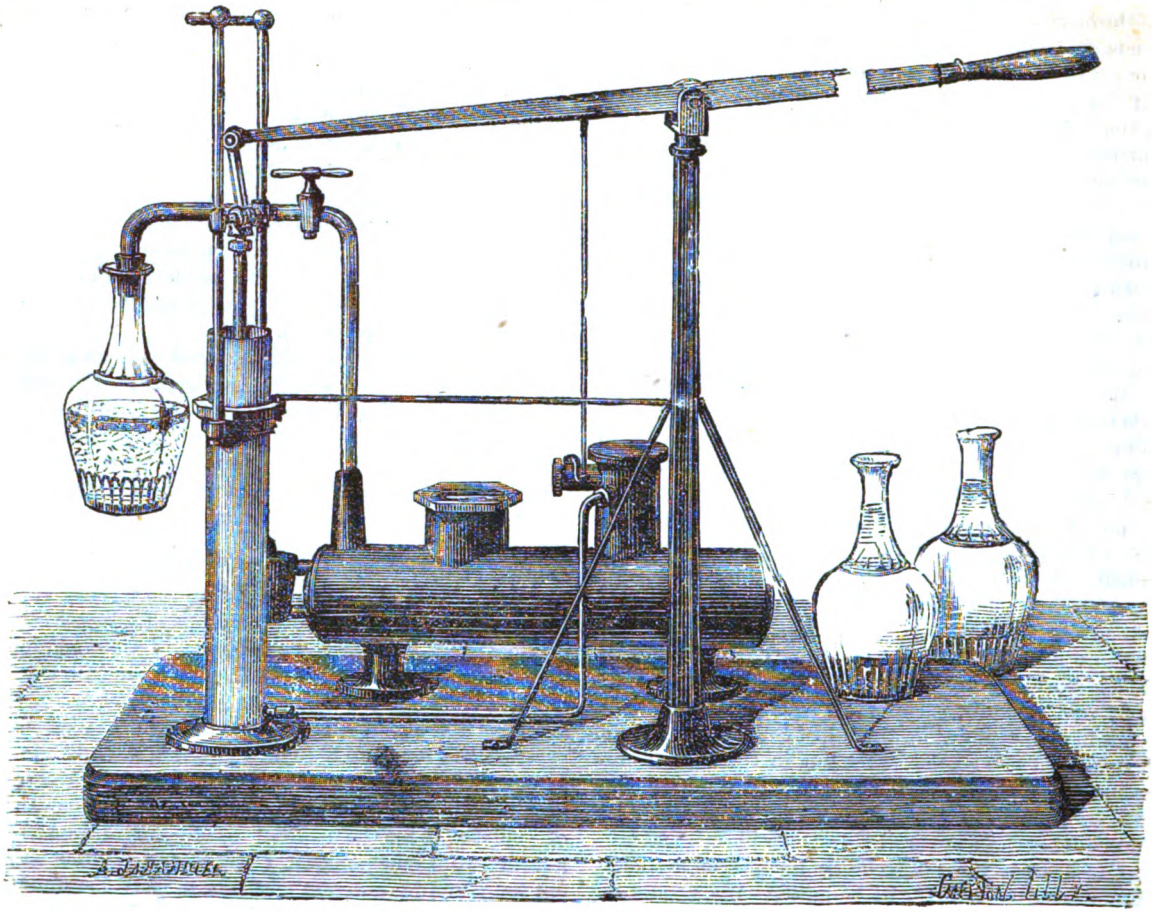
As only a limited supply of ice could be obtained by freezing mixtures and evaporation in vacuo, resort must be had to mechanical contrivances yielding much greater results. These contrivances are based upon similar principles of action, although differing widely in the details of construction. The first patent for an apparatus by which the cold of evaporation was applied to freezing purposes was taken out by Professor Alexander C. Twining, of New Haven, Conn., in 1850. This ingenious inventor employed ether as the evaporating liquid, and his contrivance, under a variety of names and with numerous modifications, has been extensively used in this country and Europe. Messrs. Siebe & West, of Lambeth, England, exhibited at Vienna, in 1873, a machine for the production of cold by means of the evaporation of ether, and of the continued use of the same ether without any significant loss. The machine consists of a refrigerator, a condenser, an air-pump and an ice-making box. As soon as the air-pump is put in motion, the ether in the cooling-vessel evaporates and absorbs heat from the tubes by which the cooling-vessel is traversed. The ether-vapor thus produced is forced by the air-pump into the condenser, where, under the combined influence of the pressure and the cooling action of the water circulating through the condenser, it resumes the liquid form and

returns through a small tube to the refrigerator, in order to be there again changed into gas. This process is continued with the use of the same ether as long as the machine is kept working. The great cold produced in the cooling-vessel acts on the fresh water to be frozen in the ice-box by means of a current of salt water introduced into the tubes which pass through. The temperature of the salt water decreases quickly on its way through the refrigerator, on account of heat being absorbed from it by the ether changing into gas, and it then circulates, with a temperature considerably below the freezing-point, in the ice-box, round a number of iron or copper vessels filled with the fresh water to be frozen into ice. The salt water, the temperature of which is increasing again by coming into contact with the vessels containing the fresh water, is taken back to the refrigerator, where its temperature is again reduced. The process of freezing is thus uniform, self-regulating and uninterrupted until the fresh water has been changed into ice. The latter is then removed, and the vessels are again filled with fresh water, to be exposed to the cooling of the brine-current. The inventors state that a temperature of fifty degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, has been obtained with this apparatus, and that from 50,000 to 500,000 cubic feet of air may be cooled per hour to thirty degrees.

Those who have used the ether machine complain of leakage and the danger of fire and explosion, and on that account have preferred the air-machine of Kirk & Windhausen. Kirk's machine is founded on the use of compressed air, and was first applied as a cooling apparatus in the manufacture of paraffine in 1862. It is well known that when we compress air by a piston in a syringe, we can ignite tinder; if we now cool the whole apparatus down to its original temperature, and allow the air to force the piston gradually back, the air, by the effort, will be cooled—the greater the density the more the cooling power will be increased. This is the elementary cooling-machine, and to render it practicable it is necessary to perform the compressing or heating operation and the expansion or cooling operation in separate compartments; the one compartment to be surrounded by water to keep it cool and the other surrounded by the liquid to be cooled. The first compartment being thus very cold, and the other comparatively warm, the next thing is to provide means by which the air can be continually transferred from one to the other without carrying hea from the hot compartment to the cold. Sterling's regenerator, composed of a large quantity of wire gauze through which the air passes, enables us to accomplish this very perfectly. The air, in passing from the hot to the cold compartments, warms the gauze and is itself cooled, and the cold air, in returning, is gradually warmed, cooling the gauze in its course; and, although the air is continually being passed backward and forward from the hot compartment to the cold, and *vice versa*, no heat is conveyed by it from the hot side to warm the cold, and thus interfere with the cooling power of the air during expansion.

Certain improvements on Kirk's refrigerator have been made by M. Mignot, of Paris, and Herr Windhausen, of Brunswick, Germany. In the ice-making air machine of M. Mignot, special means have been adopted to inject the water, in the form of spray, into the very midst of the air as it is being compressed in the cylinder. The cold air produced, being about sixty degrees below freezing point, is conveyed through a trough with large cells containing the water to be congealed, and escapes at about four degrees above freezing, which would be at a temperature enabling even more work to be done if wanted. The chief feature of interest in this machine lies in the injecting of the spray, which slightly diminishes the work necessary to compress the air. In the machine of Windhausen, the air is admitted into the compressing chamber as usual, and thence passes into a condenser formed of two series of pipes, whence it enters the expansion chamber to be dilated and cooled. The air then escapes through a valve into the refrigerator containing the vessels of liquid to be frozen—that is, if ice is wanted—or directly into the room to be cooled, if a reduction of temperature there is desirable. He employs either a single or double-acting cylinder, compressing on one side of the piston and expanding on the other; or a double cylinder, one compressing the air and the other subsequently expanding it. But notwithstanding all the improvements introduced in the air machines, they have proved too costly, and other methods have been proposed.

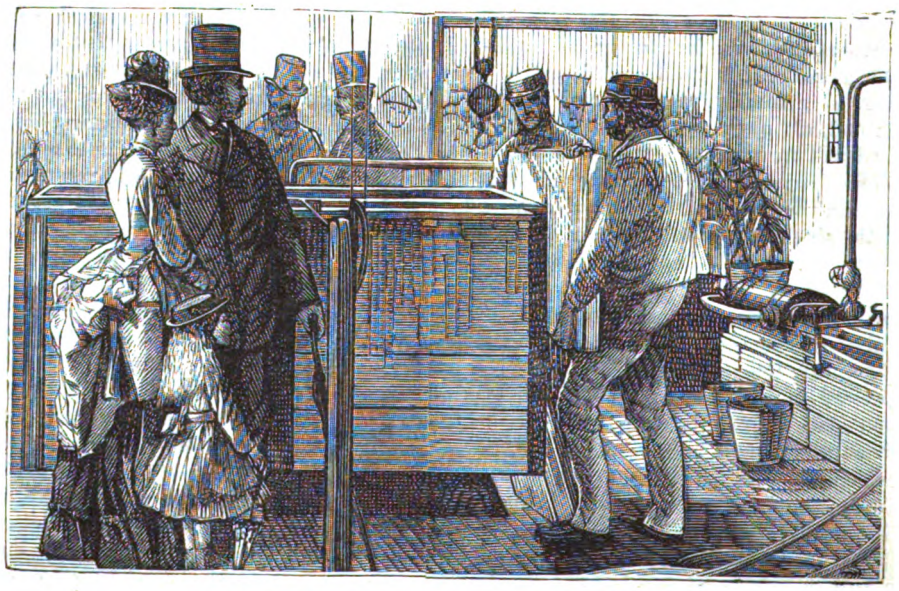
The machines which obtain the greatest favor at the present day are those that employ the latent heat of volatilization. They are all of them founded on the discovery made by Faraday nearly forty years ago, that many gases formerly considered permanent can by proper contrivances be converted into liquids, and that when these liquefied gases return to the condition of vapor a great amount of heat is required and they act as the most powerful refrigerating substances. Faraday's original experiment consisted in the employment of a very strong glass tube bent into the form of the letter U. He introduced very dry chloride of silver which had previously absorbed a large quantity of ammonia into one limb of the tube and placed the other end into a freezing mixture. On applying heat to the ammoniated silver the ammonia was expelled and under the influence of cold and pressure was found to become a liquid in the cold end of the tube. For thirty years afterward this was looked upon as an interesting lecture-room experiment, but no one thought of applying it for the artificial production of cold. It was left to two Frenchmen, M. Carré and M. Tellier, at different times and by different methods, to make practical application of ammonia in ice machines. Carré's invention is one that has proved eminently successful both in this country and Europe. It consists in the use of ammoniacal gas liquefied by pressure as the agent for refrigerating purposes. The manner of using the ammonia is exceedingly ingenious and apparently paradoxical, inasmuch as heat is applied to produce cold and fire to make ice. A word or two about ammonia in this connection may not be out of place. A solution of this gas is known as spirits of hartshorn or aqua ammonia. Cold water will take up one thousand times its own volume of the gas, thus yielding an exceedingly powerful and pungent solution. By heating the solution the ammoniacal gas previously absorbed can be drawn off. Another property of the gas is, that it can be liquefied by pressure and cold without the intervention of water. The amount of pressure depends upon the temperature. At 70 deg. Fah. a pressure of nine atmospheres or 135 pounds to the square inch will reduce it to a liquid form, and on the reversal of the pressure it will return again to the gaseous state. The liquefied gas must not, therefore, be confounded with its solution in water, having quite different properties. Carré's machine for applying the liquefied ammonia to the manufacture of ice is as follows: It consists of two vertical cylindrical vessels, of different sizes, connected at their upper ends by a tube; they are made of strong sheet-iron, as they have to resist a pressure equal to that of a locomotive boiler; the largest of them has double sides, the space between them being hermetically closed, and at its upper part connected by means of a strong tube with the upper part of the second smaller vessel, which is a simple upright cylinder, and also hermetically closed; the vessel is filled with the strongest solution of ammonia in water. By the heating of this vessel, the ammoniacal gas is driven out of the water, according to the properties explained above, and if the double-sided vessel at the same



CARRÉ'S MACHINE FOR MAKING ICE.

time is placed in cold water the pressure of the developed gas will be sufficient to liquefy the gas itself between the double walls of the large vessel.

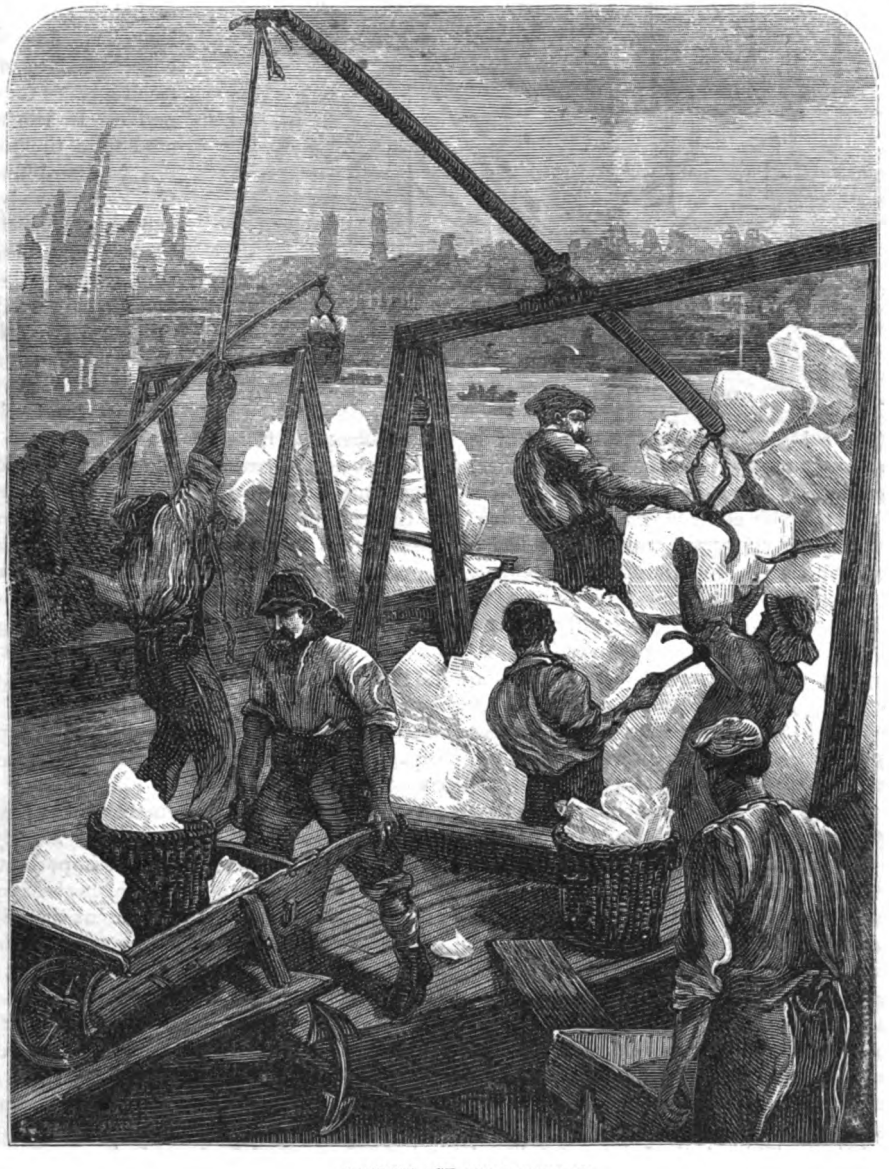
As soon as this is accomplished the apparatus is ready to commence the freezing operation, the water to be frozen is placed in a proper vessel of thin, well-conducting metal, closely fitting in the open space inside the double-walled longer cylinder, between the walls of which the ammoniacal gas has now been liquefied by the pressure produced by heating the smaller vessel. This smaller vessel, being hot, is now suddenly plunged in cold water; the water confined inside, which first had its ammonia expelled by heat, regains at once, by means of the cold applied to it, its most intense affinity for this gas; it will re-absorb it with great rapidity; the liquefied gas in the larger vessel will be relieved of the pressure which brought and kept it in the liquid state, and it will consequently re-adopt the gaseous form—distil over, as it were, to be condensed in the water of the smaller vessel, and this forced evaporation in the larger vessel will be productive of such an absorption of heat from this vessel and the water in its centre that this water will be frozen to a very hard, solid cylinder of ice. The heating of the smaller vessel containing the aqua ammonia must be done slowly, till the thermometer connected with it shows a temperature of 260 deg. Fahrenheit above the larger vessel placed in the cold water, and which must be kept agitated, or, better, continually renewed by a small stream, in order to keep it cool; much heat being developed or set free during the liquefaction of the gas inside. When the liquid returns



MAKING ICE BY MACHINERY BY ETHER AND SALT WATER.

to the form of a gas it requires this same heat again, and abstracts it from the water surrounding it, thus accomplishing the freezing. The operation is made continuous, and if there was no leakage the original quantity of aqua ammonia introduced into the larger vessel would answer for the freezing of an indefinite quantity of water.

It is not alone for the manufacture of ice that the liquefied ammonia is employed; it is equally applicable as a motive power. The principle on which the ammonia is applied as a motor is analogous to that upon which the use of steam is based. The manner of operation of the two machines is so similar that but for the corroding action of ammonia on all brass and copper boxes and packing, they might be used interchangeably. A steam engine may be converted into an ammonia engine by replacing with iron or steel the parts constructed of brass, and by modifying the condenser. In the city of New Orleans ammonia is actually applied to the production of ice and to the propelling of the street-cars.

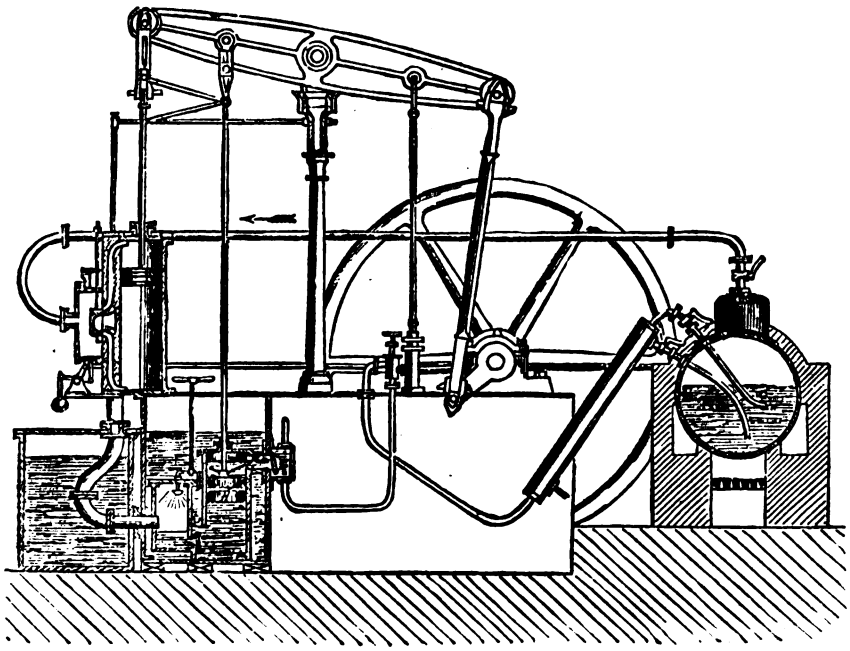


LANDING ICE FROM NORWAY.

The Tellier ice-machine, besides differing much from the Carré machine in matters of detail, differs from it in its action, the condensation of the ammonia being in the latter effected entirely by mechanical compression, while in the former, as we have seen, the strong affinity of ammonia for water is used in the collection of the gas, the latter being separated from the water again by distillation. In the Tellier machine the liquefied ammonia is first received into a strong cylinder for convenience of transportation. This cylinder being attached to suitable pipes connected with the machine, the opening of certain cocks allows the ammonia to escape into a distributor, or a cylinder connected by pipes with the congealer. The congealer is a square box divided into compartments by hollow metallic partitions, the compartments being filled with the water to be frozen; or they may be filled with a solution of chloride of calcium or of common salt, in which are placed metallic molds containing the water to be frozen. The latter is most convenient when very large cakes are desired. The ammonia, passing from the distributor into the hollow metallic partitions of the congealer, expands into gas, absorbing in its expansion a large amount of heat from the fluid contained in the compartments. It is then drawn from the congealer by the pump and forced back again into the distributor in a condensed form. During the process of condensation it gives off its heat to water surrounding a coil through which the gas is passed on its way to the distributor, from which it again passes to the congealer, and so on, being used over and over without material loss. It is obvious that any other volatile liquid besides ammonia might be used for the production of cold.

Professor Lowe, of balloon fame, in attempting to use liquefied carbonic acid as a motive power for flying-machines, was struck by the evolution of great cold during the evaporation of the liquefied gas, and it was proposed to apply the principle to the artificial production of cold. The working of his machine was exhibited, in 1869, on board the steamship *William Taber*, but after expending many thousand dollars, the scheme was abandoned as impracticable, on account of the immense pressure required to liquefy the gas, and for other reasons.

M. Tellier, who was for a long time the enthusiastic advocate of ammonia as the best agent for the artificial production of cold, finally abandoned his ground and tried methylic ether—the ether of wood spirit—with which he claims to have attained perfect success. His process has proved so satisfactory to a number of wealthy capitalists in France, that they have built ships for the transportation of meat from South America, on board of which the process is applied. On board the steamer *Frigorifique*, the machine for



THE AMMONIA MACHINE.

producing the artificial cold is driven by the steam power of the ship. It consists of a tank to hold the methylic ether, and a pump for compressing the vapor into a liquid in a strong condenser. As methylic ether is volatile at 22 deg. Fah., it is easily and rapidly converted from a liquid to a gas. By this operation a large amount of heat becomes latent, great cold is produced, and the air surrounding the reservoir in which the change takes place is greatly reduced in temperature. This air is passed through chloride of calcium, to free it from all moisture, and is driven into the compartments (refrigerators) where the meat is stored. A temperature considerably below the freezing point of water is constantly maintained in these large storerooms, and the inspectors who descend into them to see that a proper degree of cold is preserved, are provided with warm clothing, similar to that worn by Arctic explorers. The *Frigorifique* has made a successful voyage out and back, bringing a large quantity of fresh meat from South America in perfect preservation.

For the transportation of meat, however, the experience of this country has demonstrated that it is more economical to do the cooling directly by ice, rather than by the intervention of mechanical appliances.

As is well known, the exportation of dressed meat from America to Europe has recently grown into an extensive business. Great improvement has been made in the construction of the refrigerators. By the old system, the meat was put in juxtaposition with the ice, thus keeping it in a partially frozen condition. This method is wasteful and destructive, as scientific investigation has shown that certain changes occur, impairing the quality of the meat. It is found unnecessary to have a degree of cold approaching the freezing point in order to secure preservation.

To preserve meat from decomposition and attendant unpleasant flavors, ventilation was required in refrigerators. Without a constant current of air the temperature of the refrigerator becomes heavy, and the moisture in the air is condensed into water, which soaks the meat, and thus injures it.

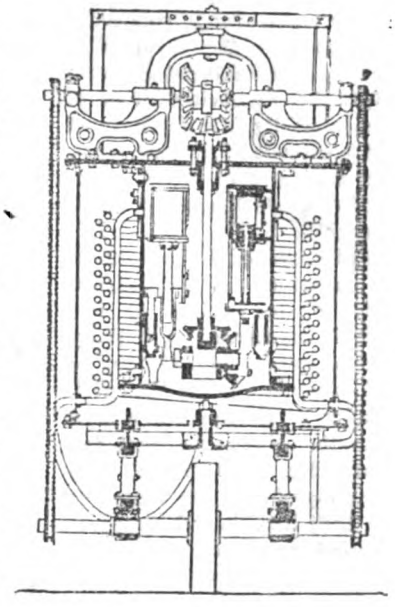
A refrigerator has lately been invented which obviates all of these objections, and is now generally adopted. It is constructed in the space between the decks of the vessel, and is called the meat-chamber or chill-room. The sides, ceiling and floor of this room are thickly sheathed with wood and resinous paper, and are rendered absolutely air-tight. Hooks are driven into the beams, on which the quarters of beef are suspended, inclosed in canvas sacks, and so placed as not to come in contact. In the middle of the chamber an ice-tank is built, capable of holding from 35 to 40 tons of ice. The floor of the tank is constructed of zinc, and has two small gutters for carrying off the water. In the tank, but separated from the ice by a wooden box, is a fan-blower, worked from the deck above by a small steam-engine. Connected with the fan-blower is a large pipe, which runs through the ice-tank to the floor, and then branches into a number of small tubes, which radiate over the rooms, terminating at the bottom of the sides of the meat-chamber. Other small tubes lead from the blower to the top of the chamber. When the refrigerator is in working order and the fan-blower has been started, the warm air which has ascended to the ceiling of the meat-chamber is drawn through the upper tubes into the ice-tank, where it is cooled to the proper temperature, and it is then forced through the lower tubes into the bottom of the meat-chamber, replacing the warmer air, which ascends to the ceiling and again goes through the cooling process. A constant stream of cold air is thus kept up in the meat-chamber, the temperature being from 35 to 37 deg. Fah. About 25 per cent of the ice is usually found in the tank at the termination of the voyage across the ocean, and the meat is invariably in good condition.

Owing to these improvements in refrigerators the business of sending beef to Europe has largely increased, and has now become one of the most important of our exports. Two years ago the value of the meat exported did not exceed $2,000 a month; at the present time $500,000 a month may be regarded as a fair average—all of which is independent of exporting cattle alive.

Refrigerating cars are constructed on the same principle as explained above. The raised portion of the roof of the car forms an ice-box, which is filled from openings in the top, without disturbing the freight. The air which enters the cars is reduced to the proper temperature by passing through tubes under the ice. The car is inclosed in a jacket composed of horizontal air-passages from end to end of the car. The object of this jacket is to cause a free circulation of air, which has not been heated by contact with surfaces exposed to the direct rays upon the chamber of the car—amounting often to a difference of twenty or thirty degrees of temperature. The air-passages being closed for use in cold weather, become insulated air-spaces, serving to protect the chamber of the car from the influence of extreme low temperature in Winter. This arrangement protects the contents of the car from heat in Summer and cold in Winter.

Where artificial cold is required to produce a skating-pond in Summer, Mr. John Gamgee has found a machine invented by Pictet, and employing sulphurous acid, to be

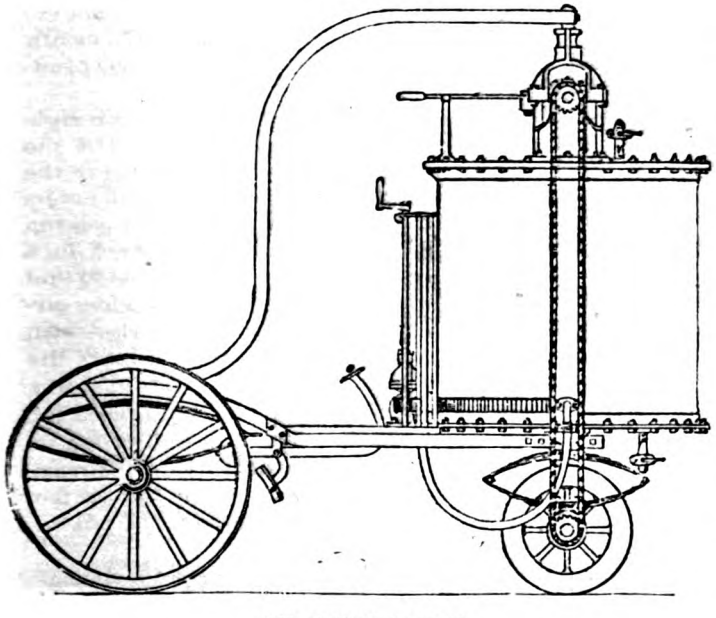
the most efficient. Mr. Gamgee has succeeded in manufacturing 3090 square feet of ice, solid and transparent, and well adapted to skating purposes. He does this at the floating baths on the Thames at Charing Cross, London. The process consists of the circulation of a current of glycerine and water through a series of metal tubes immersed in the water, which is converted into ice and maintained in that condition. There are two ice-machines, with the necessary engines, one at each end of the rink. Each machine absorbs over 100,000 heat units per hour, and it is stated that this immense effect is obtained by the expenditure of about six horse power per machine. The water of the Thames, at a temperature of about 40 degrees Fahrenheit, pumped freely through the condenser, maintains the pressure in the machine at a minimum of one atmosphere and three quarters, whereas the pressure in the refrigerator is only nominal, and corresponds to the temperature of about 0 deg. Fahrenheit. A rotary pump drives about 4000 gallons of glycerine and water per hour through each refrigerator, and this cold liquid traverses through the tubes of the rink, and the water outside them is thoroughly frozen. The machines act as twins. One supplies each alternate tube of 115 feet in length, and the glycerine, having passed through this, gravitates into the other machine, and, having been conducted through the refrigerator, passes back through the adjacent tube. In this way Mr. Gamgee secures what he terms his "direct alternative" circulation, which is the special improvement in the floating rink. Each machine is capable of controlling the entire circuit of pipes, so that in the event of one failing, the other insures continuance of the freezing process. Sulphurous acid has the exceptionally advantageous quality of being an excellent lubricant, so that the metallic piston which works in the cylinder of the compressing pump requires no greasing; thus the introduction of foreign matter into the apparatus becomes entirely impossible. M. Pictet claims for his sulphurous acid machine the following advantages: "The pressure never exceeds four atmospheres; there is never any entry of air to fear, the pressure as far as ten deg. Centigrade being always above that of the atmosphere; the volatile liquid employed is perfectly stable, undecomposable and without chemical action on metals; all greasing in the machine is dispensed with; the volatile liquid is obtained at a very low price, and it is accompanied by no danger of explosion or fire; the cost of production of the ice approaches nearly to the minimum of about ten francs per ton." If all these claims are true the practical problem of the manufacture of ice may be considered as solved for all climates, and the process of M. Pictet will not fail to be speedily adopted in warm countries.



THE AMMONIA MACHINE.

An interesting application of artificial cold which has recently been tried is in the preparation of medicated ice. In all cases where it is impossible for the patient to swallow any liquid, owing either to inflammation of the pharynx or to nervous irritability, the remedy can be applied in the form of ice. Doctor J. Varnum Mott, of New York, has tried many remedies in the form of ice which could not be exhibited in any other way. He recommends as a laxative frozen citrate of magnesia; astringents, mixtures of chlorate of potash and chloride of iron, or of sulphate of iron and water; tonics, Valentine's beef juice and water, sulphate of quinine and aromatic sulphuric acid; disinfectants, carbolic acid and water; anodynes, bromide of potassium and water, acetate of morphine and water; stimulants, spiritus vini gallici and water. These medicines are put into test-tubes and frozen by a mixture of salt and ice.

The use of cold in the arts is constantly increasing, and many chemical processes are dependent upon it. In all manufactures founded upon fermentation it is of the utmost importance to be able to keep the liquors cool, to prevent the formation of acids, and this is accomplished by distributing them over large surfaces, by keeping them in cellars or surrounding them with ice. In Germany a large quantity of sulphate of soda is annually made from the refuse brine of the salt mines, and from the evaporation of the waters of the ocean, by taking advantage of the mutual decomposition produced by cold in solutions of sulphate of magnesia and chloride of sodium. The operation is limited to the Winter season, and can only be carried on in cold climates, unless resort be had to artificial refrigeration.



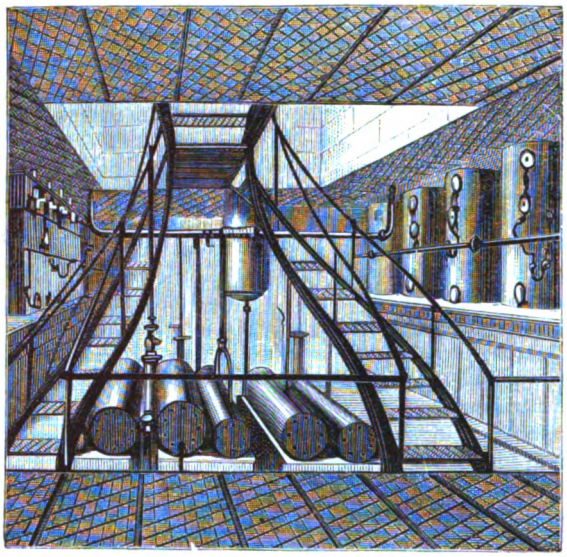
THE AMMONIA MACHINE.

THE ICE TRADE.

We come now to speak of ice as it is formed by nature on our ponds and rivers, and which has become an important article of commerce in this country. In treating this branch of the subject we shall make free use of the statistics and matter contained in Johnson's Cyclopædia, as prepared by Mr. L. P. Brockett.

In New York City ice was not a commodity to be generally bought and sold before 1825, though it was used by the butchers, fishmongers and perhaps the confectioners, at an earlier date. The

traffic has grown enormously in fifty years. It now employs in the seven or eight companies in New York City a capital of nearly $8,000,000, gathers from 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 tons of ice annually (the ice crop of 1875 exceeded 2,000,000 tons), employing over 10,000 men, and over 4,000 horses, and selling $10,000,000 worth. The capital invested in the business is estimated at $30,000,000. The exportation of ice, which commenced in 1805 by the shipment of 130 tons to Martinique by Mr. Frederick Tudor, of Boston, had a slow growth. From the first ten years Mr. Tudor made little or no profit by his ventures; in 1815 he obtained some exclusive privileges from the Cuban authorities, and between 1817 and 1820 began to send cargoes also to Charleston, Savannah and New Orleans; but in all these years he met with frequent disasters, and, from the long passages of the sailing vessels, often lost the greater part of his cargoes. As late as 1832, his whole annual shipments amounted to but 4,352 tons, all of which was taken from Fresh Pond in Cambridge, Mass. In 1833 he sent his first cargo to the East Indies, shipping 180 tons to Calcutta. Eighty tons melted before the arrival of the cargo at that port, but the remainder sold promptly at a large profit. From that time the business began to thrive, and soon grew to great proportions. The entire export now amounts to 1,000,000 tons per annum. The gathering and storing of the ice crop has been reduced to a science in this country. The ice-houses are sometimes of brick, but often are of wood, from 100 to 200 feet in width, and from 200 to 400 feet in length, with double, triple, or quadruple walls, and generally three, four, or five stories in height, with strong floors and doors closing tightly on each floor, but no windows. There are numerous inclined planes, movable and adapted to each story and to service without as well as within; in the larger store-houses a steam elevator is used to drag the blocks of ice up the planes. The capacity of these store-houses varies with the locality and the conveniences for shipping ice from them, many of them being capable of storing from 20,000 to 40,000 tons. The spaces between the walls are filled with sawdust, spent tan-bark, or some other poor conductor of heat.



ICE MACHINE ON THE "FRIGORIFIQUE."

When a favorable time has come for storing the ice, there is a scene of great activity in the vicinity of the storehouses. On the Hudson River and its neighborhood the period for gathering the ice is rarely more than four or five days at one time, and sometimes not more than ten or twelve in all; and

HAULING ICE ON THE NEVA AT ST. PETERSBURG.

hence the greatest speed is necessary in securing the crop. The thickness of the ice being satisfactory, the field is temporarily fenced, the snow, if any, removed by a broad scraper drawn by one horse, and the ice planed by another scraper armed with a steel blade, to the depth of perhaps two inches, to remove the porous ice.

ICE-CUTTING AT BARRYTOWN, ON THE HUDSON.

The surface being cleared, the marker commences his work, using a kind of plow drawn by one horse, which makes a narrow groove about three inches deep, and running the lines five feet apart, and then turning and crossing them by another series of grooves, also five feet apart, so as to make square blocks five feet each way. One row of blocks is then cut through by means of handsaws, the blocks pushed under or hauled up on the ice, and run to the inclined planes or loaded on sleds. The succeeding blocks are pried off with a crowbar by one gang, and another catches them with boathooks and drags them up or tows a raft of about fifty blocks, with a grappling-iron and rope or chain, by horse-power, toward the storehouse, where it is broken into blocks, ran up the inclined plane by the elevator and packed away; the blocks standing on end, and being separated by sawdust, shavings, rice hulls or spent tan. The cutting and storing of 600 tons in an hour, at a single storehouse, is not an uncommon feat.

The cost of the labor for gathering and storing the ice in a favorable season does not exceed eight or ten cents per ton. It is usually kept in the storehouses till just before it is wanted, and is then loaded on barges and towed to the city. The profits on the business are immense, particularly where there is a combination to keep up the price.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL ON FERMENTATION.—Professor Tyndall has experimented with 600 different test-tubes, containing every variety of infusion, and has found that when the tubes have been heated to boiling, in contact with air free of dust and germs, and then abandoned to themselves, they have never, in any one case, undergone the action which we style putrefaction, but on being exposed for two or three days to the open air, the phenomenon of putrefaction at once sets in. He also observed that the infusions, after being boiled and abandoned to the action of the gases evolved during putrefaction, did not in any case themselves undergo any change. An infusion may be in the fullest contact with the most nauseous gases from putrefaction, but as long as only gases are brought into contact with it, it will not putrefy; but let the smallest fraction of matter already putrefying be introduced, and decomposition is absolutely certain. The conclusion to be derived from these experiments is, that putrefaction and fermentation are due to germs floating in the air, and that there is less danger from nauseous gases in zymotic diseases than from germs likely to be concealed in water. Some form of mote, germ or sporule is necessary to initiate the disease, and these are more readily conveyed by water than by the air.

GASES OCCLUDED BY COAL.—It appears from researches conducted by Mr. Thomas, that coal contains a number of gases shut up or occluded in it. In order to examine these gases, Mr. Thomas employed the method of heating the samples in a vacuum produced by a Sprengel pump, and then exploding them in the eudiometer over mercury. The researches cannot but be of the greatest value to all who are concerned with the technical, as well as the theoretical, consideration of the subject. A somewhat kindred research has been conducted by Mr. Galloway, on the effect of coal-dust upon explosions in coal mines. He found that a quantity ranging from one to two per cent. of fire damp, when mixed thoroughly with the air of the mine and coal-dust, and passed over a naked light, is capable of producing an explosion, or, on a small scale, an exceedingly rapid combustion. The experiments go to show that there is danger of explosions in coal mines, even when very little fire-damp is present, and that the precaution of always using a safety lamp should be insisted upon by the colliery owners. A very small leaven of fire-damp is sufficient to contaminate the entire atmosphere of a mine, especially where there is much coal-dust.

DR. FRANKLAND ON POTABLE WATER.—Dr. Frankland, of London, has made an elaborate examination of potable waters, and of the best methods for their analysis. He cites a case reported from Switzerland, of the conveyance of typhoid fever for nearly a mile in distance through a water supply. In order to establish the fact of a subterraneous connection between the source of water supply from which the contagion was supposed to have been derived and the wells of the town, a hundredweight of common salt was put into the suspected water supply, and in the course of a comparatively short time the amount of salt in the wells increased 15 to 18 times the normal quantity, thus at once proving the subterraneous connection of the waters. A few hundredweight of flour was also thrown into the upper reservoir, but no trace of it was found in the wells—which supplemented the previous experiment, by showing that solid matters were filtered off by the soil, while the subtle typhoid germs were conveyed a great distance. Dr. Frankland concludes that no process of mechanical filtration, however complete, can really be trusted to purify water which has once received the infection of the diseases which we group together for convenience under the name of zymotic.

QUADRUPLEX TELEGRAPHING.—A great improvement in the electric telegraph has been effected by Mr. Edison. By this invention, two receiving instruments can be employed, and the work be more than doubled. One instrument is arranged to be affected only by a strong current of electricity, the other is actuated by a weak current; in this way each instrument is as independent of the other as if it were on a different wire. In connection with the duplex system, this invention makes it possible to transmit four messages at once. The value of this improvement is very great, as it obviates the necessity of building so many lines of wire across the country at great expense.

CHARCOAL FROM SEAWEED.—In the old method of manufacturing iodine from kelp, the seaweed was gathered on the rocks, dried in the sun and burned to ashes in trenches. Mr. Stanford improved on this by subjecting the crop to destructive distillation in retorts, thus leaving charcoal as a residue, along with the other products combined with iodine. This kind of charcoal possesses remarkable deodorizing properties, nearly equal to bone-black. As it is an incidental product, the cost would be less than ordinary charcoal, while for many purposes of purification, filtering and deodorizing, it possesses many advantages.

SCIENTIFIC INFORMATION FOR LADIES.—In spite of all the efforts of educational boards to spread scientific information among the people, the instances of extraordinary ignorance, even among well-educated writers, are appalling. A wiseacre who has compiled the "Lady's Every-Day Book," describing castor oil, coolly informs us that "this very safe and common aperient is an oily substance secreted by the beaver. We obtain it both from Russia and America, but that procured from the latter country is esteemed the best." This information is equally confounding with the reports of the early Jesuit missionaries in North America, who classed the beaver among the fishes, and complacently devoured the flesh during seasons of fast, as being in no way in violation of the rules of the Church prohibiting animal food during Lent. If castor oil is derived from this fishy animal, we must regard the beaver as a vegetable, and the "Lady's Every-Day Book" should be corrected accordingly.

BATHOMETER—AN INSTRUMENT FOR DEEP SEA SOUNDING.—The barometer is an instrument for measuring the weight of a column of air above, and the bathometer for determining the weight of water below. The bathometer operates by indicating the difference in attractive power on shore and at sea. As water is three or four times lighter than the land crust of the globe, a stratum of water has less attractive power than one of land—that is, bodies upon the water will weigh less, and the difference of weight must be exactly proportioned to, and consequently a measure of, the thickness of the stratum of water. If the bathometer works perfectly, it will constantly give, while on a vessel at sea, an indication of the depth of water beneath the ship, without the trouble of casting the lead. The instrument was invented by Dr. Siemans, of London, and is to be thoroughly tested by the officers of the United States Coast Survey.

THE PHOTO-ELECTROTYPE.—The slow art of wood engraving is superseded in many kinds of work by a new photo-electrotype process. Instead of making a drawing on wood, for the engraver to cut into a form suitable for the press, the picture is made upon paper, a negative is taken of it by photography, in relief, on gelatine, which copy is electrotyped and ready for the printer. In this way the finest engravings, as well as the roughest drawings, can be reproduced in *fac simile* by light in a very short time. The copy can be taken the same size as the original, or can be reduced to any proportions that may be desired. The process is much cheaper than wood cutting, as well as more rapid, and is especially adapted to such fine work as map-making. It has now been so generally introduced as to interfere seriously with the occupation of wood engraving.

INSECTS DESTRUCTIVE TO VEGETATION.—It has been proposed to exterminate noxious insects by depriving them of the food on which they feed. Insects do not devour all kinds of plants, but, on the contrary, confine themselves to particular species, and in order to get rid of any particular kind, it is only necessary to stop cultivating the particular crop on which they thrive. As no community would, of its own accord, unite in ceasing to raise a particular crop, it would be necessary to empower a Government official with authority to compel everybody to suspend, for an allotted period, until the destructive insects were starved out. Such is the plan proposed in England for dealing with this question. It might answer a good purpose in a small country, but could scarcely be enforced over such an extensive territory as the United States.

POISONING BY VIRGINIAN CREEPER.—The details of two cases of poisoning by the well-known Virginian creeper, or American ivy, have been communicated to the medical papers by Mr. Bernays, of Chatham, England. The sufferers were two children, aged respectively two and a half and five years, who had chewed some leaves of the plant, swallowing only the juice. They were quickly seized with violent vomiting and purging, with considerable tenesmus; then collapse, sweating and faint pulse, followed by deep sleep for two hours, from which they were aroused by a return of the previous symptoms. Milk, with some rum mixed in it, was freely administered, under which treatment the children soon recovered; but four hours after the commencement of the attack, there was still considerable dilation of the pupil.

SULPHUROUS ACID AS A DISINFECTANT.—Mr. Thomas Stevenson writes to the editor of the *Chemical News* that he has for some time used sulphurous acid, generated exclusively from the combustion of carbon disulphide, as a disinfectant for rooms, and that he has consumed for this purpose, 6 cwt. of the disulphide. No special form of lamp is required. The requisite quantity of the disulphide may be placed in an ordinary porcelain or copper dish placed on a tripod, and ignited with a match. In five minutes several ounces of the liquid may be easily and safely burnt. Three ounces of the liquid would be sufficient for a room of 1,300 cubic feet capacity. Doors and windows should be closed as tightly as possible while the evolution of sulphurous acid gas is going on.

THE DISCOVERY OF TWO NEW METALS.—Professor Herman announces the discovery of two new metals in a mineral called columbite, to which he proposes to give the names Ilmenium and Neptunium. It is somewhat remarkable that no fewer than eight different metals have been reported in this mineral, and half a dozen chemists have contended for as many different interpretations of the true constitution of the stone. Professor Herman now adds to the confusion by insisting that all previous analyses were incorrect, and that columbite contains the rare metals Ilmenium and Neptunium. It is not probable that the new metals will prove of immediate practical value, as they are too rare to be introduced in the arts.

REPORT ON CREMATION.—The Council of Hygiene and Salubrity, of Paris, have reported to the Prefect of Police that cremation would be free from objections on the score of public health, but that its economy would be doubtful, unless furnaces were maintained in continual action, to which the bodies could be sent. They did not consider the religious bearings of the case, as that was not within their province, but they saw legal difficulties, as the consumption of the body would render chemical examination, in cases of suspected poisoning, impossible. If cremation were to become general, a system of inspection would have to be instituted, and something like a coroner's inquest would have to be held in each case before permits for cremation could be granted. The commission thought that such an invasion of privacy would be very irksome and disagreeable to the relatives of the deceased. They make no recommendations, but only consider the question from its sanitary and legal aspects. The police authorities have taken no decisive action in the premises, but it is probable the religious and legal objections to the proposed substitution of cremation for burial will for the present prevail.

A WATERPROOF GELATINE FILM.—It is curious how researches in photography have led to the introduction of numerous improvements in the arts, of the most unexpected character. Who would have thought that the same principle which is involved in the production of carbon prints by means of chromated gelatine, would be used by the sausagemaker in the preparation of a waterproof coating for his wares? Yet such is the fact. A particular kind of vegetable-meat sausage is manufactured in enormous quantities in Germany. So immense was the demand for this article of food, that it was impossible to obtain suitable envelopes for the supply. The business was at a standstill until a chemist came to the rescue, and suggested a very simple remedy. After the meat is pressed into shape, it is immersed in chromated gelatine and exposed to the light; the action of light converts the gelatine coating into an insoluble envelope, quite as permanent and impervious as bladder. A waterproof coating for other substances than sausages could be prepared in the same way. Gelatine treated in the same way is manufactured into billiard-balls, buttons and many ornamental articles.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

IT is said cocoa will cure bashfulness. All these years gone, and we never know what we needed!

I NEVER had a man cum to me for advise, but before he got thru he had more advise to offer than to ask for.

"IS JUSTICE dead?" inquires a Western paper. Now we think of it, she has certainly been conspicuously absent a long time.

AN old man, when dangerously sick, was urged to take the advice of a physician, but objected, saying, "I wish to die a natural death!"

"GRACIOUS me!" exclaimed a lady in a witness-box, "how should I know anything about anything I don't know anything about?"

BLUE eyes, with a few tears in them, sometimes cure a man of the habit of staying out late nights; and then again, sometimes they don't.

BIOGRAPHIES are delitesome reading. We kumpare all the virtews of the person's karacter with our own, and all his failings with our nabor's.

A PERSON out West is offering for sale grass seed gathered from the path of rectitude. A religious contemporary fears that the path must be sadly overgrown with grass, as it is so little traveled nowadays.

SINCE the introduction of "female postmasters," a girl goes up to the window and says, "Is there a letter for Miss Margaret Robinson?" "Yes," says the female postmaster, "here is one from John McJones."

A YOUNG man was married a short time since to a woman whose father was a widower. Soon after the event his sister came to visit them, but fell in love with the father, and soon became her brother's mother-in-law and her sister-in-law's step-mother.

A WOMAN appeared in the court of Louisville, recently, to be appointed guardian for her child, when the following colloquy ensued: "What estate has your child?" "Plaze your Honor, I don't understand you." Judge—"I say, what has she got?" "Chills and fever, plaze your Honor."

A YOUNG gentleman hearing a young lady sigh, asked her, "What do you sigh for?" She replied, "Nothing." Upon which he wrote and handed her the following:

U 0 a 0, but I 0 thee;
Oh, 0 no 0, but oh, 0 me;
Oh, let not my 0 a 0 go,
But give 0 0 I 0 you so.

And here is the solution:

You sigh for a cipher, but I sigh for thee:
Oh, sigh for no cipher, but oh, sigh for me:
Oh, let not my sigh for a cipher go,
But give sigh for sigh, for I sigh for you so.

A PHILOSOPHIC Benedict says: "To be nagged at and blown up by a beautiful being of your own, who loves you all the while like apple pie, and whom you love like plum pudding, is, to my idea, the happiest privilege of matrimony."

A STOPPER FOR A CORK.—A waiter named John Cork has been sent to prison for stealing a purse. His only excuse was that he had a "taking address." With such a name and such an address, he would have been the very man to "float" new companies. As it is, though, this Cork has been very appropriately put in the stone "jug," or, shall we say, "bottle"?

A VENERABLE divine who had been dining out the night before, went into a barber's shop one morning to be shaved. He saw that the barber had been getting more drink than was good for him, for it made his hand shake very much, and, naturally, a little indignant, he began to give him some moral advice by saying, "Bad thing, drink." "Yes," said the barber, "it makes the skin remarkably tender."

HOW GREAT are the changes some of us experience in this vale of sadness. How great must be the mental anguish of one who, yesterday, was a man of affluence, and to-day has lost everything, and must start life anew. How much happier must be our friend Augustus St. George, who passed through college, and at twenty-one was one of New York's richest young men, and to-day passes his old residence yelling "soap fat"!

"WHAT under the sun are you rummaging in all the old boxes for?" the tender wife asked her husband, one bracing Autumn morning. "My Winter garments," he replies, with a suspicious look at the empty boxes. "Oh, why—yes let me see:" and, with the guilty blood suffusing her lovely face, she glides into the next room and takes a China dog, and a pair of glass vases, and a plaster shepherdess off the mantelpiece and hides them behind the sofa!

A BOY of five years was "playing railroad" with his sister of two and a half years. Drawing her upon a footstool, he imagined himself both the engine and conductor. After imitating the puffing noise of the steam, he stopped and called out "New York," and in a moment after, "Paterson," and then "Philadelphia." His knowledge of towns was now exhausted, and at the next place he cried, "Heaven." His little sister said, eagerly, "Top! I des I'll dit out here!"

AN old gentleman went out to shoot partridges, accompanied by his son. The gun was charged half way to the muzzle, and when at last the old gentleman started some birds, he took a rest and blazed away, expecting to see some fall, of course. But not so did it happen, for the gun recoiled with so much force as to "kick" him over. The old man got up, and while rubbing the sparks out of his eyes, inquired of his son, "Dick, did I point the right end of the gun to the birds?"

AN Irishman called on a lady and gentleman, in whose employ he was, for the purpose of getting some tea and tobacco. "I had a drame last night, your honor," said he to the gentleman. "What is it, Pat?" "Why, I dramed that yer honor made me a prisent of a pound of tobaccy, and her ladyship—Heaven bless her!—gave me some tay for the good." "Ah, Pat, dreams go by contraries, you know," said the gentleman. "Faith, and they may that," said Pat: "so her ladyship is to give me the tobaccy and his honor the tay!"

THE following dialogue is reported as having taken place between a gamekeeper and a patient looking through the iron gate of a French lunatic asylum: *Patient*—"That's a fine horse, what's it worth?" *Keeper*—"Five hundred dollars." *Patient*—"And what did that gun cost?" *Keeper*—"One hundred dollars." *Patient*—"And those dogs?" *Keeper*—"Eighty dollars, I believe." *Patient*—"What have you got in that game-bag?" *Keeper*—"A woodcock." *Patient*—"Well, now, you had better hurry on, for if our governor catches a man who has spent $680 to get a woodcock worth thirty cents, he'll have him under lock and key in no time, I tell you."

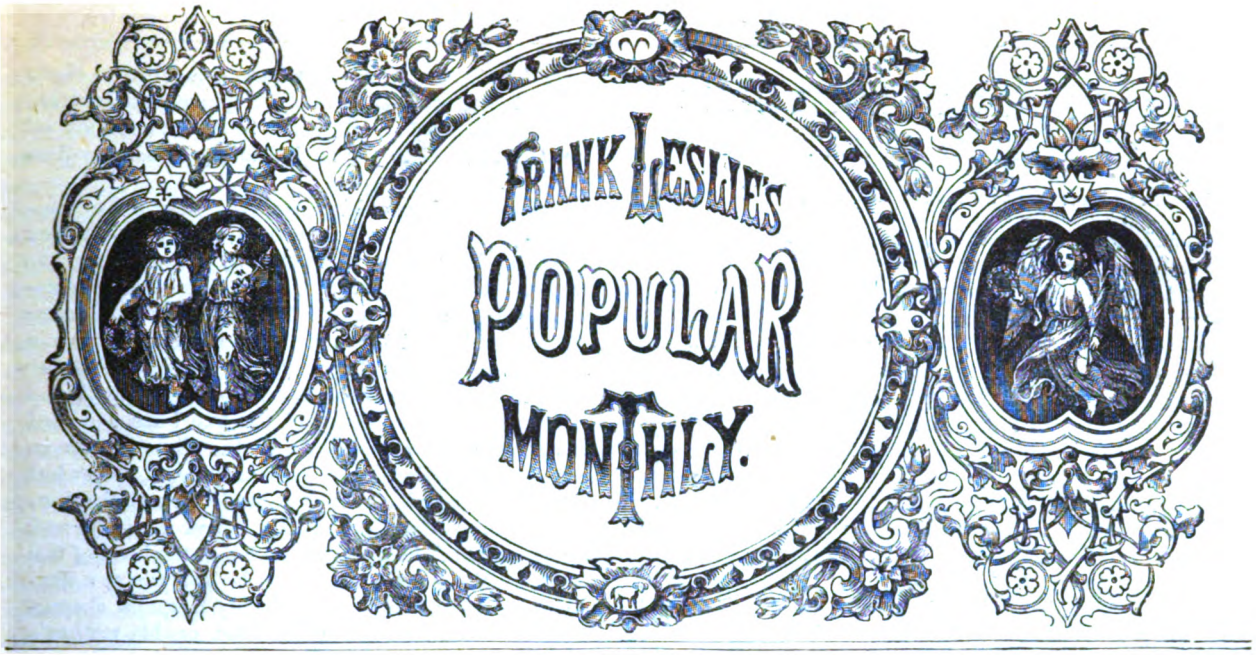
SHE sat upon the parlor lounge,
And William, he sat by her;
And neither spoke a single word,
But both gazed in the fire.
At last he clasped her dimpled hand,
And told her of his love,
And swore he would be true to her
By moon and stars above.
He said he could not live without—
Before he could say more,
Her dad came in, and with a club,
Enticed him out the door.

HIS INDORSEMENT.—A man with a long overcoat on and a horse-whip in his hand, entered a bank near the postoffice yesterday, and presented a check calling for $10, which he had received from a commission house. "Please indorse it," said the cashier, as he handed it back. "I'll indorse it, of course," replied the man, holding up his right hand, as if ready to swear. "Write your indorsement," explained the clerk, pointing to the desk outside. "Oh—oh—that's it, eh?" And he went to the desk and slowly and carefully wrote on the back of the check, "This is awl rite." When the cashier entered into a clearer explanation, the man drew down his hat, got red in the face, and growled, "Darn 'em! They just hate to let a cent slip out o' here, and don't you forget it!"

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.—THE IMPORTANT MOMENT.

SEE PAGE 272.

GOING TO CHURCH. A scene in Holland during the last century.



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THE LATE VICTOR EMMANUEL II., KING OF ITALY.

VICTOR EMMANUEL, FIRST KING OF UNITED ITALY.

By William Staughton Chase, A. M.

An overruling hand is visible in human affairs. In history, as in nature, nothing is done by mere chance. Results are determined in accordance with fixed laws, whatever diversity of means may be employed. Sometimes means apparently most opposite to the end to be obtained are just those selected in order to compass it. The obstacle becomes a stepping-stone. There is the highest authority for not putting new wine into old bottles, lest the bottles burst and the wine be spilled. Nevertheless, there may be good reasons for choosing old forms into which to breathe a new spirit that shall create or renovate national life. It is in the very choice of agents by whom great historical changes are to be wrought that "the overruling hand" may be clearly discerned.

This is signally illustrated in the case of the late Victor Emmanuel. A scion of the lordly and royal House of Savoy, which has figured conspicuously in Europe for full eight hundred years, antedating the Capets of France and famous when Canute reigned in England, Victor Emmanuel II., King of Sardinia, became a comrade of the republican general Garibaldi, and, at length, Victor Emmanuel, first constitutional King of United Italy. Brought up in childhood in the strictest devotion to the Church of Rome, he subsequently incurred excommunication by secularizing ecclesiastical property, wresting education from the hands of religious corporations, and destroying, at least for a time, the temporal power of the Pope. The memorable fact that at the hour of death Victor Emmanuel was welcomed back to the bosom of the Church and reconciled with the Holy Father—whom he had always personally loved and revered, even when most widely estranged from Pio Nono by fidelity to the political system to which he had pledged his royal oath—strikes at once the imagination and the heart of mankind. It impressively shows that, after all, there need be no irrepressible conflict between religion and political freedom, between ancient order and modern progress, between what is precious in the traditions of the past and what is legitimate in aspirations toward the future.

Victor Emmanuel was the eldest son of King Charles Albert of Sardinia and of Queen Theresa, daughter of the Grand Duke Ferdinand of Tuscany. He was born at Turin, on the 14th of March, 1820. While still Duke of Savoy he married, in 1842, his cousin-german, the Archduchess Adelaide of Austria. He shared with distinction in the campaign against Austria which followed the revolution in the Italian provinces of that empire in 1848. In the engagement at Goito he was wounded in the thigh. He was conspicuous for his personal bravery in the battle of Novara, on the ill-fated 23d of March, 1849. The Sardinians then suffered a crushing defeat. When King Charles Albert saw that the day was lost, he recklessly, but in vain, exposed his life. The scene at night, when, hoping for less severe terms of peace than would be exacted of him, he abdicated in favor of his eldest son, has often been described as peculiarly affecting. Soon afterward he voluntarily exiled himself to Portugal, where he died on the 28th of July, in the same year.

Victor Emmanuel was twenty-nine years old when he succeeded to his father's vacant throne. His kingdom then included only Piedmont, Savoy and Sardinia, and it was far from being prosperous. The war went on, notwithstanding the defeat of Novara. The young king burned to avenge his father's disappointments and death, but the fates were then against him, and he was compelled to sign, on the 9th of August, 1849, a treaty of peace with Austria, by which he abandoned all claims to the sovereignty of Lombardy and agreed to pay an indemnity of seventy-five million francs.

During the early days of his reign the earnestness of Victor Emmanuel in behalf of the cause espoused by his father—the unity of Italy—was mistrusted by many among his own people. It was thought that the husband of an Austrian archduchess and a pupil of the Jesuits would more naturally incline toward the policy of ecclesiastical Austria than that of revolutionary Italy. It was suspected that the successor of Charles Albert had never heartily sympathized with the sentiments and policy of the late king, and had very reluctantly sworn allegiance to the Constitution in February, 1849. Indeed, such suspicions were somewhat warranted by his very first act after his father's abdication, in accepting the resignation of the liberal ministry and placing General de Launay, a reactionist, at the head of the new Cabinet. Despite the reputation he had won as a daring, dashing soldier, the harsh, haughty manners characteristic of the Hapsburgs, and inherited on his mother's side, lessened his popularity. It was not until some years later that he became "the frank, jovial and agreeable monarch" whose portrait is stamped on the memory of the present generation. At length he promised a deputation from the Chamber of Deputies, on March 28th, that he would pursue his father's policy. Difficult as it then was to do so, his promise was fully redeemed in the end. The terms of the treaty which he made with Austria in August, 1849, although hard enough, were much easier than his father could have obtained. Yet the dissatisfaction of the people was represented by the almost unanimous refusal of the Chambers to ratify the treaty. The king was obliged to dissolve the Chambers. He acted with great vigor in quelling, soon afterward, an insurrection in Genoa, where the royal garrison was expelled and a republic proclaimed. Then he promptly established his government on a liberal basis, voluntarily renewing his oath to the Constitution, and choosing for ministers D'Azeglio, La Marmora, Cavour, and other leaders of the Constitutional party. He immediately reorganized the finances of Sardinia. He introduced reforms into the army and in the system of public education, and made advantageous treaties of commerce with England. Austria endeavored to check the tendencies to liberalism in Sardinia under Cavour's ministry by proffering to surrender the duchy of Parma to the Sardinian crown if the king would repeal the Constitution. This proffer was rejected by Victor Emmanuel, who sturdily pursued a course that brought him into political and religious conflict with the Pope. The endeavor to change the system of public instruction was one of the main causes of this long struggle, which resulted in the formal excommunication of the king and his forcible acquisition of the territories of the Pope.

In 1854, by Cavour's advice, Victor Emmanuel joined the alliance of the Western powers against Russia. He sent a corps of 17,000 men to the Crimean War, under the command of General La Marmora. The Sardinians distinguished themselves among the allied troops by their gallant conduct on the Tchernaya. Although they were in the reserves, and therefore had no other opportunity to share in active operations, the object of Cavour was thus accomplished, and Sardinia was admitted to the councils of Europe.

About the time when the Sardinian plenipotentiaries signed the Paris treaty of peace, the King suffered a series of domestic misfortunes, and nearly lost his own life, from sickness. His mother, wife, brother and youngest child

died in rapid succession. In 1855, after recovering his health, he visited the Emperor Napoleon at Paris, where he received the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and Queen Victoria at London, where he was made a Knight of the Garter. He was welcomed with hearty goodwill by the people of both France and England. In 1857, when, in the general elections, the clergy strenuously opposed the King's reform policy, the latter triumphed, and the pledge of constitutional liberty for Piedmont was ratified.

Previous to the Austro-Sardinian War of 1859, intimate relations had been established between the courts of Turin and Paris. Victor Emmanuel was one of the first European sovereigns to recognize Napoleon III. as Emperor of the French, and the king's daughter, Clotilde, had become the wife of Prince Napoleon. Moreover, the Emperor's ulterior projects of aggrandizing French territory led him to cultivate friendship with the King. When, therefore, the dominions of the latter were invaded by the Emperor of Austria, France made common cause with Sardinia, and sent powerful armies to her aid. On the 2d of May, the day after the passage of the Ticino by the Austrians, Victor Emmanuel took the field. According to the traditional custom of his race, the youthful crown-prince, Humbert, rode at his side. At the engagement of Palestro the Third Regiment of French Zouaves, who had witnessed his courage, bestowed the title of "Corporal" upon Victor Emmanuel. He rode into Milan with Napoleon after the battle of Magenta, on the 4th of June. He took part with his Piedmontese in the battle of Solferino. Peace was concluded at Villafranca. Defeated Austria retained Venetia, but Lombardy was added to the King's gradually expanding territory. Meanwhile, the people of Tuscany, Parma and Modena had deposed their petty sovereigns, and had taken steps to unite themselves with the other Italian states. The people of Romagna were almost unanimous in favor of annexation to the Kingdom of Sardinia. The cause was rapidly advanced in 1860 by the brilliant operations of Garibaldi in Sicily and Naples, the liberation of which was completed by the capture of Gaeta, in March, 1861. The result was the union of all Italy, except Venetia and a small part of the Papal states adjacent to Rome.

Victor Emmanuel was proclaimed King of Italy in March, 1861, and was recognized as such by the French Government in June, of that year.

He compensated Napoleon III., for his aid, by the cession of Savoy and Nice. The early policy of the King was to restrain the impatience of the revolutionary party headed by Garibaldi. Victor Emmanuel had personal influence over that chief to confine him for some time to the path traced by Cavour. When, however, the revolutionists took the field and, in the Summer of 1862, invaded the Pope's territory, the King not only issued a proclamation against them, but sent a detachment of royal troops to disperse them. But after the Garibaldians had been defeated at Aspromonte he hastened to decree, in October, an amnesty to all who had shared in the insurrection.

Garibaldi, who had been taken prisoner, was liberated. Victor Emmanuel never forgot the help afforded him, in all his relations with the people of Italy, by Garibaldi. At the triumphal entry of the King into Naples on the 7th of November, 1860, Garibaldi accompanied him, and the cheers of the populace were divided equally between Victor Emmanuel and the General who won the Two Sicilies for his crown. In 1862 the King made another triumphal entrance into Naples during a tour of the Southern provinces. The great festival on the latter occasion has been thus described: "It was midday when the ship that bore Victor Emmanuel rounded the Point of Pausilippo. A gun fired from the castle announced the approach of the ship, and ten thousand cheering voices greeted her. The French and English war-ships, which lay in the bay, duplicated by its smooth, mirror-like surface, belched forth salutes. On shore, all the balconies were draped with tapestries, and tri-colored flags fluttered all over the city. Over Vesuvius the thin column of smoke hung, seeming itself to be a part of the decoration in honor of the King. The marts were all closed; the women wore bright attire; and the housetops commanding a view of the bay were all crowded. The King came ashore in a launch with bright awnings, and hundreds of light boats followed its course. The city authorities received him in a gay pavilion erected on the shore, and at night the city was illuminated, fireworks fizzed everywhere, and the King was serenaded by a band of four hundred and fifty musicians."

But displays of this kind were not to the King's taste, with his plain habits, and he valued them only as testifying to the affectionate regard of the people for him, on account of his devotion to Italian nationality.

The King's firm refusal to enter into commercial relations with those foreign powers which at first would not recognize the Italian Monarchy compelled them all finally to send ambassadors to his Court.

The King and his subjects ardently desired the possession of Rome. The celebrity and position of the Eternal City rendered it the most eligible place for the capital of the Kingdom. But it was under the domination of the Pope, supported by a French army, which had occupied it since 1849.

In 1865, the seat of government was transferred from Turin to Florence.

Victor Emmanuel was the ally of Prussia, in the short but momentous war of 1866. The Italian army having entered Venetia, was repulsed at Custozza; but the victory of the Prussians at Sadowa, on the 3d of July, compelled the Emperor of Austria to sue for peace and to give up Venetia. This province, in accordance with a nearly unanimous vote of its people, was annexed to the Kingdom of Italy toward the close of 1866.

In fulfillment of a treaty negotiated in 1864, Napoleon III. withdrew his army from Rome in December 1866, in spite of the efforts of the Pope to retain that last bulwark of his temporal power. Italy was then free from the presence of foreign soldiers, for the first time, probably, in a thousand years. The French returned to thwart Garibaldi, but, Napoleon III., in August, 1870, finally withdrew his army from Rome. In September of that year, Victor Emmanuel sent an army to occupy Rome. He respectfully wrote to the Pope that republicanism was so rampant in Italy, that if he had not taken that course, a republic would have been proclaimed in every Italian city. The army took possession of Rome, without serious resistance, on the 20th of September, 1870.

The temporal power of the Pope was then, for a time at least, at an end. Pio Nono has ever since regarded himself as a prisoner at the Vatican. The Holy Father deemed it his solemn duty to excommunicate the King, to the immense grief of the latter, who, notwithstanding the political course which circumstances and his Ministers dictated to him, and notwithstanding his own amiable vices and foibles, was by no means undevout on occasion, and always sincerely regretted the rupture of his early friendly relations with the Pope.

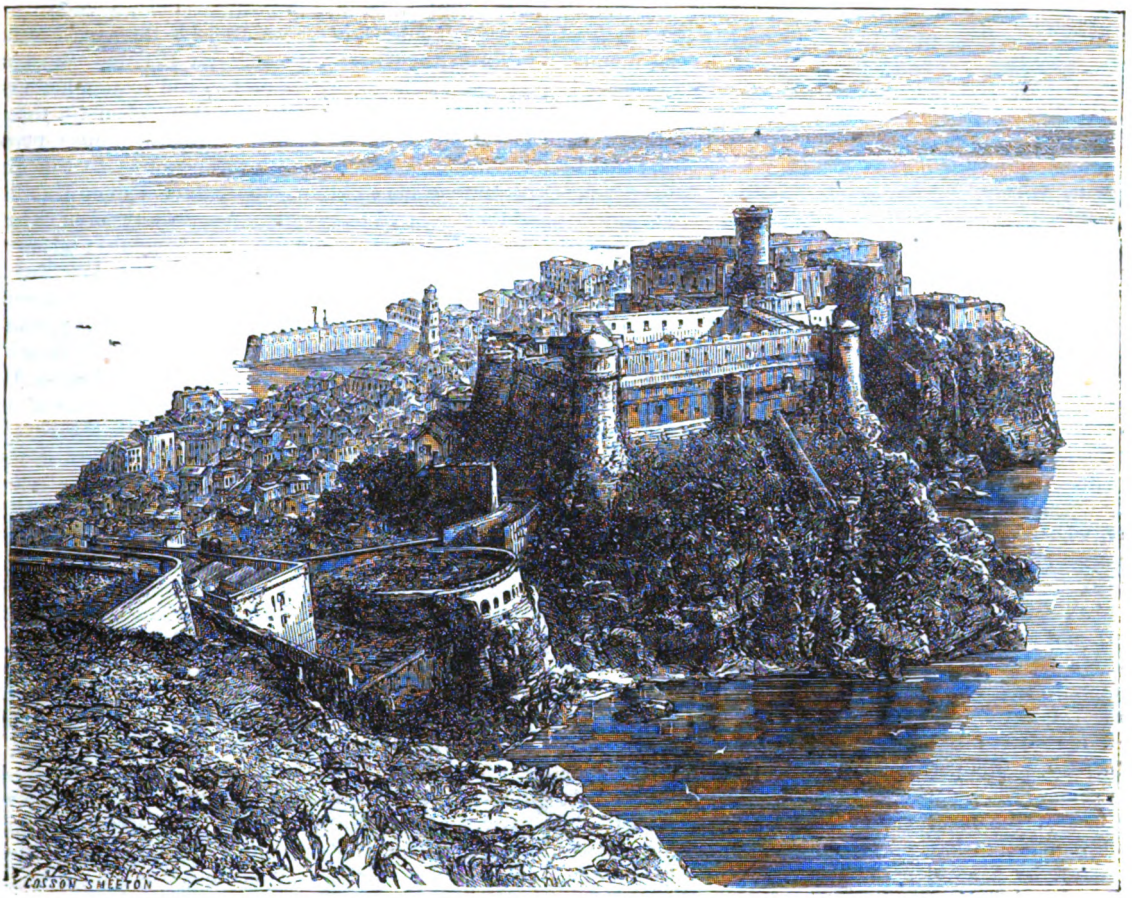
On October 2d, 1870, the Romans voted for union with Italy. The King made his first entry into Rome on the 31st of December, in that year.

On July 1st, 1871, the seat of government was transferred from Florence to Rome. When the King took up his permanent residence there on the 2d of July, he was

welcomed by the Romans with enthusiastic demonstrations. After the occupation of Rome the relations of the Kingdom of Italy with the Vatican remained as before. The Pope declined to hold relations with it or to accept the allowance voted to him. Pio Nono always protested vigorously against the secularization of the ecclesiastical estates and suppression of the conventual establishments, and remained faithful to the oath which he had taken at his coronation, to maintain the temporal power in its entirety. On the other hand, Victor Emmanuel, while avowing unchanged personal affection for Pio Nono, and reverence for his exalted position as Head of the Catholic Apostolic Church, steadfastly adhered to his own constitutional oath. "A free Church in a free State" was his motto and that of United Italy. The principle involved in it and on which the law of Italy relative to Church and State in general is based, is substantially the same that prevails in the United States of America, and it suggests a ground whereon the nations of Europe might practically unite.

With the world outside of Italy, Victor Emmanuel was now at peace. His cabinet had enough to occupy its attention in the financial difficulties of the nation. Some three years ago, these difficulties were especially vexatious. In 1874, indeed, United Italy, notwithstanding all its steps in the line of progress, seemed to be in a bad way, generally. It was in that year that her Foreign Minister had the impertinence to palliate the torture of a British subject by saying that thumbscrews were universally employed in the dominions of Victor Emmanuel. One almost sympathizes with brigands when one hears that they were confined in iron cages during their trial. The Bourbons did nothing worse than treat human beings like wild beasts. Poor Garibaldi was constrained to utter a sweeping condemnation of everybody and everything in his native land. He found corruption everywhere — "among statesmen, in politics, in the electoral college, in the Cabinet, in the courts of justice, among officials in the army, in the navy, in undertakings, in contracts, in associations, in banks, in all things, and among all classes of men." This has been well characterized as the cry of a lover, who finds at length that the mistress he has worshiped during a lifetime is quite the reverse of a goddess.

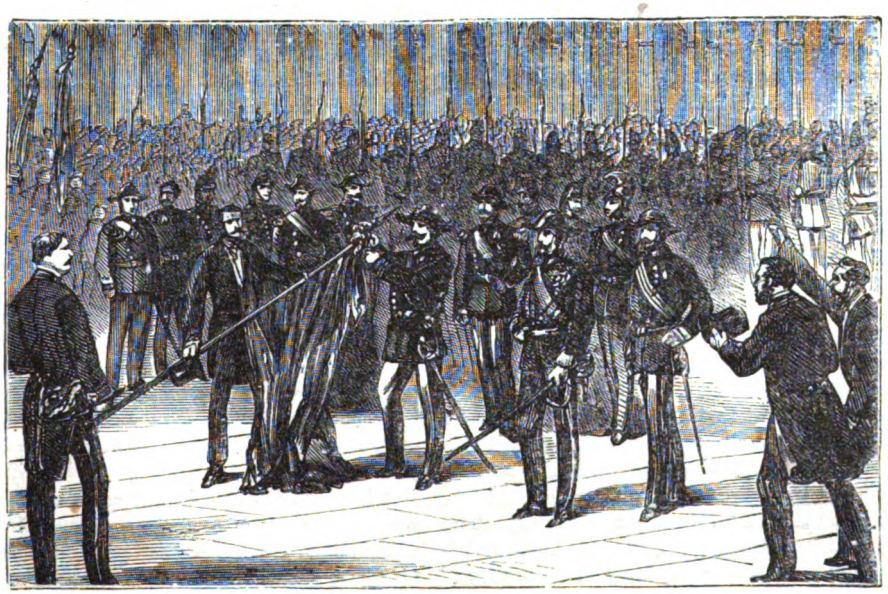
CAMILLO BENSO, COUNT DI CAVOUR, THE GREAT STATESMAN OF MODERN ITALY.



GAETA, THE LAST FOOTHOLD OF THE BOURBONS IN ITALY.

Happily, the condition of things subsequently improved, although, in 1875, the increase of crime in the South was a very black spot in an otherwise prosperous year, and great scandal was occasioned in 1876 by the mysterious trial and conviction of a nobleman for forging the King's name to bills for a large amount. That nobleman insisted that a person of high rank, whom the court agreed to call "X," was involved, but went to prison without making further disclosures. European gossip, however, insinuated that one of the King's children by the Countess Mirafiore was concerned in the scandal.

Before looking more closely at the domestic relations of the King of Italy, let us revert to 1875, when a memorable visit was paid to him at Venice by Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. When the emperor's visit to Italy was first announced, much surprise was expressed at Venice being selected as the place of meeting—the Queen of the Adriatic being anything but a place of pleasant memories to the House of Hapsburg. Much curiosity was felt as to how the Venetians themselves would like the idea, and recollections were revived of all the groanings under imperial rule, of sullen insolence to such a gentle prince as Maximilian, of the unwillingness of Venetian dames to touch even the glove of an Austrian officer in a dance, or of the populace to listen to the stirring strains of the military bands which used to play for their amusement four times a week in the Piazza San Marco. Sadowa, however, wrought a wonderful change in the fortunes of the City of the Doges; and the wished-for annexation to Italy had been at length accomplished



VICTOR EMMANUEL DECORATING THE FLAG OF THE CITY OF VENICE.

in 1866. In 1875 the Venetians appeared to have blotted out the remembrance of those black years; the yellow banners which they used to tear to pieces were hoisted to welcome the sovereign they abhorred, and municipality, nobles and populace vied with each other in doing enthusiastic honor to the guest of their King. No expense was spared, either publicly or privately, in the decorations and illuminations which Venice is so fitted by nature to display, and the whole reception, from the moment when the two sovereigns embraced at the railway station until the Emperor left Venice, was one continued success. After the meeting on a Monday at the railway station, the two monarchs and Prince Humbert entered a state gondola and proceeded to the Piazza San Marco, followed by a procession of twelve other gondolas containing the Court and the Municipality, and a multitude of sumptuous barges belonging to the various Venetian nobles and corporations, richly decorated in gold and embroidered flags, and rowed by gondoliers in gorgeous mediæval and fancy dresses. The whole line of route was most magnificently decorated, and lined with some fifty thousand spectators, who shouted themselves hoarse with their enthusiastic applause. The whole scene is described as inconceivably beautiful and picturesque. At the Piazza San Marco the royal pair disembarked, inspected a large body of troops, and then entered the Palazzo Reale, where a grand reception of the town authorities took place. It would be monotonous to give a detailed description of the long programme of festivities with which the King of Italy entertained his guest; but there was a grand review at Viguza on Tuesday, a gala performance at the theatre, a state ball, and a general illumination of the city, which is said to have been one of the most magnificent sights on record—the Piazza San Marco having been lighted up with extraordinary effect by a novel system. On Wednesday morning the Emperor left Venice, the King, Prince Humbert and Princess Margherita accompanying him in an Italian gunboat as far as Malamocco, where the imperial yacht *Miramar* and the Austrian squadron were lying in readiness to convey the Emperor back to his own dominions. The leave-taking between the two sovereigns was as cordial as the welcome, and the yacht was followed to the Lido by a procession of innumerable gondolas. The King subsequently left for Rome. This meeting of Francis Joseph and Victor Emmanuel was universally regarded at the time not merely as a grand pageant, but as an event of international importance.

The children of Victor Emmanuel and the Queen of Sardinia, who was the Archduchess Adelaide of Austria when he married her, were five in number. Their first child was Princess Clotilde Marie Therese Louise, born March 2d, 1843, who was married, at the age of sixteen, to Prince Napoleon. Their second child was Prince Humbert Renier Charles Emmanuel Jean Marie Ferdinand Eugène, born March 14th, 1844, heir presumptive of the crown, and now King Humbert I., King of Italy. On the 22d of April, 1868, he married his cousin, Princess Marguerite Marie Therese Jeanne of Savoy, now Queen Margherita, the idol of the whole Italian people. The third child was Prince Amadeus Ferdinand Maria, Duke of Aosta, born May 30th, 1845, who married Princess Marie Victoire Carlotta Henriette Jeanne, daughter of Charles Emmanuel, Prince dal Pozzo della Cisterna, and became King of Spain from December, 1870, to February, 1873. The fourth child was Princess Maria Pia, born October 16th, 1847, who was married to King Louis of Portugal, first by procuration, on September 27th, 1862, and in person on the 6th of October following. The fifth child, Prince Otto of Montferrat, died at Turin in his infancy. After the birth of Princess Maria Pia, the wife of Victor Emmanuel was afflicted with rheumatism and fever, and remained an invalid until she died, in 1855.

After the death of Queen Adelaide the King became more intimate than ever with Rosi na Bellezza, the handsome daughter of a Turinese jeweler, and created her a countess—the Countess Mirafiore. In 1869, when he thought he was about to die, he contracted, by the Pope's permission, a morganatic marriage with the countess, to the great displeasure of his children, especially of Prince Humbert. All of them refused to recognize her in any way. The wife of Prince Napoleon would not reply to a letter which she sent to the princess, and the wife of ex-King Amadeus deliberately turned her back upon her. Much scandal was caused by her alleged greediness to enrich her family, and by the audacity of her father in opening a jeweler's shop in Rome with a sign over it decorated with the royal arms. Countess Mirafiore bore several children to the King, and previous to her recent death her differences with the royal family were to some extent adjusted.

King Victor Emmanuel had some of the faults as well as the virtues of a soldier. He was always in debt. "I might make money," said His Majesty, on one occasion, when he was called upon for an amount that had long been overdue, "if I were to speculate in the public funds; but then a previous deposit would be required of me by my brokers, and where the deuce am I to find it?" His civil list was large, but his necessities were larger. After he had entertained the Emperor of Germany at Venice he was compelled to ask the Italian Parliament to pay the bills, amounting to more than a million francs. He had a castle to maintain at Genoa, another at Turin, a third at Milan, a fourth at Mantua, a fifth at Pitti. Then there were the palaces of the Quirinal, Caperta, Naples, Capo di Monte, Castellamare and Portici, all requiring a great expenditure and a host of officials and servants.

The following letter was written about two years ago by an acquaintance of the King:

"If he has not the bailiffs exactly at his doors, he has at least plenty of paper kites flying, and the renewing of bills at nine or ten per cent. discount is no pleasant feature of life, even for royal personages. Recently they have been even forging His Majesty's name to drafts, and one very grave case has come to light, of which I have just read particulars. The penury of the King is so notorious that an old, needy nobleman, who sometimes acts as bill broker, bethought him of dishonestly raising the wind by forging His Majesty's name to a series of drafts for two hundred thousand francs in all. He loves horses, sporting, dogs, and also the ladies. His get-up is that of a sportsman, who furnished himself at a readymade clothes shop, and used out the suit consistently to the last thread. A sort of jacket of rough material, over which falls an enormous shirt-collar; wide trousers, a waistcoat buttoned up to the neck and crossed by a leather strap which fastens his watch; such is his favorite costume. The Piedmontese peasants, who know well that their King is not rich, sometimes ask, when they see his leather watchguard, if he has not his gold chain in the pawn office. The household of the Countess Rosina Mirafiore, Victor Emanuel's morganatic wife, is also on a very unextravagant footing. All this does not prevent the King from being in constant want of money. His private purse is always empty. Everything is due for, and in order to meet demands, when very pressing, the King of Italy is obliged to give bills, which third parties negotiate at the banks."

A king "hard up" is not any more agreeable or edifying a sight than a subject or a citizen in the same unhappy plight, but, if comparatively poor, Victor Emmanuel was always generous.

One of his courtiers is reported to have said of him that his habits were rather those of a squire than of a sovereign. He used to walk out dressed in a velvet suit, wearing a broad-brimmed hat. His soldiers loved him. He was a dashing leader, and his manners in camp were bluff and hearty. Strict etiquette was impossible in the Sardinian Army, for the commander walked among his troops without a bodyguard and bantered with drummers and *vivandières*. It was his habit to go on long hunting excursions, attended by a few followers. He would frequently wander away from his party, and spend the night in some mountaineer's hut; and it has been said that he would often leave orders with his hosts to wait upon him at his palace, preserving his incognito, however, so that the worthy mountaineers would be overcome with surprise upon finding that they had entertained a king upon their humble fare. It must be added, however, that gracious always, and sometimes even free-and-easy as Victor Emmanuel was, he never forgot or let others forget that he was a king. He always retained a certain dignity which forbade undue familiarities even when he was in his merriest moods. He disliked ceremony. He was accessible and good-natured. His tastes were simple. He was temperate in his habits, although fond of a glass of good wine. He liked also a good cigar, and it is recorded of his English visit, that while at Windsor, he broke the heart of worthy Mrs. Thornton, the Queen's housekeeper, by smoking in his green satin bed at night. He was above the medium height, and very stout. He had the fair Piedmontese complexion, and his face was rather coarse and red. His eyes were large and clear blue, and he wore a heavy mustache and a long, narrow goatee. He has been credited with being the originator of that peculiar mustache which, impinging from the upper lip on the cheek, spreads from ear to ear. Of late years he was in the habit of dyeing it. Just before visiting Paris and London in 1855, the fancy seized him to have his famous and formidable moustache slightly trimmed, to the disappointment of the ladies of those capitals. Courageous in war and devoted to the fair sex in peace, his character was summarized in the nickname of *Il Rè Galantuomo*, conferred on him by the people.

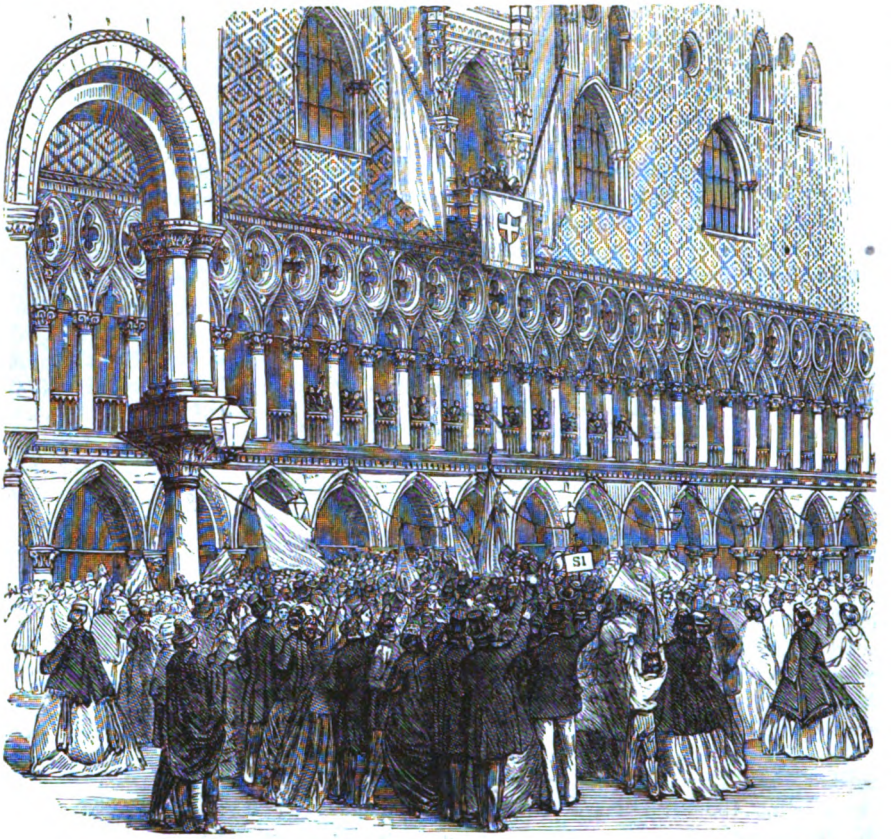
Miss Middy Morgan says that Victor Emmanuel was a skillful marksman with a rifle, and could hit a mark without any preliminary sighting. He was also a great lover of horses, and he organized fox-hunts in Italy. He had handsome stables in the Boboli Gardens, at Florence, in which were stabled fine Cleveland bays, of the same breed as those in the royal stables of Great Britain, and fine Irish mares. When the capital was at Florence, the King had a hunting lodge at San Rossore, close to Pisa, and in the centre of a magnificent preserve, full of deer, English pheasants, wild boar and other game; and thither he went invariably, as soon as he was released from the cares of state. Near Turin there is another hunting lodge, Valdieri, away up in the mountains, where the King hunted the chamois, clad in buckskin, and wearing a Tyrolese hat. Here he used Arab steeds. He had breeding parks near Turin, and in Turin, at the stables of the Via della Secca, his old war-horses were kept, including a snow-white Arab that bore him scatheless through the battle of Palestro.

The King of Italy's hunting quarters in the Valley of Aosta, were visited and sketched for a London illustrated journal, nearly three years ago, by an artist who then wrote: "King Victor Emmanuel is by no means a 'carpet' sportsman. He would care little for a well-preserved wood, stocked with half-tame partridges and pheasants, but is never more at home than in the exciting and somewhat dangerous sport to be found on the heights of Aosta. These mountains, situated in the northeastern portion of Italy, notwithstanding their great picturesque beauty, are almost wholly unknown to English tourists. Nevertheless, all the charms of Alpine scenery are found here. . . . Should a stray tourist find himself in this neighborhood, he might probably, when skirting a mountain, meet a small group of men, one of whom in the centre, in a gray cotton coat and light cap, mounted on a horse, would be King Victor Emmanuel. In the pine forests, on the heights, might be seen the royal encampment, glistening amidst the dark rocks at the foot of the glacier. Here the King and his suite sleep at night, the day being wholly passed in the chase. Here, also, amidst the white and blue glaciers — contrasting strangely with the light-green of the meadows and the dark hue of the forests—the royal party dine all together under a roof of entwined branches, the sunbeams carefully warded off by a curtain. This spot is Valmicana, some 18,000 feet above the level of the sea. Not that Victor Emmanuel wholly confines himself to camping out. He has a handsome hunting châlet at Lauzon, fitted up with every convenience; while sometimes he will fix his quarters at Montcarné, in the Valley of Valsavaranche, where there are a few rough buildings. The largest is inhabited by the King and his personal attendants, while the others are occupied by the telegraphic service and the kitchens; the tents being tenanted by the various members of the suite. The King's bedroom, like the surroundings, is eminently primitive, a small iron bedstead, and a few white pinewood chairs and a table forming the only furniture. In the dining-room, a trifle larger, the parish priest of the Valsavaranche says mass on Sunday mornings. Numerous paths have been made up and along the heights for the use of the King, who usually makes the ascent of the mountain on horseback, except in places where the path is so bad that this is difficult and dangerous—as at the foot of the glaciers—then he dismounts and walks. At the summit there is a little roofless shed, with a rude, stone seat, and here the King awaits the game, driven toward him by the mountaineer beaters. Thus," continues the artist, "the King of Italy has acquired, in these valleys, an extraordinary popularity."

More recently it has been said that, "Strong as a buffalo and nimble as a steinbok, with his stride of Ajax and his eye of Mars," the Rè Galantuomo was hailed by the honest Piedmontese mountaineers as the *genius loci;* typifying, as he did, all the virtues prized, and all the failings palliated on the southern slopes of the Alps.

It is the chief glory of Victor Emmanuel to have revived the Homeric ideal of a king as the leader and protector of his people. "The Bourbon theory of kingship was that the nation belonged to the king, and that he had a divine right to use it for his personal pleasure. Coming to the throne at a period when the Bourbon theory was maintained by the might of European armies, Victor Emmanuel broke with the traditions of modern monarchy and chose rather to be the hero of a free nation than the despotic ruler of his ancient patrimony. He could not have foreseen that the heroic age of Italy was close at hand, and that twenty-seven millions of Italians were to choose him as their leader." In him the chivalrous qualities inherited from the soldier-kings of Savoy were untainted by the selfishness and treachery of some of his later predecessors. It was pre-eminently these chivalrous qualities that fitted him for his share in the work of national independence. A thoughtful writer has justly protested against the fashion of assigning Victor Emmanuel a subordinate place in the creation of United Italy. Cavour has been called the brain and Garibaldi the sword of Italy, while it has been assumed that the King, though a gallant and honest gentleman, was merely the standard around which others rallied the Italian people. This, however, betrays only a superficial acquaintance with

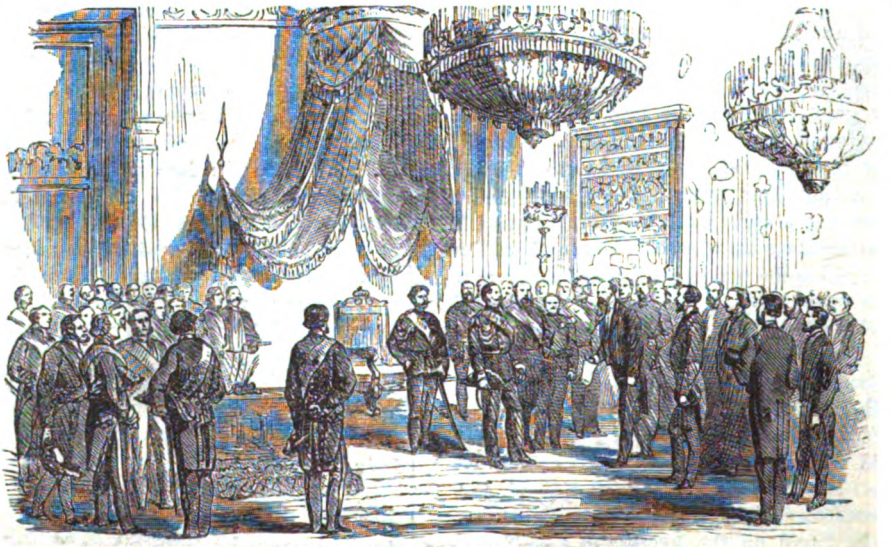
the Italian revolution. While every one concedes that Victor Emmanuel possessed clear, strong common sense, it is probable that he was not intellectually a great man. Nevertheless, he was endowed with what is vastly superior to mere intellect—a brave and loyal heart, and the impalpable but resistless magnetism of character. Had he been weak or dishonest, the Italian Kingdom would not have been born. Before Italy could become a nation it was essential that an Italian monarch who could be trusted to the uttermost should take the leadership of all the factions of the people. With Victor Emmanuel, Italy became possible.



ANNOUNCING THE VOTE OF VENICE IN FAVOR OF ANNEXATION TO THE KINGDOM OF ITALY.

Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, and titular King of Cyprus and Jerusalem, died at half past two o'clock, P. M., on the 9th of January, 1878, in the Quirinal palace at Rome. His disease was miliary fever, and was a repetition of that which prostrated him in 1869. His death, preceded only by a brief illness, filled Rome with consternation and grief. The sad news was telegraphed instantly throughout the world. No more touching description of the last hours of the dying monarch can be given than the curt telegram which was flashed across the Atlantic before his corpse was cold. After telling of the demonstrations of popular grief, the condolences of the foreign ambassadors with the bereaved royal family, and the transmission, from the Vatican to the Quirinal, of the Holy Father's blessing for the king *in articulo mortis*, the telegram added: "The king received the last sacrament of the Church calmly. He then took an affectionate farewell of Prince Humbert, the heir-apparent, and the latter's wife, Princess Margherita, and a few other persons familiar with him through life. He said a few kind words to each. Toward half-past two, P. M., the oppression under which he labored increased, and he was caused to inhale oxygen, which seemed to give him a little strength. He saluted those present, bending his head twice. Then, sighing deeply, he expired, sitting in an armchair, dressed."

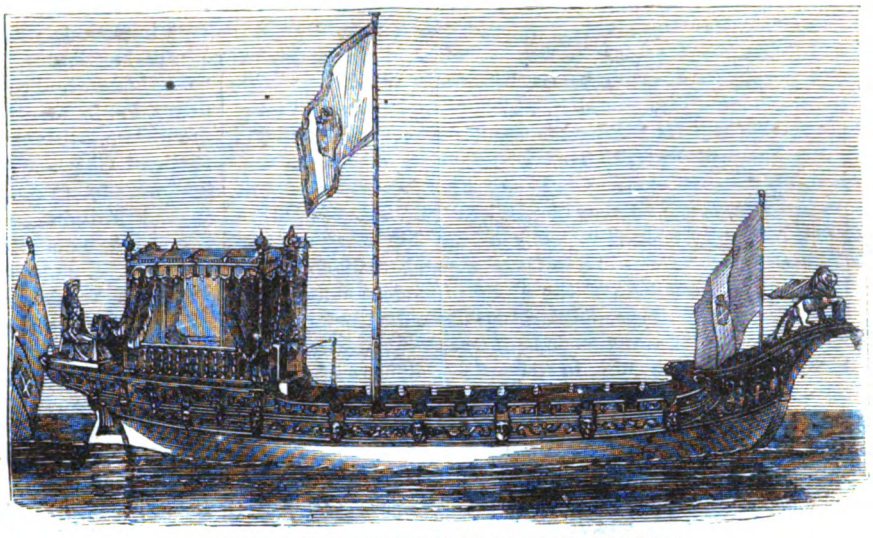
The body of the dead King was embalmed. It lay in state for several days in a room on the ground-floor of the Quirinal, on a simple, low, curtainless iron bedstead, on which Victor Emmanuel was wont to sleep. His face was white, perfectly calm and undisfigured. A row of wax-lights stood at the foot of the bed. A chaplain continually recited prayers for the dead, and four aides-de-camp kept watch in the ante-room. Meanwhile, Rome and all Italy went in mourning for Victor Emmanuel. Messages of sympathy were sent to King Humbert I., his successor, from all foreign courts and governments, and particularly from Italians in distant lands. In this country, since King Victor Emmanuel's death, commemorative meetings have been held and



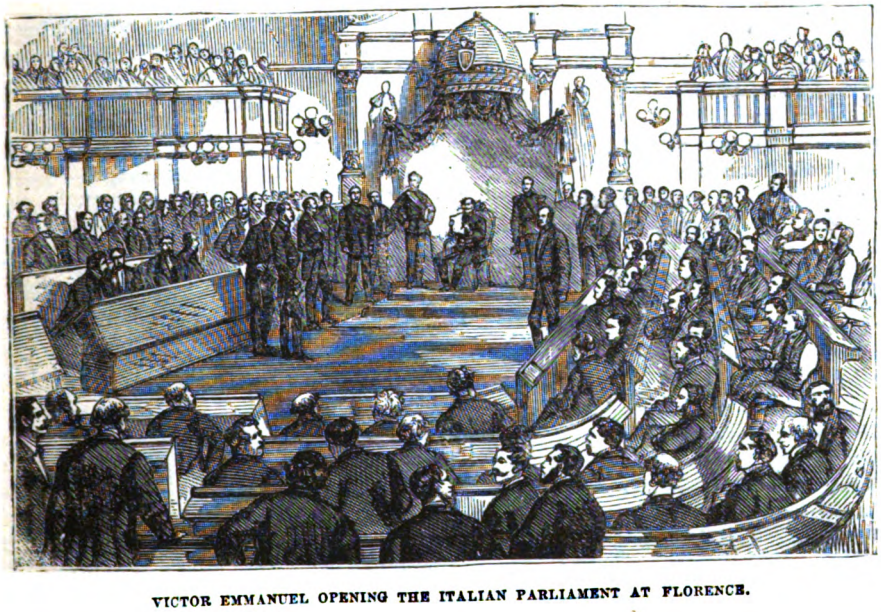
VICTOR EMMANUEL RECEIVING FROM PRESIDENT TECHIO THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE VOTE OF VENITIA.

requiem masses have been said in nearly all our principal cities and towns. At the solemn requiem mass for the dead King of Italy in the Church of St. Aloysius, in Washington, on January 22d, the President and Vice-President of the United States, the Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, the Senators and Representatives, the Generals of the Army, the Admiral of the Navy, with numerous subordinate officers in full uniform, and the entire Diplomatic Corps in court dress, were present.

The funeral of the late King Victor Emmanuel on the 17th of January, 1878, must have been one of the most imposing spectacles ever witnessed at Rome. At nine o'clock in the morning, the royal corpse was placed on the same car which had been used at the burial of Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, the late Monarch's father. The car was surmounted by the iron crown of the Lombard Kings. It was preceded by Lieutenant-General Medici, Victor Emmanuel's first aide-de-camp, mounted and bearing the Palestro sword, sheathed. All the rest of the vast procession were on foot, the Crown-Prince of Germany, with envoys from Austria, Portugal and Grand Duchy of Baden, walking abreast. The procession was headed by fifteen military detachments, with their bands discoursing solemn music, and the clergy bearing tapers.

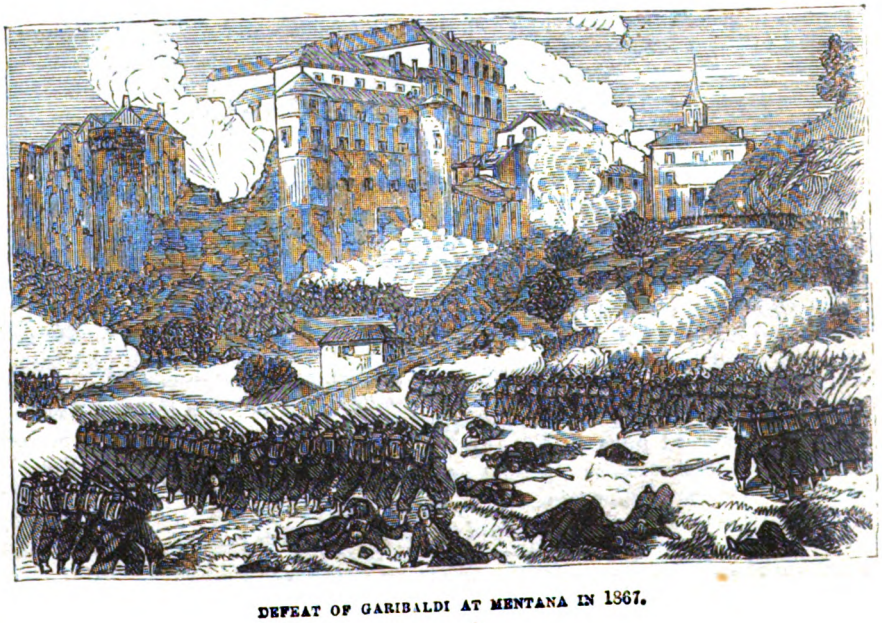


STATE-BARGE USED BY VICTOR EMMANUEL AT VENICE.



VICTOR EMMANUEL OPENING THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT AT FLORENCE.

The guard of honor surrounding the car; the late King's favorite horse, riderless, behind it; eighteen detachments of civic dignitaries, two thousand seven hundred deputations from all parts of Italy; the superb military and official costumes; the seventy tattered banners: the decorations of the darkened Pantheon, where, all ecclesiastical restrictions having been removed by express order of the Pope, the simple but impressive religious services were celebrated—all these elements of a splendid historical ceremony were present. It took seven hours for the procession to move from the Quirinal to the Pantheon. The following inscription was conspicuous over the gateway of the Pantheon



DEFEAT OF GARIBALDI AT MENTANA IN 1867.

"Italy with a mother's pride, with a daughter's grief, supplicates for the great King, who was a faithful citizen and triumphant soldier, the immortality of the righteous and heroic." A much better, because a simpler, inscription, was on the stone slab, which is to be placed in the chapel destined for the dead monarch: "Victor Emmanuel! First King of Italy." This is, indeed, a model epitaph. But not the least striking and suggestive fact about all this pageantry was the absence of pall-bearers. None could, as such, have fitly taken the places of the late King's trusty counselors, who aided him in founding and establishing his kingdom—Cavour (one of the ablest of modern statesmen), d'Azeglio, La Marmora, Ratazzi! all these died before their King. And what is yet more ominous at this critical juncture of European affairs, in view of the approaching Conclave and the closing scenes of the Russo-Turkish war and its prospective complications, there are no Ministers like them to aid by their counsels King Humbert, Emmanuel's son and successor. But the Italian people are left to inspire Humbert with emulation of his illustrious father's loyalty to free constitutional government.

BURIAL ECCENTRICITIES.

In all times and countries there have been queer notions about burial. We here offer our readers a few instances of this kind of eccentricity.

Mr. Wilkinson, one of the founders of the iron manufacture in Great Britain, loved iron so well that he resolved to carry it to the grave with him. He had himself buried in his garden, in an iron coffin, over which was an iron tomb of twenty tons' weight. In order to make all right and secure, he caused the coffin and tomb to be constructed while he was yet alive; he delighted to show them to his friends and visitors—possibly more to his pleasure than theirs. But there were sundry little tribulations to encounter. When he died, it was found that the coffin was too small; he was temporarily laid in the ground while a new one was made; when buried, it was decided that the coffin was too near the surface, and it was therefore transferred to a cavity dug in a rock; lastly, when the estate was sold, many years afterward, the family directed the coffin to be transferred to the churchyard. Thus Mr. Wilkinson had the exceptional honor of being buried three or four times over. Mr. Smiles tells us that in 1862 a man was living who had assisted at all these interments. Mr. Wilkinson was quite pleased to make presents of iron coffins to any friends who wished to possess such mementoes of death and iron. In a granite country such as Cornwall, it is not surprising to read that the Reverend John Pomeroy, of St. Kew, was buried in a granite coffin which he had caused to be made.

Some persons have had a singular taste for providing their coffins long beforehand, and keeping them as objects pleasant to look at, or morally profitable as reminders of the fate of all, or useful for everyday purposes until the last and solemn use supervenes. A slater in Fifeshire, about forty years ago, made his own coffin, decorated it with shells, and displayed it among other fancy shell-work in a room he called his grotto. Another North Briton, a cartwright, made his own coffin, and used it for a long time to hold his working-tools; it was filled with sliding shelves, and the lid turned upon hinges. It is said that many instances are met with in Scotland of workingmen constructing their own coffins "in leisure hours." Alderman Jones, of Gloucester, about the close of the seventeenth century, had his coffin and his monument constructed beforehand; not liking the shape of the nose carved on his effigy on the latter, he had a new one cut—just in time, for he died immediately after it was finished. One John Wheatley, of Nottingham, bought a coffin and filled it with clove cordial; but he brought himself into bad repute by getting drunk too frequently, for his coffin became to him a sort of dram-shop. A young navy surgeon, who accompanied the Duke of Clarence (afterward King William IV.) when he first went to sea as a royal middy, rose in after-life to an important position at Portsmouth; he had a favorite boat converted into a coffin, with the stern-piece fixed at its head, and kept it under his bed for many years. A married couple in Prussia provided themselves with coffins beforehand, and kept them in a stable, where they were utilized as cupboards for the reception of various kinds of food; but the final appropriation of the coffins was marked by a singular *contre-temps*. The man died; the widow packed the contents of both coffins into one, while the body was deposited in the other. By some mishap, the coffin full of eatables was lowered into the grave. Next day the widow, opening the lid of the (supposed) cupboard, was scared at finding the dead body of her husband. Of course the interment had to be done all over again, with an interchange of coffins.

The custom of being buried in an erect position has been frequently carried out. Ben Jonson was buried upright in Westminster Abbey, a circumstance which gave occasion for the following lines in the "Ingoldsby Legends":

> "Even rare Ben Johnson, that famous wight,
> I am told is interred there bolt upright,
> In just such a posture, beneath his bust,
> As Tray used to sit in to beg for a crust."

Military heroes have, in more cases than one, been buried by their men in upright positions on the battle-field, sometimes lance or spear in hand. One such was found at the Curragh of Kildare; on opening an earthen tumulus, the skeleton of an old Irish chieftain was seen upright, with a barbed spear in or near one hand.

It is, of course, quite easy to bury in an upright posture, by setting up the coffin on end; but where, as in many recorded instances, the body is placed in a sitting posture, coffins were, of necessity, inadmissible. When the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa opened the tomb of Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle, he found the body of the great man seated on a kind of throne, as if alive, clad in imperial robes, bearing his sceptre in one hand and a copy of the Bible on his knees. At Shoreditch churchyard, some years ago, a tomb could be seen from the high-road, placed there by a quack doctor named Doctor John Gardiner; or rather, it was a high headstone, with an inscription denoting that the inclosed spot was his "last and best bedroom." He had the tomb and the inscription prepared some years before his death, and was (so rumor stated) buried in a sitting posture; but on this last point the evidence is not clear.

Some folks have been buried with a mere apology for a coffin. Such was the fate of Mrs. Fisher Dilke, during the time of the Commonwealth. Her husband, Mr. Dilke, did not seem to regard her remains as deserving of a very high expenditure. He caused a coffin to be made from boards which lined his barn. He bargained with a sexton to make a grave in the churchyard for one groat—two groats cheaper than if it had been in the church. He invited eight neighbors to act as bearers, for whom he provided three twopenny cakes and a bottle of claret. He read a chapter of Job to them while all was being got ready; then the cakes and wine were partaken of, and the body was carried to the churchyard. They put her in the grave, each threw in a spadeful of earth, and the bereaved husband and his neighbors retraced their steps. Another instance of an apology

for coffins was that near Horsham, in an old mansion which had been a nunnery. When, on one occasion, the kitchen floor was taken up, there were found twelve skeletons, all in a row, each between two planks; they were supposed to have been nuns.

And some folks have been buried without any coffin at all, A military officer, some half-century or so ago, directed by his will that his body should be opened by medical men, bound round with cere-cloth, and interred, without a coffin, in a particular part of his park. Acorns were to be sown on the spot, the most promising plant from which was to be allowed to grow there, "in order," as he said, "that his remains might be useful in nourishing a sturdy British oak." He left a legacy to his gardener to weed and water the plant. A goodly sized oak-tree now marks the spot. This reminds one of the strange burial, or rather, absence of burial, in the case of Jeremy Bentham, the celebrated jurist and philosopher. In accordance with his will, a head of wax was affixed to his skeleton, after dissection; the figure was stuffed to the proper size, and clad in Bentham's own garments; he was placed seated in his own arm-chair, with his own walking-stick in one hand. A wag made a very whimsical anagram out of this, by simply transposing two letters in Jeremy Bentham's name—"Jeer my bent ham."

Miscellaneous instances crowd upon us of burial without coffins. There is a parish in the Isle of Thanet, the register of which contains entries of eightpence for burying in a coffin, and sixpence without a coffin; and in the register of an adjoining parish, more than two centuries back, eightpence "in a coffined grave," and sixpence "in a sheet." About a century ago, in Dorset, a gentleman directed that his uncoffined remains should be buried ten feet deep in a particular field lying near his house, and the field to be then thoroughly plowed over, as if to obliterate him as completely as could well be the case. The family of the St. Clairs of Rosslyn were for many generations (the men, at any rate) buried without coffins. The latest of such burials took place toward the close of the seventeenth century. When the vault was next opened, the body of Sir William St. Clair was seen lying in his armor with a red velvet cap on his head; nothing was decayed but a part of the white fur-edging to the cap. In some parts of Ireland it was at one time customary to carry the body to the grave-side in a coffin, upon which the body was taken out and reverently deposited in the earth. There was one Augustinian abbey graveyard in particular, near Enniscorthy, in which certain families were generally buried in this fashion, the graves being scrupulously prepared with boards, earth, sods and grass. It is said that the Superior of the first Cistercian abbey founded in England since the Reformation lies buried in this fashion in the chapter-house of the abbey in one of the midland counties. Mr. Thomas Cooke, a merchant who had well befriended Morden College, Blackheath, directed that his body should be buried in a winding-sheet, *minus* coffin, in the college grounds.

And as some people have been buried without coffins, so have there been instances of coffins buried without people. Fraud, more or less, may be suspected in such cases. About a dozen years ago the death of a foreigner was entered in the register of an Essex parish, on the faith of a medical certificate, apparently authentic; a coffin was bought, and a grave ordered to be dug in a Roman Catholic graveyard. The funeral, or *a* funeral, took place, all in decent order. A few weeks afterward a claim was put in by the widow for a hundred thousand francs, due from an insurance office. The alleged deceased was known to have been a fugitive fraudulent bankrupt. The aid of the detective police being obtained, the grave and coffin were opened, and—no corpse was there. The rascal had made out the certificate of his own death, ordered his own grave and coffin, and followed his own coffin to its last home as chief mourner!

With or without coffins, many persons have been buried in spots other than churchyards or graveyards; such, for instance, as in their own gardens, farms, parks or plantations. There is a family residence in Northamptonshire marked by the singularity of having a coffin placed as it were a table in a summer-house. Sir William Temple, before his death in 1700, ordered his heart to be inclosed in a silver casket, and buried under a sun-dial in his own garden at Moor Park, opposite a particular window. Where the body was interred we have no record.

William Liberty, a brickmaker in Herts, was buried in a tomb constructed by himself at the side of a lonely footpath across a field; and room was afterward found in the same tomb for his widow. Sir James Tillie, of Pentillie Castle, Cornwall, was, at his own desire, laid under a tower in a summer-house in a favorite part of his park. Baskerville, the printer, was buried under a windmill near his garden; a dancing-master in a plantation near Macclesfield; a barrister beneath a tower which he had built at Leith Hill, Surrey; a Yorkshire squire in his own shrubbery, "because he had passed some of the happiest hours of his life there"; a shepherd of the Chiltern Hills on the chalky slopes of the hills themselves, with an inscription cut in the grassy covering.

The wish of a captain in Cromwell's army to bury his favorite charger in the churchyard of Houghton-le-Spring, was frustrated; whereupon he had it buried in his own orchard, and left orders that he himself was to be buried by the side of the horse.

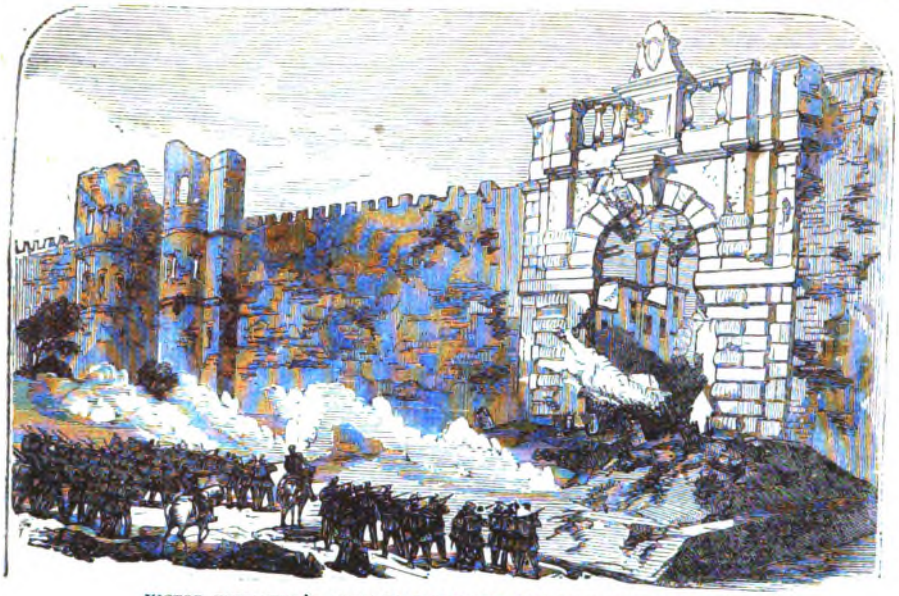
Many queer stories are extant, resting, however, on tolerably good authority, of bodies being left unburied, or in some way or other kept above-ground, in the hope of cunningly defeating some law or other. The old stage-coachmen on the Great North Road, when driving through Stevenage, were wont to point to a barn in which the body of a former owner, Mr. Trigg, was kept; it was inclosed in lead, and placed upon a beam of the roof. The gossips of the neighborhood had two theories to explain this. One was to the effect that Trigg had expressed a desire that his body should be kept there "until the day of judgment"; the other, that he believed he would return to life again thirty years after his death, and left his property subject to this contingency. He died in 1721. After the thirty years his representatives "gave him three days' grace," then buried him, and finally disposed of his property.

Just about a century ago, a legacy of twenty-five pounds a year was left to a woman "so long as she remained above-ground." Her husband, after her death, put a crafty interpretation on these words; he rented a small room in a neighbor's house, and kept the body there in a coffin during the long period of nineteen years, receiving the annuity because the woman was still "above-ground."

A gentleman, rather earlier in the same century, left orders that, when he died, he should be placed in a coffin perched up on end in a cellar. He had bequeathed all his property to charitable uses, and had a notion that his relatives would try to defy the will unless his body were kept unburied—that is, not actually interred in the ground.

ODD MISTAKES AND MISCONCEPTIONS.

At the last Christmas race-meeting at Ellerslie, New Zealand, just as the course was being cleared for the event of the day, uproarious sounds of merriment arose behind the saddling paddock, and a number of sailors belonging to Her Majesty's ship *Sapphire*, were seen scurrying along, a



VICTOR EMMANUEL'S ARMY STORMING THE SAN GIOVANNI GATE, ROME.

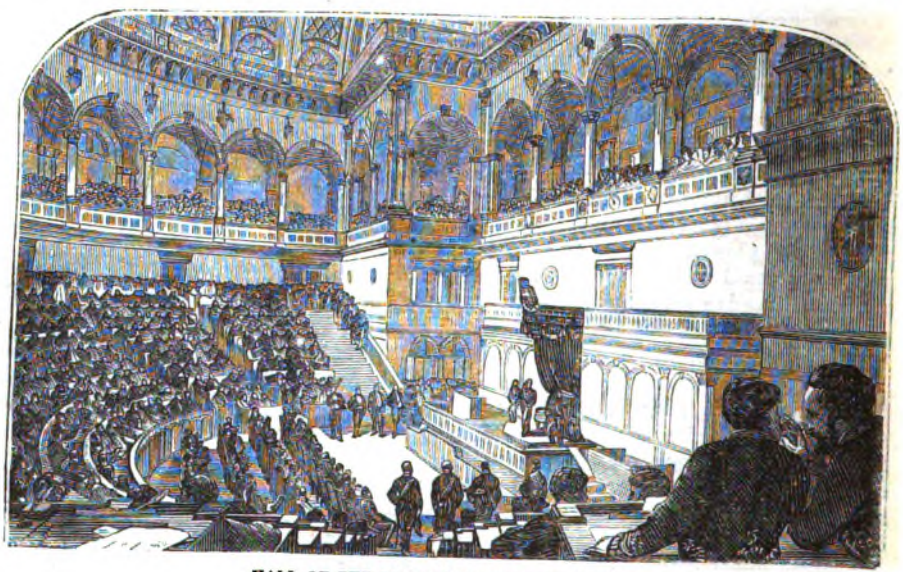
stalwart blue-jacket in their midst bearing in his brawny arms the form of a woman. No screams resounded above the din created by the abductors; but nothing doubting that the capture was an unwilling one, a gallant newspaper editor and a detective, eager to aid beauty in distress, started in hot pursuit, and after a smart chase across country, overtook the miscreants. To the officer's stern demand for the instant release of their fair prisoner, the tars replied by dropping their prize, whereupon the brave rescuers, rushing forward, tenderly raised the prostrate figure. Judge, however, of their feelings of mortification upon being told by the sailors, that having, at the interesting game of Aunt Sally, fairly demolished the old lady's pipe, and the accustomed sixpence for the adroit achievement not being forthcoming, they had carried off the old lady in reprisal!

For a dressed-up doll to be taken for a lady seems as improbable as that a lawyer should be taken for a thief, but even that has happened—so liable are men to be led away by appearances. Daniel Webster, traveling by the night-stage from Baltimore to Washington with no companion save the driver, contemplated that worthy's forbidding features with a very uneasy mind. He had nearly reasoned his suspicious fear away, when they came to the dark woods between Bladensburg and Washington, and Webster felt his courage oozing out of his finger-ends as he thought what a fitting place it was for murder. Suddenly the driver turned toward him and gruffly demanded his name. It was given. Then he wanted to know where he was going.

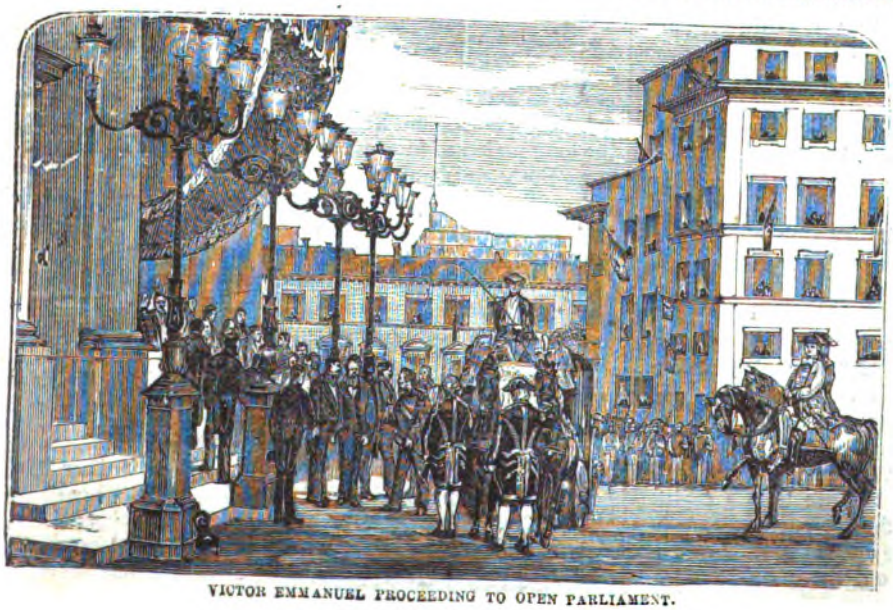
"To Washington; I am a senator," said Daniel, expecting his worst thoughts were near realization.

The driver grasped him by the hand, saying:

"How glad I am, mister, to hear that. I've been properly scared for the last hour; for when I looked at you, I felt sure you were a highwayman."



HALL OF THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT, ROME.



VICTOR EMMANUEL PROCEEDING TO OPEN PARLIAMENT.

VISIT OF VICTOR EMMANUEL TO VENICE.

Upon another occasion a young gentleman accosted a stately-looking personage at a Washington wedding reception with: "Good evening; I'm delighted to see you; we have not met since we parted in Mexico."

Ignoring the outstretched hand, the gentleman addressed said: "I fear you have the advantage of me."

"Why, is it possible you don't recollect me?" exclaimed the mortified young fellow. "Certainly I was much younger when I was in Mexico with my father."

"To tell the truth," said the other, "my remembrances of ever being in Mexico are very indistinct."

"Are you not Sir Edward Thornton?" inquired the puzzled one, beginning to suspect there was a mistake somewhere; a suspicion becoming a certainty when the reply came: "By no means; I am Judge Poland, of Vermont."

A few nights after this rebuff, the youth happened to be at another party, and seeing the judge there, made up to him, and after a word or two about the weather, observed: "That was an awkward blunder of mine the other evening, to take you for old Thornton!"

"And whom do you take me for now, may I ask?" was the reply.

"Why," said he, feeling rather bewildered by the other's manner, "you told me you were Judge Poland, of Vermont."

"On the contrary, sir, my name is Thornton," was the annihilating response.

The victim to this case of awkward duality was not so much to be pitied as his fellow-countryman Slimmer, who fared worse from a similar mistake that was none of his making. Slimmer, a modest young bachelor, peeping into the ladies' waiting-room at a railway station, found a pair of plump arms round his neck, a lady's head resting lovingly on his manly bosom, and half-a-dozen youngsters of nicely graduated sizes clasping his legs, tugging at his coat-tails, and crying "Papa!" at the top of their voices. While the half-strangled victim was struggling to disentangle himself from his affectionate surroundings, a gentleman rushed into the waiting-room, took the situation in at a glance, floored the innocent Slimmer with his carpet-bag, and then sat upon him. When he came to himself he was in bed in the infirmary, a bruised and battered bachelor; and all he got for his pains was a grumbling apology from his assailant for the unfortunate mistake his wife had made. The common lot of sufferers from the mistakes of such over-hasty folk.

Jealous-minded people are particularly prone to misconceptions involving serious results. The captain of a schooner trading between San Francisco and Mexico left his wife in a tenement-house in San Francisco. He had been away some twelve months, when one night, as his wife was nursing the baby of a neighbor, the door of her room opened and she saw her husband standing looking at her. She rose to greet him; but repulsing her with an oath, he turned on his heel and was gone, leaving her to cry herself to sleep. A knock at the door awoke her. Before she could reach it, her husband was in the room, his hand at her throat. Dragging her shrieking to the window, he would have thrown her from it; but her cries had drawn a crowd in front of the house, and the unhappy woman managed to extricate herself from his strong grasp, only to feel a knife enter her flesh, and to fall senseless to the ground. The infuriated seaman made for the stairway, where he was met by a crowd of men. Threatening to shoot the first who came near him, he smashed in the door of a room, jumped through a window, and although pursued, reached the Chinese quarter, and was lost in its labyrinths. The occupant of the room through which he had dashed so unceremoniously, hearing the commotion without comprehending it, sprang out of bed and fired a shot; upon which somebody outside in the hall fired another. "Lynch him!" was the cry; and in a very short time the guiltless occupant of the room was under a lamp-post, and would have been dangling from it but for the intervention of the people about, who assured the excited mob that the actual assailant of the woman was really beyond reach. The woman was not killed; but whether her hasty mate discovered his mistake and atoned for it, is not recorded.

Not so tragical in consequence was another instance of jumping to conclusions. A blushing damsel of forty summers or so entered the town-clerk's office at Wheeling, W. Va., and asked for a license. The clerk took down her name and address and asked for that of "the other party." "Faithful; he lives with me," said the applicant. The clerk eyed her curiously, but keeping his thoughts to himself, filled up the paper and handed it over. The lady glanced at it, shrieked out "Monster!" and swept out of the office, leaving the offender dumbfounded at the explosion; till it flashed upon his mind that possibly a dog license, not a marriage license, was what the spinster wanted.

Equally unhappy in interpreting a lady's meaning was a timid young man of Titusville. Calling upon a pretty girl one evening, she said: "I want to propose to you——"

"You are very kind," gasped the alarmed visitor; "but I am not worthy of such happiness; in fact none of our family are marrying people—besides, my income is limited, and I have to meet a friend, and I'm afraid I'll be late." He was making his exit, without waiting to put on his overcoat, through the door of a cupboard.

"Why," said the young woman, "I wanted to propose to you to accompany me as far as Main Street; that was all."

"Oh, in that case," answered the relieved gentleman, "I shall be only too happy."

Mr. Sayre, of Lexington, was troubled with a lisp. One day the overseer of one of his farms came to headquarters to say he wanted some porkers. "Very well," says Mr. Sayre. "Go and buy four or five thowth and pigth, and put them on the farm."

The man inquired if he should take the money with him to pay for them.

"No," said Sayre; "they all know me. Thend them here, and I'll pay."

In a fortnight's time the overseer reappeared with the information that he had been all over the country, but could not get more than nine hundred pigs.

"Nine hundred pigth!" exclaimed his employer. "Who told you to buy nine hundred pigth?"

"Why, you did, sir," said the overseer. "You told me to buy four or five thousand pigs; and I tried to do it."

"I did no thuth thing," said Sayre; "I told you to buy four or five thowth and their little pigth; a pretty meth you've made of it!"

Among the many good stories told by Colonel Stuart in his *Reminiscences of a Soldier*, are the two following: A sentry at Chatham, when the captain of the guard question him as to his orders, replied: "My orders are, sir, if a fire broke out, I'm to take my musket and shoot the nearest policeman." The officer suggested that he had made some mistake, but the soldier stuck to his text; and with "I pity the policeman," the captain of the guard walked on without giving the correct instruction: "If a fire breaks out, fire your musket, and alarm the nearest policeman." A Scotch subaltern at Gibraltar was one day on guard with another officer, who, falling down a precipice, was killed. He made no mention of the accident in his

guard report, leaving the addendum, "N. B.—Nothing extraordinary since guard-mounting," standing without qualification. Some hours after the brigade-major came to demand an explanation, saying: "You say, sir, in your report, "Nothing extraordinary since guard-mounting," when your brother-officer, on duty with you, has fallen down a precipice four hundred feet and been killed." "Weel, sir," replied he, "I dinna think there's onything extraordinary in it; if he'd faun doon a precipice four hundred feet and *no* been killed, I should hae thought it vary extraordinary indeed, and wad hae put it doon in my report."

Taking things too literally is a fertile cause of amusing blunders. Two costermongers claiming proprietorship of one donkey, went to the Westminster county court to get the dispute decided. After hearing a part of the evidence, the judge said they had better settle the case out of court during the adjournment for luncheon. Upon the court reopening the defendant told His Honor it was all right; the donkey was his. Turning to the plaintiff, the judge saw his personal appearance was altered for the worse; but before he could put any questions, the defendant went on to say that they had found a quiet yard to settle it in, as His Honor had suggested. He had been rather rough on the plaintiff, but couldn't help it; they had only half an hour to pull it off in, and plaintiff was a much tougher customer than he looked to be. The explanation was conclusive, if not quite satisfactory to the court, and the donkey became the prize of the victor in the fight.

"Come up to the Capitol while we are in session, and I'll give you a seat on the floor of the House," said a member of Congress to one of his supporters, who called upon him in Washington.

"Wall, no; I thank you," said the West Virginian; "poor as I am, I always manage to have a cheer to sit on at home, and I ha'n't come here to sit on the floor."

A doctor, called in for the second time just in time to save the life of a man who during fits of intoxication was given to dosing himself with laudanum, rated his patient roundly for a good-for-nothing scoundrel, who, if he really intended to kill himself, should cut his throat and have done with it. One night the doctor's bell was pulled. Putting his head out of the window, he saw the self-poisoner's wife, and heard her call out: "He has done it, doctor." "Done what?" asked he. "John has taken your sensible advice," replied the woman; "he has cut his throat, and will save you further trouble!"

The American poet must have been either very angry or very much amused, when his note to a friend, "Come and see me; I am at Barnum's"—meaning the hotel of that name in New York, elicited the answer: "I am sorry you are going to exhibit yourself. If you had stuck to literature you would have made your mark and fortune. Whereabouts is the show now?" Ill-natured people might suspect the mistake was willfully made. We should be sorry to suppose anybody capable of thinking the same respecting the extraordinary misconception under which an eminent divine labored at a dinner-party. He was so dull and silent, that the lady next him expressed her fear that he was unwell. "To tell the truth," said he, "I am not quite the thing; I have a presentiment that a serious illness is hanging over me—a peculiar numbness all down my right side seems to forebode paralysis; for I have been pinching my right leg all dinner-time, and can elicit no responsive feeling whatever; the limb seems dead." "If that is all," said his fair neighbor, with a good-natured smile, "you need not alarm yourself, "the leg you have been pinching all the evening belongs to me!"—*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

GOING TO CHURCH—A SCENE IN HOLLAND DURING THE LAST CENTURY.

THE Burgomaster's lady, wrapped in costly fur and rustling silk, smooths her gloves upon her numbed fingers as she steps into the quaint ice-chair that is to bear her to church. She casts a pleading, shivering glance in the direction in which she is about to proceed, and devoutly prepares to face the blast.

Could she, the wife of the Burgomaster, abstain from service when *her* seat in the church was the observed of all observers, the centre of inquiring glances, the focus for hundreds of pairs of eyes? Would it be proper for *her* to remain away, when this charming toilet, ament which she had already spoken to Vrow Van der Haasjick, was to be exhibited for the first time? Had *she* not her public duties to perform, as well as her worthy and respected husband; and was not going to church one of them?

In Holland, one hundred years ago, as in this present year of grace, the ladies cared not for the clear, crisp cold; they defied it in wraps, they defied it on skates. Everybody skated then, as now, going to market, church or dance, wedding, christening or funeral, on skates. The "High Dutch" affected French fashions, and gave themselves up to ice-chairs, which soon became the rage, their prices being costly, their construction extremely handsome. These miniature sleighs, upon occasions of ceremony, were propelled by richly attired servitors, whose elasticity of limb enabled them to send forward the chair at a most exhilarating speed. On the ice, it was considered "better form" for a lady to be piloted by a kinsman. On the lake at the Hague, one of the prettiest sights in the world was the skating and ice-chairing; ladies coming from all parts of Europe to take a lesson from the "double Dutch," as the Hollanders were then facetiously termed.

The Burgomaster's wife, after having duly scolded the Burgomaster for his inattention to the performance of his religious duties, stands upon the step, her dainty foot in the snow, preparing to enter the ice-chair.

It *is* somewhat trying, thus to change the glow of the interior of that solid-looking mansion for the clear, cutting, frosty air, but she has a duty to perform, and she will go through with it.

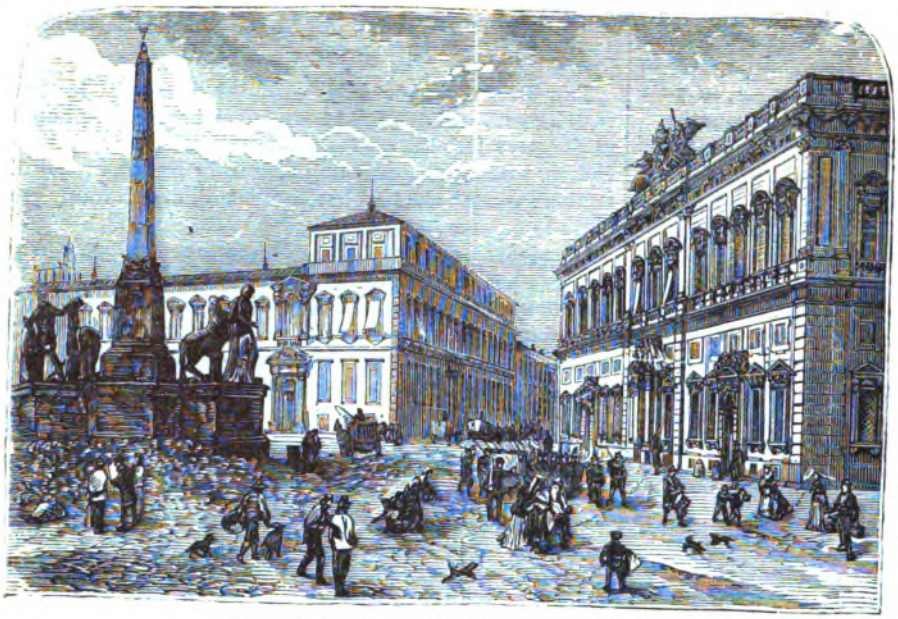
What a grand old mansion! all flower-carving, with floriated decorations, caressing it as though it were a bower—with strange gables—with curled iron railing, much after the fashion of the Moorish rahahs, adorning the old quarters in sunny Seville, or gorgeous Granada.

The interior of the Burgomaster's dwelling is rich and warm. The ceilings are low, paneled in oak, the walls hung with paintings by Franz Hans, Memling, or Ten Eycke, and the stately reception-rooms fitted up in the sixteenth century style, with antique furniture, ancient glass, old jars and mayhap some pieces of Spanish armor, relics of that desperate time when Spain soaked the land of cheese, canals, dikes, and windmills in crimson blood.

The Burgomaster's lady is waited upon right royally by retainers in gorgeous livery, their heads powdered, the hair *en queue* and fastened by a ribbon behind; for the Burgomaster is a great man, a very potential, ponderous individual, indeed.

The ice-chair is in itself a picture, the panels adorned by fleshy Cupids, still fleshier Venuses, and other allegorical devices, and a gilded bird with outstretched wings flies before her through the eager and nipping air.

The servant in scarlet, bare-headed, and bowing low, prepares to pilot the hand-sleigh, while his companion in green attends to enshrine the *Vrow's* dainty limbs in cozy wraps, and to hand her the prayer-book, which, good, sound



THE QUIRINAL, RESIDENCE OF VICTOR EMMANUEL.

church-going lady that she is, she will devoutly scan, save when glancing at the toilets of the wives of the Common Councilmen entitled to sit near her in the great oaken pew, the particular property of the City.

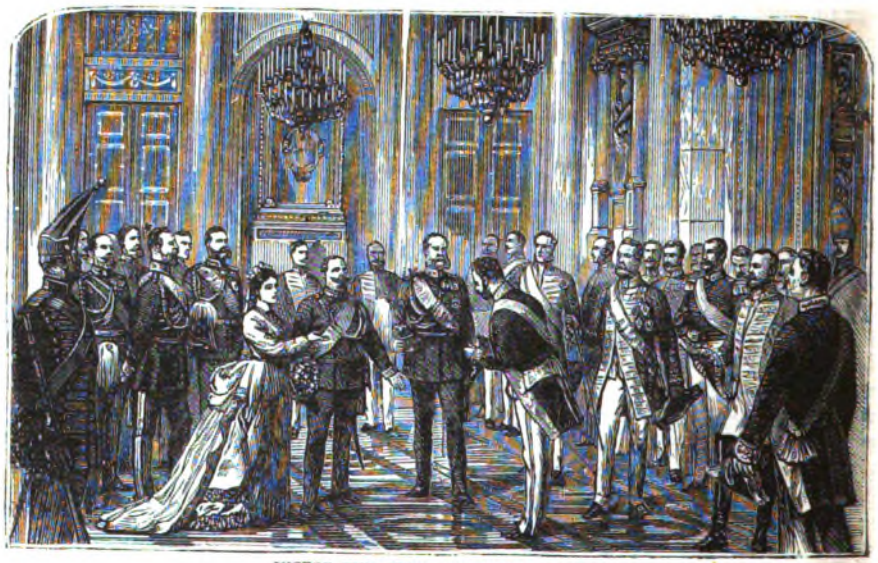
Her hat is not impossible, and may, in the near future, be considered a thing of beauty, though not a joy for ever; nor is it unbecoming in its delicious quaintness. The cloak is soft and rich in voluptuous folds, and the wine-colored skirt, possibly lined with eider-down, suggestive of a glowing warmth.

The Burgomaster, if not still abed, is cogitating, over a bottle of Schiedam, some new canal scheme, or an improved plan of sluices; for, ponderous and plodding man that he is, he knows full well that if skill fails or energy relaxes, the whole country will be again under water, the sea will reclaim its own, and he, with the fair Vrow who is now *en route* to church, be isolated even in this their great stone mansion.

The lady, snugly ensconced in her ice-chair, will be rapidly propelled past canals, past houses with pointed gables and roofs and strange outlines, through narrow streets, over innumerable drawbridges, past barges painted in brilliant colors laid up in ice, past stunted trees, past stately storks, until the solemn old church is reached.

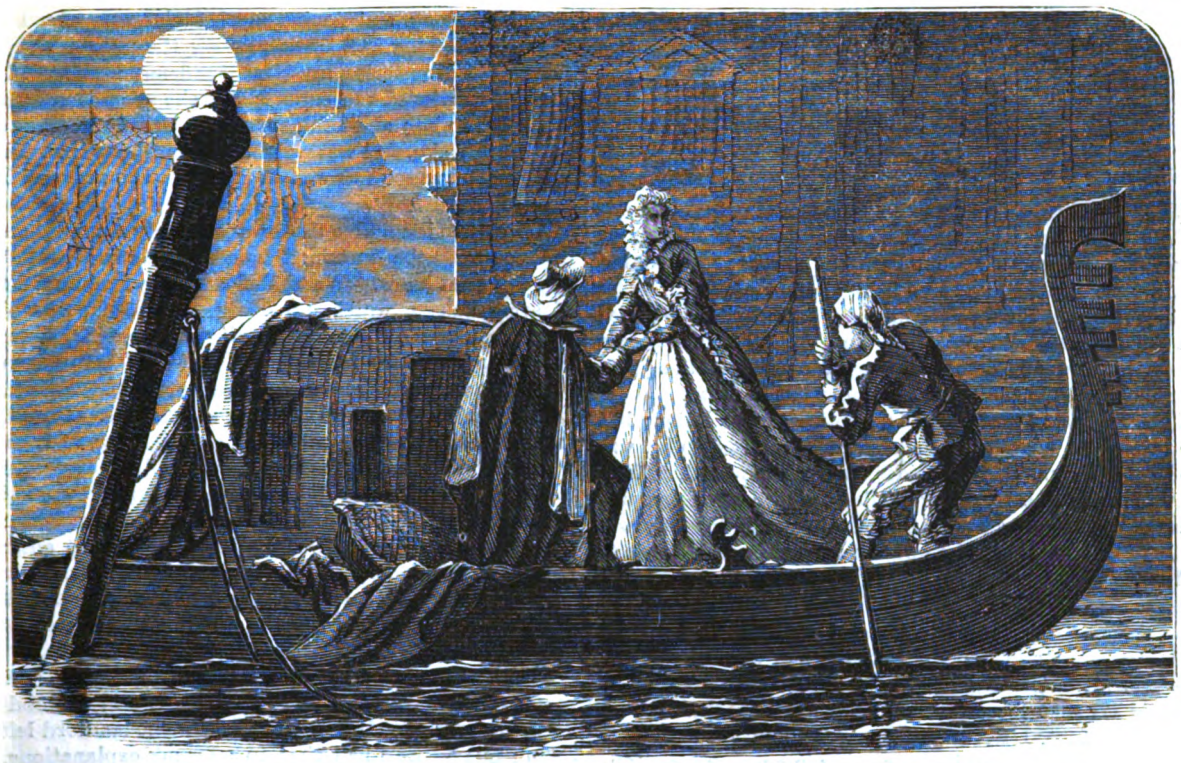
Here the Burgomaster's lady will encounter other bright and gaudy hand-sleighs engaged in depositing their occupants, with whom she will exchange stiff and formal greeting on entering the sacred edifice, which is built of red brick, and turned by rain and sunshine into a perfect color-glory.

The obsequious retainer will assist her from the chair, if there be no sturdy burgher to offer his services, and will, after placing the vehicle in a coigne of vantage, proceed, with other gayly-attired servants, to a neighboring "wynhuis," where they will solemnly regale themselves until warned that the service is drawing to a close.



VICTOR EMMANUEL AT BERLIN IN 1873.

VICTOR EMMANUEL'S SUMMER ENCAMPMENT AT MONCARNE.



A MODERN JESSICA.—"WHY, YOU HAVE CHANGED YOUR GONDOLIER SINCE THE LAST TIME."

A MODERN JESSICA.

SOME twelve years ago I was staying in Venice. It had been the dream of my boyhood to visit the city, and the scenes of those striking events in history and romance I had read of so often. The Doge's palace and the church of St. Mark's had been familiar to me from my earliest recollections, from paintings and pictures to be found everywhere; and I now saw the glorious reality, though perhaps at first I was rather disappointed, because it did not quite reach the height of my imagination. To the English reader, especially, Venice must have unutterable charms; for has not Shakespeare invested it with a brighter halo of romance than even the brightest page of history could give it? When we hear the name of Venice, do we not rather think of the Venice of Shylock, of Antonio, of Othello, than the city of Barbarossa, of Henry Dandolo, or of Francis Foscari?

Going for the first time on the Rialto, I could not help fancying that an old Jew I met must be a Shylock; and wondered whether a man I saw talking with him was negotiating a loan on the same terms as Bassanio's friend.

On my first arrival I went, according to the custom of Englishmen, to see everything at once; and was soon able to say with truth that I had "stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs." But I soon found out that nothing was to be gained by being in such a hurry; that it was much better to take things in a quiet sort of way, as I had plenty of time to see the place enjoyably. Besides, it is no joke going sight-seeing in the Summer-time at Venice; the heat is so great that it makes one in a perspiration even to think of moving.

The evening was the best part of the day. As the heat of the sun's rays began sensibly to decline, the people came out, and gondolas flitted backward and forward, bearing freights of all kinds; old, stately-looking men and women, with grave, dignified faces, making one think that they had stepped out of their frames in the adjoining palaces; laughing, dark-eyed signorinas, as careless and light-hearted as if the Austrians had never set foot in their city; English people and other foreigners, and now and again the white uniform of an Austrian officer; all intent on one object—enjoyment, and feeling relieved to be once more free from the rays of the scorching sun, and refreshed by the cool deliciousness of a midsummer twilight. Truly the Austrian rule has not been able to extinguish all feelings of joy in the Venetians, changed though they may be from their ancient renown!

I hired a gondola for my own use, and, lying lazily on the cushions smoking my cigar, made my gondolier sing to me Italian songs, which he assured me were from Ariosto. As I could not prove the contrary, I was bound to believe him, though they might have been his own words for aught I knew.

Well, one evening I had come out as usual, and my gondolier had taken me down a quiet street leading from the Grand Canal, but whose name I forget. I sat looking at the grand old palaces each side of me—their beauty more than ever apparent in the light of the moon, which was just rising—and, looking up to their silent windows, thought that from just such another, or perhaps from the same, the pretty Jessica might have stolen to her lover; and I could not help bemoaning that the race was extinct, that elopements had gone out of fashion, and that there was no chance, now-a-days, of meeting pretty girls bringing their own dower in ready money with them, when my attention was directed to the figure of a woman on the balcony of a house we were close upon. Directly she saw me she leaned forward a little, threw a letter into the boat, and immediately afterward disappeared. Here was a mystery! The window where I had seen her lay in the shadow of the moon, so that I had not been able to see what she was like. That she was young, I was almost certain, for the light had been sufficient for me to notice that her figure was slight and small, and of course I imagined that she must be beautiful.

I opened the letter by the light of my lantern, and found

the following words "written in choice Italian," and in a very neat and pretty hand :

"CARO MIO: I cannot come to-night; I will meet you at the same hour to-morrow. Come close up to the window nearest the water; I can descend easily from thence, and there is not so much chance of being seen. Provide cloaks, that our figures may be completely disguised. Till then, adieu. AMINA."

What was I to make of this? I had no intimate friends in Venice, and certainly had no acquaintance to address me like this. I asked my gondolier if he knew the house, but he did not. I told him to go back the same way, in order that I might see the figure again, if it happened to be there; but the house seemed quite deserted, and all I noticed was a man in a gondola, which passed close to mine. He attracted my attention by the peculiar hat he wore.

I determined at first to take no notice of the letter; but the love of an adventure, such as this promised to be, was too strong for me; and besides, vanity whispered, "Who knows? some one may have fallen in love with you unawares!" Moreover, I was anxious to see if the lady was really pretty—whether she would turn out a real Jessica; so I made up my mind to be at the place at the appointed time.

All the next day I was in a fever of excitement; I longed for the evening, and thought that the sun would never set. As soon as it began to get dark I stepped into the gondola, and told my man to go the same way as last night. As we neared the place, I felt a little nervous, and even thought once or twice of turning back or going in another direction, and that I might only fall into some scrape or trap if I persevered in my intention; but it was too late before I could come to any decision—we had already entered the silent street. As I had been directed in the letter, I had provided cloaks, and had enveloped myself in one, completely disguising my person with the help of a slouched, wide-awake kind of hat turned down over my eyes. I felt very much like an operatic brigand about to do some deed of darkness. There were more people about than there had been the night before, so I thought it was prudent to paddle about, not to excite attention, and to wait till the coast was pretty clear before taking my boat under the balcony. At last my gondola was about the only one near, so I seized the opportunity, and told the gondolier to steer it to the appointed window. There, sure enough, was the figure; and as soon as I was close enough, and had made fast our boat the best way I was able, she handed me some packages, which I thought at the time were rather heavy, and followed herself immediately afterward, getting lightly over the low balustrade of the window, and alighting somewhat unexpectedly, at least to me, into my arms, which were extended for her assistance in getting down. As soon as she was in the gondola, she whispered to me to be off at once, before being discovered. My man came to ask to what part of the city we would go; fortunately, before I could speak, the lady mentioned some place, which, though I had never heard of it before, he seemed to know. She then said to me, somewhat in surprise :

"Why, you have changed your gondolier since the last time!"

I could do nothing but assent to this, and then held my finger to my mouth to tell her that we had better not talk. She seemed to agree with me; and for greater secrecy I drew the curtains of the gondola. As I was doing so, and as we were turning the corner of the canal, I noticed that the gondola I had seen the night before with a man in a peculiar hat passed close to us.

I had a very good reason not to wish to talk, for I knew perfectly well that if I spoke out loud I should be betrayed directly by my bad pronunciation and bad Italian. But as we glided along, and Amina nestled closer to me, I could not help thinking that I was playing the part of a real villain in not discovering myself. Her demeanor and ladylike bearing convinced me entirely that she was not what I had taken her to be; and I felt sure that I was the cause of some curious mistake, and was passing for somebody else. I made up my mind as soon as we had landed to show myself in my true colors.

After some little time the boat suddenly stopped, and on drawing aside the curtain, I found myself in a part of the city I did not know. We landed at a quay running in front of some houses, which, no doubt, had seen better days. They were very old, and some almost in ruins. Carrying the packages before mentioned, I followed Amina into one of the houses, which seemed like a small inn. A man, evidently the landlord, was standing at the door. Directly he saw my companion, he made her a polite bow, and, saying something I did not quite understand, led the way up-stairs to the first landing; he did not seem surprised to see either her or me, and I kept behind, wondering more and more how it would all end. On the first landing we entered a room, neatly fitted up and cleanly furnished—the last somewhat a novelty in Venice anywhere, and more especially in a place like this we had come to, judging by the look of the citizens outside.

There was only one lamp in the further corner of the room, which gave a very subdued light, and I stood just by the door, somewhat in the dark. The landlord left the room; but before I had time to offer my explanations, she threw off her cloak, and I saw before me one of the prettiest dark-eyed signoras I thought I had ever seen. I did not know what to do, and my confusion was further increased when she said, in her native tongue—musical at all times, but on this occasion rendered doubly musical by the voice that spoke it :

"How provoking it was, dearest, that I could not come last night! My father suddenly altered his intention, and did not leave till to-day. I was so fearful lest he had discovered us!"

I thought after this that it was high time to show who I was; so I took off my hat, which I had hitherto kept on, and came close to her by the light. She came toward me, suddenly stopped, gave a little scream, and burst out crying, saying :

"I am betrayed, I am betrayed!"

Her scream brought the landlord up, and he looked scarcely less astonished than she had done, when he saw me standing before her.

"How is this, signor?" he said, at length: "what are you doing in this lady's room?"

"You yourself saw me come with her," I replied; and, turning to the lady, I said: "Pardon me, signora, but I fear we have both been laboring under a mistake. I received your letter last night, asking me to keep an appointment. I have done so—somewhat wrongfully and foolishly, perhaps—and I am sincerely sorry if I am the cause of bringing you any unhappiness through my boyish love of romantic adventures. I should have told you of this at first; I committed a great error in not doing so; and now, if I can make you any reparation in my power, only command me, and it shall be done."

She looked at me with surprise; and, smiling through her tears, replied :

"You are not so much to blame as I am; it is I who am foolish, in mistaking you for my husband."

"Your husband!" I cried.

"Yes," the lady continued. "Mine is a story that does not take long to tell. It is the old, old tale. My father is rich, and my lover is poor, and therefore it is a crime for

him to think of making me his wife. I thought differently, however, and some few months ago was secretly married to him. I hoped that time and other circumstances"—here she slightly blushed—"would have some effect in softening my father's determination; but when I mentioned to him my husband's name the other night, he forbade me to think of him any more. Seeing that all my efforts were of no avail, I determined to leave my father's house and Venice, rather than lead a life that was insupportable to me. I availed myself of the opportunity of my father's being away from home for a week to put my design into execution. Last night I had fixed for my husband to come and fetch me, but unfortunately my father suddenly altered his intention, and did not leave home till this morning. Seeing you pass so close to the window yesterday evening, and look up toward me, I made sure it was my husband's gondola. It was too dark to see quite plainly, and I threw the letter to you. You know the rest. Everything passed off so naturally to-night that I had not the slightest suspicion who you were, especially as I did not hear your voice out loud. The hat you wore completely disguised you, and your beard is the same color and the same form as my husband's. I must say that I cannot help thinking that you did not act quite fairly in not discovering yourself sooner. But what's done can't be undone; and I forgive, if you will promise not to betray me, and to help me now I am unprotected."

So saying, she extended her hand to me, which, I scarcely need say, I took most willingly.

"Only say what you will have me do," I said, "and you shall see how glad I shall be to repair my fault."

"Well, you must find my husband for me; here are two places where he is likely to be found," showing me her tablets.

I had just taken them in my hand, when the door of the room was suddenly opened, nearly knocking over the landlord, who had been standing with his back to it all this time, not quite recovered from his astonishment, and a man entered the room, whom I recognized instantly as the man with the peculiar cap I had seen pass me in the canal. I was not left long in doubt who it was, for Amina immediately ran toward him with open arms. But he received her coldly, and asked what all the night's proceedings meant, at the same time looking at me with no very friendly eye. He was told what the reader already knows, but would not believe it for some time, till I assured him several times on my word of honor that it was true, and that I alone was to blame. He softened by degrees, and at last took Amina to his arms, who was standing sobbing beside him. I wondered, however, he could be jealous of her, she seemed so fond of him, and looked so pretty in tears. I felt myself a great ruffian in having caused her so much distress, and made a solemn vow for the future never to have another night adventure such as this.

Seeing that I was open with him, and did not hesitate to describe all that took place, he at last extended his hand to me, and said he was satisfied, and believed I had spoken e truth.

We soon got friendly after this, and I asked him how it was that he had followed us to the place where we then were.

"I always keep this room," he said, "in case I might want it at any time, and had had it prepared for my wife's reception yesterday evening. She has been here with me once or twice before, and it is in a very secluded and quiet part of the city. Not seeing her at the window last night, I concluded, and, I find, rightly, that her father had not left the house, and that she had not dared the risk of speaking with me. I went again to-night, but again with the same result; so I came on here to see if any letter or message had been sent to tell me the cause of her non-appearance. On my arrival, to my great surprise, I was told that she had already arrived half an hour before, accompanied by a cavalier. I freely confess to you that I was not a little troubled when I heard this; but if I had thought for a moment I must have felt that my jealousy was ill-founded. You must have been a formidable rival, indeed," he continued, laughing, "to have braved the lion in his very den."

I then asked him where he intended going, and what he was going to do.

He said his destination was England; that his profession was that of an artist, and that he hoped to get a livelihood by his pencil.

I told him I should be only too delighted to render him any little service, and gave him my name and address in London, asking him to call and see me.

"And now," I said, "as I am afraid unknown artists do not always thrive at first starting, I hope you will not think that I am intruding too much into your private affairs by offering you the loan of some money for your present necessities."

Amina replied for him.

"There is no occasion for that, thank you," she said. "I have enough there," pointing to the bags I had carried up, "to last us for some time."

Her husband looked rather annoyed and uncomfortable at this. It was evident that she had brought them away from her father's store. He said that he would not touch a penny of it, and that he would send them secretly back as soon as he was able. A sudden idea struck me. I offered to take them, and my offer was thankfully accepted.

On asking the name of Amina's father, I found, to my great wonder, that it was no other than that of Signor S——, my own banker during my stay in Venice. Here was a regular case of Shylock and Jessica! But, fortunately, I found in this case Shylock somewhat fonder of his daughter than his ducats. I went to him three or four days afterward, and found him at his banking-house, just returned from his journey. He had come back instantly on hearing of his daughter's flight. He was furious, as he naturally would be, and narrated to me the story of his wrongs, fancying that I knew nothing about them. He said nothing about the money, however, and I concluded that it had not yet been missed. After the rage into which he had worked himself by talking had somewhat subsided, I gently approached the subject I came about. It was quite painful to see the workings of his face as I told him how his daughter had robbed him. This seemed the "unkindest cut of all."

"I don't believe she could have done it herself," he said; "it must have been that scoundrel who prompted her to do it."

"But," I said, "you are entirely mistaken; that scoundrel, as you call him, knew nothing about it; it was he who asked me to return it to you. Believe me, sir, you would alter your opinion of him were you to know him."

"And you are one of his friends," he said, with a sneer. "I see how it is; this is a regular plot to rob me of all I possess. But we will see whether there is yet sufficient law in Venice to protect me."

I told him I knew nothing more of his son-in-law than that I had met him, as the reader already knows; and I saw that he was somewhat amused, and his angry frown somewhat relaxed, as I told him how I had made his daughter's acquaintance; for, in his rage and excitement, he forgot that I had not known Amina before.

After a long interview, in which I pleaded strongly for his child, telling him, both for her sake and his own, it would be better to hush the matter up, he consented to see

her and her husband. I joyfully took the good news to them, and was just in time to stop them from leaving the city, notwithstanding I had told them to stay where they were till they heard from me again.

After the first interview, as I had expected, no further obstacle was thrown in the way of their union, and before I left Venice I had the satisfaction of seeing the family once more reunited.

Amina told me I had sufficiently repaired my fault, and I have congratulated myself ever since that my night adventure ended so happily.

A DANGEROUS ATTEMPT.

One of the early Spanish adventurers used to relate a narrow escape that he had in early life. The fame of the wealth, adventures and perils of the New World allured him from his home in Estremadura when but a boy, and, making his way to Seville, he attracted the attention of Alonzo Zuazo, a lawyer, going to the island of Cuba. As the receding shores of Spain diminished all chance of pursuit by the family Juanito, now the young page of the lawyer, showed all the gayety and dexterity of his nature, and won an enduring place in his master's graces. He shared many of the strange vicissitudes that befell Zuazo, and was with him in his memorable shipwreck. He here nearly lost his life in a foolhardy attempt characteristic of a harebrained boy. The shipwrecked party long suffered from thirst, till water was discovered in a way that seemed almost miraculous. Juanito could not endure the brackish element so grateful to the rest, and, as he ran along the shore, saw the immense seals crawl up on the sand and give suck to their young. A drink of fresh milk, even from an amphibious creature, was too great a dainty to be overlooked. So he watched his chance, and, seeing a large seal apparently asleep, he got in her rear and cautiously crawled up, flat on the sand, till he could apply his lips to her udder. Long abstinence from dainties had made him over-eager, and he drew too rapidly. The old seal, after lying quiet for a few minutes, seemed to detect a difference, and, looking around, beheld her foster-child.

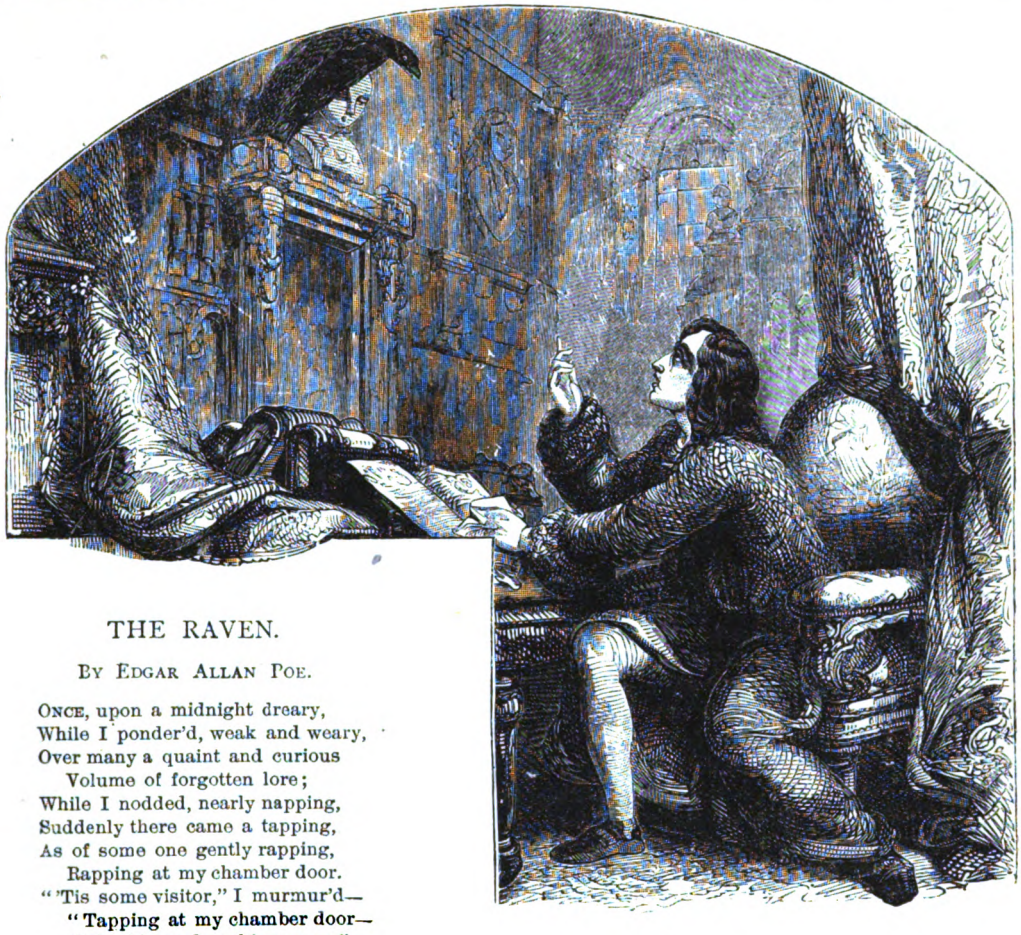
The Irish used to believe that seals became women. This one seems not to have been of that species, and to have had no milk of human kindness. She did not take to him kindly, but, resenting the intrusion, dealt him a blow with her flipper, which he dodged, indeed, but did not escape. The sharp edge struck his leg and laid it open to the bone.

His master, adroit in surgery as in law, dressed the wound, and Juanito Vargas recovered to escape at last from the desert isle and plunge into new adventures; though it was some time before his nickname of the Seal's Baby wore off.

PERSIAN MUSICIANS.

The Persians have their opera, and are very fond of their Táziyahs, or musical entertainments. And at fairs, which are frequent, musicians in groups, such as we portray, contribute not a little to increase the life and animation of the bazars. They generally take up their station in the market-place, near a bazar; their instruments are not of a high order, however, the tambourine holding too high a place. As a natural consequence, music is not left to depend on its own charms; some of the players will lay down their instruments in order to display grotesque dances, which are not free from indecency.

PERSIAN MUSICIANS.



THE RAVEN.

By Edgar Allan Poe.

Once, upon a midnight dreary,
While I ponder'd, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious
Volume of forgotten lore;
While I nodded, nearly napping,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping,
Rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I murmur'd—
"Tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember,
It was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember
Wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wish'd the morrow;
Vainly I had tried to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—
Sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore.
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad uncertain
Rustling of each purple curtain
Thrill'd me—fill'd me with fantastic
Terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating
Of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating
Entrance at my chamber door.
Some late visitor entreating
Entrance at my chamber door—
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger;
Hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or madame, truly
Your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping,
And so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping,
Tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—
Here I open'd wide the door:
Darkness there, and nothing more!

Deep into that darkness peering,
Long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal
Ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken,
And the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken
Was the whisper'd word "Lenore!"
This I whisper'd, and an echo
Murmured back the word "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning,
All my soul within me burning,
Soon I heard again a tapping
Somewhat louder than before.
'Surely," said I, "surely that is
Something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is,
And this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment,
And this mystery explore—
'Tis the wind, and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter,
When, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepp'd a stately raven
Of the saintly days of yore:
Not the least obeisance made he;
Not an instant stopp'd or stay'd he,
But, with mien of lord or lady,
Perch'd above my chamber door—
Perch'd upon a bust of Pallas
Just above my chamber door—
Perch'd, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird, beguiling
My sad fancy into smiling
By the grave and stern decorum
Of the countenance it wore—

"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,
Thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim and ancient raven,
Wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is
On the Night's Plutonian shore?"
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

Much I marvel'd this ungainly
Fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning,
Little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing
That no living human being
Ever yet was bless'd with seeing
Bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured
Bust above his chamber door,
With such a name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely
On the placid bust, said only
That one word, as if his soul in
That one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he utter'd—
Not a feather then he flutter'd—
Till I scarcely more than mutter'd,
"Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me,
As my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Started at the stillness broken
By reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters
Is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master
Whom unmerciful Disaster
Follow'd fast and follow'd faster,
Till his song one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope the
Melancholy burden bore
Of 'Nevermore'—of 'Nevermore.'"

But the raven still beguiling
All my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheel'd a cushion'd seat in
Front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking,
I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking
What this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly,
Gaunt and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat, engaged in guessing,
But no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now
Burn'd into my bosom's core
This and more I sat divining,
With my head at ease reclining
On the cushion'd velvet lining
That the lamplight gloated o'er;
But whose velvet violet lining
With the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser,
Perfum'd from some unseen censer,
Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls
Tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch!" I cried, "thy God hath lent thee
By these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe
From thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe,
And forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—
Prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempest sent, or whether
Tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted,
On this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—
Tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead!
Tell me, tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—
Prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—
By that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden
If, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maide
Whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting,
Bird or fiend!" I shriek'd, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest
And the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token
Of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—
Quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart,
And take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting
Still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas
Just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming
Of a demon that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming
Throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow
That lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore.

A CATINGA FOREST IN BRAZIL.

A GERMAN naturalist, Von Martius, thus describes a Brazilian forest;

"A delicate, transparent mist hangs over the country; the moon shines brightly amid heavy and singularly grouped clouds. The outlines of the objects illuminated by it are clear and well-defined, while a magic twilight seems to remove from the eye those which are in the shade. Scarce a breath of air is stirring, and the neighboring mimosas, that have folded up their leaves to sleep, stand motionless beside the dark crowns of the mangueiras, the jacatree and ethereal jambos.

"Sometimes a sudden wind arises, and the juiceless leaves of the cashew rustle; the richly flavored grumijama and pitanga let drop a fragrant shower of snow-white blossoms; the crowns of the majestic palms wave slowly above the silent roof which they overhang, like a symbol of peace and tranquility. Shrill cries of the cicada, the grasshopper and the tree frog, make an incessant hum, and produce by their monotony a pleasing melancholy. At intervals different balsamic odors fill the air, and flowers alternately unfolding their leaves to the night, delight the senses with their perfume—now the bowers of paullinias, or the neighboring orange-grove—then the thick tufts of the eupatoria, or the bunches of the flowering palms, suddenly bursting,

disclose their blossoms, and thus maintain a constant succession of fragrance; while the silent vegetable world, illuminated by swarms of fire-flies as by a thousand moving stars, charms the night by its delicious odors. Brilliant lightnings play incessantly in the horizon, and elevate the mind in joyful admiration to the stars, which, glowing in solemn silence in the firmament, fill the soul with a presentiment of still sublimer wonders. In the months of April and May (October and November in Brazil)" says Kidder, "only the autumnal tints of our North American woods can compare with the sight of the forest of the Serra dos Orgoes. Then the various species of the Laurus are blooming, and the atmosphere is loaded with the rich perfume of their tiny snow-white blossoms. the Cassiæ then put forth their millions of golden flowers, while, at the same time, huge trees—whose native names would be more unintelligible, though less pedantic, than their botanic terms of Lasiandra, Fontanesia and others of the Melastoma tribe—are in full bloom, and joining rich purple to the brightest yellow, present, together with gorgeously-clothed shrubs, 'flowers of more mingled hue than her (Iris's) purple scarf can show.' From time to time a silk-cotton-tree (the *Chorisia speciosa*) shoots up its lofty hemispherical top, covered with thousands of beautiful large, rose-colored blossoms, which gratefully contrast with the masses of vivid green, purple and yellow that clothe the surrounding trees. Floral treasures are heaped on every side. Wild vines, twisted into most fantastic forms, are hanging in graceful festoons—passion-flowers, trumpet-flowers, and fuchsias in their native glory—tree-ferns, whose elegance of form is only surpassed by the tall, gently-curved palmito, which is the very embodiment of the line of beauty—orchids, whose flowers are of as soft a tint as the blossoms of the peach-tree, or as brilliant as red spikes of fire—curious and eccentric epiphytes draping naked rocks of the decaying branches of old forest-monarchs—all form a scene enrapturing to the naturalist and bewildering with its richness to the uninitiated."

One peculiarity of Brazilian forests is that the hot, dry season does the work of our Winters. The trees lose their foliage, and for several months the eye easily traverses the fastnesses which in their leafy days defy not only the human eye, but even human hands.

We give a view of one of those disrobed or ca'inga forests in the province of Bahia, not far from the City of Caitete. At the left is seen the Cocos coronata, with its beautiful ornamented capital beneath its leaves. In the centre is the strange tree called the Carvanillesia tuberculata, swelling out its distended trunk, like the Adansonia digitata of Africa, a tree which it resembles also, in its rapid growth and pithy centre. At the right, the tree just budding out, is the Spondias falsa, useful for its aromatic resin, and belonging to a family of which another plant, the Spondias tuberosa, is invaluable for its hollow roots filled with a refreshing water. Near it is an evergreen tree, the Colecodendron yco, the leaves of which are eagerly devoured by horses and mules, which, nevertheless, pay dearly for gratifying their appetites.

The catinga forest, however, resumes its apparel much more speedily than our woods. You pitch your tent at night in a leafless forest, and wake to find it all in leaf, exhaling a delicious perfume.

It has been computed that the number of newspapers published and sold throughout Germany amounts to about 2,344,000,000 per annum. Of foreign newspapers there passed through the post. for distribution in Germany, during 1875, about 14,000,000 copies.

WAKENED HEARTS.

Under the wide balcony, where the vines, climbing over their trellises, and drooping in long, luxuriant masses, made a screen that hid her from the gay party around her, Ethel Sunderland heard a voice above her say;

"You have seen our hostess now, Rupert. Did I overrate her exquisite beauty?"

Then a voice, deep, mellow, and clear, with the echoes of a wealth of music in its tones, replied:

"She is wonderfully beautiful; but she will be far more lovely when her heart awakens."

"You surely do not consider hers a soulless face?"

"Far from it. There is intellect and refinement, as well as great sweetness. But her heart sleeps."

"She is married!"

"True; but she has never loved."

The vines parted, and in a moment Mrs. Sunderland was amongst her guests, forming parties for croquet, for sailing, for dancing on the wide lawn, for ices in the large tent, and for various indoor attractions of The Meadows.

In her eyes lurked a troubled expression, that was contradicted by the blithe ring in her clear, sweet voice, by the smile upon her lips.

It was not weariness, for she was young, in perfect health, and heartily enjoyed the gathering of her friends for the private picnic they were enjoying at her superb country-seat. It was not anxiety, for her life had scarcely known a shadow or a cloud since she was a mere babe.

An hour ago, her large violet eyes had been as clear and cloudless as the June sky over her head, and her smile as frank as that of a child; but when Rupert Dalton met her in the wide saloon, where she stood, late in the night, receiving the adieus of her friends, the thought crossed her mind, "Was I mistaken?"

The last guest had departed, the weary servants had closed the house, Mark Sunderland was wrapped in the repose of an unsullied conscience and unfettered bank account (than which no sleep can be sweeter), and Ethel sat in a deep armchair, beside the drawing-room window, looking out upon the moon-lighted garden, with wide-open eyes, full of strange, deep pain.

The moonbeams, pouring their soft radiance full upon her, showed a woman fair beyond description, since no pen can paint the purity of the beautiful face, the ever-varying expression of the large, violet eyes, the mobile sensitiveness of the childlike mouth, or the tender, wistful sweetness of the smile.

There was the beauty of a tall, graceful figure, of faultless features, of a wealth of golden hair, of wonderful violet eyes, shaded by long, golden lashes. But looking into Ethel Sunderland's face, all the glory of physical loveliness faded before that inner beauty we call expression.

Every varying thought of her mind was mirrored faithfully upon her face, and she was unconscious mistress of a graceful gesticulation, that, while it was never dramatic, or seemed given for effect, lent wonderful force to her words.

Those who knew Ethel Sunderland from her infancy said that the wealth and ease that had enveloped her life from infancy had deprived the world of a poet, an artist, or an actress, of rare power and merit; while others, reading still more clearly, thanked God that the capabilities of suffering had never been roused, while those of enjoyment had been given such perfect developement.

The only child of a wealthy father, she had been educated carefully, under the watchful superintendence of a maiden aunt, of that school that considers it little short of a crime to allow young girls to dream of love or lovers, or look

forward to matrimony as anything but a possible future "settlement in life."

Novels and poetry were kept away from the child and the girl, while studies of an appalling solidity were pressed upon her notice. And the active, inquiring mind worked faithfully, absorbing knowledge eagerly, winning golden praise from teachers and friends, storing up rare treasures of intellectual food, while the young heart slept.

The father, absorbed in business, scarcely saw his child; the aunt neither asked nor gave affection, content with dutiful submission and performance of what she considered her duty to her brother's daughter.

cavalier. And when the wedding was over, Fairyland itself seemed to open for the young bride.

A year in Europe, where her husband had traveled before, was the first delight, and the return to The Meadows, Mark Sunderland's superb country-seat on the Hudson, was an added pleasure.

For the first time Ethel tasted the delights of society, where her own exquisite beauty, her graceful manners, modest without being awkward, and her husband's wealth, gave her at once a prominent position.

The Meadows in Summer and the New York house in Winter became the centres of a lavish hospitality, that was

A CATINGA FOREST IN BRAZIL.— SEE PAGE 278.

Young companions were a forbidden luxury, and teachers were selected of mature years and acknowledged capacity for imparting information.

When, at seventeen, Ethel became a wife, no fairy prince came a-wooing, but her father's partner, Mark Sunderland, seeing the young maiden, pure, modest, and good, asked her hand of her father, and was well content that it was accepted; seeking nothing more than the gentle obedience the child gave her parent.

Just as she would have received a new teacher, or undertaken a new study, Ethel welcomed the husband her father presented to her, finding him a pleasant friend and attentive

keen pleasure to Ethel, while her husband looked on, well pleased to see her happy.

Had baby lips been pressed upon those of the millionaire or his young wife, had baby hands clasped their fingers, had baby tongues lisped their names in the tender unison of father and mother, the hearts lying dormant must have sprung to life under the influence of the divine love of parents.

But no children blessed their union, and Mark Sunderland looked on Ethel as a winsome sunbeam in his house, guessing nothing of the dawning womanhood within her, while she regarded him as her best, kindest friend, until the voice

of Rupert Dalton suggested to her those deeper springs of love no hand had yet stirred in her heart.

She was not yet twenty, as she sat in the moonlight, with the troubled expression in her great, violet eyes, and the dawning capacity for love's pain and joy rising in her heart. Only a vague unrest as yet—only a questioning wonder of what could be this love she had never experienced, this emotion the great artist seemed to think would add a new charm to her face, this want he had found so soon, while, as yet, she had never felt it.

Love! In the past three years, Ethel Sunderland had reveled in the world of poetry and fiction, and, theoretically, she knew there was a perfect life where two hearts met as one in happiness and pure devotion.

She had followed the fortunes of many a heroine, weeping over their woes, smiling in their joys; she had read the stirring soul-music of the poets, who dipped their pens in love's golden sunbeams, and told the world the story of the divine passion.

But in all the novels, in the poetry, in the limited

WAKENED HEARTS.—"ETHEL SAT IN A DEEP ARM-CHAIR, BESIDE THE DRAWING-ROOM WINDOW, LOOKING OUT UPON THE MOON-LIGHTED GARDEN, WITH WIDE-OPEN EYES, FULL OF STRANGE, DEEP PAIN."—SEE PAGE 279.

experience she had of real life, Ethel could find no guide for her own case.

Some new, undefined emotion assured her that she, too, could love, could count the world a trifle against the sacrifice she could make for the sake of some one hero of her life!

And here the dreamer roused herself from her dangerous reverie, and shuddered. Was this a seemly occupation for a wife? Was this the duty she owed her kind, indulgent husband? Was her heart so perverted by a chance word from a stranger that it was already wandering from its lawful allegiance?

For the truth must be confessed that in these vague musings Mark Sunderland's face did not rise to fill the place of that ideal hero Ethel felt she could worship. He was her husband, her kind, true friend, but he was twenty years her senior, was grave and reserved, and had little of the heroic element, as young eyes define the word.

She could not fancy Mark Sunderland in armor scaling the walls of a besieged city, or riding at the head of a cavalry charge. The idea of Mark Sunderland kneeling at her feet, swearing eternal devotion, with his eyes raised, and his hand upon his heart, was simply absurd.

But a vision of Rupert Dalton with a helmet upon his clustering dark curls, or in the picturesque costume of past ages presented no ridiculous aspect in imagination.

The picnic-party to The Meadows was to be followed by a trip to the White Mountains, with a select party of some dozen dear friends, amongst whom Rupert Dalton was included, and Mark Sunderland had accepted the invitation as he would have accepted anything that promised pleasure for Ethel. For this middle-aged, grave man gave his young wife a fond, protecting affection, that delighted in her joy, and spared no pains to surround her life with happiness. He was a man whose life had been spent in the accumulation of wealth by untiring industry and steady perseverance, until, at thirty-three, he had inherited a fortune larger, more than treble what he had gained by his own efforts. At once he gave less time to business, more to study and travel, to the cultivation of a fine mind and the tastes that would have been artistic had his early life permitted such indulgences.

Then, while the possession of wealth was still a novel pleasure, when his town house was new, and his country place renovated and refurnished after its recent purchase, when life was opening its choicest treasures under his hands, he found Ethel, during two years he was traveling in Europe, developed from a graceful child to a rarely beautiful girl, and the future seemed brighter than ever before in the hope of winning the gentle maiden to be his wife.

When she put her little hands into his, giving him the same gentle obedience, the same affectionate respect she gave her father, he asked for no more—satisfied to see her enjoying the new life his care opened for her; to hear her joyous, clear laugh, her sweet voice in song; to mark the open, frank face, free from any cloud or trouble.

But when the merry party of twelve started from New York, Mark Sunderland noted upon the sweet face of his young wife an expression that was new to him—a wistful look, as if she was seeking for something not yet found in her peaceful, happy life.

During the journey, during the weeks that followed, while the hours sped rapidly in an unceasing whirl of excitement and pleasure, the look of unrest, of yearning, deepened upon Ethel's face, although to careless eyes she was unchanged, the very life of the pleasure-seeking party.

But Mark Sunderland could not look carelessly upon any change in the face of Ethel, his wife.

She had been to him more like a child, a tender plaything to be petted and cherished, than the true wife a man seeks to throne in his heart of hearts, until this Summer trip to the White Mountains roused him to the consciousness that the woman he had won so easily, won so unthinkingly, was in very truth the one strong love of his heart.

He compared her with other women around her. Was this one fair? Ethel was fairer. Was that one talented? Ethel could meet her in conversation intelligently, if modestly. Did one sing? Ethel's voice was clear and powerful, well-trained, and full of soul. Did another dance? Ethel was graceful as a sylph. Look where he would, she was peerless among women. She was his wife, and he was losing her.

For, with a pang sharp as death, Mark Sunderland realized that Ethel no longer gave him the childlike confidence, the gentle trust of old. When she met him she no longer sprang for his caress, but shrank a little as his kiss fell upon her cheek. When they were alone she no longer nestled in his arms to talk over the events of the day, or claim his interest in her pursuits, but sat apart, silent and sad, seemingly afraid of his tender words.

It was bitter pain to him to note the reserve, almost fear, that replaced the innocent confidence of his child-wife, yet he shrank from any attempt to force the love he saw drifting from him back to its old channels,

There had been many gay gatherings amongst the sojourners at the pleasant hotel where Mark Sunderland's party took rooms for the season; but the most successful of all had been planned by Rupert Dalton, and consisted of a series of *tableaux vivants* in the open air—the stage being a clearing in a grove at the foot of a giant mountain, where two immense elms stood as posts for a curtain, and the audience found seats upon the rocks and tree-stumps near by.

It was not considered extraordinary when the young, handsome artist craved permission to carry away a souvenir of the Summer pleasure in a scene from "Midsummer Night's Dream," that included most of the party who had left New York together, and in which Ethel figured as the fairy queen.

The easel with its wide canvas was set up in the auditorium of the natural theatre, and here, day after day, the merry party assembled in costume to sit for the picture that Rupert Dalton avowed was to be his masterpiece.

One by one the figures were sketched in. Little by little the fairy glade was painted, till only the Titania was left to be finished, and it came to pass that for three mornings the artist and his fairest model were left alone in the deep silence of the grove.

Then there came into the true, loyal heart of Mark Sunderland the warning intuition that where he promised to cherish and protect, to guard and honor, his chivalric notions were playing him false. In his fear of driving Ethel away by trying to force her love and confidence, he was falling into the opposite extreme, and driving her into a danger he shuddered to contemplate. Rupert Dalton was young, splendidly handsome, talented, and possessing all the eloquence and poetical feeling the husband felt he lacked. He could sing a faultless, pure tenor, and Mark Sunderland had listened with pleasure when the rich notes supported Ethel's clear soprano. He could dance gracefully, and Ethel's tiny feet were in perfect accord to his when they moved in graceful waltz or stately quadrille together. No leaders for the German were so popular as Rupert Dalton and Ethel Sunderland.

It had come to be a common sound in the party, this coupling of the names of the handsome artist and the fair young wife, and there were not wanting one or two to say:

"What a pity they did not meet when Ethel was free!"

So when Mark Sunderland sauntered to the opening in

the grove where the easel was still standing, he knew he should find his wife and the young artist finishing the picture that was to be a memento of the Summer trip.

He came upon them, unperceived by either, and paused a moment to note the graceful figure of Ethel as she leaned wearily against a tree, looking at the painting, while Rupert Dalton worked busily.

Over a dress of white lace, caught here and there with silver sprays, the golden hair floated in long, waving, curling profusion, while over the forehead gleamed a diamond star.

But in the graceful figure there was none of the buoyant life depicted in the picture; in the sad, downcast face there was none of the sparkling vivacity upon the canvas.

The fairy queen was very mortal as she stood by the tree watching the artist's hand. And as she watched the adroit touch, she also listened to the deep, mellow voice, and the voice talked of love—of love in the abstract, of love as the poets paint it, as the tongues and pens of earth's gifted children mirror it.

And Ethel listened and looked, not at the face of the poet-artist who struck such resounding chords in her own heart, but far away into unseen, unknown depths of the grove, as if the trees shut out some vision from her sight.

There was no exultant light in her large, soft eyes, as if she had found this treasure of which she had heard; only a longing, yearning gaze, that was piteous to see.

While the three, absorbed each in their own world of thought, stood in the sylvan glade, an ominous, growling sound caused them to start, and in a second realize that one of the sudden thunder-storms of the mountains would soon burst upon them.

With the instinct that teaches us to guard the results of our own dearly-bestowed toil, Rupert Dalton looked at his precious picture, so nearly completed, and which might so soon lie a ruined mass upon the ground, while Ethel glanced at her thin dress.

It was nearly a quarter of a mile to the hotel, and the trees stood thickly together along the forest path.

"Shall I assist you?" Mark Sunderland asked, coming forward and addressing the artist, while he saw the quick blushes flitting over his wife's face at the sound of his voice.

"A thousand thanks! I am afraid the storm will break before I can summon the servants from the hotel. I can lift it if you will steady the easel. Ah, the storm is upon us!"

A blinding flash of lightning, a deafening crash, and the men sprang back as a great tree fell with stunning force across the easel, carrying it to the ground, with the picture still upon it.

The stunning crash over, they looked up. Titania was under the tree! Across the fair, round arm that had encircled the trunk lay the heavy weight of this monarch of the forest, pinning Ethel to the ground, though the rest of her form was free.

She lay white and still, the rain, now falling in torrents, drenching her lace dress, beating her golden hair down upon the soaking ground, and falling in pitiless force upon her upturned face.

With shouts long and loud, Rupert Dalton ran toward the hotel, calling for help, while Mark Sunderland knelt beside his wife, calling her name in loving accents.

He dared not try to move her. The delicate arm might be torn from its socket if any sudden wrench were given, but it seemed an eternity before help came.

Men with spades, hatchets and cords came at last, hurrying down from the hotel, and the unconscious form was finally released by digging away the ground under the prisoned arm.

In the drenching rain, with the lightning playing around them, the thunder growling over them, the men worked faithfully, tender and strong, till the nearly maddened husband could lift his wife to the stretcher that had followed the first party for relief.

Tenderly the poor fairy queen was carried to the hotel, and quickly surrounded by lady friends, who had prepared her room and clothing for her arrival. But when she was in bed, with the surgeon setting the broken arm, Ethel was still unconscious. For hours it seemed as if the blow had crushed out the young life, though no vital spot had been touched by the falling tree.

The left arm was broken in two places, the fair, white flesh being cruelly crushed and bruised; but the surgeon thought the limb could be saved, and even restored whole and perfect once more.

What he dreaded was, that the shock to the brain would prove dangerous, if not fatal; for the long unconsciousness ended in raving delirium, and a fever set in that was terrible to witness.

Other doctors were summoned, a nurse was procured in the person of a kindly matron from a neighboring cottage, and over the party of pleasure-seekers who had been so happy the shadow of the death-angel's wings hovered for many long days.

There was sincere sorrow in the hearts of the merry party, who lingered day after day, taking turns in watching, or seeking relief in out-door walks or drives.

The ladies hovered about the sick-room, the gentlemen smoked countless cigars, as they paced the wide balconies, and all acknowledged in their hearts that there would be a terrible gap in their numbers if Ethel Sunderland rose no more from her sick-bed.

Mark Sunderland watched night and day. His hand prepared every medicine, put the cooling lotions on the fevered arm, bathed the hot head, and touched the parched lips with iced drinks.

When the doctors doomed the heavy masses of hair, Mark Sunderland held the unconscious head upon his breast while the cruel scissors severed the golden treasures from their place.

When the nurse insisted upon his resting for a few hours, he would start from his uneasy sleep to imagine the worst had come while he was away, and again seek the room that held such an awful alternative for him.

Now, when her very life hung upon a thread, he knew that he loved Ethel as a man loves but once in his lifetime. The heart that had passed years untouched was wrapped now, in bitter, agonizing devotion, around the wife who lay dying, apparently, under the gaze of eyes that would have given their sight for one look of answering love from hers.

It might be too late! It might be that, if Ethel lived, she could give no love to her husband; but life nor death could not crush out now the wakened love in Mark Sunderland's heart.

He was resting, one morning, after a sleepless night, when the physician entered the room.

"Mr. Sunderland," he said, gravely, "your wife has wakened conscious, but very weak. She wishes to see you. Stay!" he added, as Mark sprang forward; "it is my duty to warn you that the danger is not yet over. Mrs. Sunderland is very weak, and any agitation may yet be fatal."

"I will be careful," Mark said, hoarsely.

"Avoid all exciting subjects."

"Yes. Let me go, doctor! I cannot bear this suspense."

The nurse withdrew softly as Mark Sunderland entered his wife's room, whispering, as she went:

"Remember, Mrs. Sunderland is very weak!"

With a quiet step, a grave, composed face, that belied his

rapidly-beating heart, the husband bent over his wife, to meet the eyes fixed upon him with a tender, wistful appeal that stirred his very heart.

"Mark!" she said, softly, and he thrilled at the name she had never used before, for she had called him Mr. Sunderland, always—"Mark, sit by me, and let me speak to you."

"Yes, darling! I am here."

"Darling!" she whispered. "Oh, my husband, tell me you forgive me before I die!"

"You must not die, Ethel."

"It will be better so," she answered. "In ignorance I have blighted your life. When I am dead you will find some woman nobler, greater than I am, who will perfect your future, and give you the true happiness love brings to love. I never meant to wrong you, Mark. I did not know, when you took my hand in yours to lead me with such tender care through life, that I was but a child in your eyes. I did not know what love was, Mark! I was so young. And now, when I have learned too late, it is better I should die, and leave you free."

"Too late, Ethel?" he answered, hoarsely.

"Too late!" she said, sadly. "When I began to realize the mistake we had made—when I saw you so far above all other men—when I read, too clearly, the noble heart, the true soul, the loyal nature I had unconsciously blighted, I think my heart broke, Mark. I know I am too young, too insignificant, ever to win your love!"

"My love!—my love, Ethel! Do you doubt *my* love, my wife?"

If she had doubted it before, she could do so no longer. In the echo of the heart-tones of that cry, there was no shout, no loud word, but Mark Sunderland's voice thrilled with deepest emotion as he tore the mask from his heart for Ethel to see how utterly it was her own; and in low, tender tones, she told him the history of her Summer of doubt and pain.

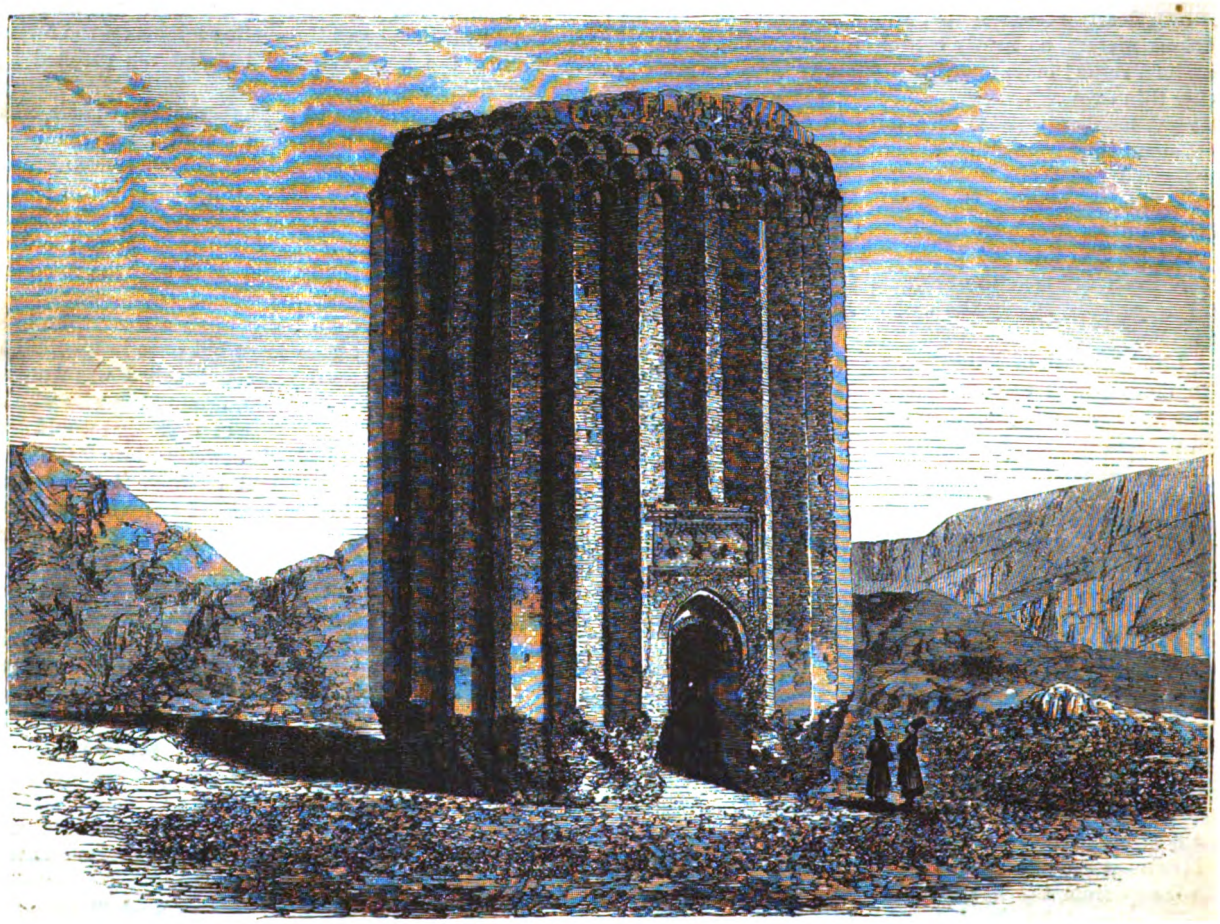
She did not die. She could not die in the newly-found happiness that thrilled every pulse with wakening life.

The rest of the party left the hotel, one after another, as the Fall winds grew chill upon the mountains; but Mark Sunderland and Ethel lingered there till the wounded arm was well again, and the short, golden curls clustered around a face once more blooming with health and happiness.

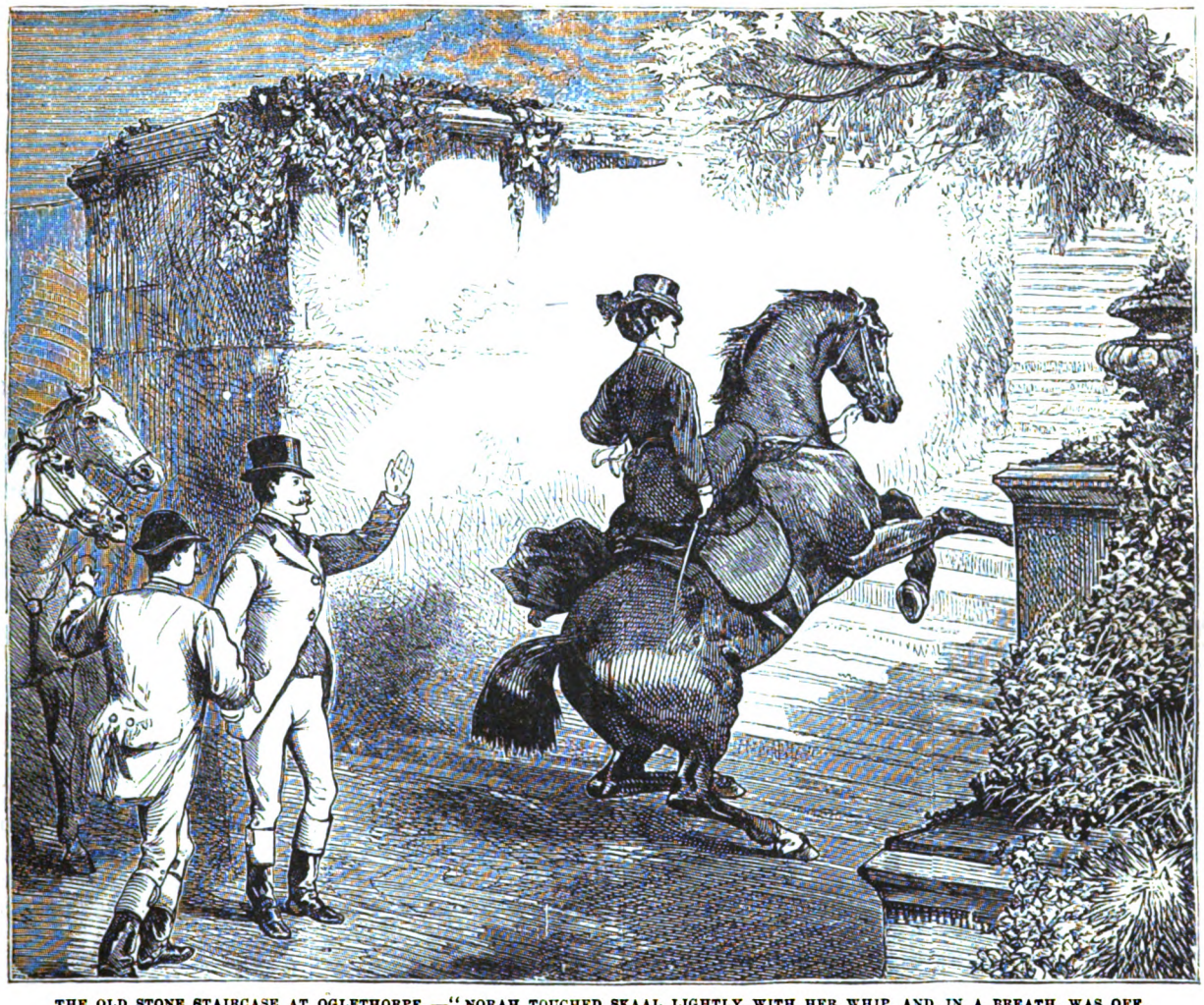
For never again upon Ethel's face rested the unconscious, child-like expression of the first years of her marriage. A deeper, holier light was in the violet eyes, an added loveliness in the sweet smile; for the wakened heart had found its haven in the true honeymoon amongst the mountains, and the sealed pages of love were opened for Mark Sunderland and the tender, true wife who gave him heart for heart.

TOWER AT REY, THE ANCIENT RAGES.

RAGES, which figures in the story of Tobias, was once indeed a great city, as its ruins attest. The modern name, Rey, retains enough of its ancient form to serve to identify. The ruins lie at the foot of a mountain-range, on the road from Teheran to Khorassan. The remains extend over several leagues, and among them rises the peculiar structure shown in our illustration, and which has, with great probability, been decided to be the tomb of a Mogul king. Nearer the mountain is another tower of similar shape,



TOWER AT REY, THE ANCIENT RAGES.



THE OLD STONE STAIRCASE AT OGLETHORPE.—"NORAH TOUCHED SKAAL LIGHTLY WITH HER WHIP, AND, IN A BREATH, WAS OFF, WITH HER WHITE TEETH SET AGAINST HER RED LIPS."

built of rough stone below and brick above. But near these Mohammedan structures still loom the monuments of an older creed—the tower cemetery of the Guebers, or Fire Worshipers. From the mountain-top the eye survey the whole plain of Teheran, hemmed in by the snow-clad Elbus chain.

Everything in this land seems to have taken the form of round towers. The mosques resemble greatly this tower, capped with a dome; and even villages assume a tower form, as at Laskerd.

"THE OLD STONE STAIRCASE AT OGLETHORPE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT LASS OF LOWRIE'S."

"AND from all such women," ended Larry Farquhar, devoutly, "great Jove deliver us."

And then he turned off and sauntered down the terrace, leaving the handsome Norah Oglethorpe sitting on the wide stone steps, tapping her habit with her riding-whip, her flashing eyes full of scornful amusement, her little, milk-white teeth showing themselves beautifully in a carelessly defiant bit of a laugh. She had never cared a straw for public opinion in all her twenty years of life, and to her mind Larry Farquhar's opinion was of less value than anybody else's.

"Faith! and there's a darling of a boy for you, Milly," she said, almost before he was out of hearing.

The young lady who sat a few feet apart from her on the step below, started slightly and looked up at her. She was not a young person like wild Norah Oglethorpe—she was a decorous young lady, and such speeches horrified her.

"What did you say, Norah?" she asked, discreetly.

"Didn't you hear me?" said Norah. "Well, it's nothing, then. I was only talking about Farquhar there——"

"Norah, dear," interrupted her friend, appealingly, "*please* don't say Farquhar there! It sounds so hoydenish."

Norah laughed, showing her white teeth still more.

"Sure and what does it matter, my Lady Straightlace?" she was beginning, when the monitress interrupted her sweetly again.

"Norah, dear," she said, "*please* don't say 'sure.' It sounds so Irish."

Handsome Norah did not laugh then. She stood up, twisting her little whip in her strong, white hands, her cheeks scornful red.

"I am going into the house," was her sole return.

And she turned on her heel all at once, and ran up the steps.

She was a strange creature, this grand witch of a Norah Oglethorpe, and how could she be other than strange, living the life she had done.

Her mother—a pretty, wild Irish girl, who had been the

belle of every fair and festival for fifty miles around—had married the young master of Oglethorpe secretly, when both were little more than children, and then, during her young husband's travels abroad, had died at Norah's birth, leaving her baby to the mercy of the world. She had preserved no proofs of her marriage, and nobody believed her word, so pretty Norah entered upon the stage of existence handsomer than her mother, prouder and of higher spirit, but with poverty and disgrace to contend with. Nobody cared for her, and certainly she cared for nobody. She lived in her old grandmother's hut on the seashore, until she was old enough to labor for her wretched living, and then was sent to work.

She gathered sea-weed for fertilizing purposes, driving her miserable little donkey cart from the beach to the town and back again; bare-legged, and brown and lithe, like a handsome young savage as she was, and so lived until she was fourteen.

Then a wonderful romantic turn of Fortune's wheel altered her prospects materially.

Her young rascal of a father died suddenly in a foreign land, almost immediately after coming into his estate, and, perhaps, through some sudden sting of conscience, recollected his wrong doings in his last hour, and left all that he possessed to the poor, uncouth little mortal who ran barefooted about the very village she had the right to own.

So she was picked up from among the tide, slime and sea-weed, and carried to Oglethorpe to hold her own and be civilized; and being a quick young savage, she was wondrous small trouble, considering her antecedents, and learnt all that was taught her wondrous well.

But the whole world could not have cut her out after the pattern of ordinary young ladies. She softened her brogue and learned to wear shoes and stockings, but neither teachers nor guardians could make her anything but Norah Oglethorpe—generous, passionate and high-spirited to a fault. She committed a hundred glaring solecisms in a day, but she never acted a small deceit or was guilty of a small meanness. She remembered every soul who had been kind to her in her vagabond days, and forgave every soul who had injured her. She was too fond of horses and dogs for a young lady of the present generation, and her clear laugh was a trifle too ringing and loud sometimes, but she never patronized her inferiors or slighted a woman who was awkward, or a man who was clumsy.

More than this, she bore her old grandmother in triumph to Oglethorpe, and petted her and cared for her, and bore with her fancies and scoldings.

Consequently, "odd" as she was (people always called her "odd"), the handsome young harum-scarum had plenty of friends, and there were few people who did not like her so well that they were almost guilty of the weakness of admiring her eccentricities.

And there were few people, indeed, whom she herself did not like—she was prone to like people—but she never had liked Mr. Lawrence Farquhar, even though he was one of her neighbors. In the first place, he was silent and satirical; in the second, he had a very frank horror of young women who were fond of fast riding and dangerous leaps, he holding such things in high disdain, as unfeminine; and in the third, he was an Oxford man, and, having graduated with the most stupendous honors, was—what handsome Norah specially disliked, or pretended to dislike—a man of learning.

"He's too stiff-necked and high-minded, grannie, darling," she said to the old woman when first Norah met him; "and he's too wise entirely for a mad thing like me. We'll never be friends while the sun shines.

And perhaps they might never have even met again had it not been that Larry, for some reason or other, did not hold aloof as Norah was inclined to do, but, on the contrary, managed to meet her everywhere, though he never even made fine speeches to her as other men were glad to do.

Still they never were good friends. Without quarreling with him, Norah was too honest not to show that she did not like him. She never deferred to his opinions at all, and often laughed at them in her careless way, and at last, in the course of time, was surprised to find herself cherishing a little secret feeling of defiant anger against him.

And yet here he was, somehow or other, coming and going from his own estate to Oglethorpe, and making sharp speeches in her presence about Amazons, and criticising the very things he knew she was fondest of doing.

"It's Milly Dermot he comes to see," was Norah's only way of accounting for it all. "It's not me, or I'd turn him right about face in the crack of a whip; but I could not be hard on poor Milly's sweetheart, high and mighty as he is."

Milly Dermot was the daughter of a poor country gentleman, with a dozen children and a few barren acres, and Norah had taken her to Oglethorpe for a companion, and treated her like a princess, by-the-way, in return for which pretty Milly tried conscientiously, but rather awkwardly, to teach her decorum and good English.

The day on which my story opens, Norah had come tearing up the avenue on horseback, with a couple of dogs racing after her, and found Larry and one of her admirers sitting on the flight of stone steps that led up to the hall, talking to Milly, and it just chanced that they were talking of Sir Walter Scott and Die Vernon.

Having sent her horse away, Norah sat down and listened. Though she did not like him, she liked to hear Larry talk, and was particularly fond of hearing him talk about books. She had, of course, not been able to read very much during her hard-worked six years of effort, so most things that were old to other girls were new to her.

Among the rest, Die Vernon was new, and so she sat and listened in a queer, pretty, humble way she had sometimes, until her magnetic eyes attracted Larry's.

What clumsy diplomatists men are, to be sure, and what a learned simpleton Larry Farquhar was, in particular, on this occasion.

The bright eye sent a thrill through him, and then the novel humility in poor Norah's face and figure roused him to his usual diplomatic course of action.

Not content with having conquered her for a minute, he must seek further unity, he must needs begin a lofty disparagement of Amazons in general, and the Amazon Die in particular.

Then Norah was disenthralled. The pretty, humble look died out of her handsome face, and she began to look bored, and left him to Milly. She rested her elbow on her knee and her round chin on her hand, and stared out over her broad, sun-lit acres, with now and then a bit of yawn, and she did not even alter her expression when he ended bitterly as I have recorded.

"And from all such women, great Jove deliver us!"

What did she care about what he thought. She laughed a little when he said that. Milly's sweetheart was nothing to her. She even thought Die Vernon must have been a very nice, unceremonious companion; she wished she could meet her now, and show her Firefly and the pointer puppies.

It was to see the pointer puppies she went when she left Milly to her decorous reflections.

Milly tried her terribly sometimes, but her strong delicacy made her always rein her hot temper, and hold her tongue upon such occasions.

They might have quarreled if Milly had been a princess

instead of her penniless companion, but as it was she would never give her a hard word.

She ran across the courtyard to the kennel, forgetting all about her little flash of anger in the sudden remembrance of her favorites. The pointer puppies were the joy of her heart, and she went to see them every day.

But when she opened the stable door she was reminded of Milly again.

A couple of stable boys and her groom were standing talking together by Firefly's stall, as the groom rubbed the brown beauty down. The brown beauty turned her big, sensitive, velvet eye to the entrance the moment her quick ear caught the sound of her mistress's footsteps, but the men did not hear her, and went on talking.

"Arrah, now," said big Corney, the groom, "an' who is it ud be comin' afther Miss Milly an' Miss Norah an' the place, wud her high spirits an' purty face an' big heart. Isn't it herself can take a fince like a burd, an' leap a sthone wall in a twinklin'. It's betther sinsibleness Master Larry has, if he is a book man an' a quiet one. The praste himself ud take Miss Norah av he was a mar'rin' man."

The handsome madcap behind him broke into a ringing laugh as gay as a lilt

Big Corney had been one of her best friends in her savage days, and Milly often reproved her for her free and easy joking with him. Poor, thoughtless Norah could not understand why she must snub her old friend because she had come to her own, and had no more need for his charity, so she always had a word and a jest for him when they met.

"Arrah, now," she said, mimicking him, "and who is it would come after Miss Norah and Miss Milly in the place, with her good manners and pretty lady ways. Isn't it herself can talk French and German, and do fine work, and entertain company like an angel, and never laughs too loud or says too much or too little. It's just you that's partial, Big Corney. Milly's a born lady, and I was only a beggar when I ought to have been learning my book. It's manners that are the fine thing. A poor girl like me can't be a great lady all at once, and, indeed—" with a queer little sigh—"I'm thinking I never will be one."

It was a trifle singular that, free as she was with her servants, there was not one of them but fairly adored her, and treated her with far greater deference than they treated any one else. It always seemed that they never could be respectful enough in their demeanor, or anxious enough to please her and gratify her lightest wishes.

All three of the good-natured fellows straightened up, and touched their forelocks, beaming all over with delight at her friendly notice, and looking a trifle abashed at having been found discussing her. But Big Corney got over it in a minute, in the honest warmth of his partisanship.

"Sure an' it's yerself that's wrong for wanst, Miss Norah," he said. "It isn't you needs to be made a lady of, seein' ye kem into the wureld wan. An' was it anything but a born lady that got down off her horse two years agone to let the lame colleen ride home whin she'd sprained her ankle, an' yez found her brakin' the poor heart iv her on the roadsoide. Och! whist now, Miss Norah, honey! Wan av yer commonality foine ladies wuddent done the loike av that, and it's Masther Larry that knows it."

Norah blushed up in a second.

"How did he know I did it?" she said. "I didn't think——"

Big Corney interposed, with a big flourish of his hand:

"Wud I be the poor-souled omadhaun that ud hoide it?" he said. "An' I so proud of yez! It was me that tould him the first time I clapped eyes on him, an' sez he, all at once, 'What's that?' he sez. 'God bless her! What other woman in Ireland wud have dared to do the same?' Don't tell me he comes to Oglethorpe to court the gurl that saw nothin' but yer spoiled roiden'-dhress that day, and hadn't a wurred for the good dade."

Norah cooled down all at once.

"Hush a minute, Corney," she interposed, in that pretty, kindly, yet half-humble way of hers. "It's Milly you're talking about, and Milly's a lady, and has never been poor like you and I, so she didn't understand the poor as we do. It was only her way of being kind, you see, telling me it wasn't right to walk through the village in my draggled habit. And may be it wasn't"—almost brightly—"but then it couldn't be worse than leaving the poor girl alone to her pain, and not a soul to help her on her way. But never mind that. How are the puppies doing this morning?"

And in a minute more down she went on her knees in the straw, and was pulling out the wee blind, shuddering things, and touching them with her white, ringed hand, and crooning and laughing over them.

And in the meantime Larry Farquhar was walking home with his companion, glowering and fuming because he had made such a fool of himself.

"I say, Farquhar," drawled the soft-brained but amiable young London "swell," who was one of Norah's principal admirers—"I say, wasn't it a rather strong thing to say—that about Die Vernon, and women like her—wasn't it rather—rather personal, considering that Miss Oglethorpe is more like her than anyone else? I never saw or read of anyone else she was like. She's just got that generous, daring way with her, I think, and—and I must say—I rather like it myself,"—sheepishly.

"Do—do you?" growled Lawrence. "Well, I don't, then. If there is one woman I hate, it's your fast-riding, care-for-naught Die Vernon——"

"I say," interposed his astonished companion, "you don't mean to say that—it isn't possible that you mean to say you hate Norah Oglethorpe?"

"Confound it!" snapped Larry, "who said I did? I only said——"

"You only said you hated women like her," was the quiet reply.

"Bah!" Larry growled, and then flushed up to his forehead, forsooth, and stuck to his cigar, without vouchsafing another word.

Norah was far the best-humored of the two, it must be admitted; but then Norah did not care the snap of her white fingers for him, and he—well, he had made a fool of himself, as I said before.

Perhaps this was why he was so often ill-humored when they met, and why Norah took it so quietly. It is true she kept out of his way as much as possible, and always left him to Milly when politeness allowed of such a course; but when she found she could not get rid of him (which was not seldom), she always behaved as kindly toward him as she could, and pretended not to mind his lack of gallantry. It was odd, though, she thought, that he should persist in talking to her, when he must have found it so much more agreeable to talk to Milly. Milly never joked with the servants, or laughed too much, and she was as afraid of a horse as she was of a lion; and then, to Norah's mind, she always looked so pretty, with her delicate little face and soft ways.

So, one day, she spoke out to Milly quite plainly on the subject, and, to her surprise, that young lady only opened her eyes mildly, without the least embarrassment.

"Maybe he thinks it wouldn't be polite to leave me to myself," Norah had said; "and he talks to me when he would rather be with you; so the next time he comes I shall be out; for, indeed, I'd rather not be bothered with his black looks, and he never gives me anything else, the poor gossoon.

I suppose because he thinks I'm too wild. And, perhaps I am. Heigho!" sighing a little.

But Milly only stared, her mild surprise slightly mingled with reproof.

"Norah, dear," she said, "*please* don't say 'gossoon.' It sounds so queer. And you were very foolish to say what you did just now. You must know Mr. Farquhar doesn't come to see me, and doesn't care to talk to me, unless I have something to tell him about you. You can't think it is poor little me he cares about. That is all nonsense, darling."

Handsome Norah turned upon her in positive excitement, her grand gray eyes wide open, and the red-hot flush dying her very temples and throat.

"What are you talking about?" she exclaimed. "It's gone crazy you are, Milly Dermot."

Milly did not flinch in the least.

A DANGEROUS ATTEMPT.—"SEEING A LARGE SEAL APPARENTLY ASLEEP, HE CAUTIOUSLY CRAWLED UP FLAT ON THE SAND TILL HE COULD APPLY HIS LIPS TO HER UDDER."—SEE PAGE 276.

"Norah, dear," she said, "please say, 'You are mistaken,' instead of 'It's gone crazy you are.' It is so incorrect. But I am not mistaken, and, of course, thought you understood all about it, or I would have spoken to you before."

After this, Norah avoided Larry more than ever. Still she could not avoid him altogether, and when she met him, in spite of herself, she found that she felt very awkward. She did not believe what Milly had said, but she was not easy at all. Sometimes she caught herself looking at him slyly, and more than once she was conscious of feeling strangely humble and unwilling to trust herself to words. She knew she was so much more ignorant than other girls of her age, and he knew so much more than other men. Not that it was Larry Farquhar she cared about, of course, but she did not want to look foolish.

And, on his part, Larry grew moody and proud. Of course it was not Milly Dermot he loved. It was wild Norah Oglethorpe, and he had loved her for three long years in secret, and in spite of himself—even before he heard of her giving her horse to the lame girl on the highway, and walking home through the mud herself.

But then, how, with his fastidiousness, could he make her happy—this daring, dreadnaught creature, who adored her dogs and horses, and langhed with her grooms and stable-boys? Not that he was snob enough to fear her wild ways more than he valued her truth and generosity, but he could not bear to hear people talking about her, and laughing at her eccentricities, as even her best friends were apt to do sometimes. And this was how he came to be so foolish as to make sharp speeches to her, and to run the risk of being heartily disliked for his pains.

"She detests me," he said to Milly, "and I don't blame her. What right have I to interfere with a woman who does not care two straws for my opinion?"

But Milly shook her small, mediocre head—mediocre as it was, it was still a girl's head, and she understood Norah's freaks to some vague extent.

"I think you are getting along surely," she said; "Norah doesn't hate you at all. I believe she likes you a little at the bottom of her heart, though she scarcely knows it herself. She is almost quieter than she used to be, and only last night, at Lady Macnamara's, I saw her listening while you sang 'Arleen, Darling,' with actual tears in her eyes. Oh dear, no, Mr. Farquhar, I should never be discouraged if I were in your place."

In this manner the discreet young maiden encouraged him. She had no small jealousy of her own, so she could afford to do it. The fact was, she had her decorous eye on one of Norah's prime favorites—a gallant, de'il-may-care young fox-hunter, as unlike herself as Norah was unlike Farquhar. Such are the inconsistencies of the sex, however. But, encourage him as she might, Norah did not assist her,

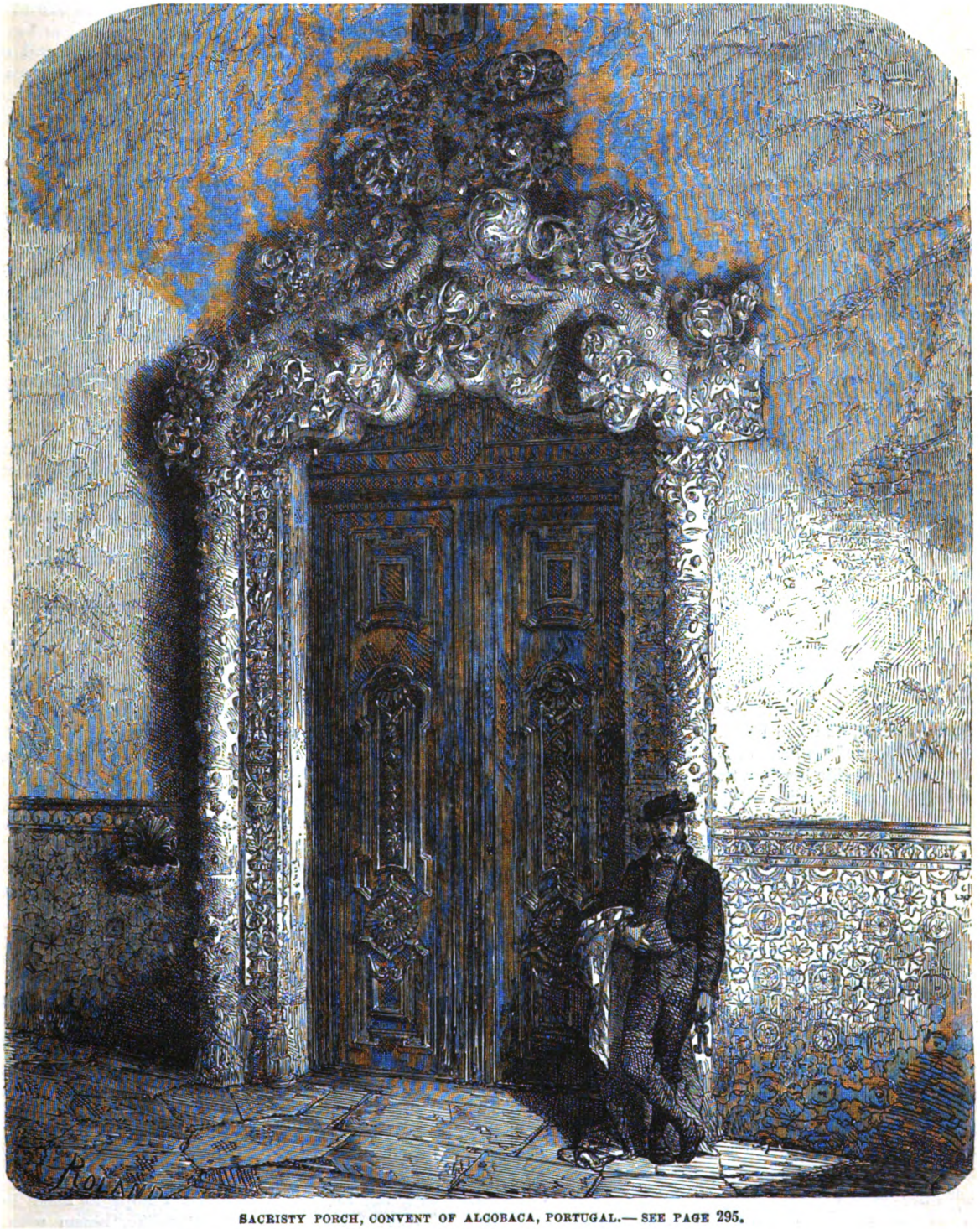
and led the poor fellow a pretty dance after her favor. Not she favor him! She might soften secretly under the influence of his pathetic tenor and "Aileen, Darling," but he would never see it.

She rode Firefly at a helter-skelter gallop over his hedges and ditches, and laughed his stone fences to scorn; and when there was a fox-hunt she was always first in at the death, and more than once rode past homeward in her scarlet hunting-habit with the brush stuck in her jaunty hat, like a plume.

As to being quieter, that was a diplomatic fib of Milly's, for her sweet laugh was gayer and clearer and louder than ever. What with her defiance and her beauty, and the strength of her position, she nearly drove Larry frantic, and gave him no chance to help himself.

But they came together one day in the hunting-field, when each was in a dangerous mood. Lawrence had been brooding over some wild freak of hers, which had just reached his ears, and, on her part, Norah had just had a sting from Milly, who, with her usual discretion, had preached decorum, and taken Larry Farquhar as a text.

So, setting his horse a little apart from the rest, Lawrence



SACRISTY PORCH, CONVENT OF ALCOBACA, PORTUGAL.— SEE PAGE 295.

looked up from his brooding just in time to see her clear a low stone wall like a bird, and come up in a gallop on Firefly, with her scarlet habit and scarlet plume streaming in the wind.

She reined in, with her cheeks aflame, and her eyes sparkling and laughing, glowing like a very Dian. She had forgotten her vexation for a minute, and, not seeing Larry, she touched her jaunty beaver with her gold-headed whip, man-fashion, to the fox-hunting young squire, who was Milly's favorite, and who chanced to meet her eye as she stopped.

"The top of the morning to you, Mr. Daly," she said, whimsically. "A good jump that, wasn't it? I always give Firefly his head when we near a stone fence. He wouldn't miss it for the world—and neither would I!" with a laugh.

Farquhar gave his bridle a jerk. What right had she to speak to any man like that? This was the very fellow who had told him of her last freak a minute ago, and, though he had spoken of it with something like exaggerated delight and admiration, it had galled him terribly. He was as jealous as a tiger of this honest young bogtrotter of a Daly.

In a minute more, Norah caught sight of him, and he had the pleasure of seeing every bit of glow and sparkle die out of her face.

She gave him a grand, short little nod, and barely vouchsafed him a "Good-morning, sir."

Norah had gone pretty far on this occasion. She did not even look at him a second time, but went on talking to Daly, leaving him to rage inwardly, and account for her coldness as best he might.

Under these circumstances, it is easy to be understood how both were in a poor mood for other interference.

Both accident and intention kept them apart the rest of the morning; but on his way homeward, after the hunt was over, Larry caught sight of the brown beauty ahead of him, with his fair mistress on his back, and that young lady was cantering along smartly, her groom behind her, her scarlet habit mud-splashed, and the brush of a red fox drooping from the broad, curled-up brim of her hat. He spurred his horse, and was alongside her in a twinkling.

"Good-afternoon," he said, softly, touching his hunting-cap.

She turned round, and stared at him proudly. She was nearer rudeness that minute than she had ever been in all their intercourse before. But the truth was, she would rather have seen anyone else in the world. She almost detested him for the time-being.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" she returned. "I beg pardon. Good-afternoon, Mr. Lawrence Farquhar!"

"You look tired," he said next.

"I'm not tired at all," was her answer. "No fox ever tired me."

"Then you must be very fond of hunting?" he observed, astutely.

"So I am," she retorted; "no one fonder."

"You won the brush, I see," he began again, more stiffly than ever, glancing sharply at her hat. The sight of it actually angered him.

Then she gave him a touch of womanish spite.

"Yes," she answered; "you weren't in at the death, I noticed. You missed the best part of the day's work. Suppose we ride faster. I want to get home and tell Milly about it."

He bit his lip fiercely, but did as she wished. His love and wrath and pain were getting too much for him, and when she incited her horse to fresh efforts, he almost boiled over.

He knew it was only because she wanted to be rid of him, but he was determined not to leave her. He was going to speak now or never.

They passed up the avenue in a smart canter, and when they reached the stone steps that led up to the house, Norah leaped out of her saddle without giving him a chance to assist her, and flung the reins over Firefly's back in scarcely more than a second.

"Take him to the stable, Corney," she said, "and cool him off well, and make him comfortable. He deserves it, poor darling. Shall I send your horse, too, Mr. Farquhar?"

"No, thank you," Larry answered; "I have only a few minutes to stay."

"Come into the house, then?" said Norah, stiffly herself this time, "and let Milly give you a glass of wine."

But he refused, almost haughtily.

"It is not Milly I want to see," he broke out, in impetuous anger at her indifference, "it is you!"

She stood a few steps above him, looking down, her gauntleted hand holding her whip and the heavy cloth folds of her habit, her handsome, dark face—nay, her whole beautiful figure—breathing stately defiance of his right to detain her.

"Me?" she said, in true Irish fashion. "What do you want with me, Mr. Farquhar?"

"Everything!" he burst forth, with insane passion. "You are driving me crazy! Why do you make yourself a nine days' wonder for a whole county to stare at and talk about? Why do you refuse to listen to reason? What did you ride home to-day for with that brush in your hat, as any man might have done?——"

She stopped him. She was fairly white with anger, and her eyes were ablaze.

"Stay," she breathed, rather than spoke—breathed, with a wild catch in her voice.

"Stay—you are forgetting. What is that to you, Mr. Lawrence Farquhar?"

"It is everything to me!" he raved.

"It is nothing!" she interposed, in the same passion of excitement. "It is nothing, I say—less than nothing! You have no right to speak to me or look at me unless I choose to let you. After this you will not even have the common right that other gentlemen have. I have nothing to do with you, or you with me. You are going mad, Mr. Lawrence Farquhar."

She looked like a queen—like a queen of queens; her face pale, her eyes flaming fire, her breath indrawn. She was actually panting with her sudden, white wrath.

"Oh, how dare you!" she hurried on, madly—"oh, how dare you! Has it come to this, that I am to be insulted on the threshold of my own house, because I am not a lady like the rest of them? You would not have *dared* to say this to any other woman. You——"

It was he who interrupted her. He could control himself no longer.

"I love you!" he cried out. "I love you—I adore you! I would fall down and worship the very dead leaves your feet touch. That is why I dare so much. But how am I to marry a woman who jests with her groom, and makes herself the talk of a whole county—how——"

He was going to say, "How could I hope to make her happy?" but, of course, having, man-like, begun with a fearful blunder, he had to abide by the consequences of what was sheerly the result of his frenzied pain.

She caught him up like a whirlwind. She was in a white heat of insulted pride, and would have stopped him if she had died for it.

"Wait a minute;" and she just held out her hand in a gesture wild with strained passion. "You were mad before,

but you are worse this time. How can you marry me?—how can you? I don't know; that is more than I can tell. I am going into the house now, so you need not trouble yourself to speak again. You have spoken to me for the last time in your life. But I have one piece of advice to give you: the next time you refuse a woman, wait until she has accepted you, Mr. Lawrence Farquhar."

And before he could utter a word—almost before he could regain his lost breath—she had turned round and flown up the stone steps, panting, and was gone.

* * * * * * *

It is easy to imagine that they did not meet each other soon again; and it was equally easy to comprehend how Norah dashed into fresh extravagances every day, to make more open her defiance of him.

The people who had praised and laughed at her freaks before, began to fear for her safety in some of her new ones. She bought the fastest and maddest horse she could find in the county — a horse sold for half-killing his former master —and made her appearance on the hunting-field during the whole season, riding him, and incited him to such feats of swiftness and dexterity as even the fox-hunting country squires had never heard of before.

But, defiant as the girl was, she was not as happy as she had been. She would willingly have risked life and limb to prove that the insult to her pride had been without effect; but there were times when her high spirit sank below zero, all at once, and she looked both pale and spiritless. But she always took care to keep out of the way when these fits were on her.

She was wilder than ever when she chanced to meet Larry, and her glow of gay good humor was a wonderful contrast to his dogged wretchedness.

He had lost all hope of winning her, he knew, and it was a hard thing for the spoiled young conqueror to bear. The handsomest, most thoroughbred girls in the county were ready for him, for the asking. He had had his own way all his life; and now, when he felt it to be a matter of happiness or misery to him, wild Norah Oglethorpe flung her "No" in his face, and laughed him to scorn while she trampled his heart under foot.

Poor Larry, indeed!

So he staid at home, and went abroad by fits and starts, and rode to the hunting-field only to see mad Skaal dash over hedges and ditches, with his mistress sitting firm on his back, her scarlet habit flying, and her plume streaming back in the air. And the mere sight of his gloomy face was enough to rouse Norah to hot pride and anger, though she never vouchsafed him a glance. The worst of it was that she began to trifle as she had never done before; she began to lead on men she did not care for, and bewitch them until they were wellnigh out of their senses.

This had gone on for a year, and the hunting season had come round again, when, one morning, riding out to the meet, Larry found Norah sitting Skaal, in the midst of a group of her admirers, laughing and joking, with flushed cheeks and daring eyes; and in the course of a few minutes young Daly rode over to him, looking a trifle dubious about something.

"And what do you suppose they are talking about over there, Larry, my boy?" he asked.

"Can't guess," answered Larry, moodily, giving a sidelong glance at the glorious figure in scarlet sitting the restless horse so easily.

"A dangerous throng, by all that's safe!" said Daly. "They are talking about the old stone staircase at Oglethorpe, and how Black Fergus rode up to the topmost step of it on his black horse, Banshee, a couple of hundred years ago; and Miss Norah is saying she could do it herself, and will, some of these fine days, to prove that two hundred years hasn't spoiled the stock."

"She's going mad!" groaned Larry, wrathfully. "Look at that fiend of a horse of hers now. He's vicious enough to break her neck; and he'll do it, by Jupiter! What brought up the devilment, in the name of everything frantic?"

"Miles Porson. He was talking about the width of the staircase, and saying that it was wide enough for a carriage to drive up to the gallery above, if any one would dare to drive one. And then some one else remembered the story of Black Fergus and Banshee, and told it; and Miss Norah declared Skaal could carry her up as well as Banshee carried him. And she is the one to try it, I'll warrant."

Of course there was no use of talking the matter over, so there it dropped, for the time being, and perhaps Daly forgot it. But Larry did not; he was in a fever of suspense, and yet did not dare to ask how the matter had ended. He knew well enough that if he showed any disapproval, and Norah heard of it, she would take it up again, even if she had before abandoned the idea.

But toward the close of the day he was riding with Daly, and Skaal came thundering by; and, having passed them, Norah half-reined in, and turned in her saddle to speak to her gallant fox-hunting adorer.

"It was you that turned faint-hearted when I spoke of following Black Fergus, this morning, wasn't it, Mr. Daly?" she said. "You think I can't do it, do you? Well, come to Oglethorpe with Miles Porson and the rest to-morrow morning, and see if I won't be as good as my word." And she waved her gauntleted hand to him, and was across the field before he could answer.

When she was out of hearing, Larry almost raved. Were the madmen going to let her kill herself? he said. Were they all maniacs together, to let a woman risk life and limb for the sake of a paltry boast? By the Lord! if anything happened to her, he would call Porson out—he would call them all out. He would teach them to be men, henceforward—cowards all, as they were; fools and frantic idiots!

Then he was heartily ashamed of having exposed his weak passion, and began to anathematize himself. What business was it of his, after all? And he turned pale, all at once, and relapsed into moody silence.

And yet, whether it was his business or not, he wrote a note to Milly Dermot that very night, telling her of her friend's purpose, and imploring her, wildly, to interfere; and raving incoherently, as only a man can, of his love and despair and misery,

But Milly could as soon have moved a rock as moved Norah. The more she pleaded, the more Norah laughed and made crazy, light-headed jokes, and refused to listen. She said she could do it and she would; Black Fergus did not kill himself, and why should she? Didn't she ride better than any man in the county? And if she did kill herself—well, who cared?

The next morning about ten o'clock there was a gay, chattering group in the entrance hall at Oglethorpe. Not a large group of course—only Miles Porson and Daly and one or two other light-headed, good-natured rattle-brains who were in the secret, and admired every new folly of poor, proud, handsome Norah's.

The old stone staircase at Oglethorpe was almost a country proverb. Rambling and big as the house was, the immense width of its steps and the massiveness of its carven balustrades were curiously out of proportion with the rest of it. It was as wide as the huge hall itself, and ran upward to a long gallery. No one who had ever seen Oglethorpe easily forgot its celebrated staircase.

Somehow or other Norah did not seem quite herself this

morning. She laughed and talked even more than usual, but she had lost her fresh color, and her eye was restless—so restless, indeed, that Milly noticed it, with a little shudder.

"You can't be in earnest, Norah," she said, imploringly; "you cannot mean to do such a rash thing. For pity's sake, think twice before you attempt it."

"I have thought two hundred times," Norah answered, laughingly. "This is not the first time it has entered my head, by any means. I always made up my mind I would do it some time—and why not now, Milly avourneen? Bring round Skaal, Corney."

And, sure enough, Skaal was brought round, curveting and mincing, with an eye like fire and velvet together; and Norah was just preparing to mount, all flushed and eager, when, hearing hoofs on the gravel of the avenue, she turned about and met the glance of none other than Larry Farquhar, who had just come up at full speed.

She changed from red to pale, from pale to red again, and then stopped short, and gave him a haughty look and a haughtier nod.

He flung himself off his animal, breathlessly.

"Gentlemen," he said, in a loud, clear voice, "I was not wanted here, so I came without an invitation. I cannot believe that you encourage so perilous an undertaking."

Norah was in her saddle in a second, and turned round to them, flashing and glowing with lovely defiance.

"Gentlemen," she said, "I cannot believe that you will be so ungallant as to doubt me. I shall reach the top of that staircase in fifteen seconds from now—half a second for every step."

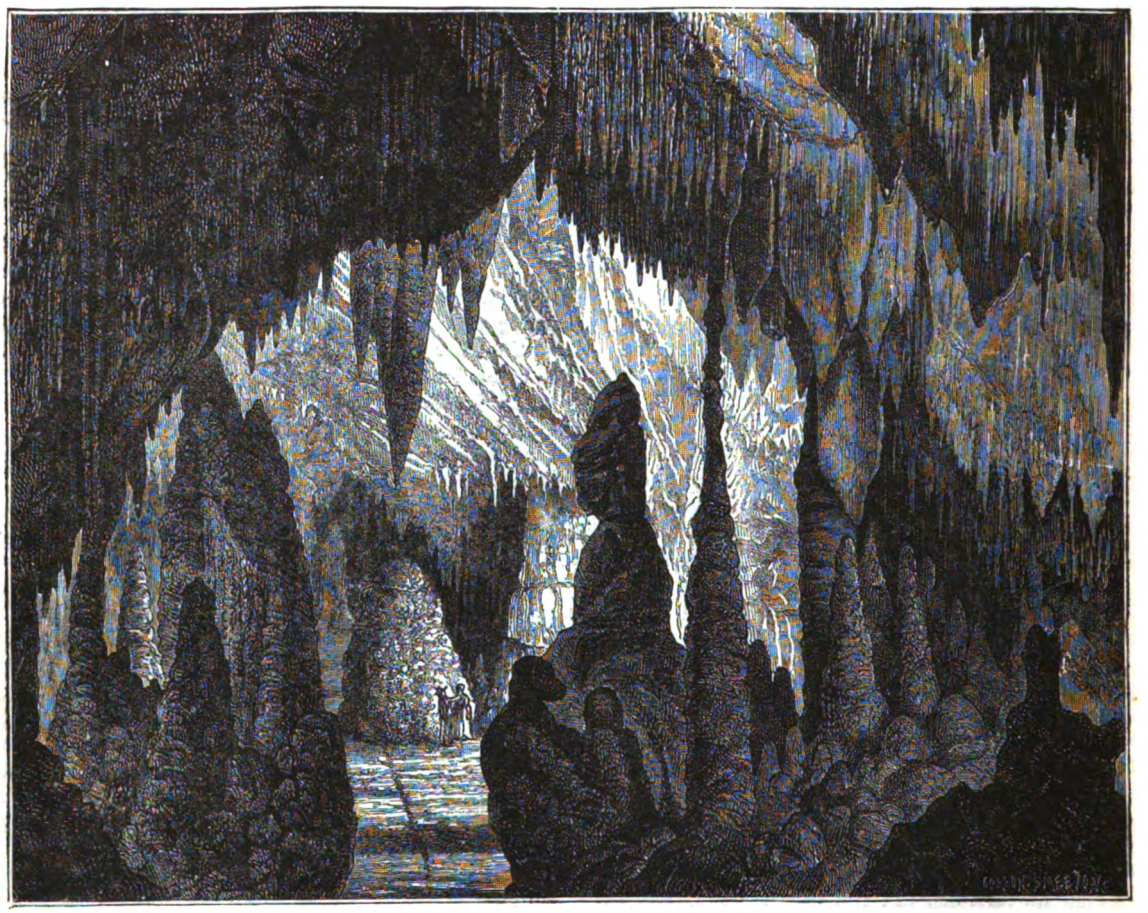
She tossed her gauntlet on to the grass; she held her reins well in her strong, white, ungloved bridle-hand. They had scarcely one of them exactly realized that she was going to prove her boast, but they realized it then. She lifted her beautiful, brave eyes to the old stone staircase, and measured it with a glance; she touched Skaal lightly with her whip, and in a breath was off, with her white teeth set against her red lip.

Lawrence Farquhar dropped his face against the hand which lay upon his horse's neck. He dared not look at her; the fierce clatter of the iron hoofs on the stone was enough for him.

One, two, three, four. Not one of them felt a fear. Five, six, seven, and Milly gave a little scream. Eight, nine, ten, and Skaal flinched a little in his astonishment at his task. Eleven, twelve, thirteen, and Milly hid her face. Fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, and there was not one but saw that something was wrong, bravely as the lovely figure sat. Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, and five cries burst from the watching group as though from one man's throat; for the excited horse swerved, slipped, recovered himself, slipped once more, and then came down again, with a wild, shrill cry that was half-human, the scarlet habit under him.

Milly never stirred; she had fainted as she sat, and lay, limp and white, upon her step before the door. The men rushed in a body to where the horse lay struggling, but Larry Farquhar was before them all; and it was he who, somehow or other, managed, with superhuman strength, to drag the scarlet habit and poor, handsome Norah Oglethorpe's crushed limbs out of the reach of the frantic creature's vicious fore-hoofs.

She had not fainted, strange to say, but she could not move, and a thin little stream of blood was trickling from



THE GROTTO OF BRANDO, CORSICA.—SEE PAGE 295.

her stone-white temple. And it was not at Miles Porson she looked, or at Daly, or any of the rest, when she lifted her eyes, trying pitifully to smile—it was at her old enemy, Larry Farquhar.

"Don't—don't move me until I—can't feel it," she gasped. "I shall faint in a minute. He's crushed me, somehow, and—and everything's dying away. I'll give up now, Larry—I'll give up now." And with the pitiful smile frozen on her white lips, she fell into a deathly swoon. It almost seemed as if she might have kept her strength only to speak to him.

They lifted her up tenderly, and carried her to the nearest room, and in three minutes half of the horror-stricken group had mounted their horses, and were tearing across the country in search of doctors. Every one of the honest, soft-hearted fellows blamed himself as the principal cause of the misfortune, and cursed his own foolhardiness in encouraging the mad experiment. Not knowing the whole truth, it never occurred to them that the girl would have done it in spite of them, or that she had any other motive than a girlish wish to prove her skill.

The next day the whole county was ringing with the

"NOT FOR YOU, FIDO!"

story. Handsome Norah Oglethorpe had killed herself riding Skaal up the old stone staircase in rivalry of Black Fergus and Banshee. She was dead, she was dying, she was mangled, she was maimed for life, and never would use limb again.

And all the while handsome Norah lay on her bed, wondrous to tell, with nothing more than a bruised body, and a broken ankle, and an ugly, deep little gash in her head. It was a miracle of miracles, said the doctors, that she had not been crushed out of all semblance of humanity, but the ghost of good luck had saved her life, though even now there were ten chances to one that she would never walk again.

She was not unconscious the whole time, though she often rambled incoherently about Skaal and his slipping feet, and Black Fergus.

"But I'll give it up now, Larry," she would say, sadly, sometimes, "You couldn't marry me if you would. And me a crippled thing, without the use of myself, and all through my own wild ways. Poor Larry! you tried hard enough to stop me, but I wouldn't listen. But I'll give it up now."

As soon as ever she returned to consciousness, after her first swoon, she made Milly promise to keep Larry away.

"It would only hurt him, poor fellow," she said. "And it would be all the worse for me. If I haven't cured him yet with my folly, he would be sure to be talking nonsense to me, and maybe I'd forget that I may never be the woman he loved again. No—keep him away, Milly. He mustn't come in."

And, accordingly, poor Larry was kept away, and only allowed the small comfort of riding up to the stone steps every day, and coaxing a word out of Milly, which told him whether Norah was better or worse. Sometimes she was better and sometimes worse, and sometimes the fever of her pain had flown to her head, and she knew none of them.

The country gossips had fine tales to tell of what the result of her injuries would be when they found that she was neither dying nor dead. One day her pretty foot must be amputated, the next it was her arm that was paralyzed, and, again, there was a story that her spine was injured, and handsome Norah Oglethorpe would be a hunchback for life.

* * * * * *

It was a wretched four months Larry Farquhar spent in the suspense of waiting to know what the truth would be. But at the end of the miserable waiting, Milly met him at last, and told him that if he would come to the house the next morning, Norah would see him, and thank him for the good will he had shown the morning she met with her fall.

"She says you must not be surprised if you find her very much changed, and broken. She says, too, that you are not to come unless you are brave enough to face a crippled, helpless girl, instead of wild Norah Oglethorpe.

"I am afraid of nothing that bears her name," groaned Larry. "God bless her. Only let me have the chance to show her how I have repented being such a vain fool. God knows I have repented it alone, long and bitterly enough, and now I want just to hear her say she will forgive me, and give me a hope."

He did not close his eyes that night, but lay wide awake thinking of her and how she would look sitting in her invalid's chair, helpless and pale, and of how he would pour out his love and contrition to her, and beg of her the right to cherish and be her faithful, loving servant all their two lives.

You may be sure he was at Oglethorpe bright and early the next morning, but when he got there he did not see Norah. He must wait awhile, Milly said. She was not quite ready for him yet, and, in the meantime, as it was so pleasant, they would go out together and sit on the terrace, before the hall-door, and watch the deer in the park.

And there they sat in the balmy morning air, talking quietly until, pleasant as it was, Larry was becoming impatient. It was Norah he was longing to see, and nothing else.

"Don't you think she is ready yet?" he ventured to ask, half humbly at last; but before the words were out of his mouth, he heard horse's hoofs trampling the velvet turf, and his heart leaped into his throat as Milly gave him her answer:

"Yes," she said; "I think she is ready. Turn your head, Mr. Farquhar. She is here now."

Yes, there she was, too—not helpless, or maimed, or crippled, only a trifle frailer, and all the lovelier for it—there she was, riding up to them, her face aglow, and her eyes down—handsome Norah Oglethorpe, as handsome as ever.

She sprang down at the bottom of the steps, and ran up to them lightly, holding up her habit with one hand, and offering the other to Mr. Lawrence Farquhar, laughing and blushing rose-red.

"Good-morning, Mr. Lawrence Farquhar," she said. "And were you brave enough to face a poor, helpless creature, instead of mad Norah Oglethorpe?"

He caught hold of her beautiful hand and fairly devoured it with kisses; he was frantic enough in his sudden joy to have fallen down upon his knees just as he stood. And she did not draw it away, but waited, blushing and looking down at him, all softness and woman's pity. She knew well enough, without being told, that he had come for something more than thanks.

"Come into the house," she said, in a soft voice, at last. "Milly has something to show you. Something she found the morning I was hurt."

They went into the house together, and into the parlor, and once there, Milly, who seemed to know her part very well, went to an escritoire, and took out a crushed letter, with a bit of a blood stain on it, at sight of which handsome Norah seemed to blush herself on fire.

"Tell him what it is, Milly," she said, bashfully.

"It is the letter you wrote to me the night before Norah rode up the staircase," replied the decorous one.

"Tell him where you found it, Milly," the beautiful creature half-whispered, and then all at once hid her face in her hands.

"I found it," explained Milly, "I found it next to Norah's heart, Mr. Farquhar, when I unbuttoned her habit, and when I took it away the blood had soaked through and stained it. She would not let me tell you before, or let you come to see her, because we were afraid that she would never be able to walk again, so she made me promise faithfully to wait until we found out whether she would or not. Isn't that all, Norah?"

Norah nodded, faintly, and, without waiting for anything else, Milly discreetly departed.

Larry fairly flew to the silent, speechless figure when she was gone.

He would have gone down upon his knees then, in earnest, but Norah stopped him.

She dropped both her hands from her glowing, humble face, and held them out to him, as if she had been the penitent and he the judge.

"Oh, no," she whispered, "it's me that ought to do that, Larry, darling; it's me that ought to ask pardon, and so I will. I've been proud and hard enough to be made to ask it. I rode up the staircase to spite you, Larry, though I loved you well enough to carry your letter next to my

trueful heart. Milly dropped it, and I found it, and—and read it because I knew whose hand had written it. And, oh, Larry, dear, the long days when I lay thinking I was maimed for life and must live without you, taught me what I ought to have known at first. But only forgive me, and try me again, and see how true I'll be, and how fast I'll learn when you teach me. It's love will make me a lady, Larry, when maybe nothing else in the wide world would."

And, surely enough Love did.

It softened her wild ways, just enough to make her brave and spirited, and light-hearted, and her generous, warm Irish soul made her a finer lady than any training could have done.

So that in the end, and for all his fears and frettings, Larry Farquhar was the happiest man in the county, and the man who was proudest of his wife.

SACRISTY PORCH, CONVENT OF ALCOBACA, PORTUGAL.

The Convent of Alcobaça is one of the time-honored structures of Portugal, owing its origin to Affonso I., the founder of the kingdom. It is in the little town of the same name, at the junction of the Alcoa and Baça, in a narrow valley hemmed in by fertile hills, a perfect garden of quiet happiness, in Portuguese Estremadura.

Affonso, son of Count Henry of Burgundy and Tareja, a daughter of the King of Leon, in July, 1139, routed the Almoravede Arabs at Ourique, and, following up his victory by the capture of Leira and Lisbon, assumed the title of King, which was recognized in 1179 by the Pope, in those days the tribunal of such claims.

The Monastery of Alcobaça is one of his many foundations, and was peopled with monks of the Cistercian Order of St. Bernard of Clairvaux, for whom the Portuguese king had a great devotion. In its prime the monastery numbered nine hundred religious. The monks were famous as men of learning and charity and promoters of scientific research, and their abbey was the great repository of the State archives.

The porch gives a fine idea of the architecture, and in the ornamentation is peculiar; two rough trees forming the sides, the tufts of foliage being so arranged as to produce a pleasing effect, and soften the harsher lines of the trunks.

GROTTO OF BRANDO, IN THE ISLAND OF CORSICA.

This grotto, discovered in 1841, is one of the most beautiful in Europe. It is in the side of a hill, about twenty-five feet above the level of the sea, and about 200 yards from the shore. The opening winds around through various rooms known as the Vestibule, Antechamber, Corridor, Hall, Saloon, etc. The finest view is that of the Hall. In the sketch the tourist has just crossed the Hall, and enters the Saloon, and has, on either side, the two masses that separate the Saloon from the Hall. This last is about 25 feet long by 10 wide, and as many in height. The eye is dazzled by the whiteness of the roof; long draperies seem to hang down. Columns of dazzling white marble uphold a vault of crystal, and all around are what seem to be figures covered with snowy vails. Between two rows of columns a double row of stalactites spreads out like a century-plant. A congealed cataract seems to spring from the side near the roof, at a spot free from stalactites.

The Saloon is nearly of the same size, and forms an irregular circle, with stalactites and stalagmites of every form—some nearly perfect statues of angels. In front is a large transversal curtain, remarkable for its width and rare whiteness. To the left is a vail, as white as snow. Near it is a slab called the Mortuary Stone, and beyond it a staircase leading to smaller apartments, beautiful in their natural ornaments.

WOMAN AS DESCRIBED BY VARIOUS FRENCH AUTHORS.

Only he who has nothing to hope for from a woman is truly sincere in her praise.—*Catalani.*

In everything that women write there will be thousands of faults against grammar; but also, to a certainty, always a charm never to be found in the letters of men.—*Madame de Maintenon.*

Men can better philosophize on the human heart, but women can read it better.—*J. J. Rousseau.*

It is a universal rule, which, as far as I know, has no exception, that great men always resemble their mothers, who impress their mental and physical mark upon their sons.—*Michelet.*

A woman frequently resists the loves she feels, but cannot resist the love she inspires.—*Madame Fee.*

Love in a woman's life is a history; in a man's, an episode.—*Madame de Stael.*

There exists among women a secret tie, like that among priests of the same faith. They hate each other, yet protect each other's interests.—*Diderot.*

No woman, even the most intellectual, believes herself to be decidedly homely.—*Stahl.*

Great and rare heart-offerings are found almost exclusively among women; nearly all the happiness and most blessed moments in love are of their creating, and so also in friendship, especially when it follows love.—*Duclos.*

Providence has so ordained it that only two women have a true interest in the happiness of a man—his own mother and the mother of his children. Besides these two legitimate kinds of love, there is nothing between the two creatures except vain excitement, painful and idle delusion.—*Octave Feuillet.*

Lady Friends.—You can always judge better of a person's character by her manner of talking with others than by what she addresses directly to you, and by what she says of others than by what she says to them. A conversation like this ought to put you on your guard against any intimacy of a girl capable of it. The vivacity of youthful feelings is such that it often hurries girls into intimacies which soon after prove uncongenial and burdensome. You mistake an accidental agreement for a real sympathy—one agreeable interview for an insight into the whole character; and thus, by judging too hastily, you judge wrongly. Far be it from us to recommend a suspicious character; we would rather see a young heart deceived again and again, than to see it nourishing suspicion as a habit of the mind; but we would have you make it a rule never to pledge yourself to any intimacy until you have taken time to consider your first impressions, and to distinguish between the charm that really belongs to a new acquaintance, and that which was thrown over your first interview by accidental circumstances and associations.

If a man pronounces you a liar, it is very absurd to call him out for the same. This ceremony does not prove that you are not a liar; it only shows that you possess sufficient courage to stand at the distance of twelve paces while a pistol—probably a leadless one—is fired at you.

THE COURT OF THE GRAND MONARQUE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRABEAU," ETC.

No COURT, thanks to the great number of contemporary memoirs, has ever been so minutely and elaborately sketched as that of Louis XIV. The letters of Madame de Sévigné, the memoirs of Mesdames de Motteville, de Lafayette, de Montpensier, of Dangeau, and, above all, of St. Simon, have rendered its manners as familiar as those of to-day, and its personages better known to us than our most intimate friends. Scarcely a vice, a folly, a secret of the times escaped those prying eyes, and all that came beneath their observation has been recorded with a facile pen for the delectation of posterity. Nothing can be more interesting than these records. St. Simon alone contains more genuine romance than a whole library of fiction. And yet to the ordinary English reader they are all absolutely unknown. These are the sources from which the materials of the present article have been drawn, and my authorities for the many extraordinary anecdotes, which may otherwise read apocryphal, herein contained.

Let us begin with Madame de Sévigné's picture of this Court at the height of its magnificence (1676):

LOUIS XIV. IN HIS OLD AGE.

"I was at Versailles on Saturday with the Villarses: this is how they pass their time there: You know the ceremony of attending on the Queen at her toilet, at mass and at dinner; but there is no longer any need to be stifled while their majesties are at dinner, for at three the King, the Queen, Monsieur, Madame, Mademoiselle, all the princes and princesses, Madame de Montespan, all her train, all her courtiers, all her ladies—in a word, the whole Court of France, retire to that fine apartment of the King's which you know. All is furnished divinely; all is magnificent; we do not know there what it is to be hot, we pass from one place to another without any press. A game of *reversis* gives the form, and fixes everything. The King is near Madame de Montespan, who keeps the bank. Monsieur, the Queen and Madame de Soubise; Dangeau and his company; Langée and his company, are at different tables. The carpets are covered with thousands of louis d'ors; they use no other counters. I bowed to the King in the manner you taught me; he returned my salute as though I had been young and beautiful. The Queen talked to me a long time of my sickness as if it had been a confinement. She also spoke some words about you. Monsieur the Duke bestowed upon me a thousand of those caresses of which he gives no thought. M. de Lorges attacked me in the name of the Chevalier de Grignan, and, in short, all the company. You know what it is to have a word from every one who passes. Madame de Montespan spoke to me of Bourbon. Her beauty and her shape are really surprising; she is not half so stout as she was, and yet neither her complexion, her eyes nor her lips are less fine. She was dressed in French point, her hair was arranged in a thousand curls, the two at the temples falling very low upon the cheeks; black ribbons upon her head, some pearls of the Maréchale de l'Hôpital and diamond pendants of the first water, together with three or four bodkins, but no other covering—in a word, she looked a triumphant beauty, to excite the admiration of all the ambassadors. This agreeable confusion without confusion of everything that is choicest, lasts from three to six. If any couriers arrive, the King retires to read his letters and then returns. There is always music, to which he listens, and which has a very good effect. He chats with the ladies who are accustomed to have that honor. They leave play at the time I have mentioned without the trouble of settling up accounts, because they use neither marks nor counters. At six we take the air in chariots, the King, Madame de Montespan, Monsieur, Madame de Thianges, and the good Heudicourt upon a little seat before, which seems to her a place in paradise. You know how these chariots are made; we do not sit face to face in them, but all look one way. The Queen is in another with the princesses, the Court follows in different equipages according to fancy. We go afterward in gondolas upon the canal, where we have music; at ten we go to the theatre; midnight strikes, we perform the *Media Noche*. This is how we passed the Saturday."

No description could be more sprightly and charming

MADAME DE MONTPENSIER AT THE BASTILE.

than this. But it is a *couleur de rose* one; Madame de Sévigné frequented the Court but little, and did not see far beneath the surface. Her picture is a brilliant *coup d'œil* of its outward aspect; for its inner life we must turn to more outspoken and better informed chroniclers, from whom we glean coarse pictures of Dutch-like fidelity.

These fine ladies and gentlemen delighted in practical jokes and horse-play of a very rough description, of which I will cull a few examples. Madame la Duchesse de Luxembourg was famous for conjugal infidelity. M. le Prince (the son of Condé) thought it a capital joke to persuade M. le Duc to wear a stag's head decorated with an enormous pair of antlers, at a fancy ball. They were so large that they became entangled with a chandelier that hung from the ceiling. The victim was quite delighted at the honor M. le Prince had done him, in arranging his head-dress, and strutted about as proud as a peacock, to the intense amusement of everybody, including the King himself.

The principal butt of such amusements was the Princesse d'Harcourt, a *protégé* of Madame de Maintenon. St. Simon says the lady's father had been one of Madame Scarron's lovers. His description of Madame la Princesse is in his best style of portrait-painting. Here it is:

"The Princess d'Harcourt was a person whom it is good to describe, in order to better lay bare a Court which did not scruple to receive such as she. She had once been beautiful and gay; but, although not old, all her grace and beauty had vanished. At the time I speak of, she was a tall, fat creature, mightily brisk in her movements, with a complexion like milk porridge; great, ugly, thick lips, and hair like tow, always sticking out and hanging down in disorder, like all the rest of her fittings out. Dirty, slatternly, always intriguing, pretending, enterprising, quarreling, always low as the grass or as high as the rainbow, according to the person with whom she had to deal. She was a blonde fury, nay, more, a harpy; she had all the effrontery and the deceit and violence of one, all the avarice and audacity; moreover, all the gluttony and all the promptitude to relieve herself from the effects thereof, so that she drove out of their wits those at whose houses she dined; was often a victim of her confidence, and was many a time sent to the devil by the servants of M. du Maine and M. le Grand. She, however, was never in the least embarrassed, tucked up her petticoats and went her way; then returned saying she had been unwell."

This repulsive personage was very much hated by everybody, especially her servants, whom she treated very badly, and who occasionally revenged themselves upon her in a very pronounced manner. One day her coachman and footman, after soundly abusing her, deserted her in her carriage in the middle of the Pont Neuf; at another time a maid, whose ears she was in the habit of boxing, fell upon her, thumped her, kicked her, knocked her down, trampled upon her, and, after double-locking the door, quitted the house. Her domestics frequently left her in a body. Every day there was some disturbance in the house, and the neighbors could not sleep at night for the noise and riot. Much of this was occasioned by these aforesaid practical jokers. One night, twenty Swiss guards were introduced into the lady's chamber; each was armed with a drum, and at a given signal the whole twenty commenced a terrific rub-a-dub at her bedside. On another night, the Duchesse de Burgogne and her suite collected a quantity of snow and snowballed her in bed.

"The filthy creature, waking up with a start, bruised and stifled with snow, with which even her ears were filled, with disheveled hair, yelling at the top of her voice, wriggling like an eel, without knowing where to hide, formed a spectacle that diverted people more than half an hour, so that at last the nymph swam in her bed, from which the water flowed everywhere, slushing all the chamber. It was enough to make one die of laughter.

"Such," he says, in conclusion, "was the favorite of Madame de Maintenon, so insolent and so insupportable to every one, but who had favors and preferences for those who bought her over, and who made herself feared even by princes and ministers."

Another victim of this horse-play was one Madame Panache, "a little and very old creature, with lips and eyes so disfigured that they were painful to look upon; a species of beggar, who had attained a footing at court from being half-witted, who was now at the supper of the king, now at the dinner of Monseigneur, or at other places, where everybody amused themselves by tormenting her. She in turn abused the company at these parties, in order to cause diversion, but sometimes rated them very seriously and in strong language, which delighted still more those princes and princesses, who emptied into her pockets meat and ragouts, the sauces of which ran all down her petticoats. At these parties some gave her a pistole or a crown, and others a fillip or a smack in the face, which put her in a fury, because with her bleared eyes, not being able to see to the end of her nose, she could not tell who had struck her. She was, in a word, the pastime of the court.

Practical jokes were not, however, the worst failings of some of these fine ladies. Of their morals it would be ridiculous to discourse, since they were non-existent; but they sometimes gave way to vices which are now confined to the most degraded of their sex.

"Madame la Duchesse de Burgogne supped at St. Cloud one evening, with Madame la Duchesse de Berri and others. Madame de Barri and M. Orléans, but she more than he, got so drunk that Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans, Madame la Duchesse de Burgogne and the rest of the company there assembled knew not what to do. M. le Duc de Berri was there, and him they talked over as well as they could; and the numerous company was amused by the Grande Duchesse as well as she was able. The effects of the wine, in more ways than one, were such that the people were troubled. In spite of all, the Duchesse de Barri could not be sobered; so that it became necessary to carry her, drunk as she was, to Versailles. Still the servants saw her state, and did not keep it to themselves!"

This was the daughter of the king's nephew!

One of the most extraordinary personages of the court was Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the "great Mademoiselle," as Madame de Sévigné calls her, the daughter of Gaston, Duc d'Orléans. It has been said that one-half her life was occupied in matrimonial projects that were never realized. Her list of proposals is, perhaps, the most remarkable on record. While a child, and until she was twenty years of age, she was encouraged by Anne of Austria and Mazarin in the idea that she would be Queen of France. Then she was betrothed to the Cardinal of Bourbon, who died. Afterward, negotiations for her hand were opened by Philip of Spain; these were broken off by the machinations of Mazarin and the queen-mother. Her next suitors were the Prince of Wales, afterward Charles II., the emperor and his brother the Archduke Leopold, and the Duke of Savoy. All these, except the emperor, were refused by her as unequal to her haughty and towering ambition. She owed a grudge to the Court for disappointed hopes, and paid it off in the Fronde time. During that war her father sent her to hold Orleans, which was beginning to waver. The citizens hesitated to admit her. Going round the walls she found an old, disused gate unguarded, and by this she entered the city, which she held bravely against the royal forces for six weeks. Some time afterward, being then in Paris, she prevailed upon the citizens to open the gates to Condé, who had sustained a severe defeat at the hands of Turenne in the Faubourg St. Antoine; and, this done, she proceeded to the Bastile, armed with an order from her father, and commanded the guns to be fired upon the royal forces. The cause of the Fronde being lost, fearing arrest, she retired to her estate of St. Fargeau; there she assembled around her a little Court, applied herself to study, and began to write her "Memoirs." She returned to Court in 1657. Then commenced fresh negotiations for the marriage of this erratic princess; first it was

Monsieur, the king's brother, who was twelve years her junior, then the son of Condé, then the King of Portugal, besides a number of smaller personages; but all came to nothing.

At forty years of age she fell in love, for the first time, after disdainfully rejecting kings and princes, with an obscure gentleman, the Comte de Lauzun, who was distinguished neither for talent, manners nor personal beauty, but who, by a mixture of insolence and adulation, had won his way to royal favor. It was a *grande passion* she conceived for him, and after a time she obtained the King's consent to the marriage. Instead of at once availing himself of his fortune, the Comte frittered away the precious days in magnificent preparations, thereby giving those who were envious of his success opportunity to work upon the King for the destruction of his hopes. They succeeded, and at the moment that all was ready for the nuptials, the consent was withdrawn. In vain did Mademoiselle cast herself at the royal feet, and weep and implore; Louis was inexorable. Madame de Montespan was at the head of the conspiracy which had broken off the marriage, but Lauzun, not knowing this, appealed to her to intercede for him with the King. She promised to do so; to be assured that she kept her word, he contrived to conceal himself in her chamber and overhear all that passed between her and her royal lover; here he discovered that, far from being his advocate, she was his enemy. The next time they met he inquired if she had pleaded for him; she answered in the affirmative; upon which he grasped her by the wrist and overwhelmed her with such foul abuse, in the presence of the whole Court, that she fainted away. All hope of obtaining the King's consent being at an end, he and Mademoiselle contracted a private marriage. This being discovered, he was arrested and imprisoned at Pignerol, in the chamber with Fouquet. There he remained ten years, and it was only by sacrificing a considerable part of her immense fortune to the children of Montespan that Mademoiselle obtained his release. All her love and devotion, however, he repaid with the basest ingratitude, treating her with such contumely that at length, something of her old pride conquering her ignoble passion, she for ever banished him her presence. Her remaining years—it is the usual sequel of such stories—were passed in devotion. When we have exhausted all the charms of the world we turn to heaven, and give ourselves to God only when man has rejected us.

Another beauty of this Court, the hapless daughter of Charles I., presents us with a yet more melancholy story. Henriette d'Angleterre, as she was called, was scarcely more than an infant when her mother first took refuge in France. Mazarin and the queen-mother at one time thought of her as a bride for the young Louis, but she had not then won any favor in his eyes; and by-and-by, just after the King's nuptials, a marriage was arranged between her and Monsieur, then Duc d'Orléans. He brought her to the Court at Fontainebleau, where, Madame Lafayette says, "there was nothing to compare with her."

"That which the Princess of England possessed in the highest degree," says the same chronicler, "was the gift to please, and what we call grace; these charms were diffused over all her person, over her actions and her mind, and never princess was so equally capable of making herself loved by the men and adored by the women"

In a little time the King, attracted by her wit and beauty, found a charm in her society that aroused the jealousy of the Queen and the displeasure of his mother. "She arranged all the diversions (at Fontainebleau); all were undertaken on her account; and it appeared that the King had no pleasure save in bestowing it upon her. It was in the midst of Summer; Madame went to bathe every day; she went in a carriage, on account of the heat, and returned on horseback, followed by all the ladies, splendidly dressed, with a thousand feathers on their heads, accompanied by the King and all the youth of the Court. After supper they got into *calèches*, and, to the music of violins, went away to wander a part of the night around the canal." There were, besides, balls and plays and hunting-parties, and all life was a dream of pleasure.

Louis was at this time in all the perfection of that manly beauty to which even the cynical St. Simon was compelled to pay homage, and Henriette, any more than any other woman, was not proof against his attentions. The remonstrances of the queen-mother revealed to them the dangers of their position, but did not break the infatuation. To hoodwink watchful eyes, it was arranged that the King, in order to visit her, should pretend an affection for one of her maids of honor; the one selected was Louise de la Vallière. The pretense soon became earnest, and then—Henriette was forgotten. We next find her engaged in a liaison with the Comte de Guiche, and afterward in one with the Marquis de Vardes. It is astonishing the *naïveté* with which Madame de Lafayette writes of these peccadilloes, and those of other ladies of the court. Volumes of dissertation upon the *morale* of the age could not bear so much significance as her tone. But there were many excuses for poor Henriette; she had been reared from infancy in a corrupt atmosphere, she was married to a man she did not love, who did not love her, and whom, if the terrible stories of the age be true, she could only loathe. Here is his portrait, sketched by the great limner, St. Simon.

"Monsieur was a little, round-bellied man, who wore such high-heeled shoes that he seemed always mounted upon stilts; was always decked out like a woman, covered everywhere with rings bracelets, jewels; with a long, black wig, powdered, and curled in front; with ribbons wherever he could put them; steeped in perfumes, and a fine model of cleanliness. He was accused of putting on an imperceptible touch of rouge. He had a long nose, good eyes and mouth, a full but very long face."

Speaking of his character, he describes him as possessing much knowledge of the world, but neither wit nor reading: weak, timid, at once led by the nose and despised by his favorites; quarrelsome, suspicious, fond of making mischief, incapable of keeping a secret, etc.

In 1670, the King intrusted the Duchess with a secret mission to her brother Charles, the result of which was England's abandonment of Holland, and that treacherous league with France which brought such discredit upon England.

Soon after her return to France she expiated her sins by a terrible death. One day after drinking a glass of chicory water, a beverage of which she was in the habit of partaking, she was seized with violent pains, and died nine hours afterward in great agony. It was not until the publication of St. Simon's "Memoirs" that the mystery of her death was cleared up.

The following is an abstract of his accout:

Her gallantries caused some jealousies in Monsieur, while the opposite taste of Monsieur roused Madame's indignation. The favorites whom she hated did all in their power to make division between them, to dispose of Monsieur at their ease. The Chevalier de Lorraine possessed a complete empire over Monsieur, and made Madame feel it as well as the rest of the house; she was not able to endure this domination, and being then in the height of favor and consideration with the King, she obtained the exile of the Chevalier. At these tidings Monsieur fainted, then burst into a flood of tears, and cast himself at the King's feet to make him revoke the order. He was not

MADAME DE MAINTENON AND THE DUCHESS OF BURGUNDY.

able to succeed. The Chevalier had two minions, the Marquis d'Effiat, Monsieur's Master of the Horse and the Comte de Beuvron, his Captain of the Guards, and to these he sent from Italy a poison "sure and speedy." Madame was then at St. Cloud. Her chicory water was kept for her use in a cupboard of one of the antechambers; beside it was placed a vessel of water to dilute the beverage if her taste required it. This antechamber was a public passage.

On the 29th of June, 1670, d'Effiat watched his opportunity and dropped the poison into the chicory water. Just as he had done it a valet, passing by, observed him at the cupboard and asked him what he was doing. He replied that he was only taking a draught of water, and apologized for the liberty. After the Duchess's death the valet seems to have talked about this incident, and it came to the King's ears. In the middle of the night Louis sent an officer and six guards to secretly arrest Madame's maitre d'hôtel, and bring him privately into his cabinet; from him he extracted the particulars just narrated. "And my brother, does he know of it?" he demanded. "No, sire," replied the Maitre, "none of us three was foolish enough to tell him; he cannot keep a secret, he would have destroyed us." Upon which the King uttered a sigh of relief and said, "That is all I wish to know." The man was set at liberty, and his Majesty preserved the secret, taking no steps to punish the assassins! Was there ever a more terrible piece of secret history brought to light?*

The next member of the royal family to be described is Monseigneur, the Dauphin.

THE PRINCE DE CONDÉ.

It is still to St. Simon's wonderful portrait gallery we must turn for our pictures, for what pencil could draw so accurately as his who painted from life?

He describes Monseigneur as rather tall, very fat, with a lofty and noble aspect, but a countenance wholly destitute of expression, feet singularly small and delicate:

"He wavered always in walking, and felt his way with his feet; he was always afraid of falling, and if the path was not perfectly even and straight, he called for assistance. As for his character, he had none; he was without enlightenment or knowledge of any kind, radically incapable of acquiring any; very idle, without imagination or productiveness; without taste, without choice, without discernment, born for ennui, which he communicated to others, a ball moving at haphazard by the impulsion of others; obstinate and little to excess in everything; amazingly credulous and accessible to prejudice, keeping himself always in the most pernicious hands, yet incapable of seeing his position or changing it; absorbed in his fat and his ignorance, so that without any desire to do ill, he would have made a very bad king. Ignorant to the last degree, he had a thorough aversion for learning; so that, according to his own admission, since he had left the hands of his teachers he had never read anything except the deaths and marriages in the *Gazette de France*."

The King, he adds, treated him not as a son, but as a subject; he was totally destitute of all influence, and any person to whom he showed preference was sure to be kept back. "The King was so anxious to show that Monseigneur could do nothing, that Monseigneur after a time did not try." He was supposed to be secretly married to Mlle. de Choin, one of the maids of honor to the Princess de Conti; she was always treated with great respect by the King and royal family, and well provided for after his death.

The next in succession to the throne was Louis's grandson, the Duc de Burgogne. The Duc de Burgogne in his youth is described by St. Simon as impetuous to frenzy, voluptuous beyond bounds, looking down upon all men as

* By a strange fatality, the daughter of Madame, married to Charles II. of Spain, died of poison at about the same age as her mother, administered it was said, by the Comtesse de Soissons in a cup of milk. A doom as terrible as that of the Atridæ seemed to rest upon the Stuart race.

from the sky, as atoms with whom he had nothing in common, but at the same time gifted with a clear and penetrating intellect. Before his eighteenth year, however, a sudden change fell upon him, and he became devout to asceticism, and so charitable, he would refuse himself a new desk, to give the money it would cost to the poor.

"A volume would not describe sufficiently my private interviews with this prince. What love of good, what forgetfulness of self, what researches, what fruit, what purity of purpose—may I say it?—what reflection of the divinity in that mind! candid, simple, strong, which, as much as it is possible here below, had preserved the image of his Maker. It was he who was not afraid to say publicly in the *salon* of Marly, that 'A king is made for his subjects, and not the subjects for him.' Great God! what a spectacle you gave to us in him! What tender but tranquil views he had! What submission and love of God! What a consciousness of his own nothingness and his sins! What a magnificent idea of the infinite mercy! What religious and humble fear! What tempered confidence! What patience! What constant goodness for all who approached him! France fell, in fine, under this last chastisement: God showed to her a prince she merited not. The earth was not worthy of him. He was ripe already for the blessed eternity."

The life and soul of the Court was his wife, the Duchesse de Burgogne. Although not beautiful, she is described as being one of the most charming and fascinating women in the world:

"Her gayety," says St. Simon, "animated all; and her nymph-like lightness carried her everywhere like a whirlwind. She was the ornament of all diversions, the life and soul of all pleasure, and at balls ravished everybody by the justness and perfection of her dancing."

She acquired a familiarity with the King and Madame de Maintenon that not any, even of the royal children, approached. "Never since he came into the world had he become really familiar with any one but her." In private she prattled and skipped about them, now perched upon the arms of their chairs, now playing upon their knees, grasping them around the neck, kissing them, rumpling them, tickling them under the chin, rummaging their tables, opening their letters. The King could not do without her. Everything went wrong with him when she was not by; even at his public supper, if she were not by, an additional cloud of seriousness and silence settled upon him. She saw him every day, and if a ball or pleasure party made her stay half the night, she always contrived to go and embrace him as soon as he was up, and amuse him with a description of the *fête*.

Monseigneur died of smallpox, in 1711.

In the following year, the Duchesse de Bourgogne was seized with a mysterious illness, of which she expired in great agony. A few hours afterward, her husband was attacked by similar symptoms, of which he also died. Their son, a child of five years of age, followed his parents to the tomb, within a few weeks after their decease. A day or two previous to the attack the Duchesse had been warned by her chief physician of a plot to poison her, and about the same time the Duke received a similar warning from the King of Spain.

On the day she was seized, the Duc de Noaillet presented her with a very handsome snuff-box filled with Spanish snuff, of which she took a little and then left it upon a table in her dressing-room. That night she was seized with a feverish headache. As she grew worse, her attendants bethought them of the snuff; they went to look for the box; it had disappeared, and although the most rigorous inquiries were instituted, and every place searched, it was never again seen.

The Duc d'Orléans, afterward the Regent, was suspected of this deed, and all the popular fury was directed toward him.

It does not come within the scope of this article to weigh the evidence for and against him, as the whole question as to whether or not the Dauphin and Dauphine died of poison, and if so, who was the poisoner, still remains an impenetrable mystery.

The prevalence of secret poisoning was one of the most terrible phenomena of the age. To such a height did this crime rise in France that Madame de Sévigné expressed a fear lest the name of Frenchman and poisoner might become synonymous. Two Italians, one of whom was named Exili, were discovered to carry on a regular traffic in poisons. They were cast into the Bastile; one died, Exili survived, and by means of his agents La Voisin and La Vigoureuse, two women, pretended fortune-tellers, and a priest named Le Sage, he continued to exercise his horrible calling, even during his imprisonment.

One of the most celebrated *causes* arising out of this discovery was that of the Marquise de Brinvilliers, who, by means of potions supplied by these miscreants, had destroyed her father, her two brothers, and her sister, besides many other people, even the poor and sick, among whom she had distributed poisoned food, probably for the purpose of testing the powers of her drugs. Her accomplice in these crimes was a lover, named St. Croix, who perished of the fumes of a poison he was concocting. She was beheaded, and her body afterward burned. About the same time a great number of persons of rank and wealth died suddenly under the most suspicious circumstances. The police were now set to work to investigate these events, and brought to light a system of wholesale poisoning, carried on by every grade of society, from the nobility down even to the peasantry, by means of the agents before named. Among the "great" people implicated in these crimes, were the Comtesse de Soissons and the Duchesse de Bouillon, two nieces of Mazarin, the Duc de Vendôme, the Duc de Luxembourg, etc. Nearly all were brought to trial before the *Chambre Ardente*. Many were dupes rather than criminals; but the facts elicited by the tribunal afford an extraordinary picture of the superstition of the age, and of a general belief in spells, witchcraft, and other occult influences, even amongst the highest.

The Comtesse de Soissons fled to Spain, where she attached herself to the young Queen, having been a great friend of her mother's, and whom, as it has been before stated, she was afterward accused of poisoning. Whether the accusation was true or false has never been proved; but from that hour she became a wanderer, hated and shunned, even by her own son, (the celebrated Prince Eugène), and died in absolute want. Her sister the Duchesse de Bouillon, proved her connection with La Voisin and La Vigoureuse to have begun and ended in a consultation of those occult powers they were supposed to command. The Duc de Luxembourg, a great general who had rendered vast services to his country, pleaded to nothing beyond similar weaknesses, having employed Le Sage to draw up the horoscope of several persons, concerning whom he was curious. His trial, however, lasted fourteen months, during which he was debarred the use of pen and paper, and every means were used to convict him of the crime with which he was charged. But not even the malice of his powerful enemy Louvois could accomplish this, and he was ultimately acquitted.

Indeed, the *Chambre Ardente* had been instituted by that despotic Minister, and many of its prosecutions were undertaken to gratify his personal hatred.

A terrible man, even to his august master at times, was this Louvois. He was the son of Michael le Tellier, the Chancellor, and in 1666 was appointed, through his father's interest, Secretary of War. Overbearing and ambitious,

hating all who possessed any portion of the royal favor, he became Colbert's most bitter rival and enemy. During many years these two men were Louis's evil and good angels; unfortunately the latter went first, and from the death of Colbert and the ascendency of Louvois date the darkness and misery which clouds the latter portion of his reign. Colbert was all for peace, Louvois was ever inciting the King's vainglorious temper of war. That of 1688, which lasted nine years, cost hundreds of thousands of lives, converted vast tracts of fertile country into arid deserts, ruined arts and commerce, plunged France into defeat and desolation, was, according to the authority of Dangeau, brought about by Louvois to gratify a fit of spleen. The Trianon was built under his superintendence. One day, while surveying the progress of the work, the King observed that one of the windows was smaller than the others. Louvois denied it was so with some insolence. The King reproved him sharply, and went away in great dudgeon. The Minister was alarmed. "I am lost," he said, "if I do not find some occupation for a man who loses his temper about such trash; nothing but a war can wean him from building, and a war he shall have." And from that hour he never rested until he had plunged the country into hostilities. He died suddenly in 1691; and again we hear rumors of foul play. A scullion was arrested on suspicion of having put poison into his water-jug, from which he was in the habit of drinking copiously, but nothing could be proved. A strange circumstance, however, occurred five or six months afterward: one day Séron, his physician, shut himself up in his private apartment in Versailles, uttering the most dreadful cries; he refused to open the door, and all that inquiries could gain from him was—that he had got what he deserved for what he had done to his master. Eight or ten hours afterward he was dead, and no further light was ever thrown upon the mystery.

The King, to whom Louvois's insolence had become intolerable, seems to have hailed his death as a relief; it was equally acceptable to Madame de Maintenon, the acknowledgment of whose marriage with Louis he had always violently opposed. It is said that his death only prevented his arrest and imprisonment in the Bastile for an insult he had offered to the King. He was in the habit of systematically disobeying his royal master's express commands; it was by his orders the terrible ravages in the Palatinate were executed; he counseled the burning of Trèves, an act of superfluous horror that was too much for even the bigotry of Louis, and he sternly forbade it. A day or two afterward he boldly announced, in a private council at Marly, that he had given the order. Louis was so exasperated that he snatched up a pair of tongs, and was only prevented from using them upon the Minister's head by the interposition of Maintenon. "If a single house is burned your head shall answer for it!" he exclaimed. Fortunately the whole thing was a piece of bravado; the order had not been given. In spite of the tragic horror that lurks behind it, there is something ludicrous in this peep into royal privacy. Louvois was nevertheless a man of genius, and managed his department with rare ability; he was the creator of the Commissariat, and wherever the army moved, vast stores were established that served them both in advance and retreat.

Among the great figures of the Court, we must not forget the King's confessor, not Père la Chaise, of his younger days, but the terrible Père le Tellier of his age; the destroyer of the Jansenists, and, with Maintenon, the prime mover of the repeal of the Edict of Nantes. St. Simon's picture of this bigot is perhaps the most powerful of all his portraits:

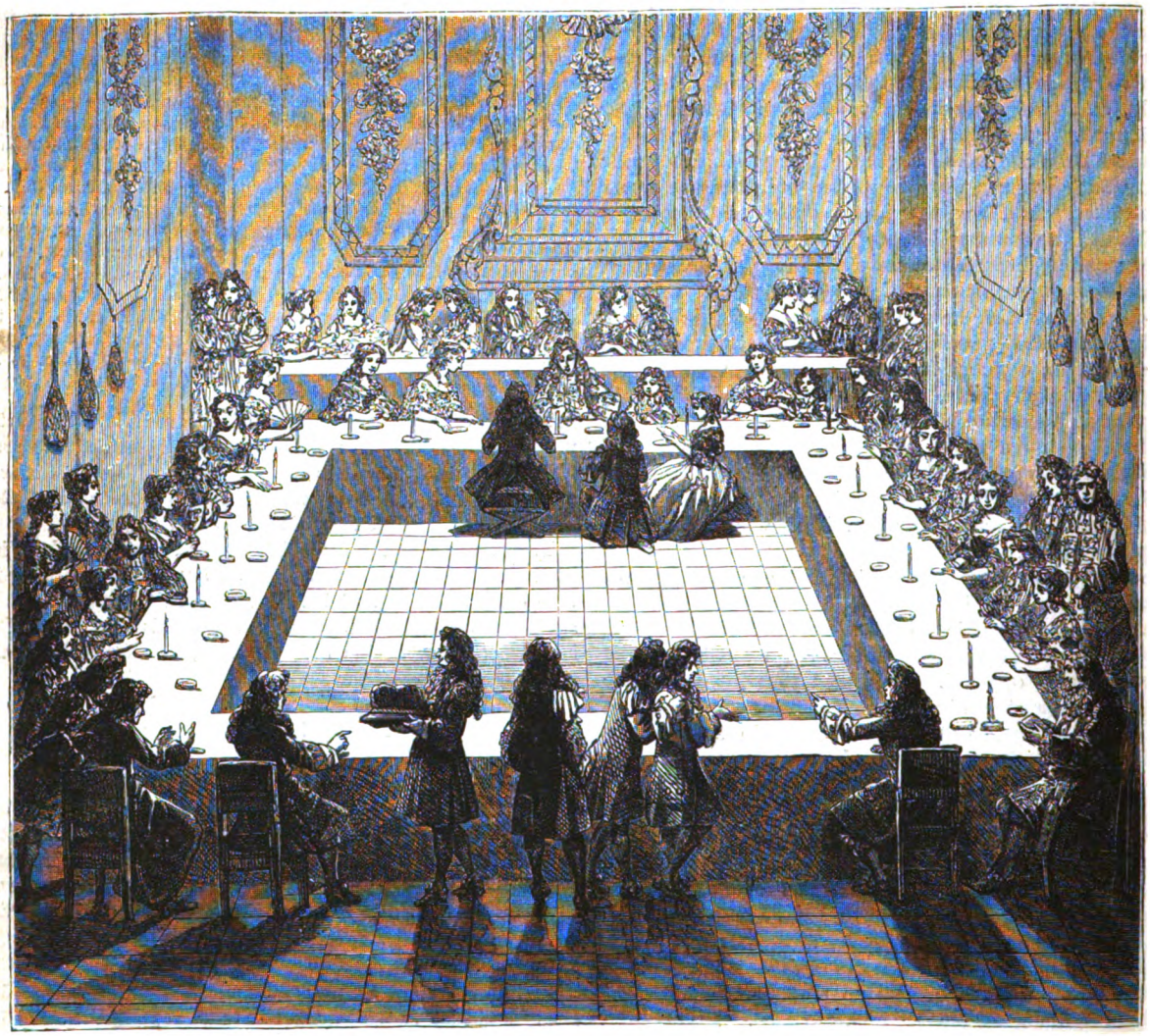
"Harsh, exact, laborious, enemy of all dissipation, of all amusement, of all society, incapable of even associating with his colleagues, he demanded no leniency for himself and accorded none to others. His brain and his health were of iron; his conduct was so also; his nature was savage and cruel. He was profoundly false, deceitful, hidden under a thousand folds; and when he could show himself and make himself feared, he yielded nothing, laughed at the most express promises when he no longer cared to keep them, and pursued with fury those who had trusted to them. He was the terror of the Jesuits, and was so violent to them that they scarcely dared approach him. His exterior kept faith with his interior. His physiognomy was cloudy, false, terrible; his eyes were burning, evil, squinting, his aspect struck all with dismay; one would not have cared to encounter him in a dark wood. The whole aim of his life was to advance the interests of his Society; that was his god; his life had been absorbed in that study. Surprisingly ignorant, insolent, impetuous without measure and without discretion, all means were good that furthered his designs. The first time Père le Tellier entered the King's cabinet, after having been presented to him, there was nobody there but Bloin and Fagon (the King's chief physicians) in a corner. Fagon bent two-double, and, leaning on his stick, watched the interview, and studied the physiognomy of this new personage—his duckings and scrapings and words. The King asked him if he was a relation of MM. le Tellier. The good father humbled himself in the dust. 'I, sire,' answered he, 'a relative of MM. le Tellier! I am very different from that. I am a poor peasant of Lower Normandy, where my father was a farmer.' Fagon, who watched him in every movement, twisted himself up to look at Bloin, and said, pointing to the Jesuit, 'Monsieur, what a cursed——' then shrugging his shoulders, he leaned upon his stick again. It turned out he was not mistaken in his strange judgment of a confessor. This Tellier made all the grimaces, not to say the hypocritical monkey tricks, of a man who was doubtful of his place, and only took it out of deference to his company."

There are other personages of this wonderful Court I would love to describe: M. le Prince, the son of the great Condé, the horrible Duc de Vendôme, although decency would preclude a full description of this monster, etc., etc.; but my limited space compels me to stay my pen.

Turn we now to the central figure of this Court, the King himself. Madame de Sévigné has supplied us with a picture of his earlier and brilliant days; St. Simon must be again put under contribution for one of his later life. Here is a description of his daily routine, condensed from the voluminous pages of the Duke:

At eight o'clock the chief *valet de chambre* on duty, who alone had slept in the royal chamber, and who had dressed himself, awoke the King. The chief physician, the chief surgeon and the nurse (as long as she lived) entered at the same time. The latter kissed the King; the others rubbed and often changed his shirt, because he was in the habit of sweating a great deal. At the quarter the grand chamberlain was called, and those who had what is called the *grand entrées*. The chamberlain drew back the curtains, which had been closed again, and presented the holy water from the vase at the head of the bed. These gentlemen staid but a moment, and that was the time to speak to the King if any one had anything to ask of him, in which case the rest stood aside. He who had opened the curtains and presented the holy water presented also a prayer-book. Then all passed into the cabinet of the council. A very short religious service being over, the King called; they re-entered. The same officer gave him his dressing-gown; immediately afterward other privileged courtiers entered, and then everybody, in time to find the King putting on his shoes and stockings, for he did almost everything for himself. Every other day he shaved; he had no toilet-table, but simply a mirror held before him. As soon as he was dressed he prayed beside his bed, the clergy kneeling with him, the laity standing. Then he passed into his cabinet. Thither he was followed by every person who held any office. Having given each his orders for the day, all departed, and he was left alone with his sons, a few favorites, and the valets. This was the time that plans for new

buildings, etc., were discussed and arranged.* After this came the audiences, mass, then the council, and, at one o'clock, usually, the dinner. He always ate alone in his own chamber, that is to say, no one ate with him, not even his sons; sometimes, but rarely, Monsieur was made an exception. He was noted for being a very large eater. The meal finished, he re-entered his cabinet, amused himself with feeding his dogs, and gave audience to distinguished people, changing his dress at the same time. Then he went abroad, sometimes in his coach, sometimes on horseback, to hunt the stag, sometimes to promenade, or to picnics in the forest of Marly or Fontainebleau. Upon returning, anybody might speak to him from the time he left his coach until he reached the foot of the staircase. After resting an hour in his cabinet he went to Madame de Maintenon's. At ten o'clock supper was served; this was usually a grand affair, all the royal family and the principal ladies and gentlemen of the Court being present. After supper he stood for some moments with his back leaning against the balustrade at the foot of his bed, encircled by the Court; then, bowing to the ladies, he passed into his cabinet. There he spent an hour in company with his children and grandchildren and their husbands and wives, seated in an arm-chair, his brother in another, the princesses on stools, all the princes standing. Then he went and fed his dogs, and passed into his chamber; after this began the *petit coucher*, at wh only the most privileged were present; these did not leave until he was in bed.



LOUIS XIV. AND HIS COURT PLAYING "REVERSIS" AT VERSAILLES

* Louis, as it is well known, had a great passion for building, although his only addition to Paris was the Pont Royal. Every one has heard of the vast sums the heterogeneous pile of Versailles cost; but few would imagine that—according to the authority of St. Simon—he expended more upon the construction and embellishment of that gloomy retreat of his latter days, Marly, than even upon the gorgeous palace with which his name is ever associated. For this abode he fixed upon a deep, narrow valley behind Lucienne, shut in by hills and inaccessible swamps. On the slope of one of the hills was a miserable village. This uninviting spot he ordered to be drained, and this done, builders were set to work to erect the palace. Not upon these labors, however, so much as upon his caprices in the arrangement of the grounds, was the money lavished. Great trees were brought thither from distant parts, vast tracts were covered with thick woods; but these plantations were scarcely completed before all was again changed, the woods were uprooted, and artificial lakes, upon which floated numbers of magnificent gondolas, took their place. Six weeks afterward another whim seized the royal fancy, the lakes were filled up and the forest replanted. Then were constructed carp ponds, adorned with the most exquisite paintings, which were scarcely dry ere they were all destroyed to make room for basins and cascades. And all this time France was groaning and famishing beneath the burdens of war.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD CHATTING WITH MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ AND MADAME LA FAYETTE.

"Louis XIV.," says St. Simon, "was created for a brilliant Court. In the midst of other men, his figure, courage, grace, beauty, mien, even tone of voice, and the majestic and natural charm of his person, distinguished him till death as King Bee, and showed if he had only been born a private gentleman he would equally have excelled in pleasures, *fêtes*, gallantry."

Such testimony from a man who has, above all other chroniclers, shown the seamy and ignoble side of the Grand Monarque's character, is incontrovertible. Never was man so polite; he never passed a woman, however lowly her position, even though she were one of the menials of his palace, without raising his hat, and the whole time he conversed with a lady he remained uncovered.* And yet never was man more selfish and indifferent to the convenience of both man and woman; no matter what might be the state of the weather, no matter how delicate might be their health, he insisted upon all the ladies of the Court attending him in his long drives or promenades, sometimes continued through several hours, beneath a burning sun or in frost and snow. Sometimes they fell fainting from their horses with illness or fatigue, but such incidents never moved him. His robust constitution felt neither heat nor cold. To no one, not even to Maintenon, did he show any indulgence. When she went abroad, he rode or walked beside her carriage bareheaded, and treated her with the most reverential respect; but on the coldest night he would have every door and window of her chamber open when she lay sick in bed, and knowing all the time she was painfully susceptible to drafts. For a noble not to attend Court was the greatest offense he could commit against the royal person, and the absolute centralization thus induced was one of the great causes of the miseries of the provinces and—of the Revolution.

He instituted a system of espionage from which no person was safe. He employed a number of Swiss to hang about the corridors and grounds of the palace day and night, watch all in-goings and out-goings, listen to all conversations, and report to him all they saw and heard. All letters were opened at the post-office, and those containing the slightest reference to himself or the government were forwarded to him; a single hostile or satirical expression was sufficient to ruin a person. Of education, thanks to Mazarin, he had little or none, and he was suspicious of talent in others. He could not endure any superiority. He was fond of teaching, even to his cooks; he believed that all his generals and ministers owed their success to his inspiration. To cringe and flatter were the only means of gaining his favor, and this naturally conduced to the employment of incompetents, both in military and domestic offices. He could not breathe unless the air was impregnated with flattery; he would himself sing verses containing the most fulsome adulation of himself. At least half his wars and military displays were the offspring of vanity; he was ever posing himself to dazzle Europe, to strike it with awe, terror or admiration. Yet a Breton peasant was scarcely more credulous.

One day there came to him a farrier from Provence, who told the following extraordinary story: One night when he was returning home, he saw a great light shining against a tree that stood upon the roadside; in this light he saw the figure of a woman, who addressed him, and after informing him she was the late Queen, made a certain communication which she desired him to carry to the King. Thinking he had fallen asleep and dreamed this vision, he took no notice of it; shortly afterward it appeared a second time and delivered the same injunctions. Still he neglected to obey, until he received a third visitation and a command to go to the Intendant of the province, tell him the story, and ask for money to carry him to Versailles. He did so; and whether the Intendant was credulous enough to swallow the story, or had secret orders, it is impossible to say; but he obeyed the ghost's behests and supplied him with the necessary funds for the journey.

The King received him, at first in the presence of his ministers, and afterward alone; twice they were closeted together for an hour.

"I have conversed with him," said his Majesty; "he has much good sense, and is far from mad." He also averred that he had told him a circumstance he was certain was known only to himself. The man was dismissed with a handsome gratuity, and a recommendation to the Intendant never to let him want for anything.

What the nature of the pretended supernatural communication was, never transpired, but it was supposed to relate to the public declaration of his marriage with Maintenon, and the vision was believed to be the work of one of her creatures, a Madame Arnould, who dabbled in the occult arts.

Although so sanguinary a bigot in his later years, Louis had little or no sense of religion, as the following will prove. When the Duc d'Orléans was about to start for Spain, he named among the officers of his suite a gentleman named Fontpertius.

"What!" exclaimed Louis, when the list was submitted to him, "Fontpertius, the son of that Jansenist woman who ran everywhere after M. Arnould" (the great head of the Jansenists). "I do not wish that man to go with you."

"By my faith, sire," replied the Duke, "I know not what his mother might have been, but as for the son, he is far enough from being a Jansenist, I'll answer for it; for he does not even believe in God."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the King, but in a very softened tone; "well, since it is so, there is no harm. You can take him with you."

It was a heinous crime not to be orthodox, but to be an atheist was a mere bagatelle in the eyes of this religious persecutor.*

Louis XIV. would have been a far better man and a greater king, had not his youth been passed amidst

* The etiquette of his Court was the exact reverse of our own. In the presence, all remained covered except the King, and removed their hats only when addressing him or any of the royal family

* Such was the religion of the age. The next generation only cast off the mask and cloak which had hitherto concealed dry bones and dust. What the Church was, may be gathered from the career of a celebrated ecclesiastic, the Abbé de Vatteville. He began life as a Carthusian; growing weary of his monastery, he made his escape, having first shot the prior, who attempted to stay him. Stopping at an inn that night, he committed a second murder, shooting a traveler who desired to share his supper. Quitting France, he made his way to the East, and entered the Turkish service. Renouncing his religion, he embraced Mohammedanism; he was intrusted with a post of considerable consequence in the army. Growing tired of his new country, he offered to betray several important places to the Venetians, with whom it was then at war, on certain conditions. These were: that the Pope should grant him absolution for all the crimes he had committed, protect him against the animosity of the Carthusians, and all other religious orders, and preserve to him all the rights of the priesthood, so that he might have the power to accept benefices. So important was the price he offered for these concessions, and so little scrupulous was the papacy, that all were granted him. Having betrayed the Turks, he returned to France, where the Queen-mother wished to bestow upon him the archbishopric of Besançon, but this was too much, even for his Holiness, and so my ex-Mussulman had to content himself with the abbey of Baume and a second in Picardy. There he lived like a grand seigneur, kept hounds, mistresses, and the most jovial company; was always received with great distinction whenever he visited Court, and so lived jovially until the age of ninety.

rebellion, and had he received an education befitting his station.

For both these misfortunes he was indebted to his weak mother and her infamous Minister. The first, by rendering him morbidly fearful of mob and noble turbulence, urged him to despotism; his lack of knowledge—they scarcely taught him to read and write—warped and narrowed his mind; vanity and self-conceit filled the vacuum of his brain—for a man's self-opinion is usually in the inverse ratio of his abilities and information. In this last lay the causes of his ruin and that of his country.

The spectacle of the earlier part of his reign is grand and imposing; great generals, great writers, and enormous impetus given to arts and manufactures, scientific discoveries, ever-increasing wealth and the most brilliant Court of modern Europe, all tended to elevate the central figure and cast a halo of glory around it not its own. Louvois and Maintenon were the evil geniuses who clouded this dazzling picture with a Cimmerian gloom, bringing with them war and bigotry and bloody persecutions. Art, science, literature, withered beneath their foul breaths; one by one the great writers and statesmen and generals died off, and none rose to take their places, for genius could not exist in a world over which such demons presided.

With each succeeding year the gloom deepened; a death, strange and mysterious, swept away his children and grandchildren, and all he loved best, and those who survived added to his troubles by their plots and cabals; his treasury was empty, his people famishing, his villages depopulated by Catholic fury, his armies defeated. And he, once the cynosure of Europe, a querulous old man broken down by disease, worn by remorse, cowering over the fire in a cell-like chamber at Marly, groaning, weeping, ever complaining, and opposite to him the withered Gorgon who had done so much to work this mischief.

Each was the Nemesis of the other.

How terrible is this woman's wail in one of her letters:

"Do you not see that I am dying of weariness amidst a fortune that can scarcely be imagined? I have been young and pretty; I have tasted pleasure; I have been everywhere loved. In an age more advanced, I have passed some years in the commerce of the mind, and I protest to you that all conditions leave a frightful void." And again, her exclamation to her brother, "I can endure no more, I wish only to die."

Amidst such storm and gloom the *Grand Monarque* at last closed his eyes in death, and the people who had once worshiped him as an idol, now offered up thanks to God for lifting off them the burden of a hideous nightmare of war, famine, and priestcraft.

THE HORSE WISER THAN HIS MASTER.

The horse sometimes shows the fidelity of the dog in his devotion to his master. We style the horse a noble animal. Napoleon said that he was the only animal more perfect than the rest. He reasons better. But we are now discussing his fidelity to the master, whom he knows so well, and he is never deceived by a stranger on his back.

There was a case, in the last century, of a gentleman who rode out frequently to visit friends, where the wit and the wine flowed free and fast—so free that more than once he fell from his horse while endeavoring to ride home. The horse always endeavored to prevent his master from being injured by the fall, by avoiding rocks or bridges; and if his master, inferior, in the condition to which he reduced himself, to the beast he rode, fell where he was in danger of being trampled on, the horse would draw him with his teeth to a green spot by the wayside, and there wait patiently till he recovered his faculties.

Our illustration, from the careful pencil of Weir, shows the case of a London horse still more sagacious. His master, a drayman, was in the habit of stopping in at a pot-house. Once, when he staid too long, in the opinion of the horse, the latter thrust his head into the door, and, seizing this negligent master by the collar, dragged him out. We trust these horse-rebukes were not without their effect.

We add one more anecdote of a horse:

"When a boy at Whitchurch, near Blandford," says Mr. Bellows, "I noticed two cart-horses driven from a farm-yard to drink. The brook was frozen over, and one horse struck with his foot to break the ice, but it was too hard to yield. The two horses then, standing side by side, lifted each a foot simultaneously, and, causing their hoofs to descend together, the united impulse broke the ice."

BURNT ALIVE.

It is rather startling to find, from a translation of the *Amsita Bazar Patrika* of the tenth of last March, that at the inhumation of the remains of the late Jung Bahadoor his senior wife, and the two next in the order of seniority, were burnt with his corpse, in spite of all that his brother could do to dissuade them.

The funeral pyre, as is usual, was made so as to contain the body of the deceased as in a grotto, but in this case it was made rather larger, for the accommodation of the three ranees. It was composed of sandal-wood, covered with camphor and other inflammable gums, which ignite at a touch, and while burning fiercely emit such dense clouds of smoke as to make human life, or at least consciousness, impossible in a single minute.

The three intending victims seem to have behaved with extraordinary firmness, considering that they could have drawn back from the terrible ordeal at the last moment. They performed their ablutions, said their prayers, gave orders to their brother-in-law as to the government of the district, released prisoners, distributed alms, and then entered the pyre, calm and emotionless.

The senior ranee took the head of the corpse in her lap, and the two juniors the feet, Bahadoor's eldest son applied the fire, and in a couple of minutes, we are told, all was over, without sound or movement.

Of course, at the spot where this horrible rite took place the English Government has no more direct jurisdiction than it has in Paris; but it does seem strange that Jung Bahadoor, who was keenly alive to the force of English counsels and opinions, should have allowed such a horrible custom to exist in the wide district which he administered. Every example of this kind tends to strengthen the bonds of this cruel superstition. It is to be hoped that now it has been in this case brought prominently into notice, the English Government will lose no time in pressing upon the young ruler of Nepaul the necessity of abolishing this shocking practice.

A Bad Temper.—There are few things more productive of evil in domestic life than a thoroughly bad temper. It does not matter what form that temper may assume, whether it is of the sulky kind that maintains perfect silence for many days, or the madly passionate, which vents itself in absolute violence.

More than 100,000,000 lemons, oranges, and citrons are consumed or exported by the inhabitants of various parts of Asia Minor.

PARTING.

Oh, sing to me some gentle song;
  Some tender and melodious air.
That through my brain shall glide along
  And start low echoes there.
  Care, like Euroclydon,
Has chilled me through with driving sleet;
Oh, let thy voice, subdued and sweet,
Like Summer waves on loitering feet,
Against my throbbing temples beat,
  Till all the pain is gone.

Forgetful of all dire mishap,
  Beneath the kindness of thy face,
I lay my head upon thy lap,
  And claim thy last embrace.
  While thou are o'er me bowed,
I watch thy gentle loves arise,
And float and kindle in thine eyes,
As some May morning's shifting dyes,
That tremble through the shadowy skies
  And flash from cloud to cloud.

We part—and it may be for aye—
  None know the number of their years;
Ah! at that thought thine eyes' soft day
  Is lost in twilight tears.
  Nay! be not grieving thus—
I did not mean *for aye*, sweet love;
Only, as life's swift shuttles move,
Like silken threads apart we shove;
But surely He who rules above
  Most kindly watches us.

And when our parted lives are done,
  What heavenly rapture it will be
To know them woven into one,
  By careful Deity.
  Call back thy vanished smile,
Let us, with sacred, reverent trust—
Sure that the ways of God are just,
And our bright love-links cannot rust-
Be severed, darling, if we must;
  'Tis but a little while.

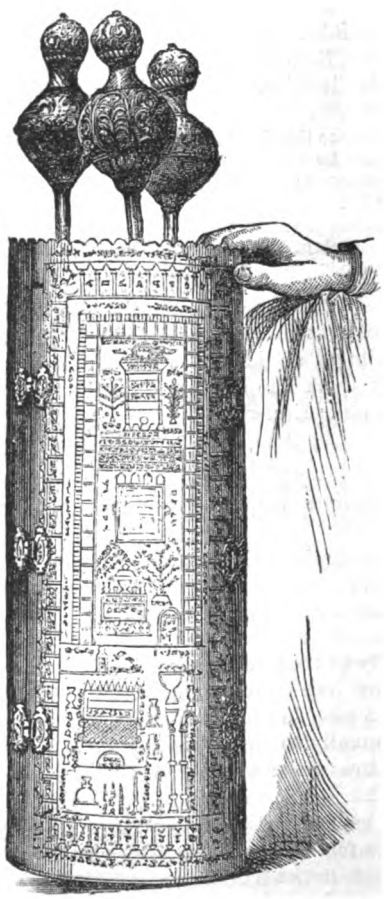
Then sing to me some gentle song,
  And round my neck thy white arms wind
While tender thoughts—a holy throng—
  Float over thy pure mind,
  And flower within thine eyes,
As lilies in smooth waters grow;
And, lovingly entwined so,
It may be we shall feel the glow
Of angel loves, and sweetly know
  The strength of angel ties!

ANCIENT WRITING-CASE AND STYLES USED BY SCRIBES.

"Style is everything," ladies tell you; but very few know indeed what the style really was. It came as a second ary meaning to be applied to the manner in which a writer expressed his thoughts; and then, as a more remote meaning still, to convey the idea of the manner of a painter or other artist, and finally of the dress, carriage and tone of a lady. The style was, however, primarily a sharp-pointed instrument, with which the ancients wrote memoranda or notes for temporary use on waxed tablets. The diminutive of stylus gives us stiletto, and all know what style that is.

The ancients used these waxen tablets for memoranda, rough draughts, etc. The writing-table on which Zachary wrote was one of these, and the instrument a style. Where it was intended to preserve the writing, it was copied on papyrus or parchment, and thus made enduring. Things for perpetuity, as inscriptions to be inclosed in buildings, whether monuments or edifices, were cut with a style on plates of lead, or on clay tablets, which were then baked. Thus Job asked that his words might be graven on plates of lead. Whole libraries of these clay tablets have been found within a few years, giving us the oldest books known. Among other things, they contain an account of the deluge greatly resembling that in the Bible.

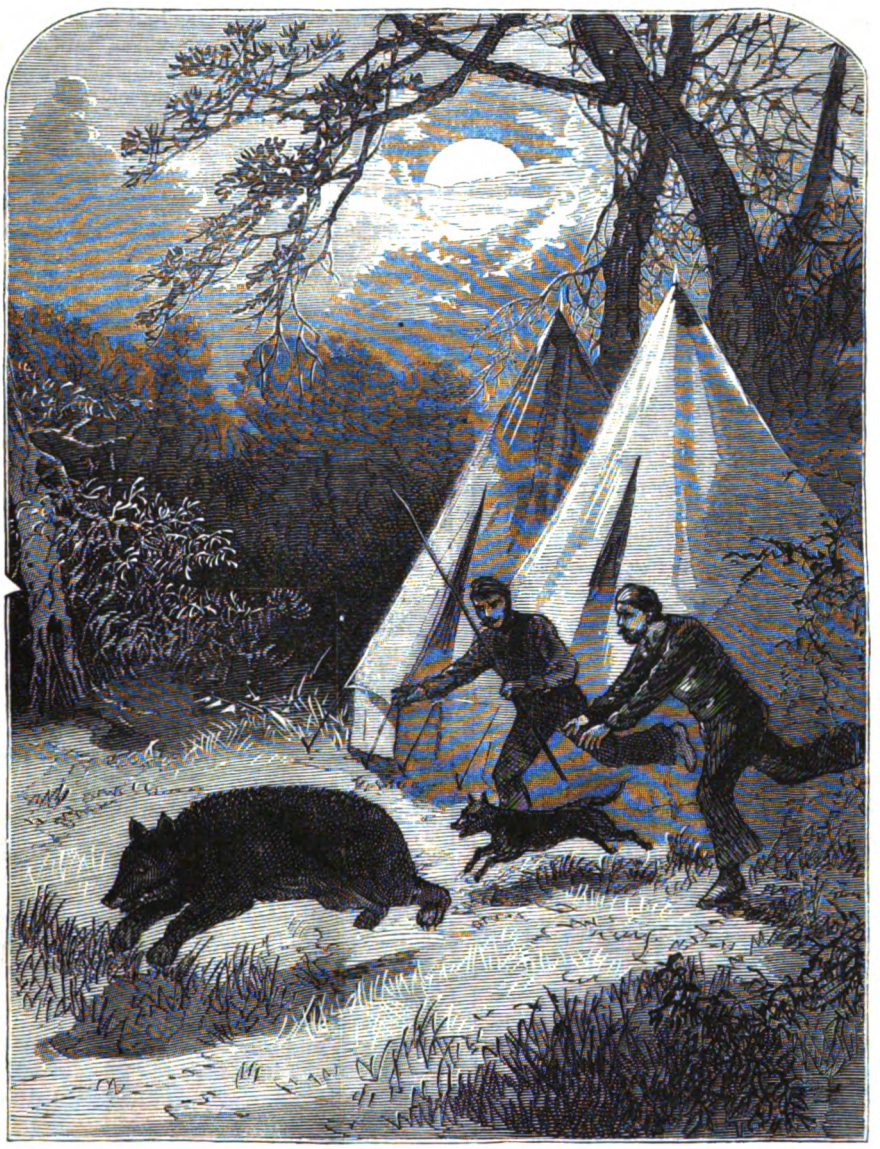
The case of a regular scribe was a neat and often ornamental case, in which he carried styles, tablets and rolls of parchment for immediate use, with the reed used in writing, the ink-horn being carried at the girdle. They were rapid writers, as we see by David's comparison: "The reed of a scribe running swiftly."



ANCIENT WRITING-CASE AND STYLES USED BY SCRIBES.

A DAY'S HUNT, AND A FUNNY CHASE BY MOONLIGHT.

"WHILE seated at breakfast, one day," says Gordon Cumming, "intelligence came in from two of our parties of markers. One man reported a bear, the other a large tiger, which was supposed to be the same which had escaped at Nulwye. The latter, of course, commanded our immediate attention. He was lying in a fringe of thick bushes on the left bank of the river, but as his exact position was unknown, we had some difficulty in fixing on the plan of attack. We expected him to break away to the left, where the country was covered with grass and bushes. Here and there were a few trees, and it was decided that Cadell and Murray should mount two of these, while Evans and I advanced on elephants from either flank along the bed of the river. As I proceeded to my position, a panther rose at the elephant's feet, but I did not fire. As soon as the men in the trees were in position, we advanced, and the tiger, which probably had a lively recollection of his previous persecution, left the bed of the river unperceived by either Evans or myself. He took the line which we had expected, but, being turned by a shot from the trees, came back toward me, and, roaring savagely, threw himself into a dense thicket. As I advanced on him he went off, and lay up in a thin fringe of willows in the bed of the river. Evans then took Cadell on his elephant, while Murray joined me.



"ABOUT MIDNIGHT I WAS AWOKE BY MURRAY CALLING OUT THAT THE BEAR WAS LOOSE, AND ON JUMPING UP, I SAW IT MAKING OFF TO THE JUNGLE."

Between our elephant and the tiger was a space of about one hundred yards, covered with long green grass and large boulders. No sooner did the tiger see us advance toward him than he charged from a distance of at least eighty yards, roaring as he came on. Our mahout behaved very well, but the elephant, which was greatly excited, shook his head and swayed his body so much that accurate shooting was impossible. We each fired both barrels, but the tiger came on, and I fully expected to see him on the elephant's head. The latter, however, wheeled round suddenly, knocking Murray and me together in the howdah in a most undignified manner. Fortunately the tiger contented himself with a demonstration, and, catching up my second rifle, I shot him behind the shoulder as he went by. He dashed on for thirty yards, when, reaching the edge of the covert, he turned sharp and crouched for another charge. The end of his tail was twitching ominously, when, the mahout having somewhat steadied the elephant, Murray rolled him over with a shell, and another shot finished him. The Bashi and Cadell, who had witnessed the charge, now came up, and indulged in many pleasant jokes at our expense, imitating what they called our double-wobble style of taking aim. The tiger was a fine, heavy beast, nine feet ten inches in length. On removing the skin, we came on a small wound, evidently two days old, and from it we extracted a fragment of the shell which Murray had fired at Nulwye, thereby identifying the tiger.

"Returning to the tents, we had some luncheon, and then went off after the bear which had been marked in the early morning. She was lying in an intricate network of small, tortuous nullahs having steep clay banks, and we had some trouble in finding her. At length we caught sight of her, and she was instantly slain. She was accompanied by a cub, and, springing down, we hemmed it into a corner and captured it alive. We took it home to the camp, where it was fastened by a dog-chain to a peg before the tent. About midnight I was awoke by Murray calling out that the bear was loose, and on jumping up I saw it

making off to the jungle. Shouting to the servants to loose the dogs, we gave chase. A soft haze hung over the forest, but, the moon being bright, we were able to keep the bear in view. My trusty Batchelor shot by me, and in another moment was hanging on the ear of the bear, which shrieked in a fiendish manner. We carried him back to the tents, where he was properly secured. Our night-dresses, consisting of flannel shirts and wide cotton drawers, were much damaged by the thorny bushes.

AUNT MABEL'S REQUEST.

THE tie that bound me to Aunt Mabel was no ordinary one. She was a second mother to me; for my own, though ever sweet and gentle, yet lacked the energy that is necessary to one who would guide her children as they need guidance during their early youth.

My home was happy; for my father was one of those genial, kindly men who never speak a harsh word to any woman, and he was, moreover, too devotedly fond of his sweet, delicate wife and his only child, to contemplate the possibility of any action of theirs as being aught but perfection.

Then, too, dear Aunt Mabel was a sort of ministering angel in the house. She kept some proper degree of authority over my childish temper; she roused my mother from her too great inclination to inactivity; and I have heard my father say that her talent for business has saved him many times from being drawn into ruinous speculation. She nursed us all when we were sick, and through many a patient night-watch has saved us suffering at the expense of her own health.

Who, then, can wonder that we loved her, or that we all missed her sadly when she married, which she did when I was about five years old? In another year's time auntie had a baby of her own to love. Not that she ever ceased to care for me. Oh, no, she was still the confidant of all my troubles, my "guide, philosopher, and friend"; and I needed one, for I was warm-tempered and strong-passioned, and should often have strayed into some misdoing but for Aunt Mabel's counsels.

When I was about fourteen years old this dear aunt went with her husband and child to India, and from this time my troubles seemed to begin.

First of all, some one persuaded my father to send me to a boarding-school, where I was simply wretched, although I was too proud, or too self-controlled, to confess to the longing for home, which I thought so "babyish." I never overcame this, though I was at the school for nearly two years, and I should probably have remained longer but for my mother's failing health, which rendered it necessary for her to have me with her again.

Oh, the agony of that time, when my mother, our household darling, was fading slowly but so surely away! I had need of all the self-control I had learned to keep down the anguish of my heart, that it might not distress others. I was her sole nurse, for my father, though he must have known the truth, would not acknowledge that my mother was really ill.

At last the sad end came; our mother left us, and with her my father's last happiness in life seemed to die. Our home became dull indeed, for I was naturally sobered with grief, and we scarcely ever saw a visitor.

For three years I led this life, tending my father, managing his house, and finding my only amusement in books or lonely walks, and my only pleasure in expecting or receiving Aunt Mabel's Indian letters.

One morning, some few weeks after my twenty-first birthday, my father did not come down to breakfast as usual; so I went to his room, and tapped at the door. Receiving no answer, I opened the door and entered; he was apparently asleep. I went to the bedside to rouse him with a kiss; my lips touched his forehead, and then, with a shriek, I fell senseless on the floor.

He was dead.

Words cannot paint my loneliness and misery. I was what the world calls "well provided for," that is to say, I need not move from the old house, I had plenty to eat and drink, and could have covered myself with crape had I been so minded.

But I had nothing to satisfy the heart's cravings; I hungered for love, and none cared for me; my ears thirsted for words of tenderness, and only received the conventional phrases of sympathy which the merest good-breeding dictated. In all the land I had none to love me.

It was a strange life for a young woman, that which I now led; an elderly one might have found it monotonous. Nothing to vary, nothing to enliven it. It is true that some cousins of my father's, who had young daughters, occasionally asked me to their house; but we did not get on well together, so that our visiting was very restricted.

So things went on until I was about twenty-three years old, when one day there came a dainty pink note from Mrs. Marshall, one of my cousins, inviting me to a "little dance" in honor of her daughter Susan's birthday. I had no excuse to offer; so I had to utter the falsehood which courtesy demanded, and say I should be "pleased" to accept the "kind" invitation.

When the evening came I shivered as I thought of exchanging my warm merino dress for one without any covering on the shoulders and arms; but, with a courage worthy of a better cause, I dressed, and just casting one last glance at myself, to guess whether my attire would provoke much sharp criticism from my cousins, I went down to the carriage at the door.

As I had expected, I was soon drifted into a corner, on my arrival at the Marshalls'. There I sat, wishing the whole affair at an end, when I heard, at a little distance from me, Mrs. Marshall's voice.

"Come, Mr. Olifaunt, don't you dance? They want another couple for that set. Won't you stand up?"

"I really do not see any lady disengaged," was the reply. "All those who are not standing up are in the refreshment-room with their late partners."

"Nay," said she, "my cousin, Miss Elliott, is sitting down. Shall I introduce you?"

He acquiesced, and Mrs. Marshall led him toward me.

Guess my feelings.

I was proud and sensitive, and felt much inclined to resent being thus forced, as it were, on any one. Still, in the commonest politeness, I could not absolutely refuse, when, after being duly introduced, Mr. Olifaunt asked for the honor of my hand for the coming Lancers. I, however, made my acceptance as ungracious as I conveniently could, by saying, "I suppose we must dance, as this set will be broken up without another couple."

I wonder he was not disgusted with my rudeness; but he merely smiled, and taking my hand, led me to my place. I seemed such a little mite beside him, he was so tall; and he had, too, that manner which is so attractive to most women, a gravely protecting yet earnestly respectful air, as though he felt his own physical superiority, but thoroughly

believed that all women were inwardly something higher and better than himself, and therefore deserving of a sort of homage from good men—and Gerald Olifaunt was a thoroughly good man.

Of course I did not find all this out just at once. At first, all I saw was, that he was a handsome man of some two-and-thirty years of age, with an open, honest, candid face, white teeth, and bright, clear, gray eyes. He had not a large stock of small-talk, for after the observation that the weather was cold, followed by the equally brilliant remark that the room was warm, the conversation dropped between us; but there was nothing remarkable in this, for the Lancers demands a good deal of attention from the dancers.

When the set was over, Mr. Olifaunt led me to the refreshment-room, and then I found he was by no means unable to talk pleasantly and well.

After a few remarks exchanged between us, he said, "You do not seem to care much for dancing."

"You are right," said I; "I do not."

"That is strange; you dance gracefully, and most young ladies like the amusement," said he, looking at me with a sort of wonder.

"There are things which affect us more than time, Mr. Olifaunt," I replied: "and I have known too much sorrow to feel a very young lady. However," I added, "don't imagine I have no amusements. I am alone so much that I have learned to feel more pleasure from books than from the most brilliant balls that were ever given."

"I, too, know what it is to have lived much alone," said Mr. Olifaunt, "and I can understand and sympathize with your love of reading. Truly, books are companions to the lonely."

Finding a congenial spirit in my late partner, I grew less shy, and we were soon engaged in a most delightful conversation.

We sat in the refreshment-room for a most unconscionable time, but really I forgot how the minutes flew, so agreeable was my companion. I do not know how much longer we might have remained there, had not Mrs. Marshall appeared in the doorway.

"Oh, Margaret, my dear, I was just looking for you!" she exclaimed, in her smoothest tones, and with her sweetest smile. "Will you come and play a cotillion for the dancers? You, Mr. Olifaunt, will join them, will you not?"

"Thank you — I fear my powers do not reach as far. I really do not know the figures," replied the gentleman.

"Never mind, Susan will show you," said Mrs. Marshall. "Here, Susie, my love, will you pilot Mr. Olifaunt through this little difficulty."

Miss Susan, who was close to her mother, now came forward, and, with a blush and a simper, took Mr. Olifaunt's arm.

As I took my seat at the piano, I thought that all this manœuvring was not for nothing, and that Mr. Olifaunt must be a very eligible "parti" indeed for Mrs. Marshall to be so perceptibly trying to catch him. I was the more convinced of this when our hostess, as soon as the dance was over, requested the gentlemen to lead their partners down to supper. Thus Susan was quartered on Mr. Olifaunt. I was provided with an escort in the form of an inoffensive youth of about eighteen, who blushed and stammered whenever I addressed him; so I mercifully left him to eat his supper in peace, while I took my own in silence.

After supper, dancing was resumed: but by this time I was heartily tired of the affair, so I begged Mrs. Marshall to allow a carriage to be called for me. She complied, by no means unwillingly, and I was soon cloaked. As I stood in the hall, and just as I was about to quit it, I heard a voice say, "Why, Miss Elliott! are you going so early as this?"

Mr. Olifaunt was the speaker, and I replied in the affirmative.

"You surely are not going alone?" said he, with some surprise.

"Indeed I am," I replied; "there is no necessity for any one to accompany me; I have a cab at the door."

He said no more, but gave me his arm and placed me in the vehicle; then, closing the door, he mounted to the box, and the vehicle was driven off.

When we arrived at my home, Mr. Olifaunt opened the door for me to alight, and I began, "Oh whatever made you——" But he laughingly interupted me.

"I should have been troubled with frightful nightmares if I had let you drive off under only a strange cabman's care," said he. "I should have been haunted in my dreams, with visions of your being upset, and other disasters; so I was selfish, you see, and saved myself by coming with you."

"What will Mrs. Marshall think of me taking you away in this unceremonious manner?" I asked, as I thought of that lady's probable annoyance.

"I do not suppose she will honor me by noting my absence," he replied, "especially as I shall jump into your cab, and be back at Mrs. Marshall's long before any one will have missed so unimportant a person as myself."

With this, he kindly wished me "good-night," and in a few minutes the sound of the wheels died away in the distance.

Mr. Olifaunt's kindness made more impression on me than I should have supposed such a trifling thing would do. Throughout my dreams one idea seemed to prevail—that of my new friend's goodness and geniality of manner; and every time I woke up from my disturbed sleep, the first thought I had was of something he had said, or done, or looked.

The next morning, as I sat working by the fireside, I heard a loud knock, which echoed through the house, and which somewhat startled me, for I had seldom any visitors except our quiet clergyman, whose knock was as meek and mild as himself.

With a woman's impulse, I jumped up to see if my hair was smooth, and my collar straight, and I had scarcely resumed my seat before Mary, the housemaid, opened the parlor-door, and announced—

"Mr. Olifaunt."

He came forward and took my hand, with a kind smile; and then, after the first greeting, he said:

"I found a lace handkerchief of yours in the cab, Miss Elliott; and so I have ventured to call and return it to you."

As he spoke he placed the handkerchief in my hand; but although when this was done, the ostensible purpose of his call was over, he lingered on, and two hours had passed before he took his leave.

This was his first visit to me, but not his last; he came and came again; and there is no use in disguising what I, sooner or later, must confess—that each visit made him dearer to me. Yes, I loved Gerald Olifaunt. Loved him, did I say? Why, the words are tame to express the feeling I bore toward him; he was the life, the light, the sun of my existence. All the wealth of affection so long pent up within my breast was freely lavished on him; he made my hitherto gloomy life bright and joyous, and in loving him I grew young again. Hopes and fears succeeded each other in my heart; but the tumult was sweet, after all. What is not sweet when a woman first loves and believes she is beloved again?

I felt he was worthy of the love I gave him; for now I, of course, knew all his history. He was far too free from vanity to talk much of himself; but still, during our

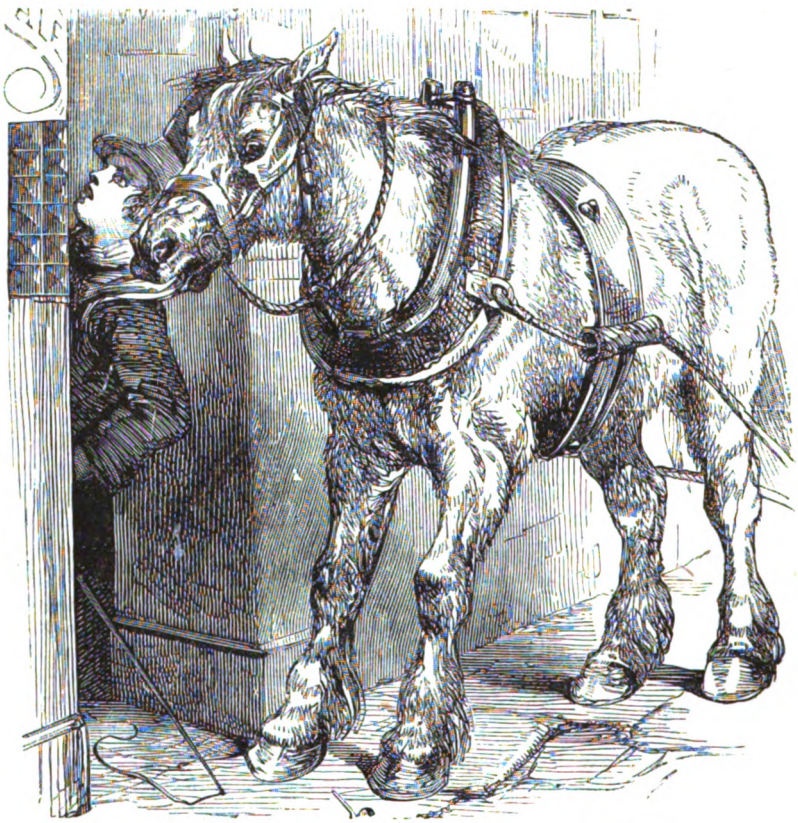
friendly intercourse, I naturally, from time to time, learned the history of his life.

He had been early left an orphan, and had been adopted by a kind but rather eccentric uncle, who had an only son of about the same age as Gerald. When Wymond Olifaunt was about fifteen years old, he was seized with the longing for change and adventure which possesses so many youths, and expressed his wish to see the world to his father, who replied that "he had much better stick to the counting-house." The boy answered warmly, received an angry speech in return, and the father and son finished by a violent quarrel. This resulted in Wymond's running away from home and going to sea.

Mr. Olifaunt's rage at this was unbounded. In his anger he declared he should for the future regard his son as a perfect stranger. This was the only answer he vouchsafed to Wymond's penitent letter, asking his forgiveness for the step he had taken; and as the boy had no small share of his father's pride and obstinacy, they really were strangers to each other; and Wymond might have been dead for aught the old man knew to the contrary.

Gerald, who was much attached to his cousin, endeavored, but in vain, to get his uncle to relent, and so in silence and estrangement ten years rolled on.

One day the Australian mail came in and brought a packet for Gerald. He opened it eagerly, thinking his cousin might at last have broken the proud silence; but the communication was from the head of a firm with which Mr. Olifaunt had business transactions. It was brief, and as follows:



THE HORSE MORE SENSIBLE THAN HIS MASTER.— SEE PAGE 307.

"DEAR SIR: When I was in America you made several inquiries of me concerning a cousin of yours, named Wymond Olifaunt. At that time I had neither seen nor heard anything of him; but you will recollect I promised, in the event of my ever doing so, to let you know. To-day I have, for the first time, some information respecting him; but I fear you will almost wish, when you hear the nature of it, that you had still remained ignorant. However, this morning, on opening the Melbourne *Argus*, the inclosed paragraph met my eye. I send it to you, as I fear there can be no mistake as to the identity of persons, the name being so peculiar. With sincere sympathy for your bereavement, I am, dear sir, yours,

"J. MONKTON."

The paragraph from the newspaper, under the head of "Deaths," was simply this:

"On the 4th inst., Wymond Olifaunt, son of Hugh Olifaunt, of America, aged 25."

There could, indeed, be no mistake; the age and name precluded all idea of that. So nothing remained but for Gerald, after the first shock of his grief had passed, to break the news to his uncle. He did it gently, but to his surprise found that the old man must, in his heart, have cherished the hope of being eventually reconciled to his son, for the blow seemed to shatter him entirely. In fact, he never altogether recovered from it, but drooped slowly in health and spirits for about six months, when he passed away, leaving his nephew, Gerald Olifaunt, his sole heir.

But Gerald could not sit down quietly to enjoy his wealth without first obtaining some more positive and absolute assurance of his cousin's death. The idea of owing his riches to the death of one who had every right to them, had he been alive, and who had been his own earliest friend and playmate, was alone rather painful to Gerald's warm, kind heart, even without the shadow of a doubt that the death had really occurred. So, to satisfy himself, he started for Australia to inquire into the affair; but he found that Mr. Monkton knew no more than the newspaper paragraph had told him.

Then followed a long series of adventures in search of some clue to the place of Wymond's death. Mr. Monkton could give but little help. He had made inquiries at the newspaper office the morning the paragraph appeared, and had heard from a clerk that the notice had been left by a bush farmer, whose name was unknown; and this was all Gerald had to guide him in his search. Many novel and dangerous scenes did he pass through, visiting nearly every "run," as the bush-farms are called, within reach of Melbourne, but in vain.

He was about to give up the search in despair, when one evening, after a long, tiring day, he was overtaken by a sudden and violent storm, and was driven to take shelter in the hut of one of the herdsmen, who have charge of the immense herds of cattle belonging to the large farms. The man and his wife were hospitable, and, after seeing the clothes of their guest dried by the fire, pressed him to partake of their modest supper.

Just before retiring to rest for the night, the man put his hand into his waistcoat pocket, and producing a watch, proceeded to wind it. Gerald looked up as he was doing this, and uttered a cry of surprise. He recognized the watch—it was a large gold one, with the Olifaunt crest in blue enamel upon the back.

AUNT MABEL'S BEQUEST.—"AUNT MABEL—DEAR, BRIGHT AUNTIE—DEAD!"—SEE PAGE 310.

The man heard Gerald's exclamation, but did not notice the look of his face; so seemed to suppose the surprise was caused by the sight of so handsome a watch in so poor a place.

"Ah, sir," said he to Gerald, "you seem to wonder at such a rough sort of fellow having such a thing as this; but the fact is, I came by it rather strangely. About eighteen months ago, a young man—quite a gentleman, I fancy, in spite of his torn and soiled clothes—came here, just as you have done, for a night's shelter; but he was delirious before morning with low fever, caught, I expect, through exposure to wet and cold. Well, sir, my wife nursed him carefully; but it was no good—he got weaker and weaker, until we could see the end was close at hand. One evening, as we were watching him, he opened his eyes and looked round quite sensible-like, and asked where he was. We told him; and then he seemed to recollect all about it, for he said:

"'Yes, I know now. You've been very kind to me. I shall never live to repay you; but keep that,' pointing to the watch. 'I give it you as a token of gratitude.'

"He dropped off into a doze again when he had said this, and did not open his eyes for some time. When he did, he beckoned my wife to his side, and said:

"'When I am gone, send to my father.'

"Poor Sally, who was crying, asked him where his father was; but he had sunk back on the pillow, and murmuring, 'Father!—America!' he died.

"I did not even know his name; but that evening, when I opened the watch to wind it, I saw engraved inside, 'Wymond Olifaunt, on his fourteenth birthday, from his father, Hugh Olifaunt,' then the date. As I was still ignorant of where his father might be living, I thought the best thing I could do was to put a notice of the death in the Melbourne *Argus*, which I did; but whether his friends ever saw it, I don't know."

"They did, they did!" replied Gerald, overcome at finding at last that the Wymond Olifaunt whose early death was recorded in the newspaper, was indeed his cousin and playfellow.

When he grew calmer, Gerald explained his relationship to the dead man, and got the kind-hearted herdsman to show him his cousin's grave. Nothing now remained for him to do but to reward the charitable couple who had nursed his dying cousin, and to mark the spot where that cousin rested with a plain white cross, inscribed with his name and age.

Even then Gerald felt a dislike to returning home to take possession of his newly acquired wealth, and he spent some years abroad before he finally returned to America. He had been but a few months in his native land when I met him at Mrs. Marshall's party.

From this, it will be seen how honorable and upright Gerald's nature was; free from vice or meanness, generous, brave and upright, yet tender as a woman's. Can it be wondered that I loved him? At all events, I did, and in my love I grew a girl again; my pale cheeks got a delicate pink tinge, my eyes lost their weary look, and were soft and bright; and my voice became sweeter and more musical.

It is true, Gerald had never said in so many words, "I love you;" but where is the woman who needs words to tell her the fact? There are a hundred ways as convincing, and far more eloquent, than words. The tender looks, the fond, low tones, the lingering pressure of the hand—are not all these love's telegraph? conveying, like a flash, from heart to heart, the welcome fact, "I love thee." Ah, yes! I did not need to hear Gerald say what his every look and tone had long told me.

Those were happy days, but a check to my extreme happiness came before long. The Indian mails were in, and I was, of course, looking out for the customary letter from Aunt Mabel; but imagine my dismay when, instead of auntie's well-known characters, I saw a strange handwriting on the packet which was placed in my hand. With that sort of foreboding of evil which most people have sometimes experienced, I turned almost sick with dread, and my fingers trembled so as to prevent me at first from breaking the seal. At length I did so, and I found a letter from Mr. Jordan, the younger brother and partner in business of my Aunt Mabel's husband. Inclosed in this was one in my aunt's handwriting. I took up Mr. Jordan's letter and read:

"DEAR MISS ELLIOTT: I feel greater pain than I can express in communicating to you a fact which will, I know, cause you much grief. As in these cases brevity is the best kindness, I will at once tell you that my poor brother was some three weeks ago seized with one of those fatal disorders that are so prevalent in Calcutta during this season of the year, and that before twenty-four hours had elapsed he was no more. His devoted wife was with him throughout the time, in spite of our entreaties to the contrary. It need

AUNT MABEL'S BEQUEST.—"RECLINING ON A LUXURIOUS COUCH, WAS A GIRL OF SEVENTEEN."

scarcely be told you that she, too, was attacked by the fever; she, however, appeared to recover from it, but she never rallied her strength, and within ten days of her first seizure she rejoined the husband she had so loved in life.

"The evening before Mrs. Jordan's death, she begged to be supported while she wrote a few farewell lines to you, her niece. I now inclose them to you. They doubtless have some reference to her young daughter, who is, by her parent's will, left to your personal care Her fortune will remain under my control until she is of age; this fortune is, however, less than might be expected, as my brother has had of late many heavy losses in business. Still there will be a sufficient income to support Lydia Jordan in comfort; and if we are careful till she is of age, it may be improved.

"Some friends are about returning to America, and I shall intrust Lydia to their care, so that you may expect her to arrive very shortly after you receive this.

"With every kind wish, and with much earnest sympathy, dear Miss Elliott, I remain, sincerely, yours, G. JORDAN."

I was almost paralyzed when I read this; I could not realize it. Aunt Mabel—dear, bright auntie—dead! It was long before I could bring myself to read her letter; it was short, but full of tenderness and pathos. It is too sacred to be given here, but it committed her child to my care, and conjured me by every memory of my childhood, and by every tie that endeared us, to do my duty to the motherless girl.

I fell on my knees, and raising my eyes to heaven, I vowed earnestly to care for this young orphan as though I were the mother she had lost, and in all things to study her happiness before my own; then I arose, feeling in some degree comforted, even in my grief.

When next Gerald came, he gave me just the kind of sympathy that is so sweet, entire and perfect, but not fussy; then, in a few days' time, when we began to think my expected ward might arrive, he it was who arranged my journey to New York, who engaged rooms at the hotel for me, who accompanied me thither, and who never left me till I was comfortably installed there.

At last the vessel arrived, and with a beating heart I went on board. I expected to see my cousin looking out for me; but among the many figures crowding the deck, not one was in deep mourning, or in any way corresponded with the figure I was looking for. Fearing something was wrong, I inquired of the captain if Miss Jordan was on board.

"I think, madame, she is in the saloon," was the reply, as with a sailor's gallantry he conducted me there.

I shall never forget my astonishment at the picture before my eyes; the elegant saloon, with a luxurious couch at one end, and reclining on it a girl of seventeen, with large, lazy-looking black eyes, and hair of the same color, which, although twisted into a knot at the back of her head, had yet in many places broken loose and escaped into natural curls. It was the picture of a lazy young beauty, but not of a sorrowing orphan. Still I was glad to see her; so, going forward, I exclaimed:

"Dear Lydia! my dear child!" and folded her in my arms.

Extricating herself quickly, she said, languidly, "Oh, how warm it is! I thought it was always cool in America."

"Well," thought I, "you are cool, at all events."

"So you are the Cousin Margaret mamma used to talk about so much! I think I shall like you," continued Lydia, with much the same criticising tone she might have used had I been a pet dog which she was about purchasing.

"I hope you will learn to more than 'like' me, Lydia," I said, gravely; for her light tone jarred on my ear. "I expected to have seen you waiting for me on deck, but you were not as anxious to see me as I was to see you."

"Oh, I did not like the noise and bustle, so I came down here and made myself comfortable. I knew you would look for me when you came, so there was no necessity for me to look for you," was the reply, in as careless a tone as though the speaker had not come thousands of miles to gain my protection and care.

Finding by this time that any warmth of feeling, or, at all events, any outward demonstration of it, would meet but little return, I busied myself in superintending the arrangements for going ashore. When there, and we were arrived at our comfortable hotel, my young cousin's delight at once more obtaining the luxuries of land quite outstripped any pleasure she seemed to derive from my society.

We, however, did not remain long at New York, but as soon as possible started for home; and then I began to find my charge anything but delightful. She was so terribly willful, so passionate when crossed, and so imperious, that she was a perfect young tyrant; and yet she was so beautiful, even in her tempers, with her large black eyes and pouting, rosy lips, that I could never find it in my heart to be severe with her. As to Gerald Olifaunt, I could not quite understand what he thought of her; he treated her just as one treats a spoilt child, not exactly as a grown-up woman. The fact is, with all Gerald's goodness, he was only human; and, like all men, he could pardon faults in a young and pretty woman, which he would not so readily have overlooked had the offender been plain or of his own sex.

With my relatives, the Marshalls, Lydia was a great favorite; for they fancied that every one coming from India must be wealthy, and I did not undeceive them, although I had discovered that Lydia's income was barely sufficient for her numerous wants. The Marshalls, therefore, treated her with deference as an heiress, and she went there a great deal, for when I had once suggested that "such gayeties were scarcely seemly so soon after her parent's death," she burst into tears, charging me with being unkind, and grudging her the amusement I was too mopish to care about myself. After this I did not interfere with her visiting.

Not the least trying part of the affair was, that Gerald and I never got a minute to ourselves; for Lydia, who could not bear being overlooked, always contrived to monopolize him when he came. One evening, however, soon after he arrived, he asked me to take a few turns in the garden with him. I felt certain what was coming, and my cheeks flushed as I followed him. When we had taken a turn or two, he began, "Dear Margaret," but was interrupted by Lydia, who came running up behind us.

"Oh, Mr. Olifaunt, come here—I want you!" she exclaimed. "You, Maggie, can go in, for I want to talk to Mr. Olifaunt about that charade we are going to act at Mrs. Marshall's."

I went in, and retired to my own room for a time; but at the usual supper-hour I descended, and saw Lydia sitting in the easy-chair, with her head buried in her hands.

"Why, Liddy, what's the matter? and where is Mr. Olifaunt?" I asked.

She did not answer; so I went to her, and touched her shoulder. She stooped forward, and, hiding her face in my bosom, burst into a storm of hysterical sobbing.

"I have offended him. He will never forgive me. Oh, what shall I do!" she exclaimed, amid her tears.

"What is the matter, child? Do tell me," I said again.

"Why, as we came in from the garden, Mrs. Stewart spoke to me about going out with nothing on my head, and I was rude to her, and told her to mind her own business," replied Lydia. "Well, Mr. Olifaunt said I ought to beg her pardon; and I wouldn't, but was rude to him; so he said 'Good-night,' and he has gone away offended."

"Never mind," said I, cheeringly; "tell him to-morrow you are sorry, and he will forgive you."

"If he do not, I shall die, I am sure!" cried the spoilt beauty, impetuously. "I cannot live if he should be unkind." Then, slipping from her seat and crouching on the ground, she continued, "Oh, Maggie! you must beg him to forgive me, and not look so coldly on me; for I love him, and I will not live if he will not care for me."

Had any one dealt me a blow, I could not have been more stunned. Here was Lydia (whom I believed quite capable of carrying out her wicked threat of self-destruction), evidently fancying that Gerald cared for her, and most assuredly caring for him. And there was I, bound by my vow to prefer her happiness before my own, called upon to lay my breaking heart as an offering at her feet. Oh, it was a hard struggle! and I know not how I managed to utter the few soothing words which sent Lydia to bed somewhat comforted, before I went to my own room.

All night I paced the floor in my agony. None can guess how I felt. Gerald was bound up in my heart, and every effort to yield him to another seemed like tearing away my life. Then came the thought, Why should I give him up? Then the answer, "I have vowed a vow unto the Lord, and I cannot go back." Besides, I knew that, however desolate my life might be, I should live my sorrow down, burying it, in some degree, beneath active duties; but poor, petted, self-willed Lydia might indeed sink beneath the blow. So, with prayers and tears and bitter sighs, I made my resolution, and descended, in the morning, calm, though pale, and prepared for the sacrifice.

Early in the morning Mr. Olifaunt's knock was heard, and Lydia slipped from the room, saying, "You tell him how sorry I was to offend him, and call me when you have made it all right."

I was nearly choking with my heart's wild throbbing as Gerald entered; but I controlled my voice as I bade him welcome.

"I am glad you are come," said I, "for poor Liddy has been fretting at having offended you last night."

"Silly child!" said he, carelessly; "she need not have thought any more about it—I did not."

I was determined to finish what I had to say at once, so I replied:

"Indeed, she does not think so lightly of your displeasure; for, Mr. Olifaunt, you surely cannot be so blind as to be unaware of the feeling you have created in her heart. If you really are ignorant of it, I, as her temporary guardian, must in duty tell you that I am sure she loves you; and as she would scarcely do so without having some cause on your part, I think you are in honor bound to go further now, and offer her your hand."

He staggered back and changed color as I spoke; then he muttered:

"Offer her my hand!"

"Indeed, yes!" I replied. "Perhaps I ought not to have broken confidence so far as to tell you what I know of her feelings; but I could not, from any false delicacy, let her young heart break."

"Are you sure she has one to break?" he asked, bitterly. Then he added, "However, if you really think my honor is involved, I will redeem that at all events; and if Lydia takes me for a husband, she shall have a gentle, patient, forbearing one, if no more."

So the matter was settled. I called Lydia down, told her that Mr. Olifaunt wanted to tell her with his own lips of his forgiveness, left them together, and afterward learned from her, amid smiles and blushes, that he had asked her to be his wife, and that she had consented. His wife—Heaven bless me!

There was no use in delaying matters; so, with my help, Gerald began at once to prepare his home for his future bride. My position was most unenviable; I had to bear my own aching heart, and to stand Lydia's reproaches for not being livelier. I had to consult with Gerald as to how his household was to be arranged, and then to hear complaints from Lydia that things were not on a grander scale; and I had, moreover, to be constantly reconciling the betrothed couple, who had about the stormiest courtship I ever heard of.

Gerald very wisely said that they must not begin by living to the full extent of their means, or else, should they have a family to provide for, and schooling and college bills to pay, they would surely be involved. I applauded this, but Liddy quarreled over it, and finished by a fit of hysterics.

Gerald and I agreed that one good cook, a housemaid, a parlor-maid (who should wait also on her young mistress) and a waiter, would be a sufficient household; and, with a neat brougham, and a man to look after the horse and garden, would form quite a nice little establishment. Not so Lydia, who grumbled at the "meanness" of the whole affair, complaining bitterly of not having a lady's-maid, and positively storming at having only one horse to her carriage.

How Gerald bore with her, I don't know. I think if I had not been too miserable, I could have shaken her. Why, I should have been proud to have been Gerald's wife in a garret, with a cotton dress, and only myself to do the work for both.

To mend matters, one of the Marshalls' friends took it into his not very strong mind to be smitten with Lydia, and this young gentleman was the possessor of a very elegant landau and pair of fine chestnuts. The consequence was that whenever Lydia was displeased, she used to say:

"Well, Maggie, I ought to be studied a little, for see what a match I might have made if I had waited! Young Mr. Sharman would let me have anything I wanted if I would only marry him. Besides, see what a carriage he would give me!"

One day, about three weeks from that appointed for the wedding, Gerald came to our house, and, with a hurried step, came into the room where I was sitting.

"Where is Lydia?" he asked, quickly.

I replied that she was dressing for a *matinée*, to which she was going with Mr. Sharman and the Marshalls.

"I am glad of it," said Gerald; "for, Margaret, I fear a great blow is coming; but I do not want to alarm Lydia until I am certain. You, I know, can bear to hear it; so listen. I have this morning received a letter from New York. It is signed 'Wymond Olifaunt,' and is certainly either my cousin's writing or marvelously like it. The letter says that 'Being in the bush, not very far from Melbourne, the writer came upon a tombstone to his own memory.' He made inquiries from a shepherd near, and heard the whole story of my search for him, my discovery of his watch, and my belief in his death. It goes on to tell that the watch is accounted for by the fact of his having once, in a moment of great want, sold it to a young American in the port of Melbourne. The letter finishes by saying the writer came at once to America, and is now at New York, most anxious to see the cousin who cared enough for him to cross the seas in search of him."

"What shall you do?" I asked, as Gerald concluded.

"Why, Margaret, there is but one course," he replied. "I shall go at once to New York, and see if this really is Wymond. If so, I cannot retain property which the father never would have left to me, had he known his son was still alive; so I shall then restore to him his own."

"Well, Gerald, I wish you a safe journey to New York; and be sure you telegraph as soon as you discover the truth," I said; and so we parted.

When Lydia came home from the concert she told me

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that Mr. Sharman had openly declared his affection; and, although she told him of her engagement to Gerald, had begged her not to give him a final answer then. I was downright vexed with her; it seemed such heartless flirtation, and so disloyal to my noble Gerald.

That night, just as we were all about retiring to rest, Mrs. Stewart came to me to bring a paper from the telegraph messenger. I could not open it for a minute or two, but when I did I read:

"It is Wymond. Break all to Lydia. God bless you both. Home to-morrow evening. G. O."

"Break all to Lydia!" No easy task; but anything was better than suspense, and I was very anxious to know how she would bear it. So I went to her room at once. She was already in bed, and raised her head from the pillow as I entered. I went up to the bedside and said:

"Dear Liddy, do you think you have strength to bear a surprise?—and a very unpleasant one it will be, I fear."

"How stupid you are, Margaret!" she exclaimed, testily. "Why don't you say what you have to say, and not walk round the matter in that way?"

With this gentle encouragement I told my tale. When I had finished, Lydia sprang out of bed, and, standing before me, exclaimed:

"But Gerald will never be so silly as to give up all his money to this man, will he?"

I explained that he both ought to do so and would.

"Then," said she, "he will not have me for a wife, that's certain. When I accepted him, I took him just as he was—rich, not poor. Of course I should never have agreed to marry a poor man. Just fancy me with my hands black with hard work, and my fingers pricked with a needle! It's absurd."

"Lydia, you cannot mean it," said I, in distress; "you cannot be so heartless!"

"Now, don't preach, Margaret, for it's no use," she replied; "but say 'Good-night,' and believe me when I tell you that I shall write to Mr. Sharman to-morrow morning, and tell him that I have altered my mind, and will have him, after all."

With this she placed her head on the pillow, and I left her.

Lydia kept her word, and the next evening Mr. Sharman, her new *fiancé*, took her, with Susan and Mrs. Marshall, to the opera, leaving me to receive Gerald and tell him of this fresh blow.

When he arrived I had a cheerful-looking tea-table ready for him, and listened to all he had to tell me. It was like Gerald, that his joy in meeting his long-lost cousin seemed more than to repay him for the loss of his fortune.

"How did Lydia bear it?" he asked, at last.

With some shame, at the mere thought of our common womanhood, I owned to him her heartless behavior; but guess my astonishment when he exclaimed, fervently:

"Thank Heaven!"

"You look astonished, Margaret," said he, "but you must surely know I never loved her. And now, when I am about to begin life a penniless man, it is something to begin it free from ties which gall and fret, but do not unite. Within the week I mean to sail for California, to seek my fortune there; but before I go, dear Margaret, I should like to tell you whom I have loved all these months past—who has been the very spirit of home to me—whose smile would have made the darkest place cheerful—whose clear good sense would have made her truly a help-mate, and whose gentleness and goodness would have made her companionship a blessing. Margaret, my own love, how dear you were and are to me, no words can tell. But do not fancy I am about to offer myself to you now. No; when I can offer you a position worthy of you, I may return and ask you to try to love me; but for the present I must labor and wait. Will you not wish me a 'God-speed' before I start to my home in the New Eldorado?"

"Gerald, Gerald!" I cried, "you shall not go alone. What you can bear, I can; for it is only home to me with you!"

"Then he folded me in his arms, and my heart beat against his; and we at last understood each other.

I have little more to tell. We did not need to leave our home, for Wymond Olifaunt refused to take the whole of his father's fortune. He consented to receive it only on condition that Gerald would accept a comfortable income from it, or, rather, a sum which, when invested, produced such an income. So, with my own fortune, we live well here, and I can wish all husbands and wives nothing better than that they may be as happy as we are, and that they may have as few misunderstandings.

Lydia married Mr. Sharman, and outwardly they get on pretty well, though how their children will get educated I don't know; for I believe they spend every penny of their yearly income as it is. So you see matters have come quite right at last, although I did nearly wreck my own happiness, which was foolish, and Gerald's, which was wicked, in my too great anxiety to fulfill my duty in the matter of Aunt Mabel's Request.

HUNTING THE SICKLE-BILL.

A SHORT time after the "late unpleasantness" between the sister States of our Union, a party of some six of us, consisting of ex-army officers, a subaltern in the person of Contraband Kelly, our man-of-all-work, and last, not least, a small dog, of whom more anon, landed from a shallop on one of the low islands adjoining the South Carolina coast about twenty miles from Charleston. Three of us were enjoying the prospect of a day's shooting, and the other—an amateur ornithologist—had organized the expedition for the express purpose of procuring some eggs of the *Numenius longirostris*, or sickle-bill, which were wanting to complete his collection of curlew's eggs.

HUNTING THE SICKLE-BIRD.

The island upon which we landed was a mere sandbank surrounded on every side by extensive salt-marshes overgrown by the coarse grass peculiar to such localities.

"Hi, sah! Dah de long-bill!" exclaimed our man Friday, pointing to a group of gray birds hovering like a swarm of gnats in the distance. A moment after and they had settled.

At once all was eagerness andexpectancy. Proceeding under cover of the long grass, we came within

two or three times the distance our guns would carry, and were inwardly congratulating ourselves on the splendid opportunity afforded for a broadside, when the objects of our pursuit evidently became aware of our intention, and began leisurely to move away. We took an observation. The sickle-bills were again stationary, and busy devouring the unfortunate fiddler crabs. We tried it again, but before we had approached as nigh as before, we found the vigilance of the birds had increased with our resolution, and the next stride we made the sickle-birds were off.

Unwilling to relinquish the pursuit, we watched for them to alight, and with redoubled caution took advantage of a sand ridge at some little distance from the water. Crawling upon our hands and knees for some time, we carefully peeped over the embankment—a few seconds more would bring us within the required distance—which, on gaining with finger on trigger, we cautiously raised our guns, when yap! yap! yap! barked Pepper, my dog, whom we had left in the boat, as we thought, but who had surreptitiously followed us, rushing frantically amid the flock, and most effectually destroying our hopes of a successful shot.

Fatigued and disappointed, we were on the point of giving over the pursuit, when Contraband Kelly suggested we should try our decoys, which we had brought with us.

Planting them in the sand, we took our station a little distance off behind the aforesaid sand-ridge, and waited, in vain for the appearance of the real birds.

Suddenly one of the party directed our attention to some dark-looking objects on the beach.

"Sickle-bills, as I'm a sinner!" said he,

As it was evident a better opportunity might not be offered us, we adopted our former tactics again. Indian file, "with bated breath" and stealthy tread, we crouched and crept until within gun-shot.

"By George!" exclaimed Colonel G——, one of our party, laughing.

I threw up my gun, but was too late to prevent the other two firing.

"By golly!" yelled Contraband Kelly, "if you gemmen hasn't shot your own duckoys!"

Such, indeed, was the case; and the "gemmen" in question, to my certain knowledge, have not heard the last of it to this day.

Feeling sore at this accident, some of the party proposed returning to Charleston, but the colonel declared that he should "fight it out on that line if it took all Summer.

Upon this, Contraband Kelly proposed that we should put ourselves under his direction, staking his life, liberty and happiness on the result.

Leading the party to the boat, he directed our course to Folly Island, where we landed just as the sun sunk below the horizon. Here, after securing Pepper with a bit of rope-twine, having planted his decoys on the beach, and placed us under cover of an old boat half-buried in the sand, he went to the other side of the beach, and sitting perfectly motionless beneath a stranded piece of timber, began a hoarse, dull call, repeated at regular intervals.

There was still sufficient light for our purpose, but the shadows were deepening, and we began to fear that night would be upon us before the birds. We began also to lose faith in our commander; but at length his tactics were successful. A little flock of four or five birds came slowly sailing up with outspread wings, and presented a splendid shot as they neared the decoys.

A broadside from all our guns killed four and wounded the other. We were about to put the remaining bird out of his misery, when Contraband Kelly authoritatively interfered.

"He call dem da' birds better dan what I ken," he hastily exclaimed. "He know dar names, and he call um ebery one; you see, you stop dar whar you is, and git load up in a hurry—dey ready 'fore you is."

As Contraband Kelly had said, the cries of the wounded bird called the whole flock to his assistance, and, as an instance of self-devotion, rarely if ever equaled among the fellow-beings of their destroyers, I can testify that we kept the whole flock within gun-shot until we had killed or wounded every bird—some fifteen in all.

We then proceeded to the marshes, where we had the satisfaction of discovering a couple of nests, one containing only a broken shell, but the other a couple of eggs, which were eagerly secured.

There was an appearance of there having been many more nests, but they were deserted. In fact, it was a little out of season for eggs, as most of the young had been hatched.

I may remark here that the wariness of the birds surprised me. I do not think it is characteristic of this species of curlew, but attribute it, in this instance, to their being persistently hunted by the negroes.

Having procured more than was necessary for ornithological purposes, we had a couple dressed and cooked; but, although skillfully prepared, they were rank and fishy, and only suited to Pepper's appetite, who devoured them with a relish.

This bird is the largest of the curlew tribe found in North America, and is easily distinguishable by the great length of bill.

We shot our birds on the sand in the dusk of approaching evening, as their custom is to remain on the beach all night, and in the marshes all day. The birds we first saw, however, about four o'clock in the afternoon, were upon the beach, close to the marshes, but they were evidently a straggling party, driven by some cause from their natural retreats.

A NEST OF TIGERS.

In the year 1863 I was traveling in the province of Bengal, on business connected with a large cotton manufacturing house in Manchester. I was sent there as a judge of cotton, to buy up the best that could be found, in order to supply the demand arising from the failure of the American market.

Brown, Jones & Co. footed all my bills, and I must say that I enjoyed my trip.

I should have enjoyed it much more but for the intense heat of the weather. This caused me much distress in the middle of the day, and at such times I have been forced to halt and repose under the shade of the stately *banyan*, by the borders of some roadside tank.

My bearers made no objection to these halts, but, on the contrary, enjoyed them. I was traveling by *dawk*, as it is termed in India, having relays of bearers to carry my palanquin from village to village.

This method of journeying is one of the most luxurious in the world, as the motion is so easy and gentle as to dispose one to sleep, and all the comforts you can need are carried in the palanquin. The only improvement on it that I know of is the Nile-boat, with its luxurious cabin; or a rich man's yacht. But both these are very expensive luxuries; whereas *dawk* traveling is as cheap as a railway.

After going about for some time on the great cotton estates, and buying many valuable crops for my employers at favorable credits, I began to think of returning homeward. I was stopping at the time on the estate of Mr. ——, one of our best customers, a rich Scotchman who had emigrated to

India to start cotton-farming, and succeeded well, like his countrymen all over the world.

Mr. —— was as hospitable as only a Scotchman can be, although as hard a bargainer as ever was met with. He insisted that I should stay a week at his place, now that our business was done, and he would show me some sport. Knowing that a week more or less in my departure would make but little difference, since my cotton was on its road to Calcutta, I accepted his invitation, and passed a very pleasant week, shooting the multifarious kinds of game that thronged the neighboring jungles.

Outside the cotton-fields lay a narrow belt of wood toward the south, separating Mr. ——'s estate from the patches of rice and the *paddy* fields of the neighboring *ryots*. These fields stretched for the next two hundred yards, and were then lost in the thick jungle, the home of wild hogs, peafowl, and various other winged and four-footed game. Hares and foxes were plenty, and my host had two or three brace of magnificent English grayhounds, with which we enjoyed splendid sport.

I was also shown the native Indian sport of hawking, practiced with the Indian Peregrine Falcon, known as the *bahree;* where the great lead-colored stork, the *cyrus*, with his crimson head and neck, was chased down and killed, by a hawk half his size.

I shot numerous peacocks and black-crested florikens, and went out hunting the wild boars, or "pigsticking," as it is now termed in India.

I had many risky adventures, out of which I luckily came scot-free, both with hogs and snakes; but the climax of all was one that I stumbled on by accident one morning, and which came near costing me my life.

I had started from the house about an hour before daybreak, to reach a certain tank about five miles off, where I was informed that game was very plentiful, as the tank was a regular morning watering-place.

Mr. ——'s chief *shikkaree*, or huntsman, went with me as a guide, and I was warned to keep in the open ground, and avoid the jungle, as the place was very "tigerish."

Young and ardent as I was, it was the chosen wish of my heart to see a tiger—a thing I had not yet succeeded in doing in the daytime. Thinking that I should probably meet one coming home from his nocturnal stroll if I arrived early enough, I took my Henry rifle along with me, resolved to bag one, if possible.

I had knocked over too many grizzlies on the prairies to be afraid of a sneaking tiger.

I was destined, as the sequel will show, to have a surfeit of tigers; and if it had not been for the aid of my trusty "repeater," I should not now be telling the story.

Mahommed, the shikkaree, stole softly along by my side in the gray dust of the morning, bearing his long matchlock on his shoulder, and as noiseless as a ghost, with his bare feet. A *tulwar*, or curved sword, as keen as a razor, hung by his side, and he bore at his back a bundle of — what do you think? Why, skyrockets.

"What in the world do you want with those rockets, Mohammed?" asked I, curiously. "Do you expect to scare the beasts of the forest out of their wits?"

"Sahib shall see," replied Mohammed, quietly. "Sahib tell Mohammed take good care of Sahib, this morning. He go very dangerous. Tiger much angry if disturbed at sleep. Sahib get eat up if no carry rocket!"

"Nonsense, Mohammed!" I replied. "What in thunder's the use of those things? They won't kill any one. And here's old 'Sweet Sixteen'—worth more than all the bundle."

By "Sweet Sixteen" I meant my sixteen-shooting Henry rifle, my companion in several hunts.

"Sahib see," replied Mohammed. "Maybe Sahib glad to hab rocket near by soon."

I ceased to argue with Mohammed, and we proceeded in silence along the path. The east was all aglow with the the fervent blush that heralds the rising sun, the dew was sparkling on every tree and bush of the jungle, and myriads of birds were singing their morning melodies of praise to their great Creator.

We walked briskly along the road that wound through the jungle to the lonely tank, and just as we arrived there, up leaped the broad red sun, pouring a blaze of gold on the surface of the water.

The tank was an immense artificial reservoir, built in times past by some pious prince, to preserve the blessing of abundant water in that dry climate. As we came near it was all alive with waterfowl. Ducks and wild geese innumerable, of various bright colors, swam to and fro, gabbling loudly. Peacocks screamed discordantly from the encirling jungle, and monkeys and parrots kept up their harsh chorus.

At the further end of the tank, nearly a quarter of a mile long, stood a huge elephant, drinking peacefully, while several herds of deer and antelopes shared the enjoyment. I plainly saw that it was useless to approach by the front, and, therefore, motioning to Mohammed to follow me, I plunged into the jungle, intending to make a circuit and intercept the elephant.

But I had miscalculated the difficulties of the path. Ere long I had lost the direction of the tank, hidden so soon from view in the thick jungle, and was wandering I knew not where, among copses of low bushes interspersed with taller trees and little open glades, where the coarse yellow *surpul* grass lay matted all over the ground.

I toiled on for some time, thinking I was parallel with the edge of the tank, but I could see no opening anywhere, and at last I turned round to inquire the way of my follower. But Mohammed had disappeared. Whether he was scared at my temerity in venturing alone into a tiger-haunted jungle, or had failed to keep up with me on account of his heavier load, I could not tell. All I knew was that I was alone, and lost in the jungle.

I began to feel a little nervous, but I pooh-poohed the thought of danger. I would remember the direction to the tank, I thought, and push toward it. I tried to calculate the distance of the sun by this time from the east, and started in the direction I thought the tank ought to be. I stole cautiously and quietly on, not daring to make much noise on account of the supposed vicinity of tigers, and I began to flatter myself I should reach the tank safely, when I suddenly halted spellbound.

Right before me, within ten feet, lay a huge royal tiger, as large as an ox, fast asleep.

The old rascal had been out all night, and was enjoying his morning nap, curled up like an old tabby cat. He had not heard my footsteps, and I halted in dead silence. He lay right in my path, and I could not pass him without waking him. I was afraid to lose my direction, for fear I might wander on *ad infinitum* in the devious, tangled jungle. Still I could not pass on without disturbing the tiger. I would have tried a bullet, but, from the position in which he lay, I should have probably missed his brain or heart. I stepped softly back to retreat, keeping my gaze fixed on the tiger, when, as luck would have it, my very first step brought me on a dry stick, which snapped in two with a loud noise.

In an instant the tiger awoke.

Only partially, however. He was dazed with the light in his eyes, and glared around with an inquiring stare. No time was to be lost.

I was not twelve feet from the huge brute, and well within his spring. I sent "Sweet Sixteen" to my shoulder, and aimed right between the fierce, green eyes, as the tiger half rolled up on his side with his head raised. As I pulled the trigger, the flash and smoke obscured everything from my vision for a moment, but I heard no sound; and as the smoke cleared away I beheld the striped monarch of the jungle lying dead before me.

But I had scarcely time to note this, when, horror on horrors! up started *five* more tigers within a radius of twenty or thirty feet, and stood staring at me in apparent astonishment. They could not have been more astonished than I was to see them.

The striped coat of the tiger, brilliant as it appears, is yet so well suited to the color of the jungle, as to be well-nigh invisible. Hence my ignorance of the proximity of the beasts.

My hair began to rise right up on my head at the idea of my danger, as I surveyed these five monsters, any one of them able to gobble me up at a meal and want more. But I had not fought "Old Ephe" among the Rocky Mountains, to give up even among such straits. "Sweet Sixteen" had the lever reversed, and a new charge in the barrel before you could say "Jack Robinson." I took a steady aim at the tiger immediately in front of me, and bowled him over as dead as a door-nail. His comrades started as they saw him fall, and taking advantage of the pause, I dashed forward over his body toward the tank.

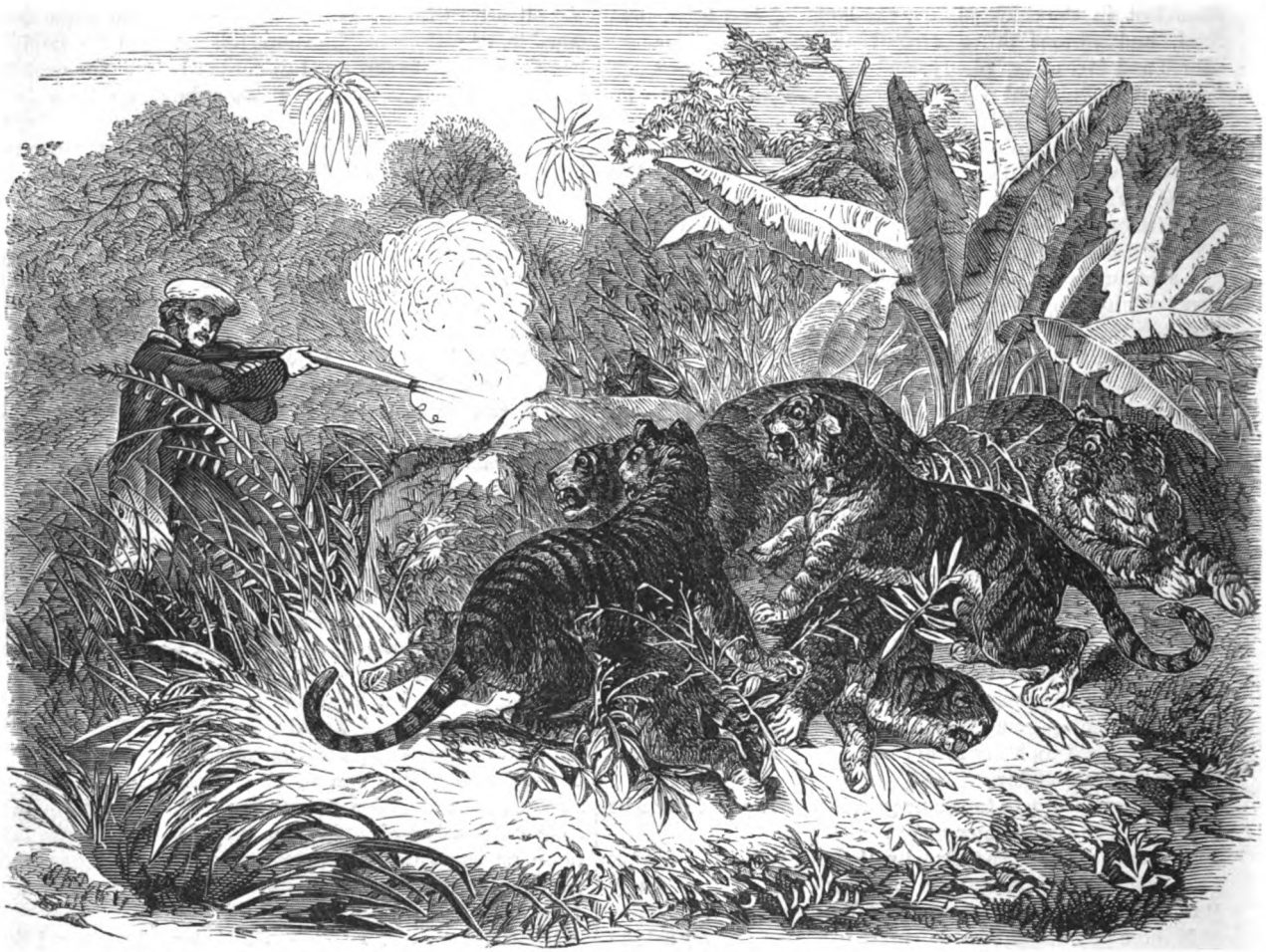
My flight was the signal for pursuit

Scarcely had I cleared the dead tiger, when four simultaneous roars of anger greeted my ears, and I could hear the crash of the falling bodies, as all four sprang for the spot I had just vacated. So eager were they, that they fell against one another. But they were disappointed in their leaps, and like all felines, looked ashamed, and hesitated before making another.

I saw that boldness was my only salvation. I was not six feet from the foremost tiger, and pointing my gun at his broad forehead, I had the satisfaction of seeing him bite the dust. What I should have done with the other three I cannot tell, for they were taken off my hands very unexpectedly. A sudden hissing and sputtering arose close by, and a fiery-tailed monster shot through the air into the midst of the three tigers, blowing up with a loud report immediately between the two rearmost.

You ought to have seen those creatures get. The rocket took all the fight out of them in a moment, scaring them almost to death. All three galloped off, with their tails swelled out to three times the natural size with terror, while I stood laughing unrestrainedly at the ludicrous figure cut by my lately formidable opponents.

Mohammed, the shikkaree, had proved my salvation. He had been hunting for me when he heard my first shot close by, and hastened to the spot to be of assistance if possible. He just arrived in the nick of time. His rockets proved even more efficacious than my bullets, and I learnt a lesson, not to go too far into the jungle alone again, for fear I might fall unawares into another nest of tigers.



A NEST OF TIGERS.—"I TOOK A STEADY AIM AT THE TIGER IMMEDIATELY IN FRONT OF ME, AND BOWLED HIM OVER AS DEAD AS A DOOR-NAIL. HIS COMRADES STARTED AS THEY SAW HIM FALL."

THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.

By Etta W. Pierce.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

The carriage stopped.

"Come, Beatrix," said the banker to his ward, who sat curled up in a corner, trying to peer out through the window upon the blurred, misty, rainy Newport, "we have at last reached our destination."

It was a house upon Bellevue Avenue—a wonderful, ornate structure, called, like everything else of like nature in the town, a cottage. Bee sprang out of the vehicle, thrilling with such curiosity and delight as only a girl just freed from school, and with the world all before her, can feel. She caught one glimpse of velvet-green lawns, of parterres of gorgeous flowers, a splendor of foliage and decoration, and then a servant had opened a door and her guardian was leading her across a hall, straight into Miss Charlotte Vann's Newport drawing-room.

"'MY DEAR CHILD, WELCOME TO MY LITTLE ATELIER,' MISS VANN CRIED, LOOKING CAREFULLY AT THE COLORS ON HER PALETTE. 'THIS IS MY FAVORITE TIME FOR PAINTING.'"

It was an apartment that looked as if it had been transplanted from Murray Hill or Beacon Street. The ceiling was frescoed, curtains of lace and silk damask, embroidered with quaint arabesques, draped the plate-glass windows. A deep pile carpet of rich colors covered the floor. The Renaissance furniture was upholstered in silk damask also, and all its woodwork adorned with medieval traceries in black-and-gold. The high cabinets of gilt and ebony glittered with costly *bric-à-brac*. A fireplace of dark marble, variegated with yellow, and paneled on either side in rich knotted wood, was the crowning glory of the room. There, upon brass andirons shining like beaten gold, and ornamented with grinning gnomes' heads, a blazing log was stretched, more for pleasant show than actual warmth, for even on this stormy day the Newport atmosphere was mild as new milk. From an oval chair in the flickering light of the log, a lady, dressed like a fashion-plate, arose, and, dropping from her arms a hideous little English pug dog, came forward to meet her visitors like a brisk ocean breeze.

"At last!" she cried. "I declare I have grown quite tired of waiting for you, Cousin Cullen—you and I *are* cousins, you know, two or three lines removed. And this is your ward, Beatrix, the little Western girl? Quite fresh, quite charming, like a picture after Greuze." She gave Bee a kind kiss. "I am delighted to take you in charge, *petite*. Welcome to Newport. We dine in half an hour. You will see no strangers save one young friend of mine whom you will not mind in the least. With my maid's assistance, you have just time to make your toilet."

Somewhat confused by her hostess's rapid way of talking, Bee took a curious look at her.

First of all, Miss Vann was the descendant of an old Dutch governor; next, she represented, in her tall, angular person, the respectable sum of three millions. She was sallow, *passée*, loud in style, and *bearded*—at least, by this term her enemies referred to the dark, unbecoming line of down that marred her upper lip. She had never been a beauty, even in her youth, and certainly was not one now, at the mature age of thirty-five. She managed her wealth with great shrewdness, and kept her keen black eyes wide open to the wiles of the fortune-hunter. She lived with her mother—her only near relative—and in spite of many eccentricities, held an undisputed place in the *crême de la crême* of New York society. She patronized the fine arts, and

dabbled in them, too; she wore superb diamonds, and her wines, her horses, her dinners and her French cook were above praise. Even at this first meeting, something in her look, something in her warm, kind manner, drew Bee's heart instinctively toward Charlotte Vann.

"My dear child," she said, with a good-natured laugh, "your aunt Amelia has written me minute instructions regarding you. I am to watch over you closely; I am to keep you from all superfluous acquaintances; I am to remind you constantly of the fact that you are not yet out; I am to reform your school-girl manners, your natural *brusquerie*—oh, Heaven! don't look so dubious, child! In spite of all these restrictions, I think I can make life bearable for you at Newport. Now go and dress."

A servant conducted Bee to her chamber, whither her trunks had already been carried, and Miss Vann's maid brushed from her garments the dust of travel, and prepared her for the dinner-table.

"Oh, how lovely!" thought the girl, as, betwixt the lace and muslin draperies of her window, she caught a glimpse of the darkening Narragansett and the fleece-white line of surf rolling up the shelving shore. "I shall be happy, I know, with this great, glorious sea always before my eyes. I wonder—I *do* wonder if anything pleasant is waiting for me here?"

Thus far, Bee's life had not been particularly joyous. Eighteen years before, her father, Stephen Sardis, a well-born, dissipated spendthrift, had fled to the West, after some disgraceful transactions at home, and there married the sole heiress of a rich pork-dealer. It was the wealth of this maternal grandfather which Bee had inherited. She was an orphan. Her worthless father had died in her infancy; her mother on her eighth birthday; leaving the girl and her fortune to the care of her paternal uncle, Sardis the banker.

Ever since her mother's death, Bee had been at school, passing only her vacations with her father's relatives, and cultivating the tie of kindred and affection with only one of their number—Ethel.

With such a barren record as this, it was not strange that Bee should long for something pleasant in the new life opening now before her.

She flung one half-dissatisfied look at her fair, young face in the mirror, and then descended to the drawing-room. Her guardian and Miss Vann were awaiting her there, but not alone. Two other persons had joined them. One was Madame Vann, a fat, overdressed old woman, with gray hair elaborately arranged, and a heavy face bleached with pearl powder and spotted with black moles, that looked like little islands rising in a sea. She was chatting with the banker, in a thin, falsetto voice, rapping his arm with her fan, shrugging her shoulders and lifting her eyebrows with a frivolous air more suitable for seventeen than seventy.

Society, when speaking of Madame Vann, always smiled expressively. She was, like her daughter, eccentric; but many, many things are pardonable in people of blue blood and great possessions.

As Bee entered, this lady, so ancient and yet so youthful, deigned her just one glance, and piped, "Very fresh and simple, I'm sure," and then returned to her conversation with Mr. Sardis.

The second stranger in the room was a man, leaning carelessly against the dark, yellow-veined mantel and teasing Miss Vann's ugly pug dog. He was as handsome as a Greek god, young, not passed five and twenty, with a soft, Southern darkness of tint, and unfathomable eyes of half dreamy, half melancholy splendor. A Raphael face, fit to turn the heads and destroy the peace of nine women out of every ten on whom its dangerous charm might fall.

"How does the marriage of Hector and Andromache progress?" was the rather startling question which Bee heard him ask of Miss Vann.

"Indifferently," she answered, "you really must instruct me about the arrangement of Andromache's headdress—it does not become her in the least." Then, turning to Bee, she added, "My dear, let me present Mr. Saxe, the artist. He will paint you as Amy Robsart or Maud Muller, I dare say."

Under Eric Saxe's wonderful eyes Bee colored, unaccountably, and then became very angry with herself for so doing. His hand touched her own for an instant, warm and firm.

"Be friends," said Miss Vann, "I wish it."

"Miss Vann's wishes are always my law," answered Eric Saxe, smiling.

Bee did not know whether she herself had spoken or not. Her guardian was beckoning her to his side. She took a place upon the sofa where he sat with Madame Vann. The latter was chattering like an old magpie.

"Really, how haggard and worn you look, Cullen—you have been ill, have you not? Pray tell me, what is that scar which you are trying to hide under your hair?"

The banker had dressed his iron-gray locks low down on his forehead to conceal the ugly mark made by Moll Dill's revengeful hand. With one warning glance at Bee, he answered:

"I was thrown from my carriage some days ago—it was that accident which detained me so long in Boston. I wrote to Charlotte about it—did not she tell you?"

"Charlotte never tells me anything—betwixt the demands of Art and Society she really has no time. I assure you," sinking her voice for Mr. Saxe's benefit, "I am greatly bored with all these artists. Most of them—the young ones at least, are absurdly poor. But Charlotte *will* patronise them, *will* invite them to our dinners and receptions, *will* paint pictures, and fit up studios, and I find that I must resign myself to the inevitable."

"Quite right," answered the banker, absently.

"*Apropos* of poor people," madame rattled on, "the Harding cottage on Ocean Avenue has just been sold. These unfortunate Hardings! Lawrence was Ethel's devoted admirer last season, you know. They have lost everything. The daughter was engaged to Jack Severne the millionaire, but, of course, he will not marry her now. Larry is expected from Europe daily. It is very hard for him. He will have to find a clerkship or something. How fortunate that Ethel never encouraged his suit——"

The announcement of dinner cut short the conversation, and the party proceeded to table.

Long afterward Bee's memory of this meal—her first beneath the Vann roof—was made up principally of two things—the extraordinary quantity of wine which Madame Vann drank, and a Raphael face, full of Southern fire and darkness, that shone upon her across the glittering plate and Sevres of the board.

Trained servants came and went, noiseless as shadows; a flood of softest light filled the room, and the air was heavy with the odor of flowers. As for the Raphael face, it spoke to Bee now and then—it looked at her a great deal, but it talked mostly to Miss Vann on art subjects that were as Sanscrit to our novice.

Nevertheless she listened quietly and observed that the two were good comrades, that the young artist regarded his hostess with genuine esteem and deference, and that her manner toward him was indulgent and motherly. It was *young* genius invariably which Miss Vann affected.

"Men whom the gossips may call my sons but not my lovers," she was wont to say, laughing, and the air which she assumed toward such was always maternal.

"Where is your friend, the Baron, to-night?" said Eric Saxe, suddenly, as if a curious thought had just struck him.

"The Baron? Oh, he went to Washington two days ago on diplomatic business," answered Charlotte Vann, "Newport seems like a desert without him, does it not? or perhaps, it would be more accurate to say, like the sky without the sun?"

"I really have not noticed anything so serious," replied Saxe, passing a Majolica plate heaped with purple grapes to Bee.

"Who is that?" queried the banker, from the other end of the table. He had listened so long to Madame Vann's clatter that he began to feel the need of a diversion.

"Baron Strozzi, an Italian nobleman, and the lion of Newport society this season!" cried Charlotte Vann, with enthusiasm. "He is a guest at the Ocean—very rich, very *distingué*, and the head of an immensely ancient family—his ancestors were in the Roman senate with Julius Cæsar."

"Indeed!" said the banker, and Bee opened her blue eyes wide. "Is he young?"

"Yes—at least, not past thirty."

"Handsome?"

"Irresistibly so—is he not, Eric?"

Thus appealed to, Mr. Saxe answered quickly, but firmly:

"I should say *not*."

"Confess, then, that he is the most fascinating of men."

"He may be, but one can scarcely expect him to waste his peculiar powers upon his own sex. My acquaintance with the baron is too limited to allow me to judge of his attractions."

"I know not why it is," laughed Charlotte Vann, "but you can rarely or never induce one man to praise another. Our dear, delightful baron is an especial godsend this season, when eligible parties are so scarce at Newport. The feminine portion of society adore him. He is polished, he is elegant, he is gallantry itself. No garden-party, no dinner, no gathering of any sort can be complete without him. Ah, it is not every day, you know, that one can find a live lord to button one's glove, or hold one's fan, or murmur compliments in one's ear."

"He has an abominable accent," said Eric Saxe.

"Ladies think it delightful," answered Miss Vann. "I have heard it compared to all kinds of delicious melody."

"He is pitted with the small-pox," called out Madame Vann, as she nodded to the servant for more champagne.

"So was Mirabeau, and yet everybody knows that he was the most attractive of men. Those scars add character to the baron's face, but do not detract at all from its manly beauty."

"Good Heaven!" cried the banker, in mock alarm; "keep my little Bee out of his way, Charlotte! I fear it was hardly safe to bring her to Newport, after all."

Charlotte Vann smiled good-naturedly.

"Bee is not out yet," she answered. "We must not so much as mention lovers for her till after her *début*."

Glancing across a big silver *epergne* at that moment, Bee met Eric Saxe's dark eyes fixed upon her with an expression that brought the blood to her very temples. Love does not wait for times or seasons—perhaps that eloquent look told her as much.

They went back to the drawing-room. Eric Saxe took his departure shortly after, and Bee bade farewell to her guardian, who was to leave for New York at an early hour next morning.

"My dear," he said to her at parting, "don't let Charlotte Vann inoculate you with her passion for art and artists, or her admiration for foreign barons. You have good sense, and I dare say you will need it all in this household. I will come and see you occasionally."

"Have no fear for me," Bee answered, blushing and laughing; "but, guardy, you look ill and worried—you have not seemed like yourself, of late. Why will you not stay here with me? I am sure you need the rest."

"Impossible, my dear! You do not know what you say. There is no rest for men like me. Kiss me and say good-by. If you grow homesick you can send me word, and I will come and take you away."

Bee went to bed and to sleep. When she opened her blue eyes next morning the storm was past. The sun shone cloudlessly on shore and sea, on the cliffs and the beach, and the elegant avenues lined with cottages of every description—French, Swiss, Elizabethan, Gothic, Italian.

"To-day my life begins," she said to herself, gayly. "To-day the world fairly opens before me—all in sunshine, too, which is nice and prophetic, I'm sure."

She made a pretty morning toilet and went down to find Charlotte Vann. A French maid met her at the head of the stair.

"Mademoiselle is in her studio," she announced. "She wishes you to come to her there."

Bee followed the servant, vaguely wondering.

Miss Vann's studio was a delightful room, with appointments of the costliest description, as befitted the taste and purse of this amateur in art. The walls were lined with pictures, and white images of Bacchuses, fauns, cherubs, cupids and angels looked down from every nook and corner.

As Bee entered Miss Vann was sitting at an easel, brush in hand, in a costume which had been copied evidently from Rosa Bonheur. Her black eyes were rolling in fine frenzy.

Her sallow face, with its faded tints, and dark downey upper lip, beamed with as much delight in her work, as if the genius of a Rubens or a Rembrandt inspired her.

"My dear child, welcome to my little *atelier*," she cried, looking carefully at the colors on her palette, "this is my favorite time for painting. I give the first fresh hours of the day to art, the rest to society. Examine my paintings if you like. They are my children. Wherever I go, I take them with me—nothing can induce me to submit to a separation."

She waved her hand indulgently toward the walls.

Bee was no critic, yet one good look at Miss Vann's pictures convinced her that they were, one and all, fearful daubs—that such rocks and sunsets—such beasts of the field and fowls of the air as this rich, *passée* woman produced upon her canvas, mortal eyes had never yet seen and never would see. Wonderfully were the colors laid on—Miss Vann's enemies were wont to whisper among themselves that she painted with a shovel—and on the easel was something worse than all the rest—the marriage of Hector and Andromache. To Bee it seemed like a great blotch of purple and yellow, violet and red.

Miss Vann gave the speechless girl a nod which was meant to encourage her timidity.

"Well?" she queried; but Bee who was truth itself colored and remained silent.

Fortunately Miss Vann altogether misunderstood her emotions. She arose with a radiant face and snatched her in her arms.

"My dear child, you did not suspect my powers! When you saw me last night you thought me only a woman of society—you did not guess the deeper needs of my soul. You need not speak—silence is often more eloquent than words. It is delightful to be appreciated. You shall often come and sit with me here, and see me work."

Bee was not required to give thanks for this promised rapture, for before she could speak Miss Vann went on:

"The gentleman who dined with us last night—Mr. Saxe, you know—ah, *he* is a genius, my dear. Did he not remind you of Edgar Ravenswood, or Manfred, or some Prince Perfect despoiled of his birth-right? He is the last scion of an ancient Southern family that was utterly ruined in the war. He came to New York not long ago, penniless, friendless, to study art, and in that pursuit he has borne all sorts of privations and disappointments and sufferings—borne them like a hero, poor fellow! though he would not care to have me say it, for he has pride enough for a dozen men—that old, stubborn, Southern pride, that nothing can kill. The first time I saw him, he was dying of starvation and fever in an attic. However, his trials are over now. Some crayon heads, which he executed in New York last season, brought him into notice, and he is fast becoming the fashion. I have engaged him to paint my portrait here at Newport. He is staying with an artist friend in the old quarter of the town—you shall go with me to his studio, some time. Did you notice his exceeding personal beauty?"

"Yes," answered Bee.

"I delight to look at him. He will never paint a picture half as handsome as himself. For women—*young* women, he seems to care nothing. They make covert love to him, they admire him openly, and he is as blind and deaf to all their blandishments as a Trappist monk. In spite of his Southern temperament, Eric loves nothing but his art."

Then Miss Vann put by her brushes and colors, and with a fond, farewell glance at her daubs, went out with Bee, locking her studio door carefully after her.

The two breakfasted alone—Madame Vann did not appear. As the clock on the salon mantel struck eleven, Miss Vann ordered her carriage, and attended by her guest and her French waiting-maid, rolled off to the bathing-beach, to take her morning plunge in Newport surf.

The tranquil sea glittered like a great expanse of silver scales. The sun shone cloudlessly on the gray sands, and over the purple cliffs, and the rocks and forts of the harbor. The vapors of early morning had vanished, the air was like balm, and hundreds of people thronged the bathing place—spectators in carriages, laughing children with their nurses, gay girls as merry as grigs, elegant ladies in picturesque costumes, and ladies not so elegant, and regarding whose physical proportions the aforesaid costumes made unpleasant revelations.

Miss Vann, arrayed for the occasion like a Paris fashion-plate, seated herself on a beach-chair, and was surrounded directly by a score of friends, all anxious for a word and a smile—this rich spinster was a great favorite in society. But Eric Saxe was not among them, and Bee stood impatiently by, watching the fringing surf-lines, and waiting for the close of the impromptu levee.

When it was over, Miss Vann retired to her bath-house, and with the help of the French maid, Bee struggled into a charming blue bathing-dress, and, with fair braids flying, and all her Hebe prettiness enhanced by the soft, clinging costume, she rushed forth for her first tumble in the breakers.

Bee was not timid by nature, and she had no nerves of the troublesome sort. She took to the watery element as naturally as a duck. Her warm blood was impervious to its chill, and her heart too full of healthy delight to feel any of the qualms that usually beset the novice in her first battle with the surf. She scorned the aid of the rope at once, and breaking free from Miss Vann—Miss Vann, who looked like an animated scarecrow in red and blue—held out her dimpled white arms to meet the ocean that came rolling softly into their embrace.

"Oh, how lovely!" she said to herself, as she splashed about in the sun-warmed waves, like a young dolphin. "How good it seems to be alive this perfect morning!—to be young and tolerably fair, and to have the world all before one!"

Bee's world meant plenty of fine dresses, balls, jewels, operas, *fêtes*, with, perhaps, now and then a glimpse of Miss Vann's artist friend added to her other felicities; for his face still haunted her memory like some strain of wonderful music.

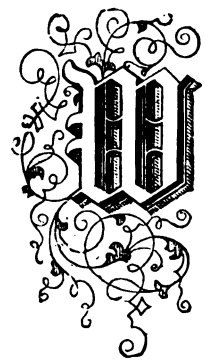
How gay the beach looked—how merry the voices of the bathers sounded! She had ventured beyond them all. The surf was high up about her shoulders. Still she felt no fear. At a little distance a mass of strange, purplish sea-wrack drifted by—floatage, perhaps, from far, unknown waters. Bee plunged to grasp it, and as she did so, a big, inrushing breaker swept her off her feet. The next instant a thousand tons of slippery brine seemed rolling upon her—choking her, like great, murderous hands. The element which had been her docile playmate a moment before, was now her deadly enemy. One thought flashed through her frightened brain—"O God! I am drowning!"

She cried out, and the sound was echoed by the bathers nearer the beach. Above all other voices she heard, or fancied she heard, Miss Vann shrieking, "Save her!"

Then sight and hearing fled together. Over Bee's blonde young head the waters closed, wrathful and covetous. She sank powerless into their cruel possession, and knew no more.

CHAPTER IX.

SIGNOR DISCORDO.



"WHO is that fellow?" said Val Black, staring after a male figure that was sauntering leisurely away from the door of No. 10 Seedy Court.

"My new lodger," answered Miss Affry, "Signor Discordo, a teacher of music."

"Isn't he rather a heavy swell for a locality like Seedy Court?" continued Val, taking up his hat to depart to the office of Sardis & Co.

"He's neat in his dress, if that's what you mean," said Miss Affry, "and he seems to be nice and quiet in his ways, though very uncertain. Last night is the first time he has lodged here since he hired his room."

"How do you explain that?"

"His pupils call him out of the city—they live in the suburbs, I suppose. Well, if he only uses his room occasionally, there'll be small wear and tear on the furniture—that's a comfort."

"His face, if I may judge from the glimpse I just had of it, is simply villainous."

"Val!"

"By Jove, it *is!* Keep a sharp lookout for your spoons, Aunt Affry; and, above all, don't let him fall in love with Mercy, if he chances at any time to meet her at the stair. By-the-way, do you see how pale and thin that child is growing with the midsummer heat, and her endless needle-work? Whether she is willing or not, I am going to marry her at once—out of hand."

A flush darkened Val's rugged face. Miss Affry scanned him closely.

"You love her very much, laddie!" she sighed.

"That I do. There's nothing under heaven that would recompense me for her loss. You believe me, don't you, when I say *nothing?*"

GEESE.

"Yes. And what you love, I must love too, laddie—I will be very kind to Mercy for your sake."

He kissed her gracefully, and plodded off to the banking-house. After his departure Miss Black went about her morning tasks with several new wrinkles in her funny little face. She had changed much in the last week. Often when Val was not by, she looked worried and perplexed, as if some harassing matter lay heavy on her mind. After putting her household goods in order, she took up Val's paper of the night before—an evening paper was about the only luxury which the young fellow indulged in—and adjusting her glasses, searched its columns greedily, hastily, and with visible trembling. Every item of foreign news she read again, and yet again. It was a habit into which Miss Affry had fallen of late. One might have thought the old woman had suddenly developed an abnormal curiosity regarding the affairs of the world beyond the great ocean.

However, this morning she found nothing of a disturbing nature in the sheet, and putting it away, half in relief, half in disappointment, and with the air of one whose expectation is only postponed till the morrow, Miss Affry limped up the stair to Mercy Dill's little room.

The girl sat at her window, golden head bent, as usual, over her sewing; patient fingers flying through it with marvelous rapidity. The small, close room seemed like a furnace. No wonder that Mercy was growing pale and thin in such an atmosphere, and at such employment. Outside, the midsummer sun glared pitilessly down upon the city, and the pavements burned the feet of the unlucky pedestrian. Moll Dill was not in the room, but on the tiny stove stood a little pot of tea and a plate of toast, which this long-suffering daughter had reserved for her breakfast.

"Mercy," said Miss Affry, starting up before the young seamstress, like a good-natured gnome, "you are just killing yourself. Val is quite miserable about you. You look like a spirit. Put on your hat and come out with me for a breath of fresh air. I will help you sew all the rest of the day to make up for the time you lose."

A gleam of joy came and went in Mercy's pale face.

"You are very good," she said, gratefully, "but I do not think I ought."

"Fiddle-de-dee! you must. I will bring you back in an hour or two. You will *die*, Mercy, if you go on like this."

Mercy was reluctant, but Miss Affry was firm, and in the end the two set forth together—the little hobbling, rheumatic woman, and the shabby girl, with her pale, beautiful face and odd, superior air. The recreation which Miss Black had undertaken to secure for her lodger was of a very mild kind, but Mercy, starved as she was of the simplest pleasure of life, was not likely to disdain it. Waving her cotton sunshade at a passing street-car, the old spinster entered it with her charge, and was carried southward to that spot, so precious to the poor and lonely—the Public Garden.

In an arbor of cedar-wood they sat down together—Miss Affry, being a cripple, could not walk much. The place had no other occupants save some social English sparrows. All around them great beds of flowers flaunted their deep, hot colors in the sun, and filled the air with odors. Swans sailed lazily on the rippling water like gigantic lilies, and the stately palaces of the Back Bay, the home of Boston aristocracy, stood complacently up in the ferned midsummer glare. The turf was velvet green with recent showers, the violet sky was spotted with white fleece. With a long breath, with quick tears of delight overspreading her splendid eyes, Mercy looked around.

"Oh!" she said once, and then was silent.

Miss Affry fed the sparrows with some crumbs from her pocket. She also observed that the Back Bay palaces fixed Mercy's attention more than anything else in the picture.

"How grand they are!" said the girl, at last. "How happy the people must be who live there! Suppose some poor body—one like me—should come to a sudden wealth—to such a home—wouldn't it be enough to craze one with joy—like stepping from earth into heaven, you know?"

"Very likely," answered Miss Affry, practically, "but those things happen only in story-books. Were you born in this city, my dear?'

"I don't know," answered Mercy, sadly; "my mother never told me."

"That is strange."

She hung her golden head.

"No, it's because she doesn't like to think of her past life, or speak of it. She says she was once a lady—perhaps she was—perhaps she feels shame and remorse sometimes, and will not let me know how she has fallen. When I was a child and asked her questions about myself, she beat me; now she cannot do *that*, but she gives me black looks and keeps silent."

"Don't you remember anything about your childhood, Mercy—your *early* childhood, I mean?" pursued Miss Affry, with interest.

"Nothing but hunger and cold, and bare attics where she and I suffered together," shivered Mercy. "Even now I can scarcely tell how we lived. Sometimes she was a charwoman—sometimes she washed and ironed, while I sold trifles about the streets, or gathered rags or bits of wood and coal on the wharfs. Now and then she would let me go to school, but not often—Oh!" with a rush of wet to her long lashes, "I can't bear to remember it, Miss Affry—don't ask me!"

"I won't," said Miss Affry soothingly, "forgive me, my dear;" and then, flaming up like a brand, "The abominable old baggage! If I had *my* way, you should leave her to her fate—you should not bear with her another day—" She paused, for in the doorway of the arbor, looking in upon the two, dark, smiling, elegant, stood her new lodger, Signor Discordo.

"Pardon," he said, lifting his hat, "I hear ze familiar voice of madame—I haf to stop and listen. Pardon—do I intrude?"

"Certainly not," answered Miss Black, politely. "Will you sit down?" and then, totally blind to the consternation on Mercy's face, she presented to her Signor Discordo.

"Ah, heaven! This is ze happiest moment of my life!" cried the Signor, airily, clapping one hand to his heart. "I am charmed to meet Mees Dill—I am—what you call it? enraptured."

This warmth startled Miss Affry. She saw that this stranger was much impressed with the girl's beauty, and she deemed it prudent to say, in her coldest tone:

"Miss Dill is my nephew's betrothed wife, sir—I look upon her already as one of my family."

The Signor started in real or affected surprise, and gave Mercy a long, wicked stare.

"I congratulate your nephew, madame—he is a man to be envied. I congratulate Mees Dill—may she be happy. *Ciel!* How hot is this day!" and he sank upon the opposite seat of the arbor, and wiped his swarthy face with his handkerchief.

"You have pupils in this part of the city, I suppose?" said Miss Affry—she could think of nothing else which could bring him there.

"Exactly, madame—I have just come from a lesson. Ah, don't let me disturb your conversation—don't let me incommode you. Mees Dill looks pale—I fear she is ill."

In truth, Mercy's face was like ashes. She could see no

more of flowers, or sunshine, or green turf. A great dread and fear were upon her. The presence of this man filled her with dismay, and his wicked eyes, the sound of his soft, foreign voice, sent a creeping chill through every vein in her body. She felt as if some deadly reptile was near her. As she thought of her first meeting with him upon the street, all the instincts of her nature rose up in arms.

"I *am* ill!" she said, starting to her feet, with a new, indignant splendor on her face, "I want to go home, Miss Affry."

The old woman gave her a surprised glance, but rose at once.

"Certainly, my dear. Good day, Mr. Discordo."

But the professor of music bounded off his seat like a rubber ball. If Mercy had thought to escape him in this manner, she now saw her mistake.

"Allow me, madame!" he cried, eagerly. "I, too, am going back to ze Court. I beg ze pleasure of escorting you."

Miss Affry could see no harm in this request. "Very well—if you like," she answered; and so Signor Discordo walked coolly by Mercy's side to the street-car, and the three went home to Seedy Court in enforced company.

To Mercy the ride was purgatorial. He talked to Miss Affry, but he stared only at her, and with those wicked eyes burning upon her pale face, she dared not move—or look—she could scarcely breathe. When the car stopped she was the first to spring out. She rushed into the Court in advance of the others, but swiftly Signor Discordo followed after, came up with her, covertly seized her resisting hand and gave it a gentle pressure.

"Ah!" he whispered, "they call you Mercy—will you have no mercy for me? If you could look into my heart, you would not treat me so."

And still Miss Affry saw nothing. Indeed, at that moment she was oblivious both to Mercy and the Signor. Her rheumatic old legs were in hot pursuit of a huckster's cart down the far end of the Court. Waving her cotton umbrella to the driver, she bade him stand and trade, and left poor Mercy to her persecutor.

"I forbid you to speak to me again," said the girl, with the dignity of one "to the manner born." "If you torment me further I shall ask Miss Black to take care of me!" and with one angry outraged look, she darted into the door of No. 10, and up the stair to the poor, back chamber, where she laid her golden head on her work-table and cried as if her heart would break.

Who was this man, and what did he mean? Had he taken lodgings with Miss Affry, to be near her at his leisure? This question, which brought her so close to the deadly truth, actually flashed through Mercy's mind. Should she tell Val? No. She shrank instinctively from the thought. By nature she was proud and shy, and self-contained, and her starved, lonely, perilous life had only increased these characteristics. She asked herself what the Italian's object could be in pursuing *her*—an insignificant little work-girl, who sharply rebuffed all his advances?

"I hate him!" said Mercy to herself, clinching her slender hands; and then she added with a shudder, unaccountable, prophetic, "And oh, I fear him, too!"

Well, she was not without friends. One word to Miss Affry or Val, would, at any moment, rid her of the Italian. With this consolation in her heart, she seated herself at her sewing, and put the thought of Signor Discordo's swarthy face and evil eyes resolutely from her.

She saw him once more that day. When the dusk fell upon the city, and the back chamber grew too dim for fine stitching, Mercy dropped her work, and went to her open window, in which Val's violets and some boxes of hardy annuals were blooming. She sprinkled the plants from an old battered water-pot, carefully detached the dead leaves, counted the swelling buds, and caressed the blossoms as if they were living, sentient things. All the while she was quite unconscious of the picture she made, set in that dingy casement, the dying light falling on her perfect figure and pearly face, fairer than any flower she tended; her golden hair rippling out in little curls and tendrils from the great rich twist in which it was held. Truly, at that moment Mercy was a sight for gods and men.

Presently her eyes wandered from her boxes to the neighboring chimney-pots, and then downward over dismal areas to the back yard of No. 10. With a great start she saw that a male figure was standing there, under Miss Affry's clothes-lines, puffing at a cigar, and staring fixedly, offensively, in open, reckless admiration, straight up at her window—Signor Discordo.

His whole attitude was unpleasantly cat-like and watchful. Under his black brows his eyes shone like coals of fire. As soon as he saw that he was discovered, off went his hat—he kissed his hand with effusion to Mercy. She recoiled as if shot, dropped her shade quickly over the window, and vanished from the musical gentleman's gaze.

The next day passed quickly enough. The Signor did not go out for lessons—at least, every time Mercy ventured upon the landing or the stair, she was sure to encounter him. One might have thought he was lying in wait for her at every point where a meeting was probable. She gave him no sign of recognition at any of these times—no acknowledgement of his profuse bows—a circumstance that made his black eyes grow blacker, and an unpleasant smile part his lips.

In the evening she went down to take tea with Miss Affry, and at the foot of the stair there he stood again, combed, perfumed, elegant to behold. Full of exasperation Mercy made a breathless rush past him, just as Val opened the door of the sitting-room to receive her. He had keener eyes than Aunt Affry. He saw the expression on the Signor's face, and his own grew dark with jealousy.

"Did that fellow speak to you, Mercy?" he demanded.

"No," she answered, with a cheek that was paler than usual.

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."

"Insolent beggar! He looked as if he would devour you! By Jove! I fear you have made a conquest."

"Don't!" said Mercy, in a voice so low, so full of distress that he dropped the subject at once; but it rankled in his memory, and he had good cause to think of it often in the bitter after time.

Another day came, broiling, unbearable. Moll Dill had been out all night, taking with her Mercy's poor little purse. In whatever corner the girl might hide her scanty earnings, this reprobate mother was sure to find and appropriate them. Sad, anxious, discouraged, Mercy arose early to confront the situation. Moll was at some of her old drinking haunts, and Moll's daughter had not a cent left with which to purchase her morning meal. The rooms of the Aid Society, opened, however, at nine o'clock, and she had a bundle of finished work to take thither. While making it up, Mercy heard her mother's step on the stairs. She ran to the door—yes, Moll was there, coming up slowly, supported by a man, who led her with the protesting air of one who did not relish his occupation—Signor Discordo.

"I found her reclining in ze doorway," he said, "Mees Mercy, be not alarmed. I think only of you—I wish only to serve you, and I help her in. She will be better soon."

No word escaped Mercy's pale lips. With the stricken

face of one who could never become accustomed to these oft-recurring scenes, she attempted to lead her wretched mother into the chamber; but the latter turned obstinately back for a word with the Signor.

"I'm obliged to you, sir," she stammered; "I was a lady once, and I know what politeness is. Not every gentleman would stop to help a drunken creature like me——"

"Mother!" interrupted Mercy, in wild distress, "come—pray come!"

Signor Discordo slipped a bit of paper into Moll Dill's hand—a bank-note, crisp and green, and, turning on his heel, walked away toward his own door. Swift as lightning, Mercy snatched the money, sprang after him, and, with blazing eyes and dumb, pale lips, flung it straight into his wicked, smiling face. The next instant she had vanished, and her mother with her, into the back chamber.

"Ah!" said the Signor to himself, as he picked up the rejected bill, "she haf spirit—I like zat. No milk-and-water prettiness for me! Ze more I see of her ze more I adore her. She may scorn—she may flout me, but all ze same she is my game!"

The city clocks were striking nine when Mercy descended the stair with her bundle of work, and hurried off through Seedy Court to the rooms of the Aid Society.

She had reached the very crossing where Val had snatched her up from trampling hoofs on the occasion of her first flight from Discordo, when lo! a shadow, a voice, soft and insinuating, calling her name, "Mees Dill!" and Mercy turned, and saw at her shoulder the dark face of the omnipresent Discordo himself.

"Mees Mercy!" he cried, with a deprecatory gesture, "I haf something to say to you—let me say it, and I will go—I will trouble you no more. Why treat me so badly? Why blame me because I am driven distracted with you? Be kind one minute, and listen. I am your slave. I will kneel at your feet and let you trample me, if you like."

But Mercy desired no such proof of devotion. She looked at him with stern, indignant eyes.

"You have nothing to say to me, sir, which I can or will hear. I will neither talk nor listen to you," she answered.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Will you not? Then I must make what you call a scene—here, on ze street—and zat will be bad for you—for your reputation. Ah! you turn pale. Is it such a great matter to let a man tell you he loves you? No, zat is not ze word—I adore you. I haf no heart left in my body. Listen! I meet you on a public street by accident, one day. I turn and follow you, because my soul lead me and I cannot help it. I call you 'beauty,' and you flash at me angry—you think I mean insult. Ah, heaven forbid! No! I knew you were an angel, but we Italians, when our hearts are full, must speak out. I say to myself, 'This woman is loveliest of all women, I die if I do not find her and ask her to forgive me.' I search diligent, Mees Mercy. I stumble on No. 10 Seedy Court. I hear your good Gospel Hymns. I see your ravishing face, and my soul is happy. Hist! hear me out, and be very quiet, or people will look at us. I love you! You haf much sorrow—I will take you from it all. I will give you fine clothes, fine jewels. I be not poor, though but a professor of music. Hush! I know what you would say. You haf a lover—dam! He of ze red hair. You must not throw yourself away on him. You haf ze beauty of a queen, and he is a clod—a boor, poor as a cat and ugly as sin. Bah! he loves not as I love—I, ze son of ze South. I know zat you are good—haf I not heard your heavenly songs? and I worship you spotlessly. You shall be my wife. I will take you with me to my fair Italy. I am your slave, Mees Mercy. I live only to win your love—I wish only for zat, and I must haf it at any cost."

He delivered this speech in a moderate voice, but with a look on his face, a lurking devil in his eyes, that made Mercy thrill with such terror and consternation as she had never known before in all her troubled life. But the girl was no coward. She was on a public street where people were coming and going—he could not molest her there, and all fear of a scene was swallowed up in her detestation of this strange, dark man.

"Sir," she answered, seeing that it was necessary for her to speak at once and rid herself of her tormentor, "all you have said is most hateful to my ears. If you speak to me again—if you follow me again, I shall call for help."

His scarred, swarthy face grew livid.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he hissed, "how cruel you are! No other word than this?"

"None. Leave me! If you attempt to walk with me further, sir, I shall ask help of the first policeman we meet."

"Ah! what spirit you haf! Though your name is Mercy, you are not merciful. Do you hate me, then?"

"I abhor you!"

He gave a soft, low whistle.

"Zat is dreadful, and it grieves me to ze heart! You love ze man with ze red hair—zat clown, zat church-mouse! But listen! I haf a presentiment—you will nevair marry him—nevair! Who comes yonder? I go, fair Mercy—I leave you, but I am your slave now and always. Farewell!"

The tall, broad-shouldered figure of Valentine Black, bound on some hasty errand, dashed suddenly round a corner just in front of the two, and stopped short before them. Could he believe his own eyes? Mercy with that man! He stared from one to the other, and his gay, good-natured face grew black. As for Discordo, he tipped his hat with airy politeness and vanished instantly down a neighboring alley. Val grasped Mercy's arm almost rudely.

"In Heaven's name, how do you come to be walking with that fellow!" he demanded—a man's quick wrath and distrust breaking out in his tone.

"I could not help it," quavered Mercy, feeling that appearances were against her, and that Val was very angry, "he overtook me on the street—he *made* me listen, Val!"

"Made you listen to *what?*" cried Val, sternly.

"To—to his dreadful love—making! He asked me to marry him, Val."

"The deuce! Well, it doesn't surprise me in the least. Take my arm. I will go with you to the Aid Society myself."

He was jealous and cross, and unreasonable. The tears rushed to her eyes.

"But you are busy—are you not—you cannot spare the time?"

"I am busy, but that's a secondary matter. You shall not walk the streets alone. If Aunt Affry cannot escort you I must, and will. Woe to that cursed Italian if I find him forcing his company on you again!"

"Val, I hate him!"

"I'm very glad to hear it."

She would have told him more, but he did not court her confidence, and something in his displeased tone struck her dumb. Not another word was said. With a ruffled, resentful air, Val tucked his betrothed under his arm, and stalked off with her to the Aid Society rooms.

CHAPTER X.

THE BARON.

ALONG the Newport beach, Eric Saxe was sauntering through the morning sunshine, puffing quietly at a fragrant Havana, and watching with quizzical eyes the crowd of bathers.

All artists love Newport—he loved it—its delightful views, its stately splendor, its rich, overflowing life. Far out beyond all those laughing, plunging, dripping people (he recognized her at a glance) was that delightful little girl who had come to Newport to visit Miss Vann. A violet ribbon tied the wide hat over her blonde hair; her round arms shone like pieces of sculpture.

Adventurous little thing—how fearless she was! It would be far better for her to take hold of the rope—and even as this prudent thought entered his mind, Mr. Saxe saw the violet ribbon and the white arms vanish—saw people running toward the bathing place — heard a wild cry—heard the frantic voice of Miss Vann shrieking:

"She is drowning! Oh, save her, in Heaven's name!"

Casting off his outer garments, Eric Saxe plunged into the surf, and struck swiftly out for the drowning girl. He gained the spot where she had vanished, dived, clutched a limp little hand, a thick braid of hair, and brought Bee up to the light of day again!

Her eyes were closed, her colorless face was as the face of the dead. He made for the beach with his burden—the beach where great excitement prevailed, and where a score of arms were stretched out to receive her. Miss Vann met him with a hysteric cry.

"Eric! How can I ever thank you?"

"Where are your smelling-salts?" said Mr. Saxe, quietly. "Don't distress yourself; it's all right now. Here comes Dr. Oleander; I had better leave her in his hands, had I not?" and he delivered up his burden and vanished straightway in the crowd.

When Bee recovered her senses, she was lying in her own chamber, in the villa on Bellevue Avenue, surrounded by Miss Vann and her servants, all in a lively state of anxiety.

"Thank God, you are not dead!" cried Miss Vann, fervently. "I have had a prodigious fright—see how I tremble! If you had been drowned, Beatrix, your guardian would never have forgiven me."

"Oh, I am sorry!" faltered Bee, feeling very feeble and very penitent; "did *you* save me?"

"I! Merciful Heaven! I never swam a stroke in my life. No, a gentleman came to your help—it was a small matter for him, of course—he rescued you with very little effort—my friend, Mr. Saxe."

Bee did not speak a word, but the blood rushed into her pale face, and out again.

"AS SOON AS HE SAW THAT HE WAS DISCOVERED, OFF WENT HIS HAT—HE KISSED HIS HAND WITH EFFUSION TO MERCY."

"You must be very good and quiet now, to expiate this misdemeanor," continued Miss Vann, rising from her chair by Bee's bedside. "*Au revoir*—I must leave you in charge of my maid, for I have guests coming to lunch. Marie will take care of you;" and Miss Vann departed and left Bee to her own reflections.

For the next twenty-four hours she remained in her own room. Marie brought her meals to her there; also books and flowers for her amusement, and the information that Eric Saxe had called twice to ask for her health. How grateful Bee felt to the young painter! She was romantic, she was impressible, she was seventeen, and he had saved her life! It was like some incident in the novels which she used to read by stealth at Madame Manners's school. Dangers were gathering around Bee. Wrapped in a white *robe de chambre*, and reclining in an easy-chair by her pretty, flower-hung window, she looked out all day upon the sea, and thought of the dark, Raphael face, and its owner's sad, romantic story. It was scarcely a profitable or safe occupation for a girl of her years and experience; and, had her guardian known of it, he would have whisked her away from Newport before the setting of the sun.

Next morning Bee arose, strong, merry, not a bit the worse for the accident of the previous day. She went shopping with Miss Vann, sauntered through Truro Park and the Redwood Library, and came home to lunch in high feather, hungry as a little bear. When that meal, which was always a substantial one in the Vann household, was over, her hostess said:

"To-day Eric Saxe will begin to paint my portrait. This is the hour I appointed for my first sitting. The carriage will be at the door directly. If you like, Bee, you may go with me to his studio, and thank him for the service he rendered you yesterday."

Bee *did* like—she made ready, with heart beating high. Very fair and sweet she looked, as she took her place behind Miss Vann's blooded horses; very simply dressed she was, too, for the heiress of a million. Crisp white lawn and Valenciennes lace, a white hat and feather, and a cluster of violets carelessly fastened at her round, milky throat, made up her costume. But she needed nothing more. She had youth and perfect health, she had exquisite blonde tints, and eyes as blue as gentians, and though a Charmian rather than a Cleopatra, Bee was a sight to gladden any lover of bright, gay, unspotted girlhood.

The carriage rolled away toward the ancient quarter of the town—that *old* Newport which has been hustled into the background and put out of countenance by the splendid encroachments of Fashion, though it is rich in memories of old commercial importance, and of Revolutionary days, when the gold-embroidered uniforms of Rochambeau's officers flashed up and down its streets.

"Here is the place," said Miss Vann; and her landau stopped before an old gambrel-roofed house, standing in a little garden, with a sundial half-buried in blossoming vines, marking the hours on its bit of velvet lawn. Cool, green shadows waved around it in the Summer wind, and under its mossy eaves great plats of flowers were blooming. A delightful, sleepy old place, quaint and portly to look upon, and, one instinctively knew, full of relics of dead and gone generations.

Miss Vann and her charge went up the gravel walk and lifted the brass knocker—an antique dragon-head, shining like the sun. A servant answered the summons, and conducted the two up a stair to an old, curious room, with latticed windows—Eric Saxe's studio, and he was there, awaiting his sitter.

How handsome the man looked, in his loose coat of black velvet, with his dark, falling hair, and features chiseled like an Antinous. As he came forward to receive his visitors, a white heat, like lightning, swept his dreamy face.

"I did not expect *this*," he murmured, and his warm hand closed firmly upon Bee's. She lifted her blue eyes straight to his.

"I came to thank you for the service you did me yesterday," she answered. "Miss Vann says that you saved my life."

"Don't mention it—no man living could have done less, Miss Sardis. I hope you are quite recovered?"

"Certainly she is," said Miss Vann, promptly. "Let go her hand, Eric. She will amuse herself by looking at your pictures while I am sitting. Remember, I will not have my portrait flattered in the least. You must faithfully reproduce all my ugliness—I *am* ugly, and I will not lose the distinction which it gives me. It is really the next thing to being beautiful, you know. I recall the case of the Princess Metternich, whom I used to see in Paris a few years ago. Heavens! what a face that woman had; and yet how the Parisians adored her!"

Eric Saxe placed a quaint old chair for Bee in the prettiest of the latticed windows, where a cloud of trumpet-flowers were swinging their crimson horns in the wind. The house was very still—a sleepy, delicious stillness that was a change indeed after the bustle of the avenues. From the beds of flowers under the eaves, sweet odors were wafted to Bee's nostrils; insects chirped in the trumpet-vines, and a soft wind from the sea fanned in and out of the open window.

Miss Vann threw off her outer garments, and, chatting all the while, allowed Eric Saxe to arrange her for her sitting. Bee took no part in their conversation, but, quiet as a mouse, sat curled up in her high chair, and looked around the room. The state of the studio attested that Mr. Saxe was far too poor to pass his days at Newport in recreation only. Plainly he *worked*. Against the wall near Bee leaned a newly-completed picture which fixed her attention instantly. It was a twilight scene in the Sea-island region of our Southern coast—an abandoned plantation lying upon a lonely creek, with the mournful night falling darkly over it. A group of superb live-oaks, draped in long, gray, swinging moss, stood like sentries over the ruins of a stately mansion-house—some old-time planter's luxurious abode. In the background arose the remnant of the negro-quarter, half lost in a tangle of orange-trees, cat-briers, fig-trees and palmetto-scrub. In the foreground, on a reef of "coon-oysters" which the low tide had exposed to view in the salt creek, one solitary heron sat disconsolate—the only living thing in a scene of utter desolation and death.

Bee looked at the picture in a sort of strange fascination. It saddened and oppressed her. She glanced away to Miss Vann, to the man at the easel, to the green lawn and the delightful old garden outside, but her eyes came back to the canvas again in spite of herself. Miss Vann's pampered pug, Bijou, leaped into her lap, and curled down there in a fat, furry ball; Eric Saxe painted, and Miss Vann preserved a proper attitude, and so an hour passed—a long, silent hour, but not an unpleasant one.

"Bless me! is the child asleep?" cried Miss Vann, starting up, at last, with a yawn. Eric Saxe turned from his easel and looked at Bee.

"No, not asleep," she said, smiling, "but studying this scene. What is it—a fancy-picture?"

He shook his head.

"It is my home, Miss Sardis—my birthplace."

She had suspected as much. She looked from the canvas to the painter with soft, pitiful eyes.

"How sad!" she said; "but you will go back to it some time, perhaps, and make the waste places blossom like the rose."

"No, it is not likely. I left it long ago to the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air."

The sympathy in her eyes seemed very sweet to him. He leaned a little nearer to her, but drew back as Miss Vann rustled up, ready to depart.

"Waiting is dull work, is it not?" she said to Bee. "Have you a taste for romance? Of course. What girl of seventeen has not? Eric must tell you the story of this room. It will amuse you, I dare say, and attract you here again."

"With *that* object in view," murmured Eric Saxe, "I shall be happy to relate any number of stories."

He turned his back on the picture of his own desolated home, and, leaning against the crimson-flowered casement, looked down in Bee's uplifted eyes, and said:

"This house is immensely old, you know, and in the days of the Revolution a young Jewess lived here—a daughter of that 'peculiar people,' few of whom are now to be found in Newport. It was her misfortune to love an officer of the French fleet—a person of distinction, Vice-Admiral and Lieutenant-General Count d'Estaing. He burned incense at her shrine while he remained in Newport, and at this very window where you now sit, it is said the

handsome Jewess used to watch and wait for him. One might fancy the place steeped in her dead sighs and tears."

"You should paint a picture of her here," cried Miss Vann—"a dark, stately, gleaming-eyed beauty, like Rebecca in *Ivanhoe*, and the fair, dashing French commander, in his martial splendor, lisping sweet nothings to her under the vines."

"Perhaps I will, when I have the leisure. Well, the little romance had a tragic end. The Jewess died broken-hearted—you will find her grave in the Hebrew burying-ground at the junction of Touro and Kay Streets. D'Estaing went back to France, and was guillotined during the Reign of Terror. A pretty bit of history, is it not?"

"No," said Bee, with an involuntary sigh, "it is too sad to be pretty."

"'Ower true tales' are always sad. It is only in fiction that all the crooked paths are made straight."

Miss Vann shrugged her shoulders.

"I beg you, don't seek to enlighten Bee on the subject of real life, Eric! Let her, while she can, put plenty of *couleur de rose* in her views of things. The world will change her soon enough."

Ay, that it would! He knew it quite as well as Miss Vann. A few weeks or months would develop this little heiress, this ward of the great banker, so fresh and unspoiled now, so full of girlish bloom and brightness and generous impulses, into a woman of fashion, a belle of Vanity Fair.

Betwixt himself and such as she, a great gulf was fixed—let him not forget *that*. Very gently he escorted the pair down the stair to the waiting carriage.

"May I come again with Miss Vann, and sit in the Jewess's window?" said Bee, brightly. With a look that made her quick color rise, he answered:

"Come!"

Then the landau rolled away from the old house.

"My dear Bee," said Miss Vann, consulting her jeweled watch, "it is a little past four o'clock. From this time until dark, all the world and his wife appear upon the avenues—it is a duty which everybody owes to society. This is Fort Day, so we will make a detour to the fortress, and you shall have a view of the finest turn-outs in America."

One word to her coachman, and the superb horses turned into the Drive, and straightway Bee found herself in the midst of Newport's magnificent equipages—the great charm, indeed, of that gay watering-place. Landaus were there, drags, English coaches, dog-carts, cabriolets, pony phaetons, barouches, four-in-hand, six-in-hand—every known vehicle under the sun—the whirl of wheels made her head giddy. The greater part of this brilliant cortége was moving toward Fort Adams. It was a sight to confuse the mighty mind of man, and Bee could only stare in wonder and delight. Jewels flashed, costly toilets dazzled, crests glistened, bright eyes shone, hoofs clattered on the hard gravel.

Intent alike upon seeing and being seen, this pageant of fashion and gayety rolled through Bellevue and Ocean Avenues, smiling, saluting, admiring, mingling, separating and meeting again.

"My dear," said Miss Vann, smoothing the ears of Bijou with one delicately gloved finger, "the most stylish and showy equipages here belong to New York; Philadelphia is always elegant and solid, and Boston—well, you can tell Bostonians anywhere by the unearthly wisdom of their faces—the result of long brooding over primal causes and the roots of things. In the Drive we hold a levee on wheels—good heaven! can I trust my eyes? Who do I see coming yonder?"

Miss Vann's eyes looked as if they might safely be trusted—at least, they were keen and searching enough. The person to whom she alluded was approaching her landau at an easy pace—a man, mounted on a mettled, satin-skinned horse, and sitting the beast as if the two were one. He was faultlessly dressed, he was swarthy of face, and deeply pock-marked, and he had prominent cheek-bones and alert, black, glittering eyes which swept the crowd, the faces of the ladies especially, with almost offensive scrutiny. Nevertheless, he seemed to be a favorite, for the fair creatures in the carriages saluted him eagerly, and he returned their greetings with a graceful, courtier-like air, very edifying to see.

"Heaven be praised! It is—it is the Baron!" cried Miss Vann, clasping her hands. "He is back again! Behold the lion of the season, *petite*, the observed of all observers—our dear, darling, incomparable Baron Strozzi!"

Even as she spoke the horseman started—stared—then rode up to Miss Vann's carriage. Leaning from his saddle, he lifted his hat gallantly with his gloved finger-tips.

Quick as lightning his black eyes fastened, not upon the rich Knickerbocker spinster, but upon her young companion—the girl in white, with the cluster of violets at her throat. A new face, a fair face, and a person of importance, otherwise she would not be in the company of the eccentric New York woman.

"My dear baron!" cried Miss Vann, extending her hand to him over the side of the carriage, "I am charmed to see you again! We have missed you sadly at Newport. Have you finished your business in Washington?"

The baron bowed and smiled.

"Yes," he answered, showing his white teeth under his waxed mustache, and speaking with a strong accent; "what bliss it gives me to know zat you haf missed me, my dear Mees Vann! And for me, I haf been heart-broke away from this paradise. But, *ma foi!* when one is great, one haf many duties to attend to. After all, it is only ze humble zat enjoy ease." And he heaved a modest sigh, as if the weight of Mount Atlas rested on his shoulders.

"Very true," assented Miss Vann, with sympathy. "My dear baron, let me present you to Miss Sardis, the niece and ward of the banker of that name."

Restraining his restive horse with one hand, the baron bowed deeply, deferentially to Bee.

"I am enraptured to make Mees Sardis's acquaintance," he said, giving her a look that made her color to her temples; "will she consider me her humble slave? Ah, heaven! how fair are ze American ladies everywhere!"

Miss Vann shook her fan at him.

"Forbear! Miss Sardis is a novice yet, baron—she has but just left school. You must not talk nonsense to her; you are a sad flatterer, you know."

"*Mon Dieu!* she is enchanting!"

"Hush! Why do you always swear in French? I command you—hush!"

The carriage started on again, and the baron fell into place by its side. He had found company, evidently, with whom he was loath to part. Bee had not spoken a word. She sat quietly observant in her place, measuring this live nobleman—the first she had ever seen—this swarthy lion of the Newport season, with her frank, clear eyes.

"He is odious!" she said, promptly and decisively to herself.

Down dashed the gay procession under the archway that opens into the parade-ground, and away it rolled around the broad drive which encircles the inclosure—a host of beauty, fashion and pleasure storming the stronghold of war. Colors were flying, bands playing—the commandant kept open house on this gala day.

In the noise and glitter and animation, Bee sat silent, but all alive with pleasure, and Miss Vann was busy answering the salutation of friends, and trying to sustain conversation with the baron, who still kept close to her side.

"Is it not like ze Bois de Boulogne?" he said, "or Hyde Park Corner in ze London season? And your charming companion, Mees Vann, what is *she* like? A white rose—a lily—or ze Watteau pictures you copy so transcendently."

"Fie! You are enchanted with every new face you meet, baron," answered Miss Vann, with a shrug of the shoulders. "I begin to think that you are a sad fellow."

"Ah, no!" protested the baron, in a stage whisper; "it is true that I adore all ladies, but this one, I give you my word, is more than adorable. Be generous, be kind, dear Miss Vann, and tell me something about her—I burn with curiosity."

"There is nothing to tell," answered Miss Vann, laughing at his eagerness, and sinking her voice a little, that Bee might not hear; "don't lose your inflammable heart to a mere girl, baron, when mature belles are to be found in plenty at every turn. Miss Sardis is an orphan, and the heiress of a million in her own right. She is in my care for the present, and she will go nowhere, and, above all, receive no flattering attentions from beguiling creatures of your sex."

With his white teeth glittering like grave-stones, the baron looked across Miss Vann's richly-attired figure to Beatrix Sardis. He had learned all that he wished to know. His black eyes had the cruel, covetous look of some creature of prey. An indignant flush colored Bee's cheek. She had heard every word of the conversation. Were these the manners of foreign noblemen? Was this swarthy, pock-marked man a representative of the beauty which the Italian race is said to possess? Odious? He was more than that—he was detestable! He should soon find that she did not want his admiration or his compliments. She gave him a stare that was meant to be haughty, only Bee could not assume the look with any great success, and then sank back among her cushions, determined not to deign him word or glance more.

Baron Strozzi lifted his shoulders in a slight, irrepressible shrug. An orphan, with a million in her own right—a girl just freed from school, as ignorant of the world and its ways as she could well be, and with no guardian but Miss Vann, who would trouble herself very little about her charge! Here was a chance, indeed, for a shrewd man—a man of talent and determination.

"A million of dollars!" whispered the baron slowly to himself, as he clattered on around the parade. "How absurdly rich are these Americans!" A little gleam of excitement flashed over his swarthy face. He was not thinking of Fort Adams then, or fashionable Newport society. He was not listening to the roll of wheels, the murmur of gay voices and laughter, the music of the band. "Young—silly as a carp—quite unguarded—ze very thing for which I haf long been searching! Bravo! *She is mine!*"

CHAPTER XI.

DEEPMOOR HALL.

A BLACK night, wild nd eerie! a black sea beating upon the coast of ferny Lincolnshire; a sky without a star, but full of fitful gusts that came and went, and shrieked and raved, like spirits escaped from the bottomless pit. The London train was due at Deepmoor station in exactly five minutes and a half. One or two officials moved expectantly about the platform, and outside a close carriage, expectant also, waited in the storm that whistled along the telegraph wires overhead, and flared the porter's lantern fitfully.

Hark! A distant engine shrieks—the train is coming. Panting and puffing it rushes into Deepmoor station. Only one passenger alights—a little, withered man in a gray wig, with a great gray coat buttoned up to his chin. A hand-bag is his only luggage. The guard bangs to the door, the engine screams anew, and off goes the train again into the gruesome, windy night.

The little gray man crosses the platform to the close carriage. Its driver, waiting beside it, touches his hat. "Good-evening, Harris—how is Sir Godfrey to-night?" says the man.

"Poorly, sir; poorly, and anxious—very—to see you, sir," answers the servant.

"It's a good kind of anxiety, I think—he'll be the better for it," mutters the gray passenger, and he flings himself into the comfortable carriage which turns straightway from Deepmoor station, and rolls off into the darkness.

For a mile or more Harris guides his spirited horses along a rain-drenched road, on either side of which green hedge-rows and broad acres lay soaking under the wild wet sky, and finally approaches a wall, black with masses of ivy, and surmounted by waving trees. An iron gate stands open therein, and through it goes the carriage, crunching along the wet gravel of a drive, under two rows of magnificent copper beeches. In the darkness the noble park of Deepmoor cannot be seen; but the little man in the vehicle knows well the treasures inclosed in its neighboring palings—noble timber and bosky dells, fern and bracken, frisky hares, winged game and red deer—yea, he knows the value of every foot of ground belonging to this rich Lincolnshire manor, for he is Sir Godfrey Arbuckle's family solicitor—Mr. Peter Finch, of London.

The carriage stops before a gray stone house, with gables and turrets and twisted chimneys—a grand and ancient mansion, kept, evidently, with great care. Mr. Finch alights, and tries his hand at the big brass knocker. A servant in livery opens the door, and conducts the visitor into an oak parlor, where a brisk fire is blazing, and says: "Sir Godfrey is in his bed-chamber. You're to be shown up to him as soon as you've refreshed yourself, sir."

Mr. Finch is thin of flesh and blood, and he moves up to the fire, rejoicing in the prospect of refreshment. Directly an old butler brings in a tray, garnished with a cold chicken, a game pie and a bottle of wine. Mr. Finch regales his inner man, and then prepares to ascend to Sir Godfrey's chamber.

Up a broad, shallow-stepped stair he goes in the wake of the servant, and across a corridor, where the latter opens a black oak door, hung on huge brass, chevron-shaped hinges, and ushers the London lawyer into the baronet's presence.

It is a large, square room, paneled in oak, and made bright with wax-lights and an open fire which burns gayly on a hearth of Dutch tiles. The carved Norman bed, of black oak also, and two centuries old, at the very least, is covered with a flowered silk counterpane. The windows are draped with curtains of the same. The big chairs are claw-footed, straight-backed; the floor is bare, save for strips of bright carpet laid here and there; a brass-bound chest of drawers stands in a corner, and in an arm-chair before the fire sits Sir Godfrey himself—a tall, cadaverous man, wasted to a skeleton, and wrapped in a woolen dressing-gown. On his right side a big mastiff is stretched, on his left, a couple of superb hounds; these brutes lift their heads quickly at the opening of the brass-hinged door, but, recognizing the intruder, make no sound.

"How do you find yourself to-night, my lord?" says Mr. Finch, taking the big, gaunt hand which the baronet holds out, and in the grasp of which his own fingers are quite lost. "Better, I hope? There's strength in your grip yet."

The baronet is a man past fifty, heavy-featured, big-boned, unhandsome—the Arbuckles of Lincolnshire were never a comely race. He has red hair, with streaks of gray in it;

blue eyes, bitter and sad; a rugged, unyielding mouth, and a look of intense suffering, mental as well as physical. Sir Godfrey is diseased in mind as well as body.

"My days are numbered, Finch," he says, wearily. "Sit down. Thank God you are come! I want to talk with you."

The servant goes out and leaves the two together. Mr. Finch draws a claw-footed chair to the hearth opposite the baronet. Not a sound can be heard but the rain on the pane and the wind moaning round the gables and twisted chimneys.

"How still the old house seems—eh, Finch?" shivers the baronet.

"Yes," sighs Mr. Finch.

"My God! It was different when the lads were here—there was racketing enough then. Three strong, bright boys, all dead, Finch—not one left! If I had just *one* to lay me in the grave and wear the name after me, I wouldn't complain. I swear to you, my heart broke, Finch, when the last two went—drowned almost before my eyes. I haven't lived since that day. Even though I should drag on like this for ten, twenty, thirty years to come, I can never really live again."

"Be calm, sir," says Mr. Finch; and he turns his eyes compassionately from the great, bony figure, writhing in the torment of recollection—from the cadaverous face, on which the sweat of agony starts out. "It was a mysterious dispensation. You have been greatly afflicted, but let us all try to be resigned to the will of Providence, my lord. May I ask for what purpose you have summoned me to Deepmoor to-night?"

Sir Godfrey looks fixedly at his lawyer.

"I want to talk with you about my heir," he answers.

"You mean——" begins Mr. Finch, warily, and then pauses.

"I mean the child of Robert Arbuckle and that—that—waiting-maid!"

Mr. Finch coughs, but does not yet venture to speak. The firelight flashes up on the black oak and polished brass of the chamber, and over the gaunt, weak figure in the arm-chair, left in the midst of his ancestral grandeur, like a blasted tree from which all the fair young shoots have been lopped away.

"Who else should I mean?" he demands, half fiercely. "We both know—do we not?—that Rob's child is the last Arbuckle left on the face of the earth, now that my bright, brave three are gone. Good God! perhaps he's *not* left—perhaps the doom of the family has overtaken him, too—perhaps he died years ago, Finch!"

"I trust not—I hope not," says Mr. Finch; "at any rate, we had better think of him as living until we learn something to the contrary. Am I to understand, Sir Godfrey, that you have decided to acknowledge him—to make him your legal heir?"

"Exactly. You guessed as much when you received my message, did you not? Deepmoor is his by entail, and all my other possessions shall go with it—so help me God! Come, I cannot afford to lose a moment—how do I know when I may die?—this very night, perhaps. Mark you, I haven't forgotten Rob's folly, I haven't forgiven him for the disgrace he brought on an old and honored name; but do you think I want to cheat the boy of his birthright?—do you think I will have my money divided among a brood of spinsters who haven't three drops of Arbuckle blood in their veins—I mean those Scotch cousins of mine who are waiting and longing for my death? No. Whatever Rob's faults were, his child, and no other, shall come in when I go out. Draw up the will immediately, and let me sign it before I sleep. Sleep? I'll never sleep again, Finch, till this matter is settled."

He is shaking with excitement now, and he looks so deadly ill that Mr. Finch is frightened. The family solicitor of the Arbuckles knows well their tragic history. He is as familiar with the story of the prodigal Robert as with his own name. Plainly Sir Godfrey's end is drawing nigh, and whatever is to be done for that prodigal's son must be done quickly.

"I am glad of this," he says; "it does you credit, Sir Godfrey. Mr. Robert was a little wild in his time, it is true, but he was your father's son, and a good fellow at heart. I rejoice that you mean to act justly toward his son, who certainly never did harm to you or yours. We will not lose a moment!"

He draws up a table near the baronet, and opens his hand-bag. He has come prepared for this emergency, for since the death of Sir Godfrey's sons—one by fever, and two by drowning, a few weeks before—Mr. Finch's prophetic heart has daily told him that he might expect to be summoned to Deepmoor at any moment upon this very matter.

Carefully he writes the will which gives to the child of Robert Arbuckle and to the heirs of his body for ever, a goodly manor in Essex, a town-house in London—Deepmoor will be his by entail—rich deposits in the public funds, and all the wealth which Sir Godfrey, a parsimonious man, had hoarded through long years for his lost sons.

Before the document is ready, the physician from Deepmoor village is shown up. He and Sir Godfrey's housekeeper witness the signing of the will.

"Thank God! it is over," gasps the baronet, throwing down the pen with which he had affixed his name to the paper. "Now put me to bed."

They do so, for he is ready to fall from his chair. The village physician gives him a cordial, and goes his way. Mr. Finch, who is to remain at Deepmoor till the morrow, is again alone with the sick man.

Haggard and exhausted he lies upon his high Norman bed, and the dogs, whining uneasily, reach up to the counterpane and lick his nerveless hands. He pats their heads and mutters: "We are all that's left—all—the poor brutes and I." Then he signs for Mr. Finch to approach.

"There's but one thing more for you to do, Finch," he says, with determination.

"What is that?" asks the lawyer.

"You have a clue to the boy's whereabouts, eh?"

"Yes."

"Then go and find him, Finch, and bring him to me. Do you want me to die without kith or kin beside me—with none of my own race to close my eyes?"

"God forbid! but, Sir Godfrey——"

"No buts—I will not listen to them. I'm an arbitrary man, I like to be obeyed without objections. You shall go in search of my heir, and bring him to Deepmoor at once. You are a man of courage and judgment, and perseverance, Mr. Finch, so the task does not frighten you, I hope. I want him!—I want to see what sort of man it is who is to be the next baronet—who is to rule next at Deepmoor—I want to look once on the face of my successor and Rob's son. Come, I will trust no one but you in this matter—for you will make no mistakes—you will torment me with no unnecessary delays. You must start on your quest to-morrow."

"To-morrow!"

"Not a word. Death will not wait your pleasure nor mine. It's a matter of necessity, not choice. The road to America is a long one, and even with the best of luck, you cannot return to England before five or six weeks. To-morrow, Finch!—I cannot give you a day longer. Will you go or not?"

Mr. Finch deliberates. The fire snaps on the brass

andirons, the rain breaks on the windows and rattles in gusts against the gables. He rises up, at last, and pushes back his chair resolutely.

"I will go, Sir Godfrey! I will start to-morrow, as you wish. God willing, you shall see your nephew before you die. I will bring the heir of Deepmoor to his inheritance, if he is to be found anywhere on the face of the civilized earth!"

CHAPTER XII.

MORE ABOUT BEE.

FLAT upon the grassy Newport cliffs sat Beatrix Sardis, sunning herself like a snake, and chatting with a group of children whose acquaintance she had made while their French *bonne* was flirting with a male friend hard by. All children loved Bee. These strange young folks hung about her now like little flies about a drop of honey. Their crimped hair and gay little dresses fluttered out on the sea-wind, their shrill treble mingled with the dreamy beat of the waves at the base of the cliffs. Recklessly they poured their choicest secrets into Miss Sardis's ears.

"Have *you* got any lovers?" queried Phil, the only boy of the party, peering into her fair countenance with calm effrontery, "mamma has lots of them. I tell you papa was mad because she danced so much at the hop last night. Didn't he swear, though? You bet! He said she should leave Newport if she didn't stop flirting—said it was unbearable—said he wouldn't stand it, anyway."

"You must not tell such things, Philip," said Bee, gravely checking the young man's confidence, "your mamma would not like it. Are these nice little girls your sisters?"

"No—cousins," answered Phil, contemptuously; "who cares for girls?—they are no good. Uncle Jack kissed Miss Carrol in the parlor this morning—I saw him. I'm going to tell mamma. Won't she be wild? Miss Carrol is the governess, and mamma wants uncle Jack to marry an heiress, because he's neck and ears in debt, she says, and has to borrow money of papa."

"You dreadful boy! go away and play, while I talk to your little cousins," said Bee, severely.

He went. Bee gathered around her on the grass the crimped hair and striped stockings and gay little dresses of the rest of the party, and was just making ready to tell them a pretty fairy tale, when a blood-curdling yell brought her speedily to her feet. She caught one glimpse of Phil, hanging with both hands over the edge of the cliff that fell down—sheer down, she knew not how many feet, to the waves below. His straw hat had fallen off, his blue eyes were starting from his head with terror.

With a scream, Bee flew to his rescue. He was a strong boy, and a heavy one, and as she leaned down to him, he grasped her so desperately that she was in a fair way to tumble headlong with him over the verge—she might have done so, in fact, had not a strong arm caught her suddenly from behind and drawn her, and the terrible Phil with her, away from the perilous brink.

"Good heaven! how very careless!" said the voice of Eric Saxe. "To whom does this young savage belong?"

Bee shook out the folds of her dress, which Phil had rumpled in his dirty little hands.

"You seem to be always near when I need help," she gasped. "Take him to his *bonne*, please—that woman coming yonder—take *all* of them! I dare not keep them a moment longer."

Mr. Saxe obeyed, then returned and stretched his handsome body full length upon the grass near Bee. She was not a bad picture, even for his artist eye to scan, in her dress of fresh linen, garnished with violet ribbons, her blonde hair gathered in an immense girlish plait, and surmounted by a charming Gainsborough hat.

"Are you alone?" he asked, in some surprise.

"No; Miss Vann is sketching somewhere near," answered Bee, digging a little grave in the grass with the tip of her parasol. "She is in an inspired mood this morning, and I feared my presence might disturb her. So I sat down here and made the acquaintance of the children. If I ever lose my fortune, I shall turn nursery governess—it is my *forte*, I think."

He regarded her with a droll expression, but did not speak.

"Have you ever seen Miss Vann's studio?" queried Bee, demurely, "and her pictures?"

Eric Saxe grew grave.

"Yes. You know the last infirmity of noble minds is ambition. Miss Vann's friends rarely speak of her paintings, but they talk with enthusiasm of her champagne breakfasts, her dinner parties, her large charities, and her generous heart. Will you let me tell you what she once did for a—a person whom I know well—a young fellow who came to New York not many years ago to study art?"

"I shall be delighted to hear," replied Bee, with a premonition of what was coming.

"He was penniless, friendless—a stranger in a strange land," said Eric Saxe, his voice growing fervent, and a flash of color mounting to his dark cheek. "His sole possessions were some old family valuables and a fair amount of pluck and endurance. With these he made a tolerably bold fight for a time, but the struggle was too unequal. A day came when he lay down, vanquished, in his miserable attic, never, as he thought, to rise again.

"It chanced that a specimen of his work—a crayon portrait—had fallen into Miss Vann's hands; that she had learned something of the artist's history. Waking out of a delirium, the poor wretch saw a woman entering his garret door. Never on this side the grave will he forget the sight! Saw a face bending over him, full of unspeakable kindness and pity—heard a voice calling him back to life and hope. The form, the face, the voice, belonged to Charlotte Vann. She snatched the sick man from death itself. She provided for his wants and his future studies; she found him friends; she laid him under a debt of gratitude which he can never, never hope to repay. Society may smile at her whims, but a nobler woman does not live, nor one more full of generous impulses—God bless her!"

Bee knew well enough whose story he had told. She remembered what Miss Vann had said to her in the studio at the villa. She dared not speak, but sat gazing straight down the cliff, with a suspicious moisture fringing her long lashes, and her heart warming greatly toward Charlotte Vann.

Eric Saxe looked at her closely for a moment, then abruptly changed the subject.

"May I ask how you like Newport?" he said, cheerfully.

"Very much," answered Bee, brightening also, "only I am not 'out' yet, you know. I cannot go with Miss Vann to garden parties or hops, or the grand dinners and the entertainments at the villas of her friends—my guardian has forbidden it."

"What a trial to the patience of a girl who is longing to

throw herself headlong into the whirlpool of dissipation!" said Mr. Saxe, with a provoking smile. "In a year from this date, Miss Sardis, you will not know yourself. Once let that despot, Society, get hold of you, and, like the old woman in the nursey rhyme, you will soon begin to ask if I be I."

Bee shook her blonde head.

"No. I mean to dance and dress and dine and be merry, but I do *not* mean to change. I am of a very conservative nature—not half so easily influenced as the majority of girls. I mean to do as I like, in spite of society—in spite of Aunt Amelia, too; though no doubt you think that declaration very naughty and bold."

"Very!" said Mr. Saxe, with severity.

Bee colored, but went on, with a short little laugh.

"Like the Father of his country, I cannot tell a lie. I am not in love with any of my relatives, always excepting one," as her thoughts flew quickly to Ethel. "As for Aunt Amelia, she is like that titled Frenchman who modestly remarked to a friend, 'I never knew any person but myself who was always quite right in everything.' The Sardis family is eminently aristocratic, but in *my* veins there's a mixture of plebeian blood. My fortune was made in the pork-packing business. Poor papa squandered his inheritance early in life—he was a little wild, I fear—and went West and married the daughter of a rich pork-dealer. I mean to adopt for a crest a pig's head on a field of azure. How delightful it would be! Aunt Amelia would go wild with rage."

Her dimpled, wild-rose face was full of mischief. She laughed out gayly as she met Eric Saxe's dark eyes.

"How shocked you look!" she said.

"How shocked I feel!" he answered, with mock gravity. And at that moment footsteps echoed on the cliffs behind them. Bee glanced up and saw Miss Vann approaching, attended by Baron Strozzi, and followed by a servant tugging a big sketch-book.

The baron stuck his glass into his eye, and stared hard at the pair; but, strange to say, Miss Vann appeared to find nothing alarming in the sight of two good-looking young people *tête-à-tête* in the sunshine on the romantic Newport cliffs.

"Ah, I have made some delicious sketches!" she cried. "The shore and sea, this morning, fill me with what Tennyson calls 'divine despair.' My dear Beatrix, it is well that you have a complexion that nothing can harm. Do not you find this sun rather warm?"

The baron bowed deeply to Bee, coldly and distantly to Eric Saxe, who returned his salutation in kind.

"Pray come home with us to lunch, Eric," said Miss Vann; but the young artist excused himself politely, lifted his hat to the ladies, and departed in the direction of the beach.

The baron escorted the two to Miss Vann's carriage, which was waiting not far away. As he assisted Bee in, he gave her a long, bold look, pressed her hand gently and lifted it to his lips.

"How happy am I to meet you again!" he murmured—'you, of whom I think all ze day and all ze night."

She snatched her slim fingers quickly from him.

"I wish you would not!" she flashed; "I do not like it."

The carriage clattered away to the villa. From the journal which Beatrix Sardis kept during her stay at Newport, the following extracts are made:

August 10.—I wish Eric Saxe had accepted Miss Vann's invitation to lunch. It was immense. Madame Vann boxed the ears of the servant in waiting because he happened to step on the tail of her lap-dog—a ringing box, too, that made my own auricular nerves tingle in sympathy. Madame's peculiarities are less agreeable than her daughter's. She grumbled at every dish in the *menu*, yet ate of them all like a cormorant. Her youthful toilets and girlish ways contrast oddly with her gray hair and yellow wrinkles, which no artifice can wholly conceal; and she has the temper of a Jezebel.

"You have money, so, I dare say, you will pass for a beauty," she said to me—a left-handed compliment, indeed. Then she began to talk of guardy. "What ails the man?" she demanded, resentfully. "He looks like a person who carries a disagreeable secret. Has he met with any losses lately?"

"I really do not know," I answered.

"No, of course not. He would not babble of anything important to a bread-and-butter miss like you. Cullen is very secretive; he rarely speaks of his private affairs—for the reason, perhaps, that they cannot bear too close an inspection."

Spiteful old creature!

"Secrecy is a commendable trait," said I; "I detest people who are like sieves."

Miss Vann pays no heed whatever to Madame's ways or conversation. Indeed, mother and daughter mind each other the least of any people I ever saw in my life, and because of this very fact, I suppose, they manage to live in peace and harmony.

Baron Strozzi dined with us—ugh! He sat next me at the table, swarthy of visage, offensive of manner, with a rosebud in the buttonhole of his elegant coat and a most unpleasant smile upon his lips. How can people of taste and sense admire this man? Why is it that "I, only I," behold flaws in the Koh-i-noor of Newport society? I tried to fix my attention upon the gorgeous plate and Sèvres of the table, upon the dress of sulphur-colored satin which Madame Vann wore, upon the hothouse flowers and *epergne* of frosted silver, running over with the richest and blackest of grapes. But no! I could see nothing but that hateful face and abominable smile. Persistently he babbled in my ears.

"Ze women of your country are wonderful creatures. They haf ze wit and vivacity of ze French, and ze beauty of all other nations in one. They haf tact and brains; they can talk with ze fool and ze wise man, and they distract and fascinate as none others can in all ze world."

"Foreigners often make these pretty speeches to our faces, and then say very uncomplimentary things of us behind our backs," said I, tartly.

"Is it possible? what perfidy! Far be it from me to do zat. It is ze desire of my heart to win an American bride. None other shall reign in my palace on ze banks of ze Tiber. I must haf one made, as ze poet says, of ze spirit and ze fire and ze dew. She must be blonde—I adore blondes. She must be *petite*, with ze *nez retroussé*, and fair hair and charming dimples like yours. At ze little feet of such a one I will lay my title and my heart, and swear to be her adoring slave evermore."

He had drawn my portrait exactly. I flashed him a glance of mingled wrath and scorn.

"You may not be aware of it," said I, "but you are very, very impertinent."

He seemed taken aback for a moment, but rallied quickly.

"Heaven! how is it that I, who wish so much to please you, only give you offense?"

"I really cannot tell!" I answered, "but so it seems to be."

He talked to me no more.

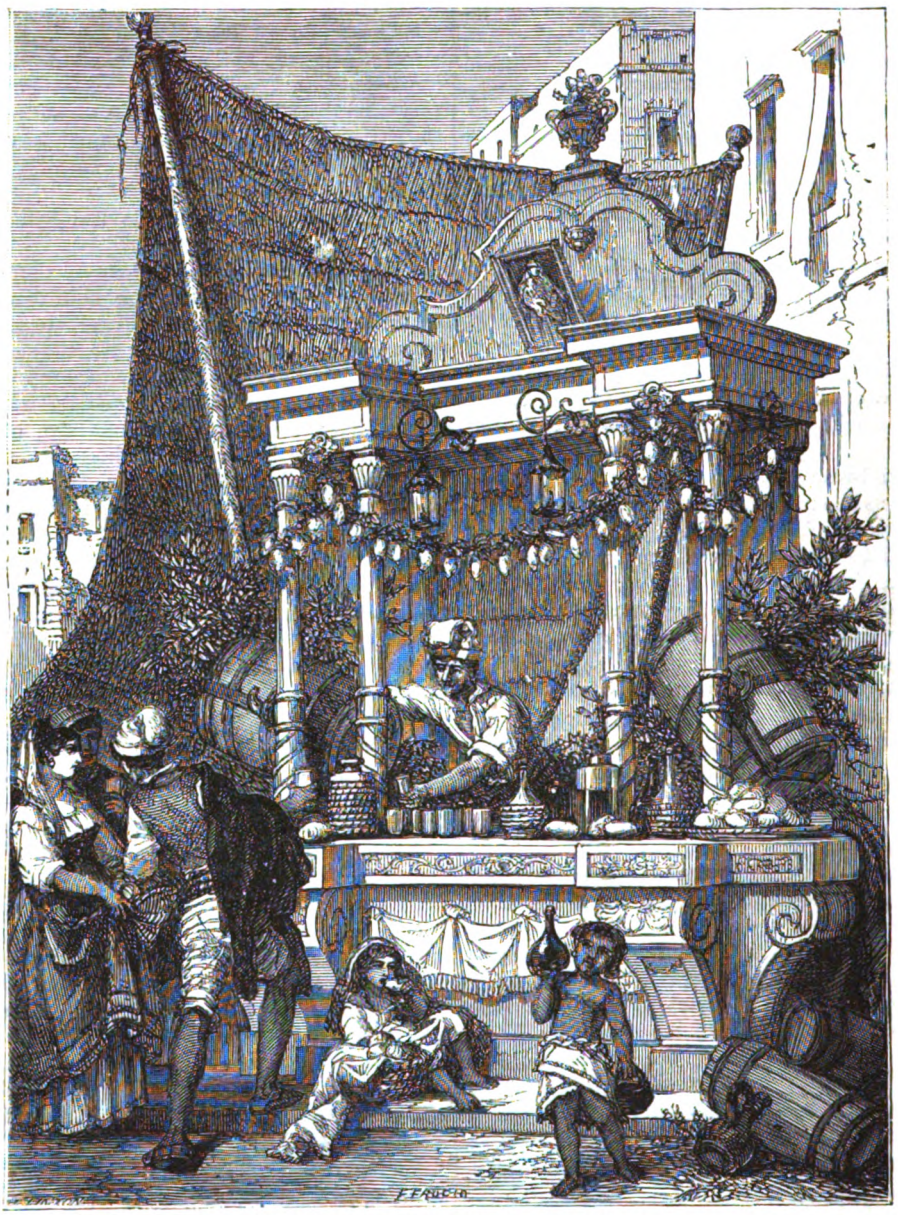
Madame Vann drank a great deal of wine at dinner—by the way, how very fond she is of wine! During dessert she manifested a desire to slip from her chair, in all the

splendor of sulphur satin and diamonds, straight under the table, but being restrained in this whim by an attendant, she embraced the baron with tenderness, and desired him to bottle her up and send her at once to the cellar of his palace on the Tiber. The request created quite a sensation at the table, and Madame retired in the care of a servant. What extraordinary conduct in a daughter of the old Dutch governors!

Unobserved, I stepped out upon the piazza, and seated myself under the dusky vines. The *salon* was half full of Miss Vann's friends, and I was not likely to be missed. I heard the band play, and saw the moon climb up the grand empurpled Summer sky. White moths brushed against my cheek, hot whiffs of perfume from hanging baskets of heliotrope fanned around me through the warm, dry air. Presently some one appeared on the piazza, crossed it in a blaze of light from the *salon* windows, and vanished, only to reappear soon after with a white wrap on his arm.

"Star gazing?" he said, as he espied me in my viny nest, and hastened to my side.

"Miss Vann bade me give you this shawl. Was there no congenial company inside?"



THE ACQUIOLO, OR WATER-VENDER OF NAPLES.

"I like the moonlight and the sea," I answered evasively.

He leaned against a pillar of the piazza, and looked at me as if I were an interesting study.

"Did the Baron bore you?"

"Greatly."

"You do not see in him the extraordinary fascination which enthralls Miss Vann and her set?"

"No."

"That is passing strange!" Either you are an unappreciative young person, or one of unusual discernment."

"How long has this exalted Roman led society in chains?" I asked.

"He appeared suddenly in Newport a few weeks ago—burst upon us, in fact, like a meteor. I really do not know from whence he came, but his title seems to act like an 'Open Sesame' to all hearts. He has been *fêted*, petted and lionized till it is small wonder that he is well-nigh insufferable."

"He is a diplomat, is he not?" said I. "Miss Vann says he has just returned from Washington on important State business."

Mr. Saxe smiled quietly.

"State business is rather dull at Washington, just now. The foreign ministers are mostly at the watering-places. I do not wish to question our titled friend's veracity, but a gentleman at the Ocean declares he met the Baron face to face in the streets of Boston a few days ago, when everybody supposed him to be at the Capital."

As I cared not a straw about the matter, or whether the Baron directed his footsteps to Washington or to Jericho, I leaned back in my odorous nook and listened to the band. How plaintive and sweet was the music! How large and white the moon shone over warm, green shore and still, dark sea, whereon a few spectral sails glimmered. How handsome Eric Saxe looked, leaning there against the piazza, with the white light pouring on his Southern face. Music, moonshine, heliotropes! I sat like one under a spell. Did *he* feel the enchantment, too? I think so. He neither moved nor spoke. The blossom-laden vines rustled around us, the distant music pulsed in fervent measures, the murmur of laughter and voices was audible from the drawing-room—that was all.

Suddenly Miss Vann appeared in the window, and brought me promptly to my senses.

"Eric," she said. "pray bring in that child from the dew —she will take cold."

Does *he* think me a child? As he leaned to gather up my white wrap, our two hands met somehow, in its soft meshes.

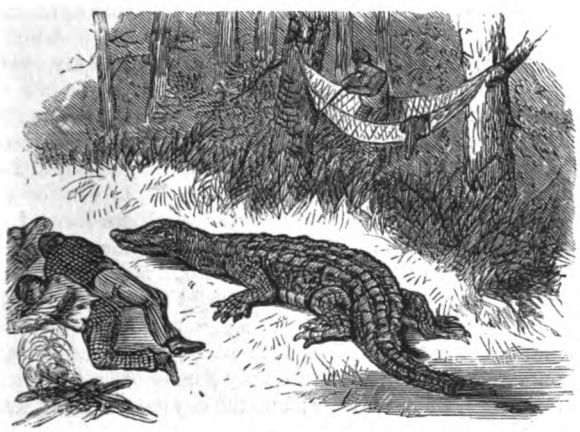
"Too bad!" he murmured. "She calls us from heaven to earth."

I went in, wrote a letter to Ethel, in which I expatiated on the beauties of Newport, but did not mention the name of Mr. Saxe, and fell asleep in my chamber overlooking the sea.

(To be continued.)

THE ACQUIOLO.

WATER enters largely into the trades of Naples. You find the Acquiolo at almost every corner, in a sort of massive, altar-like structure. It is a curious sight, and after coming near enough to satisfy yourself that it is not a shrine, you distinguish the rows of oranges and citrons amid the glittering glasses. On either side, between the pillars, is suspended a barrel of *snowed* water, which the dealer swings on



DODGING A SHARK.—"THE BRUTE HAD RANGED UP ALONGSIDE PETER BYRNES, AND WAS JUST BENDING HIS TAIL READY FOR A BLOW WHEN I FIRED."

its axis several times before he draws off a glass for a customer. His whole structure is adorned with lanterns, festoons and garlands, and the walls with fantastic paintings.

Toward evening the crowds gather round to get their supply of water, lemonade, orangeade or sambuco, the great popular drink, made from elderberries.

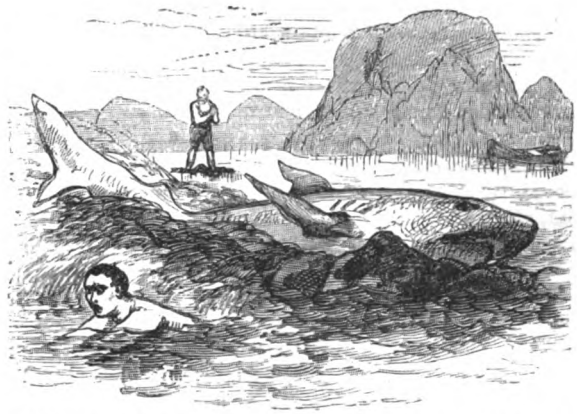
DODGING A SHARK.

"I THINK," said the skipper, one morning at breakfast, as we were discussing that meal in the cuddy of the *Calcutta*, then at anchor off the mouth of the Ullua—"I think we had better fill in as we go, so I shall send the boats cocoanutting. Would you like to go?"

"With all my heart," I replied. "I've never been down among the lagoons, and should like it above all things."

"I'm glad of that," said the skipper; "for I shall not go myself. I'm not ambitious of being stung to death by musquitoes; but as you have never been down the coast, the novelty will, perhaps, repay you for the pain."

"I'll run the chance of a stinging," I retorted. "If we get a strong sea-breeze we may happily escape these little pests; but when do we start?"



DODGING A SHARK.—"TO MY INTENSE HORROR, I SAW A LARGE SHARK MAKING TOWARD HIM."

"With the land-wind in the morning."

"All right. Who is to go?"

"The stevedore, for one, because he knows the coast well; the rest you can choose for yourself."

"Then I'll have Jones for one. He's handy, and cooks well."

During the day I selected the rest of my men, hauled the boats alongside, and got everything ready for the start, which it was arranged should be about three o'clock on the following morning.

Close to the shores of the Gulf of Honduras there is a low, level track, covered with immense forests, through which runs the Rio Ullua.

At its mouth is an anchorage where, during certain months, collects a large fleet of merchant ships, waiting for the mahogany which is cut in the interior and floated down the river.

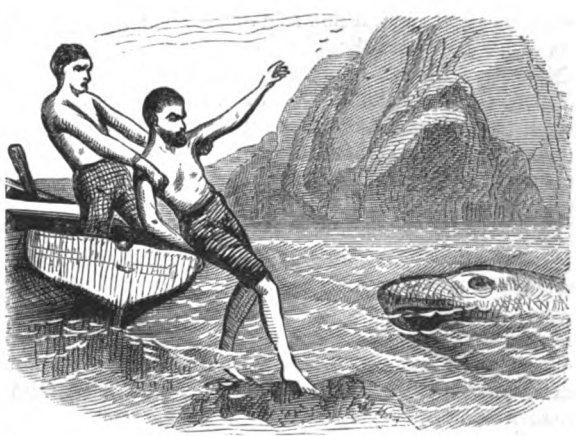
Among these was the bark *Calcutta*, whose cargo was about half completed.

In loading ships with mahogany, there are spaces between the ends of the logs and the fore and after parts of the ship. To prevent the logs from shifting when the ship is at sea, these are filled with cocoanuts.

It was to procure a supply for this purpose that I and Peter Byrnes, the stevedore, with ten men and three boys, started on that August morning. Our destination was one of the lagoons to the eastward of Punta de Sal, about twelve or fifteen miles along the coast.

The men were told off into the boats, and we pushed off.

What an extraordinary feeling is that which those in a boat experience when at night they sail away from a large



DODGING A SHARK.—"THE NEXT INSTANT I WAS HAULED INTO THE BOAT."

ship! The boat appears to be stationary, while the great, black hull and the tall masts seem to melt away and disappear.

About six o'clock, after a great deal of coquetry, the breeze failed us altogether, and we had to take to our oars.

The sea was calm; not a ripple or a flaw broke the glass-like expanse, except now and again a shoal of skipjacks, scared by the noise of the oars, leaped above the surface, and, after skimming the water for a short distance, fell back like a glittering shower of silver into the sea.

We had been pulling now for about two hours, and a two hours' stretch at the oar, under a tropical sun, is a thing not to be joked about. It was, therefore, with no small degree of satisfaction that we saw the entrance to Port Sal open on the starboard side, and shortly afterward we entered the little land-locked cove of that name.

Port Sal is very difficult of entrance, but when inside, it is quite a fairy spot. Two high, rocky headlands, about fifty fathoms apart, afforded such a shelter as rendered the water of this place, even in the most stormy weather, perfectly smooth and calm.

A sandy beach surrounds the harbor, backed by the primeval forest, which, in this instance, grew close to the water's edge.

The bush, as well as the trees, was full of life. When we entered, a number of large alligators could be seen basking in the sun, or standing side by side on the beach, like a long row of brown soldiers.

They all took to the water as we approached; but not understanding why their territory should thus be invaded, they every now and then glided silently up on the sand, shooting their long snouts out of the water, and gazing at us; then, as silently launching themselves backward, they disappeared out of sight.

Finding we did not vacate, they swam across the harbor to find another hot place, such as these cold-blooded animals so much delight in.

At other places, sand-pipers were trotting about in the pools; at the entrance to a creek was a long line of flamingoes; while now and then a great pelican flapped heavily across the water.

Peter Byrnes, as soon as we landed, started into the bush, taking his gun, and had not been gone long, before two or three reports set the whole colony of animals in an uproar.

Jones was making himself conspicuous by collecting wood and lighting a fire.

Peter soon returned with a monkey or two, and several brace of young macaws and parrots, which Jones at once proceeded to divest of their feathers.

By the joint exertions of these two, our dinner was at last before us; and though not a luxurious one, garnished as it was with hunger, we thought it excellent.

Nothing worthy of notice took place until night came on. I had brought a hammock with me, with a blanket to wrap myself in. Accordingly, after supper, I retired to it, in the hope of passing a comfortable night, for what with the fatigues of the day and the little rest I had had the previous night, I was dead beat.

Vain hope! Let no man think to have a comfortable night in a tropical forest. Up to eleven o'clock, all was calm and serene, and, rolling myself in my blanket, I lay down. Everything for the first hour was still; and I fell asleep watching the fireflies as they flitted through the air.

From the most delicious slumber that ever tired man knew, I was awakened by the most infernal serenade that ever fell upon human ear.

Fancy a conglomeration of the most unearthly and discordant sounds ever uttered. Thousands of animals, reptiles and insects seemed to be striving to outdo each other in the production of singular and inharmonious sounds.

There were howls, groans, roars and shrieks, accompanied by a chorus of croaking, piping, bellowing and hooting, varied at intervals by a little scraping, grinding and saw-sharpening; while, in addition to all this, it appeared as though an army of cats were carrying on an extensive nocturnal performance, in which dissonance was, as usual, a prominent feature.

Sometimes there would come a lull; the animals would sink into silence, and the concert would be left to the insects alone; then suddenly the shrill hooting of some night-bird as it darted off into the forest, or the cry of a wild animal from the tree-top, would again arouse the whole.

Toward morning I was aroused by a strong, musky smell that seemed suddenly to pervade the whole encampment. I was not properly awake, but I fancied that some wild animal must be near, and I cautiously looked over the side of the hammock.

The fires, on which we had heaped fuel before retiring to rest, had died down, leaving only a few smoldering embers, which glimmered up occasionally. I could but just see the dusky forms of the men as they lay around me, for the moon had set behind the mountains; and, except where the starlight fell upon the water, or when the flickering light of the fire now and then illuminated the camp, all was black as night.

Recalling my scattered senses, and opening my eyes, I cast them along the opening that led to the water. I saw something moving. I could not make out what it was; but it came up slowly and stealthily. At last I perceived that it was of hideous shape, and that it was moving up toward the sleeping seamen.

For a moment I dared not move or speak, for I could not see distinctly enough what it was. At length a portion of the fire gave way, and the unburnt wood falling in among the lighted embers, shot forth a bright flame, and showed me the long, gaunt snout of an enormous alligator.

I seized my gun, which, fortunately, I had had the precaution to place at the head of my hammock, aimed at its eyes, and pulled the trigger; but the cap only went off. The beast was now close to one of the men; but at the snap of the cap he stood still and listened. I put on another cap and shook up the priming. By this time the brute had ranged up alongside Peter Byrnes, and was just bending his tail, ready for a blow, when I fired.

All were up in an instant. One of the boys, in rising, stumbled over the beast, and, not knowing what it was, bellowed for help. Meanwhile the struggles of the alligator were terrific, and he was blowing furiously. At last, with an expiring effort, he turned round, and, dragging himself down to the water, plunged into it.

No sooner had the beast disappeared than we began to look about us for the boy, but he was nowhere to be seen. I was somewhat puzzled at this. I had heard of alligators dragging their prey into the water and drowning it; but that one should do so in his death-throes, and that before our faces, without our perceiving it, appeared marvelous; but the boy was gone.

At last the day dawned, and my surprise was greater than I can describe to see the boy, whom I had fancied carried off by the cayman, quietly sleeping in his place among the men. I awoke him, and asked him for an explanation; but I could get nothing from him, except that he had been horribly frightened, ran off, and had sneaked back into the camp.

The first ray of the sun found us at sea again, and by six o'clock we entered the mouth of the lagoon. And now came the aim and object of our expedition.

The only interruption we experienced in procuring our cargo was from an army of monkeys, which came down from the woods to witness our operations.

First they came in sixes and sevens, swinging themselves from tree to tree, grinning and chattering at us as we proceeded with our work; but presently they arrived in shoals, headed by an old fellow, who seemed a sort of patriarch among them.

In the midst of their gambols he seated himself upon a high tree, and they assembled around him; then he appeared to be haranguing them, while they listened with profound attention.

Suddenly, as though what he said was excessively comical, they all seemed to be seized with fits of laughter, and swinging from bough to bough, shrieked and chattered as if they had gone mad; the young ones, particularly, were convulsed with hilarity, for they tumbled one over the other, jumping into the air with playful shouts; when you thought they were falling, they dexterously clutched a branch and turned round and grinned at you, as if to enjoy your disappointment.

At last, so insolent were they, that they alighted close to the very trees that we were picking, and seemed half inclined to make an attack. It was not until I had cooled their courage by a couple of shots that they desisted, and scuttled off into the forest.

By eleven o'clock we had succeeded in filling our boats, but it was useless to think of starting till the land breeze came down, which would be late in the evening, or early next morning. All hands, therefore, began to think of making provision for dinner, and the stevedore proceeded to enlighten us as to the mode of fishing in Honduras.

The water in the lagoon, though not so clear as outside, was yet sufficiently so to distinguish the fish as they basked in the sunshine. Accordingly Peter, taking his line and spear, got into the gig with a boy, and, pulling out from the shore, let her float.

As soon as Peter's practiced eye saw a fish swimming near the surface, he launched his spear, and struck it. The stricken fish darted forward with a bound and a jerk; but to understand this method of fishing, I must give a description of these spears.

First, there is a long, tapering staff, at the end of which is a barbed spike, secured by a becket to a line, the end of which is fastened to a float, about eighteen inches long, by two in diameter; and round which the line is wound. The float is attached to one end of the staff, and the spike to the other, but in such a manner that as soon as the fish is struck, the spike is disengaged from one end of the staff, which immediately reverses itself, and suffers the cork-float to be also disengaged.

The fish darts forward as soon as it is struck, and the float being separated from the staff, the line runs off the reel, or float, and when it has all run off, the cork goes bobbing about on the surface in a most curious fashion.

When Peter had struck a fish he took no further notice of it; but went on spearing till he had struck about half a dozen, by which time those he had first caught had ceased their efforts to release themselves, and the floats were stationary. He then commenced to haul in his lines, which was soon done, and when he came on shore we found he had captured six large fish.

Jones's method of cooking fish was new, and, whether he had learned it from the Indians, or stumbled upon it by accident, was conducted according to the most scientific principles.

The largest of the fish having been stuffed, was wrapped in leaves and placed in a hole in the sand, which had previously been filled with wood, and was at the time a mass of glowing coals. As soon as the fish was placed therein, it was covered up, and when wanted, was taken out and eaten immediately. A more delicious method of cooking fish I never met with.

Whilst the dinner was being prepared, I proposed that we should take a bath in the lagoon. Peter, however, suggested that it was not safe on account of the alligators; but he said he knew a place outside where we could bathe without fear.

Accordingly, we took the gig, and though we grounded several times, we succeeded in getting through the narrow channel and reached the place — a beautiful basin of water, with a fine, clear, sandy bottom, inclosed on one side by a bit of beach, while the rest was encircled by a reef of rocks.

In some parts the reef was just covered with a sheet of foam, while in others jagged rocks jutted up in huge masses, over which the swell broke with a noise like thunder. Outside the reef there was a stiff breeze blowing, but inside was calm and clear.

Not caring to anchor, we undressed, and plunging in, swam out to the reef.

I was enjoying the bath amazingly, floundering about under the lee of the rocks, over which the green seas broke at intervals, half smothering me in a natural shower-bath.

The water on the part of the reef on which I stood was scarcely two feet deep, except when the swell came round, and then I was almost taken off my legs, such was the precarious nature of my footing.

I was just waiting for another roller to burst over me, and the stevedore was floating on his back in the centre of the basin, when, to my intense horror, I saw a large shark making toward him.

I cried out loudly:

"A shark! a shark!"

The stevedore turned to see from whence the danger came.

It would be useless to attempt to reach the boat, so I shouted to him to strike out for the shore. For a second or two he seemed fear-stricken, and made no effort to reach the land.

Then he struck out boldly for the shore.

Those few seconds of indecision had enabled the monster to get into fearful proximity to him, and for some minutes the race was exciting.

I looked on, half paralyzed with terror, while foot by foot the shark drew nearer to him, expecting every instant to see its silvery stomach glancing in the sunlight, and the form of the stevedore dragged under.

Just as the shark was within a few fathoms of him, the stevedore turned sharp round and dived. As his foot disappeared beneath the surface, the monster dashed at it, and there was great commotion in the water.

For some seconds the brute lashed his tail, his struggles were terrific, and I thought it was all over with poor Peter. But in another moment or two, to my inexpressible joy, I saw his head emerge from the water, some distance from the shark, and a cry of thankfulness escaped me as I saw him reach the shore in safety.

Meanwhile the shark had released himself from the shoal; for I now saw that Peter, who knew the place well, had availed himself of his knowledge, and dexterously avoiding it, had put the shark aground upon a bit of sand.

No sooner did the brute clear the shoal than he made for the reef.

I had been so occupied with the stevedore's danger that I had not thought of myself. When I did, the great black fin was sailing down rapidly toward me.

The boat was floating gayly in the middle of the inlet,

and was thus of no service, either to Peter or me. Thus while, on the one hand, my return was effectually cut off by the shark, I could not hope for any assistance from shore.

It is true, the danger was not so imminent as in the case of the stevedore, but my position was, nevertheless, one of extreme peril, and one from which I could see no means of escape.

the position afforded little extra security; for when the rollers swept over it I was several times knocked off my feet, and once nearly precipitated into the very jaws of the shark.

I remained for some time in fearful suspense, half paralyzed with terror, and uncertain what to do. The boat was pursuing a most erratic course, now carried one way, and then another by the opposite currents of air.

A JAPANESE GIRL AT HER TOILET.—SEE PAGE 344.

Some horrible instinct seemed to enable this monster to scent me; for a few minutes after Peter's retreat, he was floating close to me, gazing at me with his hideous eyes, and looking as though he was only waiting for a favorable opportunity to seize me.

Death stared me in the face, and I could do nothing to escape from it.

I had retreated on to the highest part of the reef, but

At one time it seemed floating toward me, and my spirits began to revive; but as soon as it got under the lee of the rocks it advanced no further, only bobbing and dancing before me, as if to cheat me with vain hopes. Then, suddenly, another flaw seized it, and carried it once more into the centre of the inlet.

One time I thought of attempting to reach the point by wading across the reef; but I was uncertain as to the depth,

and I feared that when I got quite from under the lee of the high rocks the rollers would be too strong for me, so that idea was dismissed.

I could not keep my eyes from my terrible companion, which had continued to float almost motionless in the clear water before me. His eyes, dull and flaccid, yet so ferocious, seemed to follow my every movement.

At intervals, as if to delude me, he would gradually fade away, sinking slowly, and without any motion of his body, till he almost disappeared from sight; and then, without any perceptible effort, rose again like a cork. Then he lay like a cat pretending to sleep, yet never taking its glance from its prey.

The tension of the muscles was so great to keep my footing, and I had been so long in the water, that I felt my strength could not last much longer, and I expected every minute to be swept from the reef.

All hope, therefore, of escape, as far as any active measure on my part was concerned, was gone; my trust was now in God—I could do nothing but await His will.

From this state of despondency I was awakened by a shout, and the next instant I was hauled into the boat.

What became of my enemy, or how I got clear of the inlet, I have no very definite idea. All I know is that, making a bold dash, Peter succeeded in reaching the boat and rescuing me.

We were not long in dressing, and soon got back to the lagoon; and though only half an hour previous I had expected to be food for a shark, the idea had not taken away my appetite, for I enjoyed my dinner as well as if nothing had happened.

EARLY and provident fear is the mother of safety.

THAT NIGHT.

I DIDN'T like the looks of the room. That I silently confessed as the swarthy attendant set the tallow candle on the little pine table, and prepared to leave.

"Haven't you anything better than this?" I inquired, a trifle nervously, I fear, for my strange companion glanced curiously in my direction, as he answered:

"No'm; we does have one or two a leetle bigger than this are; but a good many strangers cum along to-day, and this is all that there is."

"But how do you fasten the door?" I continued, horror-struck at finding neither lock, key, bolt, nor bar.

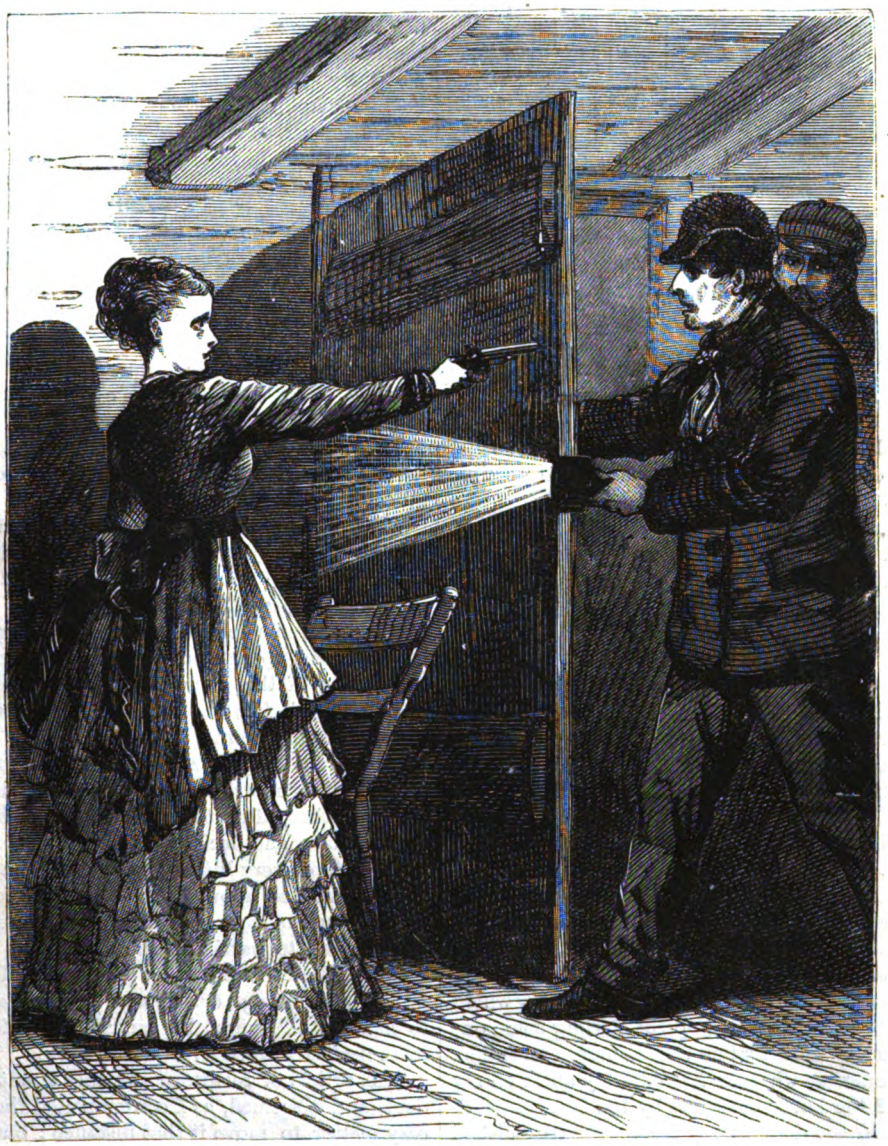
"Oh! we doesn't fasten doors up here. Nobody round here wants anything anybody else has got. We earns all we want—we does;" and with an expression of disgust on his loathsome features, he turned and left me.

For the first time in my life, I was conscious of being afraid—truly, literally afraid. Ever since babyhood my courage had been the subject of praise. My mother had dubbed me daring and reckless, and my father, whose pet I was, although forced to admit that his daughter's organ of caution was not so largely developed as some other bump—combativeness, for instance—always closed his remarks after this fashion:

"But she's good grit, though, and I'll risk her anywhere."

I wonder what he would have thought could he have seen me as I stood in that dismal, comfortless room, candle in hand, my teeth fairly chattering with nervousness, trying my best to devise some means of barricading my door?

An accident to one of our party at the Adirondacks had



THAT NIGHT.—"CLICK WENT THE PRECIOUS LITTLE PISTOL, AND DOWN WENT MY MAN."

made it necessary for us to separate for a day or two, and as one of us must necessarily travel alone, I, who had been accustomed to this sort of thing for years, offered to do the solitary, meeting our party a couple of days hence at Benson's, properly reinforced, and in good traveling order.

A storm had delayed the stage in which I took passage, and at seven o'clock that evening, notwithstanding the clouds had lifted, and there seemed every prospect of fair weather, nothing could induce our driver to go on.

He would give no reason for this apparent obstinacy, simply declaring that if we knew when we were well off, we would just let him pitch a tent, make a camp-fire, have something to eat, and turn in.

The passengers consisted of a gentleman and his wife—nice, friendly folks, known to me by reputation—two strangers (gentlemen), and a colored servant.

Remaining at this place over night would just spoil my chances of meeting my friends at the time and place appointed, and I determined to proceed, if there was any earthly way of accomplishing it.

Not long after, the rumbling of a wagon was heard, and, to my great satisfaction, I found that it was occupied by a man and a little girl, bound within two miles of the place where I had promised to be on the following day at noon.

He would willingly take a passenger, and knew where I could be sure of a good place to sleep and a good breakfast. That was enough, and I jumped into the lumbering old vehicle, quite delighted with my good fortune.

The driver looked daggers and swords and pistols at me, and every other description of murderous weapon possible to conceive of, as he said:

"It's well you're no relation of mine, miss! If you was, you wouldn't stir an inch! It's just defying the Almighty—that's what 'tis."

I laughingly bade him good-by, and waved my handkerchief in defiance, as long as the old stage remained in sight.

What wouldn't I have given to be back again under that sturdy old driver's wing? How I wished that he had compelled me to remain, and really grew quite angry to think he had not forcibly detained me.

Emergencies try our consistency, I have since discovered, as well as that consistency is the rarest of jewels. This was a predicament I had nowise bargained for, and what should I do, I asked myself, without a shadow of response. I shaded the candle with my hand (the wind blew in little fitful gusts through the ghostly apartment, in a manner so weird and suggestive of all the terrible things I had ever heard or read of, that my blood curdled in my veins), and endeavored to explore the long entryway which led to this horrible den, in the hope of finding some one who would help make the situation a little more endurable.

As I stood wondering whether I should try and find my way to the part of the house occupied by the family, a sudden breeze slammed the door in my face, and extinguished the candle.

A step on the staircase announced the approach of some one, and I said, as calmly as I could:

"Please step this way, and light my candle. The wind has just blown it out."

"All right—yes'm;" and the owner of a feminine voice shuffled toward me, stopped a moment to snuff her own tallow dip, and then relighted mine, saying: "The wind howls round these parts pretty lively, ma'am. 'Bout as much as we can do to keep light enough to get to bed by, ma'am."

I ventured to ask her if she couldn't help me contrive some means of fastening my door.

"Sakes!" she replied, with a laugh, that seemed to me thoroughly demoniac; "nobody never thinks of sich a thing. There's nobody under the sun here but our folks, and two or three travelers, what have been abed and asleep for the last two hours or more. Hadn't you better take sumethin' to quiet your narves a little? Got some good applejack and a keg of as nice rye whisky as ever you put in your mouth."

She had evidently been partaking of the last, for her breath, redolent with the fumes of rum, onions, and the smoke of an old pipe, the stump of which she held between her sunken lips, was enough to turn the stomach of a cannibal.

"I'll drag my bunk in here, if you say so," she continued. "I don't s'pose the old man 'ud have no objections. He purty much ginrally likes me sumwheres close by; but, I reckon, if I tell him as how there's a young woman what's afeard of sumthin' or another——" And here she suddenly halted, then resumed as suddenly: "What be you afeard of, mum—robbers or ghosts? I should like to tell the old man, if he asks me. Just likely as not he will, for he's powerful inquisitive about most things."

This last query and remark of the old woman's had, as you may imagine, touched the keynote of the ludicrous, and for the moment I forgot all fear in the comicality of my surroundings.

We must have made a queer picture about that time. The old hag's consternation evidently knew no bounds as she listened to my peals of laughter.

There she stood, candle in one hand, the other on the latch of the door, and with a look of wonderment written all over her face impossible to describe.

The old black stump fell from her mouth—I imagined the first time in years, by the eagerness she displayed in replacing it; and there she stood, glaring at me with an intensity of gaze I never saw equaled.

The more she looked, the more I laughed, and when at last the pent-up nervousness found a vent was possible by the means of this cachinnation, and a longer, louder, and heartier peal followed, the strange creature silently and gravely left the room.

She might have been indignant, supposing herself the object of my merriment, or she might have put this and that together, after the style of a certain class of modern ignoramuses, and decided that I was insane.

It mattered very little to me. My fears were entirely dispelled, and I set about my preparations for retiring with as good a stock of courage as I ever possessed.

I decided to barricade the door; but how was it to be done? The bedstead was a ponderous affair, made of oak, and of such strange design and proportions, that it seemed to me "B. C." might be carved on the footboard with the most perfect propriety.

This article of furniture was only about a yard from the door, and it seemed, as I contemplated the performance, an easy matter to move it that distance; but I reckoned without my host. One push demonstrated that the legs of said bedstead were set in some sort of earthen vessels, and that these vessels were filled with some kind of liquid—what, I had no means of telling. To remove these required almost herculean strength.

It suddenly dawned upon me what these bowls were intended for, and then, as you may imagine, I concluded, tired as I was, that the straw wouldn't rustle beneath my weight that night. Ugh! my flesh creeps now as I think of it. What should I do with myself? A closer examination proved that the cracks of the floor were swarming with blood-thirsty vermin.

I gathered my garments closer about me, and took

another view of the situation, and was forced at last to acknowledge my inability to secure a night's rest.

There was nothing to do but seat myself with my back to the door, place my feet in another chair, and wait, with as much patience as I could summon, the dawn of day.

A pocket in my underskirt contained a tiny silver-mounted affair, which, as my brother aptly remarked when he presented it to me, would "put the squeak out of a fellow in less time than it takes to say Jack Robinson."

I had used it for fun a great many times; but as I carefully examined it to see that it was in good killing order, I was singularly impressed with the idea that there would be some serious business accomplished with it before morning, and, just as singularly, I was not in the least frightened with the prospect.

There was no way of keeping my candle burning. It flickered and sputtered spitefully, and finally succumbed altogether to the force of the draft. Where that wind came from is a mystery to me to this day.

The window was a little, porthole concern, which I had closed upon entering the room, supposing, of course, that the obnoxious intruder had entered from that quarter, and after a close examination of every nook and corner in that room, I was forced to the conviction that these breezes were without doubt a distinguishing feature of said apartment. Another such night as that, and every hair in my head would be white, I know.

I groped around, found the aperture, and threw back the sash, then seated myself with the back of my chair against the door, my feet carefully tucked up in another chair. The tiny revolver lay on my lap all ready for use, and no baby ever received more petting than did this weapon of destruction on this occasion. It was at once companion and protector, and although, as the hours advanced, I was conscious of growing more and more impatient and nervous, yet not once did I lose self-possession, or succumb to fear.

I was thoroughly aware that some adventure was in store for me, knew it, expected it—how, you must ask one wiser than I. It was precisely as if some good angel had whispered in my ear:

"You must not be caught off your guard for one moment. Danger lurks very near. Only extreme vigilance can avert it."

Those very words kept ringing through my ears, and this danger was so imminent, so near, that I found myself at times holding my breath to listen for the sound of approaching footsteps.

I *appeared* to go to bed, was perfectly noiseless in my movements when preparing my quarters for the night. My money was in my bosom, and there I sat waiting to see, or, rather, feel, who or what was to besiege my citadel.

Three hours must certainly have elapsed, and my limbs commenced to ache most pitiably with the forced quiet I had subjected them to, when a slight noise, as of some one carefully opening and closing a door, warned me to hold my position.

After this all was quiet for a few moments, and I tried to assure myself that the sound had no significance for me, when I distinctly heard footsteps, apparently at the extreme end of the long hallway. They drew gradually nearer, and I knew that there were two men approaching on tiptoe.

I had not marked out any plan of operations, but I found myself immediately on my feet, prepared to meet in good shape whoever might be disposed to invade my quarters.

I have wondered at this a million times since, wondered why I had not, woman fashion (for I know that under less dangerous circumstances I should certainly have done so) sat still, and braced the chair against the door, and endeavored, for a while at least, to keep the villains at bay.

The steps halted, as I supposed they would, right before the entrance, and a low, whispered dialogue took place.

"I tell you this is the room. Jake said he put her here, and she was frightened to death because there was no fastening on the door. She cum down with old Prime. I reckon I know," as his companion ventured to contradict him. "We'll overhaul the men's pockets arter we've been through her'n. Don't go to being chicken-hearted now. Her money is under her piller—of course 'tis—that's where they allus keep it, the little fools! Them men's jus' rotten with spondulix, they be."

Then I knew they alluded to the travelers the old woman told me about.

"Old Perkins's head was level when he made up his mind not to go any further into the woods. That makes three times he has spoiled our game: but I'll get even with him before long—see if I don't."

"Perkins" was our driver—the man who had been so distressed and enraged at the idea of my leaving the party, and now the reason was plain. He had scented the battle afar off; knew that danger, in the shape of these midnight marauders, lurked near, and was determined to save without alarming us—and by my willfulness I had rushed right into the very trouble he would have prevented.

"She's asleep fast enough! Gals that age forget their troubles mighty sudden. You go in ahead, and while I hunt for the spon, you wet the rag and put it to her nose, and then we'll go for the others."

"You'd better git one job done at a time!" growled his companion, whose intuitions in respect to the ease with which this job was to be consummated were evidently more correct. "I've knowed you to slip up afore this, arter a considerable bragging, too, and mebbe——"

"Hold your gab, you infernal fool, while I turn the glim. Shet up!" and I knew that they were coming.

My rising from the chair had set the door ajar, the latch being of no more account than the other article in the room.

In this way I heard every word they uttered.

The door was cautiously tried. I stepped noiselessly behind it, in obedience to the same instinct that had guided me all the way through.

Oh, the sickening, nauseating sensation produced by that chloroform! The horrible wretch had obeyed his instructions literally, for the room was filled with the deadly effluvia.

For one second the "glim was turned," and I saw the situation of the desperadoes. They, too, had evidently discovered that the bed had no occupant.

With the coolness of Satan himself, I waited for the ringleader to face my part of the room.

This he shortly did.

Click! went the precious little pistol, and down went my man.

With a quick yell of rage, his companion rushed for the door, without receiving any harm from the ball leveled in his direction. It never was found, so perhaps he has got it somewhere.

This din, naturally enough, aroused every inmate of the house. I was afraid to stir, for fear of stepping on the wounded man.

His groans subsided instantly, and I knew he had either fainted or died. To tell the truth, I didn't care which. He would have ended my mortal career with as little remorse as I would have killed a musquito, and whatever fate had

befallen him was none of my business. In the moment between the villain's fall and the assembling of members of the household, I had plenty of time to think this matter over, and my woman's conscience quite absolved me.

Judge of my astonishment when the very first person entering the room I discovered to be my brother, who had arrived very unexpectedly.

They had found friends going down, willing to take charge of our invalid with the sprained ankle, and they had thus been able to return a whole day sooner than they expected.

"Why, Nell!" was his first exclamation, "how in the world came you here, and what have you been and gone and done? Why, this fellow is as dead as a doornail, and, as true as I'm a sinner, its 'Scaffold Dick,' as infernal a wretch as ever went unhung!"

I had just finished my explanation to my friends when the old woman shuffled in, and following her the longest, crookedest and most forlorn specimen of the masculine gender I ever laid my eyes upon.

"What's up here?" she asked, in a queer, husky tone. "That gal's shot a man, they tell me — knocked the wind clean out of him! Take a squint at him, old man, and tell me if it's anybody you've ever seen afore."

She kept entirely aloof, and he seemed also inclined to; but, yielding at last to her importunities, he drew near, and after a long and careful survey of the body, said, in a whisper:

"It's Dick! I told you 'twas when I heard the shot. I felt afore I went to bed that his dish'd be turned bottom upward, and by somebody in this house, too. Young woman, that man was my son, and I'm glad you've put an end to him. Everybody said he'd die on the gallows, but he's just escaped that by the skin of his teeth."

The old hag rocked herself forward and backward, right and left, in her chair, and then, with the old stump of a pipe still between her lips, gave one despairing yell, and threw herself upon the body of her son.

Then I grew dizzy, and knew very little for several days.

When I finally came to my senses, I was in camp at the Adirondacks.

I have told this story now, and hope in this way to forget it for ever.

A NICE LITTLE ARRANGEMENT.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY.—*"What! are you going to the ball, Mr. Adonis? How fortunate! My husband has been complaining all the evening about going; so now he can stay at home, and I can go with you."*

A JAPANESE GIRL AT HER TOILET.

THE ladies of Japan, like ladies of differently civilized countries, have a natural fondness for looking well. They spend no inconsiderable time and care, therefore, upon their toilettes; and, though their ideas of beauty differ materially from ours, they doubtless succeed in making themselves beautiful in the eyes of their dusky admirers, to say nothing of their own. Our sketch represents a Japanese girl at her toilet. She is staining her lips with a dark fluid, according to the custom of her countrywomen, who have also a singular preference for black nails. The accessories of this picture are of an Oriental character, the ornaments being of light fabric and curious design. Many of our readers, no doubt, are familiar with the products of Japanese art, which have been very common in this country since the visit of the Japanese ambassadors to the United States in 1860. They will thus recognize the accuracy of this sketch, which affords an interesting glimpse of the customs of a strange people.

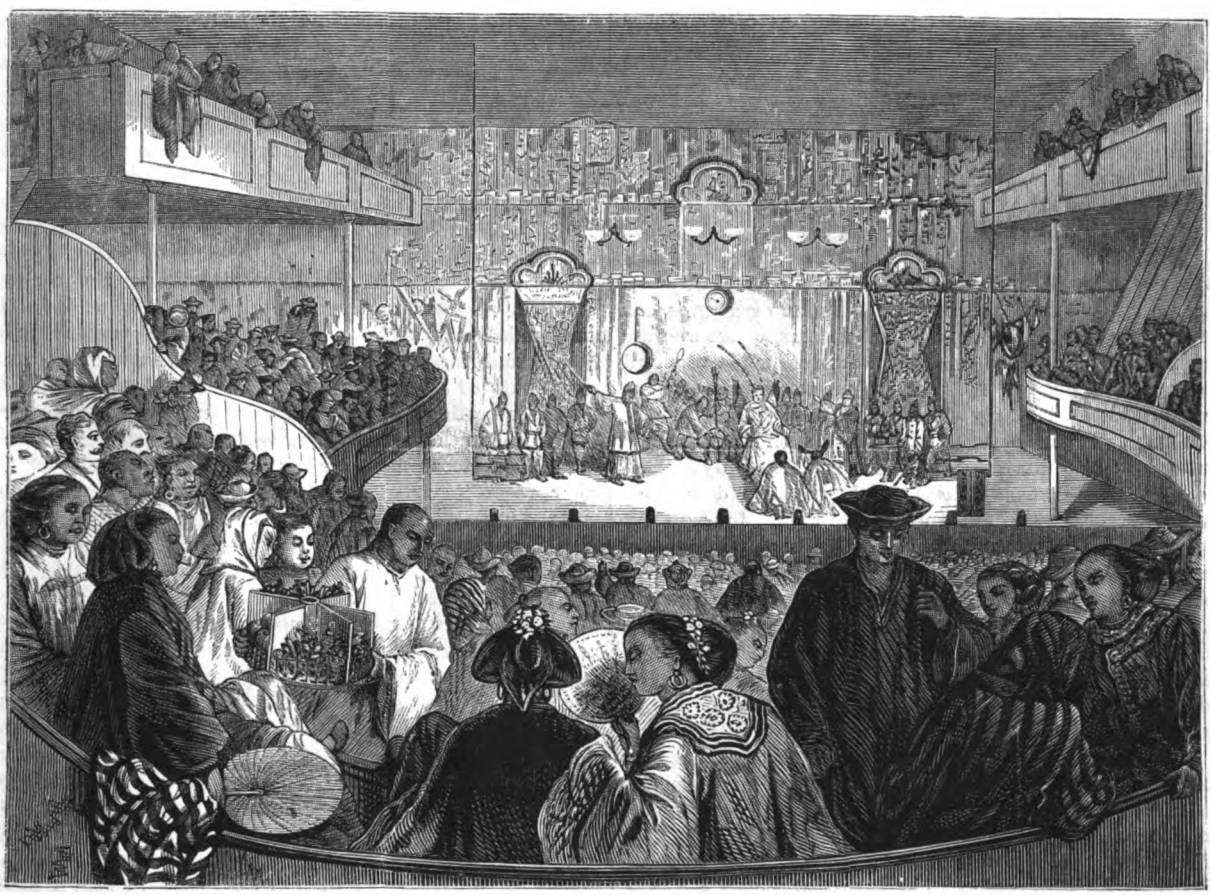
HOW TO ADMONISH.—We must consult the gentlest manner and softest seasons of address; our advice must not fall like a violent storm, bearing down and making those to droop whom it is meant to cherish and refresh. It must descend as the dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow—the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

FRIENDS IN ADVERSITY.—Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

A VISIT TO THE CHINESE QUARTER SAN FRANCISCO.

FROM "GOTHAM TO THE GOLDEN GATE,"* BY MRS. FRANK LESLIE, EDITRESS OF THE "LADY'S JOURNAL" AND "LADY'S MAGAZINE."

A DESCRIPTION of San Francisco which does not include Chinamen, China Town, and the Chinese question in some degree, at least, would indeed be Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark's character, and heaven defend us from committing such a solecism! What could be seen in this direction we resolved to see, and one fine day made an experimental trip, in company with a gentleman resident in San Francisco, to some of the fashionable Chinese shops in the American quarter. We called first at Chin-Lee's, then at King-Lee's and Chi-Lung's, finding their establishments filled with much the same wares that flood New York since the Exposition; but the air of the shops is more foreign than is possible in an Eastern city, the atmosphere redolent of a pungent, delicious odor of sandalwood and Oriental perfumes, and the smooth, brown, quiet salesmen, in their loose, dark-blue sacks and trowsers, with shining pigtails depending from beneath their silken skull-caps, heads and faces smooth as a baby's, and their delicate, slender hands, were altogether different from the Chinese laundrymen from whom we of the Atlantic coast take our ideas of the citizen of the Flowery Kingdom. Among these merchants are the highest caste Chinese to be found in America, and their manners by no means lack the repose "that stamps the cast of Vere de Vere"; in fact, so reposeful are they that it is rather difficult to go shopping among them, for they only exhibit such wares as are called for, and that in a mechanical and abstracted manner, as if their minds were occupied rather with Confucius than glove-boxes, or some new astronomical discovery to the exclusion of *bric-à-brac*. The prices of their charming goods are fabulous, and one hesitates to cheapen anything under the melancholy and languid gaze of the almond eyes. We were willing to pay something, however, for the pleasure of fancying ourselves in Nankin or Pekin, and delighted to ask questions eliciting low replies in that peculiar, lisping English, not broken, but only jarred just enough to let all the harsh consonants drop out, especially the rasping R, which becomes a liquid L in a Chinaman's mouth; and when I asked the price of the oddest possible little teapot at Chi-Lung's, and was informed that the preposterous sum demanded was "Velly little for lich Mellican lady to pay," I bought it at once, not for the flattery, but the l's of the statement! Well, the teapot was lovely, and it pleased the friend for whom it was bought, and so she and I and Chi-Lung were all pleased, and was not the money well expended?



INTERIOR OF THE ROYAL CHINESE THEATRE ON JACKSON STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

From fashionable Kearney Street we turned into steep and dingy Munro Street, and were in China Town itself. No more *bric-à-brac*, no more silken caps or fine cloth clothes or languid grandeur of manner. Here all the houses are dingy, no two alike; all the people are poor, and although universally clean in person, cultivate a squalid and odorous mode of existence, both in shops and dwellings,

* Just published by Carleton, New York.

that makes extensive visiting among them rather distasteful to fastidious people.

Each little shop hangs out its sign of red and gilded paper inscribed with Chinese characters; and very little English is spoken or required, as these places are intended for native custom exclusively. We entered several, and found the stock in each to consist mainly of shoes, teapots and beryl bracelets—all cheap and all ugly; and there were three or four salesmen in each dark little shop, to whom the same description might be applied. We passed along a row of butchers' stalls, and were glad to remember the impossibility of our own dinner ever coming from one of them. Smoked birds, split and flattened out like a sheet of paper, were exhibited as imported from China, and fish so long divorced from its native element as to be fit for nothing but to return thither. We saw several Joss-houses, or temples of Chinese worship, decorated with lanterns, plenty of red and gilded paper, and scarfs and ribbons festooned across with peacock's feathers. The upper story of the house being thus sanctified, the ground-floor is devoted to trade, and under one of the Joss-houses, Hoss, Wo & Co. conduct their Bureau of Emigration, and at the moment of our visit were welcoming a troop of newly arrived emigrants.

But the mild and superficial view of China Town to be obtained at noonday by no means satisfied our determination to make its intimate acquaintance, and subsequently a formal expedition was organized under conduct of Detective MacKenzie, the veteran of the San Francisco Police Force, having served as detective and police-officer for twenty-two years in that and other cities. A little after eight P. M. our party started for the Bohemian Club Rooms, where we were joined by Mr. MacKenzie and five or six other persons, and at once sallied out. The detective gave me his arm, and as we walked down Kearney Street I tried to elicit some of the anecdotes and reminiscences with which such a man's mind must teem; but unfortunately he had so thoroughly learned that habit of discretion which must be part of a detective's training, that he could not speak if he would, for I do not like to think that he would not if he could; and the only memorable thing he said in all that walk, was to point out a window on the corner of Portsmouth Square and remark: "Out of that window the Vigilance Committee of '51 hung their first man."

From Portsmouth Square we turned into Dupont Street, and felt that we had passed from the familiar to the unknown. In Kearney Street, which we had just left, crowds of cheerful and busy persons, with bright and expressive faces, thronged the brightly lighted sidewalks and the elegant shops, or were merrily passing into theatres or concert rooms for an evening's entertainment; in Dupont Street the narrow walks were scarcely lighted except by the smoky glare from the shop windows, and the silent-footed, sad-eyed passengers crept along the wall, or stepped from off the walk at our approach, more like the shades encountered by Dante at the entrance of the Inferno than living and busy mortals. Nothing is more noticeable about the Chinese than this quietude of face, gait, voice and manner; their features never stir, their eyes never vary, their hands never gesticulate; they seem framed with fewer surface muscles than Caucasians, the whole system of training for body and mind seems one of repression, and it is nearly as impossible to judge by a Chinaman's face what he really feels, thinks or wishes, as to guess the Sphinx's riddle by contemplation of her image. No happier hit was ever made than Bret Harte's poem of the "Heathen Chinee," but nobody can appreciate the phrase, "child-like and bland," until he has looked into one of these smooth, olive-colored, serene and utterly expressionless faces, and wondered what emotions, what passions, what opinions of one's self lay beneath it.

We stopped at the entrance to a black and narrow alley, its depths hidden in tenebrous shadow, and here our guide produced and lighted two candles, whose gleam faintly illuminated the first few steps of a black and rickety staircase. Up this the guide led and we followed, walking purely by faith; since nothing was to be seen but the little patch of light, the dim roofs of houses beneath us, and, far above, the cold, pure gleam of the stars. As the candlelight fell upon the wall at the left we perceived that it was closely covered with scraps of red-and-gold paper inscribed with Chinese characters. These, we were informed, were prayers, and this was one of the principal Joss-houses, or temples; and the faithful visiting hither are in the habit of thus leaving a sort of a permanent petition behind them to supplement or perhaps to excuse the necessity for personal prayer.

Several Chinese men coming down from the temple passed us upon the narrow stairs, and very possibly felt disposed to fling us over the light hand-rail into the narrow court below. At the top of the stairs we passed through a door and found ourselves in a dark room, quite bare except for a shrine at the further end and a smaller one close to the door, containing the idol guardian of the temple—a very human (Chinesely speaking) wooden gentleman, who sits all day and all night in his grotesquely carved porter's chair of a shrine, contemplating a bronze bowl of ashes and some burnt-out Joss-sticks standing as tribute before him. The larger and richer shrine at the other end of the room contains the image of Troi-Pat-Shing-Kwun, the God of Fortune, who holds a nugget of gold in his hand, and is surrounded with all sorts of tawdry trappings of artificial flowers and tinsel. His bronze bowl of ashes is larger, and the tribute of Joss-sticks more plentiful; for, like some of his white brothers, John Chinaman's most fervent prayers are offered in the hope of temporal rewards and privileges. Several devotees were lounging in the dark corners of the room, regarding us with the usual non-committal blandness, and the walls all papered over with the gay little prayers in scarlet and gold, placed as perpetual reminders of the wishes of his worshipers before the eyes of Fortune. In front of this shrine stood a screen carved from a solid piece of wood in all the minute elaboration we are familiar with in Chinese work of this sort. It represented an ancient battle, and was really a very wonderful production. Its cost in China was about one hundred and fifty dollars of our money. From this room we passed through a maze of dark and dirty little rooms, each presided over by a god or goddess; all wonderfully alike; all very ugly and grotesque; all surrounded by a tawdrily decorated, carved shrine, gilded, arabesqued and draped with more or less costliness and elegance, according to the importance or power of the divinity. Before each shrine hangs a glass lantern, in which a light is constantly kept, and in front of each is the bronze bowl of ashes stuck full of Joss-sticks, most of them extinct, but some slowly consuming and sending up clouds of stifling incense-smoke. In some of the rooms stood tables supporting handsome Chinese vases filled with artificial flowers, and some pieces of curious carved ivory, slips of paper, and split bamboo sticks used in divination or interpretation of the will of the deities, were laid around. Also miniature copies of the idols themselves, probably for sale, and various toys representing beasts, birds and fishes, objects of worship or tradition in Chinese mythology. Before each god of importance stands a table to receive the offerings of food made by kind-hearted devotees, and bowls of tea stand perpetually ready to allay the thirst of the Immortals.

In several of the rooms we found worshipers before various shrines, but only in the case of a woman prostrate

before a female deity, a sort of Chinese Lucerna, did we perceive any heartiness or absorption of manner. The men simply approached the shrines, without troubling themselves to cease their conversation, cease smoking or uncover their heads, thrust a Joss-stick into the bed of ashes, bow three times, slightly and quickly—which ceremony is called chin-chinning Joss, and then retire, perhaps posting up a scarlet prayer as they go. In every room stands a tall wooden structure, like a very high four-legged stool, with a bell hanging inside of it, while above it is suspended a gong or drum, and both these are used by the priests upon occasions to arouse the attention of the meditative gods, or to awaken them from their slumber. On hearing this explanation we could but recall the magnificent irony of Elijah as the priests of Baal raged and howled around his altar, hacking themselves with knives, and shrieking to him in vain for a manifestation of his power, and the grim prophet taunted them with: "Cry aloud, for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey, or he is asleep!"

In the corner of one dismal little room, enshrined in a rickety wooden box, stood Shon-Ton, or the devil, represented with a very European cast of countenance, and dressed in dirty white; he is especially entreated in time of sickness, the friends of the sufferer bringing all sorts of delicate food, the essence or substance of which he is supposed to imbibe as they stand before him for two or three days, when the remains are removed, to be distributed among the poor at the sick man's door. The other divinities are Kovan-Tai, a most bellicose and violently whiskered personage; Wah-Tah, the God of Medicine, or Chinese Esculapius, who performed his cures in the remote antiquity by laying-on of hands; Yun-Ten-Tin, the God of the Sombre Heavens, who presides over the elements, and is represented as sitting in a tree and preventing or dispersing fire and drought—two of the principal terrors of the Chinese; the Goddess of the Lake, rising out of a lotus-flower, is said to have emigrated from Egypt to China and established a code of laws there. Side by side in one shrine sat the Goddess of the Sea and the Goddess of Love—the Chinese Venus, to whom our guide applied a more emphatic name. These, with the God of East Mountain, one of the three sacred mountains of China, were the most prominent of those we saw; but there were quite as many others, petty divinities, each devoting his attention to some venial sin, for whose forgiveness and correction he is implored; and not one of them, from the great Joss to the devil, or any ornaments of the temple, but may be bought, even by the "white-faced devil" in whose land John has made his home!

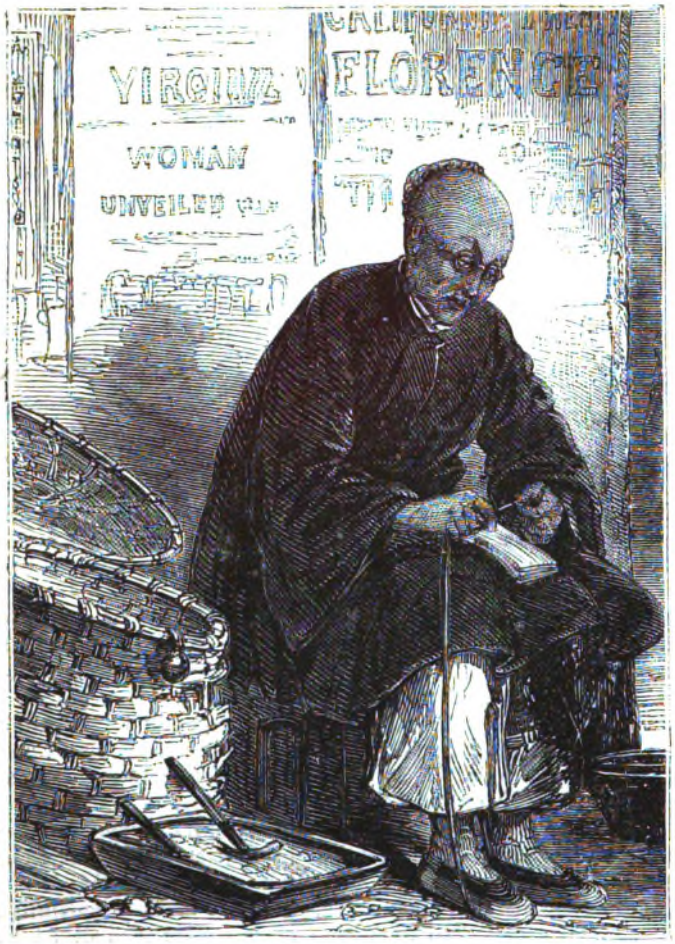
In one room was an adobe oven, where, at certain times, Satan is burned symbolically by means of red paper. Across one of the little rooms extends a counter, and behind it stood two or three priests, who sell Joss-sticks, Joss-paper, incense-candles and little images, for the support of themselves and the temple. They beamed upon us a little more blandly or a little more innocently than their subtle lay-brothers, and one of them offered a little idol with the soft inquiry, "Melican lady want?"

Making our way down the dark stairs, we strolled along Dupont Street for a short distance; wherever we paused, a crowd of blue-bloused, olive-skinned, pig-tailed figures gathered silently and closely about us, contemplating us with melancholy, moony faces and rayless eyes. At a broker's or money-lender's we stopped to look in through the window at a bright little Chinaman counting silver money in a most marvelously rapid manner. He looked up and smiled, and we all walked in without further invitation, followed by as many of the street-crowd as could enter, all beaming with delight at having us so much more under observation than in the street. The young man informed us that he was seventeen years old, high-caste, as denoted by his long finger-nails. A sketch was made of him by the young lady while the rest were talking, and about a dozen Chinamen gathered about her to watch its progress, and seemed highly delighted. She gave them her sketch-book to look at, and they laughed over it, talking glibly among themselves, and expressing admiration in broken English. Bidding the pretty lad, whose name was Lee-Yip, good-by, we made our way into the street, not without difficulty, owing to the crowd, which evidently discussed us freely, and, as we could not but suspect, in a jeering and uncomplimentary manner, although on every face beamed the child-like and bland smile, and whatever was spoken in English was of the most flattering nature.

The barbers' shops are numerous and well patronized, since it is impossible for any man to himself perform the complicated and tedious process, of which we caught glimpses now and again in the bare little basement rooms, whose only furniture consists of a bench, a chair for the patient and a washstand and a bowl. Once in that chair the applicant for "a shave" had need assume his whole stock of patience, for out of it he does not rise until every inch of skin above his shoulders, except the small portion of scalp whence the queue depends, is shaved, scraped, washed, polished, and minutely inspected. The pigtail is unbraided, cleansed, re-oiled and re-braided; the eyes, ears and nose are manipulated; and certainly whatever may be said of his style of beauty, a Chinaman just out of his barber's hands is about as exquisitely clean, from his shoulders upward, as it is possible to imagine.

The small dimensions of the shops and their crowded condition both as to animate and inanimate stock impressed us strongly, and Mr. MacKenzie informed us that this is due solely to the home-training of the Chinese, who, having been educated to economize every square inch of space, every handful of earth, and, as it were, the oxygen of an atmosphere inadequate to support all who are born to breathe it, find themselves more at ease in these narrow quarters than in wider ones; and the first operation of a business firm in renting a shop or warehouse, or of a family in hiring a house, is to cut it all up into little, tiny boxes of rooms, put in any number of shelves and cupboards, stretch lines over head to hang things upon, and reduce themselves generally to a condition of crowd, discomfort and clutter most repugnant to the American's habit of mind, but apparently the height of convenience to that of the Oriental.

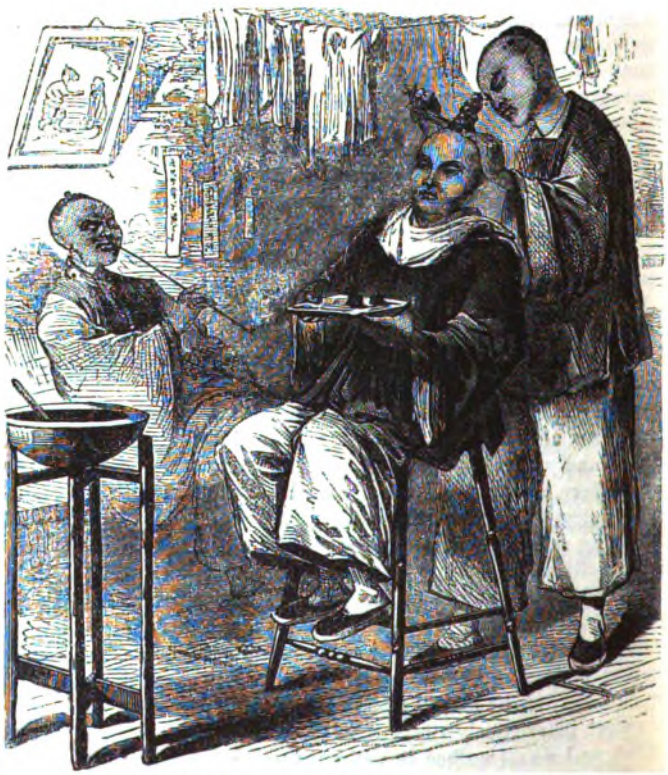
Our next visit was to the Royal Chinese Theatre on Jackson Street. The drama is one of the greatest luxuries of the Chinaman, who frequents it constantly when in funds; nor does this imply great wealth, since the admission fee is two bits—twenty-five cents at the beginning, fifteen cents toward the middle, and only ten cents near the end of the performance. This frequently lasts six or seven hours, closing at two or three in the morning, and a single play requires three months or longer for one exhibition—an act or two being rendered each evening. These plays are nearly all based on ancient historical events, the conservatism of the Chinese objecting to any modern innovations, and disdaining all sensational effects. There are no great playwrights in Chinese literature, and the profession of actor is not considered creditable, so that no great exertions toward superiority are made by those filling it. Actresses are unknown, the female parts being filled by men coarsely painted and tawdrily dressed. Nearly all the performance is in pantomime, and when speech is considered advisable it is uttered in a high, harsh falsetto, entirely unlike the human voice.



A PERIPATETIC COBBLER.

Entering from the street we passed through a long passage where a Chinaman behind a counter was selling native delicacies, such as figs, dark-looking sweetmeats, sugar-cane, betel-nuts wrapped up in green leaves and decorated with red paint and slices of citron. Inside we found a perfectly bare and undecorated auditorium, the parquette filled with rude wooden benches, a gallery above and another smaller one for women, who are not allowed in the body of the house. The stage was a mere raised platform like that in a lecture-room with a flight of steps at each end, descending to the parquette. There was no scenery of any kind, but at either wing a red-curtained doorway, through which exits and entrances are made quite without disguise or ceremony; even when a death is represented, the actor, after going through the contortions and struggles of the last agony, gets up and quietly walks off through one of these doorways, nodding and smiling to his fellow-actors or the musicians. The latter sit in a row at the back of the stage, between the two doors, pounding away industriously at the gong or cymbals, or scraping the little Chinese fiddles. They seem to have no method in their madness, but just bang away independently—each man making as much noise as possible.

When we entered, three actors were upon the stage, going through a stormy pantomime to the accompaniment of the orchestra. The man seemed to be having a stirring scene with his wife, who was aided and abetted by her maid in a most un-Celestial domestic rebellion; finally he gave her a push, closed an imaginary door between them and stood triumphant, while she—or the man representing a she—ran up and down, pushed against nothing, beat the air supposed to be the door, until finally both walked calmly off and the scene ended. The curtain at the other end of the stage was then withdrawn, and a warrior stalked forth who might as well have represented a Pawnee Brave as a Celestial hero, for his form was swathed in a mass of indescribable and very gaudy raiment, and his face painted in stripes of brilliant color. He wore clusters of flaps at each shoulder like wings, his head was decorated with pheasant's feathers, and his beard and moustache were fearful to behold. This champion strode across the stage, whirled round and round, stood on one leg, shook his fists, and generally expressed defiance and combativeness until some more warriors rushed in through the other doorway, apparently accepting the challenge, and these were followed by an army of women under the leadership of an Amazon, who was rather the most manly man present. Then these grotesque and phantom-like figures began a series of the strangest evolutions, marching in and out, around each other, backward and forward, all making the same ferocious and monotonous gestures, to the accompaniment of that frightful discord of barbaric sound, until it all seemed more like a feverish dream, the fancy of a lunatic, or the vision of an opium-eater than an actual stage peopled with human beings. Each warrior as he entered threw one leg in the air and spun round upon the other; this represented the act of dismounting from his horse; and regardless of the fate of the imaginary charger he plunged at once into the battle, which finally culminated in the most grotesque scene possible to imagine, when ten or a



A CHINESE BARBER-SHOP, SAN FRANCISCO.

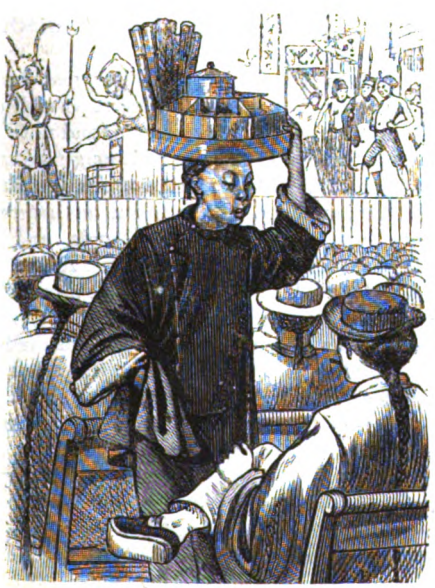
dozen men, stripped to the waist and and ranged in a line, turned somersaults across the stage, a row of whirling figures hurled through the air like so many balls, each one flinging himself fully six feet in air and spinning round like a wheel so fast that the eye could scarcely follow him. Presently the battle seemed to be forgotten, or to have resolved itself into a friendly acrobatic struggle, for the warriors began to vie with each other not only in the length and rapidity of their somersaults, but they jumped over large tables, alighting on the flat of their backs with such a jar that one would expect every bone in their bodies to be broken; but every man leaped up so nimbly as to prove that no harm was done, and directly did the same thing or something as remarkable, with unabated force. Finally the scene culminated in the performances of a half-naked man, with his nose painted of a glaring white, who did everything but turn himself inside out: he tied his legs around his neck, jumped on his elbows, stood on the crown of his head with his arms folded, and propelled himself around the stage on acute angles of his frame without the aid of either legs or arms, until there was absolutely no contortion of the muscles left for him to achieve, and then he left off!

Our party, the only Americans in the house, gave him a round of applause, at which the silent Celestials turned and grinned at us in wonder and derision, and we got up and went out.

They never applaud or disapprove anything, but sit stolidly and smoke throughout the performance, the women in the gallery also indulging in this luxury, and patronizing the vender of sugar-cane and sweetmeats, who walks about with a basket of these dainties on his head, but does not break the sombre silence by crying his wares.

From the theatre we were taken to visit an Opium Den, as we of the East are prone to call the *tabazies*, where the Celestial seeks respite from toil and privation and home-sickness in the indulgence of a habit not so horrible after all as drunkenness of another nature; since the opium smoker injures only himself, and the man crazed by liquor is dangerous to his family and the community at large!

JOSS HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO.



SWEETMEAT VENDER, CHINESE THEATRE, SAN FRANCISCO

Passing through an alleyway, we entered a perfectly dark court, where nothing was to be seen, but so much to be smelled, that the imagination became more painful than the reality could have been. A light twinkled from some windows on a level with the sidewalk, and our guide, unceremoniously pushing open the door, led us into a small, close, but apparently clean room, filled with the fumes of burning opium—resembling those of roasting groundnuts, and not disagreeable. A table stood in the centre, and around three sides ran a double tier of shelves and bunks, covered with matting, and with round logs of wood with a space hollowed out, cushioned or bare, for pillows. Nearly all of these were filled with Chinamen, many of them containing two, with a little tray between them, holding a lamp and a horn box filled with the black, semi-liquid opium paste. But although every one was smoking, it was so early in the evening that the drug had not as yet wrought its full effect, and all were wide awake, talking, laughing, and apparently enjoying themselves hugely. The largest of the Chinamen was lying upon the shelf nearest the door, preparing his first pipe. He looked up and nodded as we crowded around him, and then calmly continued his occupation, we watching the *modus operandi* with considerable interest. The pipe was a little stone bowl, no larger than a baby's thimble, with an orifice in the bottom the size of a pin's head. This bowl is screwed on to the side of a long bamboo stem, and the smoker, taking up a mass of the opium paste upon

the end of a wire, holds it to the flame of the lamp until it is slightly hardened, and then works it into the pipe, inhaling strongly as he does so, and drawing the smoke deep into his lungs, where it remains for a moment, and then is ejected through the nostrils, leaving its fatal residuum behind; for opium is an accumulative poison, and when once the system becomes saturated with it, there is no release from the misery it entails but death. The tiny "charge" constituting one pipeful is soon exhausted, and holding the last whiff as long as possible, the smoker prepares another, and another, and yet another, as long as he can control his muscles, until, at last, the nerveless hand falls beside him, the pipe drops from his fingers, and his head falls back in heavy stupor, the face ghastly white, the eyes glazed and lifeless, the breathing stertorous, the mind wandering away in visions like those De Quincey has given to the world in the "Confessions of an Opium Eater." Looking at the stalwart Chinaman, with his intelligent face and fresh, clean costume, we tried to fancy this loathsome change passing upon him and felt quite guilty, as he looked up with a twinkling smile, and offering us the lighted pipe, said, "Havee smokee?" and when we declined, held out the wire with the little ball on the end for us to smell. As ws talked to this man, we were startled by perceiving two persons curled up in the bunk below his shelf, both smoking and watching us with their narrow slits of eyes like crouching wild beasts. They did not speak, but our friend above answered all our questions in a cool, matter-of-course sort of a way, and with an amiable superciliousness of manner. We bade him good-by and went out, his eyes following us with a look and a laugh strangely resembling a sneer. Perhaps, carrying out the proverb *in vino veritas*, there is something about the first stages of opium intoxication dispelling the customary caution and disguise, for in that sneering look and laugh we seemed at last to get the true expression of feeling which for ever haunts the writer as the real meaning underlying the bland, smiling or inane exterior, presented to us by these Celestials.

"There were about one hundred and fifty gambling-houses in China Town a year ago, and I suppose there are fully half as many now, and I wish I knew the precise address of one of them," remarked officer MacKenzie, pensively, as we stood once more in the open street. "When the outcry against Chinese cheap labor started up, the authorities made a raid upon all sorts of little games down here, and managed, not to cure John of gambling, for that can't be done, but to teach him to hide himself so cunningly that no one but the Father of Lies himself can find him out. If we hear of a house and make a descent upon it, we never find anything but the sleepiest, honestest, smilingest old Chinaman, just getting out of bed, and maybe offering us a cup of tea because it is such a cold night. Every gambling-house has three street-doors to pass through, and at each one sits a man with the string of a bell close at hand, and the minute there is trouble the bells ring, the porters disappear, and the company inside scamper away like rats into their holes. It don't pay to look 'em up, and in a few months things will get back about as bad as ever."

"What is their favorite game?" asked "our" artist, with interest.

"They tell me it is a game called Tan, very much like the game of 'Faro,' if you ever happened to hear of that, young man," replied the detective, coolly; "but they can take a hand at euchre."

"Yes, Ah-Sin played at that—played it on William and me in the game he did not understand," put in somebody else; but our guide, more realistic than poetical in his temperament, suddenly paused, and, pointing to two alleys branching off at right angles from the court where we stood, informed us that one was Bull Run, and the other Murderers' Alley, so named by the Spaniards, who had given this locality a bad reputation before the Celestials dawned upon it. Our friend had been a policeman here in those days, and said it was unsafe for any man to walk through these alleys after dark. "And just about this spot," said he, "we used to find a man almost every morning before breakfast, served up all stark." It made one's blood run cold to hear such things so spoken of, and then to look up between the dark rows of frowsy houses to the stars whose cold, clear eyes had looked down upon all these scenes.

We wandered on through little alleys lighted only from the provision-shops which abound, and crowded by Chinamen talking, laughing, singing, shrieking the wares they carried for sale, hung in baskets from the end of long bamboo poles, or else gathering in knots to gaze at and discuss the strangers. Nobody seemed to think of going to bed or to sleep, although it was now very near midnight.

We went into one more shop, a gold and silversmith's, where five or six men were as busy as if at mid-day, drawing the gold out in wire, beating it into thin plates, or engraving and chasing. The lamps illuminating this midnight toil, and, indeed, almost all the lamps we saw in China Town, were common glass tumblers, filled with oil, in which floated a substance like vermicelli, and said to be a weed, imported from China for this purpose.

Weary in body and mind, we accepted the suggestion of our guide, and were conducted to the best purely Chinese restaurant in this quarter of the city, although finer ones are to be found a little out of China Town, to which the wealthy merchants are in the habit of inviting their customers and friends. Our desire, however, was more to see the true national *cuisine* than to indulge in a feast, and we presently stopped before a house with a provision-shop occupying the ground floor and the two stories above used as saloons and refreshment rooms. The furniture was all of carved ebony or some other black, polished wood, very rich and tasteful, and the rooms were divided by archways. On one floor was the great saloon used for banquets, with an alcove for musicians, who were not there, although the musical instruments hung ready upon the walls—queer little round guitars covered with serpent-skin, and a little drum mounted on a tripod to beat time. Outside the window hung a little balcony filled with flowers in pots and tubs, and from it we enjoyed a wide and wonderful view of China Town, with the brighter gas-lighted streets of the city beyond.

We seated ourselves at several small tables, and were first served with tea prepared in little Chinese cups with covers to them, and drank without sugar or cream, and not acceptable to a palate educated to their use; although we meekly bow to the decision of those tea-epicures of our acquaintance who insist that tea is not tea unless taken *au naturel*, and that Chinese tea prepared by Chinese hands, and drank from a cup with a cover to it, is the only true realization of this æsthetic beverage. The tea removed, an army of little blue Canton china plates was presented, containing squares of white cake, with a white glazing covered with red characters, olives, salted almonds, candied water-melon, little white cheeses, several sorts of dark and dubious-looking sweetmeats, and a good many unnamed and uninviting compounds of a gelatinous and saccharine nature. We tasted the cake, the sweetmeats and some of the anonymous dishes, and found everything strange and disagreeable, having a prevailing taste of lard, and that not of the freshest. The banquet finished by a dessert of fruit, and an orange was as refreshing as if it had not been called *chang*, and the grapes bore up well under the ignominy of being

styled *po-tie-chee*, and the bananas were none the worse for the name *heong gav chew*.

We finished with a course of Chinese liquor corresponding with our whisky, and which we tasted in tiny glasses and found fiery to the taste; and now as it was well on toward morning and about half the party declared themselves thoroughly worn out, the dauntless spirits who still clamored for more sight-seeing were compelled to give in, and we presently stepped from Jackson Street into Kearney, from the Celestial and flowery kingdom back to our American Republic, from an Oriental dream into a very wide-awake reality.

We did not organize another as formal visit as this to China Town, but made various little raids and exploring trips to the less objectionable portions and heard a great deal of most conflicting testimony about the Chinese question from our acquaintances in San Francisco. Nearly all housewives agree that Chinese servants are the best in the country—neat, quiet, apt at learning and reliable in emergencies; *per contra*, they are, above all flesh, deceitful, devoid of personal attachment, and suspected of cultivating the most odious vices beneath a demure and discreet exterior. Of course, there are are good and bad among Chinese servants as among all other classes of men, and the virtues of the good are patent upon the surface; unfortunately no man has penetrated sufficiently beneath his smiling and subtle exterior to tell with certainty what underlies it, and I think that, after all, my own greatest personal objection to the Chinaman is the *arrière pensée* of which we were always uneasily conscious when in his society; so that on the whole one would not wish to set up a house in a lonely neighborhood with a numerous retinue of Johns. One might take to reading the old letters from India which told at first of the skill and faithfulness of Ali, and Nana, and then of the horrors of the Sepoy rebellion, and then came no more! In all branches of industry the Chinese workman ranks above the average. Having once been thoroughly shown the details of any handicraft, he carries them out with a patient fidelity and exactness seldom possible to the more nervous and speculative temperament of the European or American; and although he copies the errors as faithfully as the perfections, he may be trusted to "do as he is bid," unwatched and unwearying as long as he holds to that form of employment. The cry of "cheap labor," so furiously raised against the Chinese, principally by the classes to whom any labor is abhorrent, is as unfounded as it is malicious. A good man cook in a family gets $35.00 per month, and a waiter $25.00; nor are the wages of inferior servants, mechanics, laundry-men, or laborers below the average of white labor in the Eastern part of the country. What makes Chinese labor cheap is its excellence and reliability, the absense of a disposition "to strike," and a quiet and gentle acceptance of the disagreeabilities of labor and poverty which many of our native workmen seem disposed to treat as unmerited hardship and injustice on the part of their employers. Meek, gentle and unobtrusive, John is, withal, persistent; whatever business he edges and glides into, he generally ends by mastering and excelling in, and so simple are his wants, and so close his economy, that a little capital is soon amassed from the wages an Irishman would eat and drink in the jolliest possible manner, and at the end of his carrier we find John modestly drawing his little account from the savings' bank and setting up for himself or buying a small store in some established business.

Whether we like him or not, the Chinaman in California has become a fixed fact, and one not to be done away with except by giving the lie to our own Institutions, especially to that clause of the Constitution which declares all men to have a right to life and liberty "and the pursuit of happiness," and to those laws which welcome the emigrants of the world to our shores and offer them a share of that freedom and manly self-government we are so justly proud of.

Accepting the fixed fact, therefore, and giving up any great hope of modifying it, since very few Chinamen have ever been Christianized, and only the weaker brethren have consented to exchange the social customs of their forefathers for ours, all that remains is, for us make the best of it as it is, and treating John liberally as a man and a brother, cultivate such of his qualities as we esteem, deal with what we do not like, justly, impartially and honorably, and wait for Time, the great assimilator, to soften the differences, subdue the Heathen's vices, and elevate the Christian's Charity until it becomes the law of the individual and of the State.

MY NARROW ESCAPE.

I NEVER told anybody how very, *very* near I was to death that night, just a year ago; but as I can now look and calmly recall each thought, each word, each act, I think I will write it down as a warning to all who may find themselves similarly circumstanced, hoping, with all my heart, that the number may be few.

In the first place, my name is Frederick Putnam. I am, and have been for the last ten years, the foreman and book-keeper of the large lumbering establishment of William Winston & Co., and hope to be for another decade, unless something better turns up. Mr. Winston is the resident partner and manager of the manufacturing part of the business. The other members of the firm, of which there are two, live in the city, at the foot of the lake, and attend to the sales of lumber, which we send them by vessels.

This is by far the largest share of what the mill cuts, although the amount of our sales directly from the mill, to supply the country to the west of us, is quite large.

Well, one cold December evening, just as I was preparing for home, I heard footsteps on the creaking snow outside, and presently the office-door flew open, as though some one in haste had given it a push, admitting a tall, stout, well-dressed man, with a small traveling-bag in one hand and a shawl thrown over one arm.

I was alone, Mr. Winston having gone to the house some half an hour before, locking the safe, in which we kept our books and papers, and taking the key with him, as usual.

I had already closed the damper to the stove, put on my overcoat, and was just in the act of turning down the lamp—but of course I waited.

"Good-evening, sir," said the man, bustling up to the stove, and kicking the damper open with his right foot. "Has Winston gone to the house?"

"I answered that he had.

"When? I was afraid of it."

He drew out his watch—a very fine one, I thought.

"I shall not have time to go up," he said. "The train is due in fifteen minutes."

"Is there anything *I* can do?" I asked.

"I wanted to leave some money with Winston. I intended to stop in town a day or two, but I have just got a dispatch that calls me home."

"What name, sir?"

"Anderson, of Andersonville."

I knew him then, though I had seen him but once before.

He had been one of our best Western customers. I say *had been*, for the reason that during the past year his payments had not been so prompt. In fact, he was considerably behind, and Winston had that very day told me to write him, and "punch him up a little," as he expressed it. The letter was then in the breast-pocket of my overcoat.

"You can leave the money with me, sir, and I will give you a receipt."

He seemed to hesitate, which nettled me somewhat. I have never blamed anybody since, however.

"How much is my bill?" he asked, eying me sharply.

I answered promptly, for I had struck the balance not more than half an hour before:

"Eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-three cents."

"Humph! less than I supposed. Write out a receipt for that amount."

He left the stove, and came and looked over my shoulder while I wrote.

"It is all right, Mr. Putnam. I know you now. You've been with Winston a long time. I can tell your signature anywhere."

He drew from an inside pocket a large black wallet, very round and full, and counting out eleven different piles of bank-notes, he told me to run them over. It was a short and easy task, for each pile contained just ten one hundred dollar bills.

The balance was in fives, tens and twenties, and it took more time to count them; but at last we got it so that both were satisfied.

As this moment we heard the whistle for the station. Anderson sprang for his traveling-bag, and, giving me a hasty handshake, was off on the run.

I closed the door and counted the money again. Finding it all right, I wrapped a piece of newspaper around it, and slipped it into my overcoat pocket.

STREET IN THE CHINESE QUARTER, SAN FRANCISCO

I did not feel quite easy to have so much money about me; but as Winston's house was at least a mile distant, I concluded to keep it until morning, when I could deposit it in the bank.

I closed the damper again, drew on my gloves, took the office-key from the nail just over the door, and stepped up to put out the light. As I did so, I saw a bit of paper on the floor, which, on picking up, I saw was the receipt I wrote for Mr. Anderson. He had dropped it in his hurry. I put it in my pocket, and thought no more about it, only that I would mail it to him. I would have done it then, but as the last mail for that day had gone out on the train which took Mr. Anderson, I could do it just as well in the morning. Then, too, I was in something of a hurry that night, for I had an appointment; and I may as well state here that it was with a young lady, who, I hoped, would be my wife before many months.

I hastened to my boarding-place, ate my supper, and then went over to Mr. Warner's, wearing the overcoat with the money in it, as I did not feel easy about leaving it in my room. Carrie was at home, of course, as she was expecting me, and, leaving my coat and hat in the hall, I went into the parlor. I do not think a repetition of our conversation would be very interesting, so I will pass it, merely remarking that nothing occurred to disturb me until I arose to take my leave.

Carrie went into the entry for my coat and hat, that I might put them on by the warm fire, but she came back with only my hat.

"Why, Fred, you certainly did not venture out on such a night as this without an overcoat?"

"No coat!" I exclaimed, in a dazed sort of a way, for the thought of the money, flashed upon me so suddenly, had almost stunned me.

The next moment I tore past her like a madman, as I was. The coat was gone!

Then I *was* unnerved. I grasped at the stair-rail, and caught it just in time to support myself. Carrie came running out, her face pale with alarm.

"Oh, Fred! are you sick? Let me call mother and the doctor! You are as white as a sheet!"

"No, no, Carrie!" I entreated. "There, I am better now."

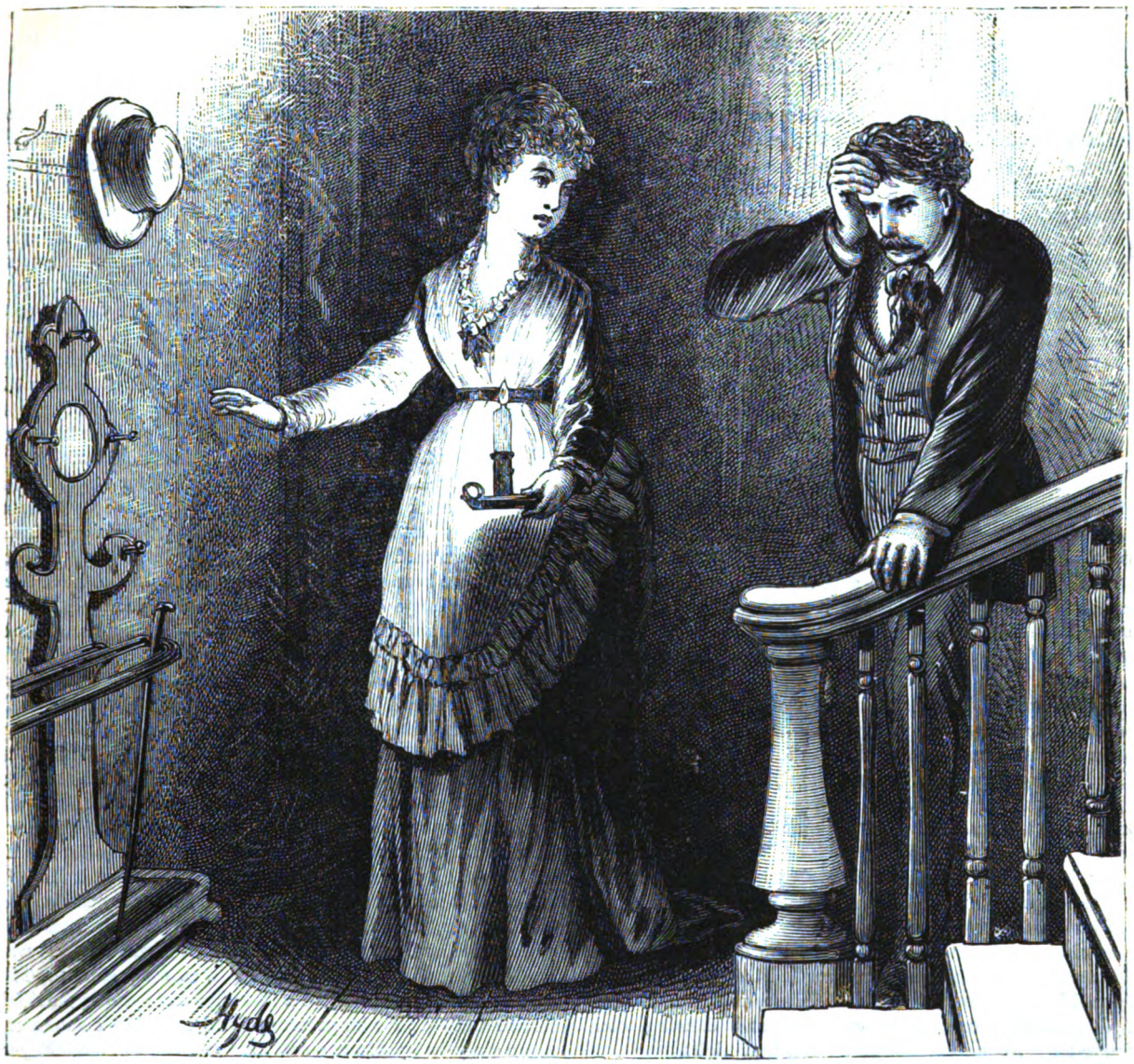
And I was better. I was strong, all at once—desperately strong. And what brought about this change? That simple receipt which I had in my pocket. Anderson had nothing to show that the money had been paid; and was not my unaided word as good as his?

I was foolish enough to believe that I could brave it through, and I grew confident and quite easy at once.

"There, Carrie, I am much better now. The room was too warm, I guess. So some sneaking thief has dodged in and stole my coat? Well, let it go. It was an old one, and now I'll have a better one."

"But was there nothing in the pockets?" asked Carrie.

It is strange how suspicious guilt will make us. I really thought that Carrie suspected me, and an angry reply was



MY NARROW ESCAPE.—"THE NEXT MOMENT I TORE PAST HER LIKE A MADMAN, AS I WAS. THE COAT WAS GONE! I GRASPED AT THE STAIR-RAIL, AND CAUGHT IT JUST IT TIME TO SUPPORT MYSELF."—SEE PAGE 351.

on the end of my tongue. I suppressed it, however, and uttered a falsehood instead.

"Nothing of consequence, Carrie. A good pair of gloves and some other trifling notions."

"I am glad it is no worse, Fred. Now, if you will wait just a moment, I will get you one of father's coats to wear home."

Thus equipped, I left her.

You may guess that my slumbers that night were not very sound, nor very refreshing. I never passed a more miserable night, and in the morning my haggard looks were the subject of remark.

"Why, Fred, you look as though you had met a legion of ghosts last night!" said Winston. "What is the matter?"

"I had a bad night of it," I answered, with a sickly smile.

"And you'll have another if you're not careful. You had better keep quiet to-day. By-the-way, did you write to Anderson?"

I do not know how I managed to reply, for the question set me to shivering from head to foot, and I was so weak that I could scarcely sit in my chair.

I must have answered in the affirmative, however, for he said:

"Then we may look for something from him to-morrow or next day."

Immediately after he added:

"Why, Fred, you shiver as though you had the ague, and you are sweating like a butcher! You're sick, man! Come, jump into my cutter, and I'll take you home."

I was glad of the chance to get away, and, reaching my room, I locked myself in.

Winston sent a doctor round, but I refused to see him. Then Winston came himself, but I would not open the door. Then my landlady came, then some of my fellow-boarders; but I turned them all away.

Ah! those were terrible hours that I passed, and the night coming on brought me no relief. Can you not guess what I was meditating? Coward that I was, I had at last resolved upon self-destruction.

I commenced my preparations with the same calmness and deliberation that I would have used in the most common transaction. I wrote a short explanation for Carrie, another for Mr. Winston, a third for my poor mother, and I sealed them all. In a fourth envelope I inclosed the

receipt to Mr. Anderson. All this accomplished, I went to my secretary and took out the weapon of death. It was simply a revolver, small and insignificant enough in appearance, but all-sufficient.

Having examined the cartridges to make sure that there would be no failure, I sat down before the fire to gather courage.

It may be interesting to know that no courage came to me, for the desperation—the growing fear of life—I can in no wise call by that name. It was simply cowardice. Yet, whatever you may term it, it was all-sufficient for the time. It nerved my arm, and, lifting the revolver, I placed its cold, death-dealing muzzle against my forehead.

In another second I should have been lifeless; but just as my finger began to press the trigger, there came a tap on my door.

It startled me, and, hastily concealing my weapon, I called out that I could admit no one.

"Not *me*, Fred?"

I knew Carrie's voice, and a yearning to look on her loved face got the mastery of me. Quietly slipping the tell-tale letters, which I had left on the table, into my pocket, I opened the door.

"Oh, Fred, you are real sick!" exclaimed Carrie, the moment the light fell on my face. "Why did not you send for me? Aren't you better?"

"Worse," I answered, huskily; "but, Carrie—good heavens!"

As I uttered this exclamation I started back, and then forward; and then—I scarcely know what, for hanging across Carrie's arm was my overcoat!

Recovering from my astonishment, I snatched it from her, and thrust my hand into the pocket. I drew out *eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-three cents.*

You have heard about, and perhaps seen, the singular capers of a madman, or the wild antics of those crazed with rum, or the grotesque dancing of savages. Well, judging from what Carrie told me, and from the appearance of my apartment after it was all over, I am led to believe that were it possible to concentrate the three above-mentioned species of demons into one, their capering and dancing would appear tame in comparison with mine that night.

But I cooled down after a while, and just in time to save Carrie's head a thump from the chair or the washstand, which I had selected as partners in my crazy waltz.

Then I asked for an explanation. It was the simplest thing imaginable. I do not know why I had not thought of it before. It was simply a blunder of Carrie's father. He had mistaken my coat for his own, and worn it downtown, never dreaming that a small fortune was lying idly in the pocket.

Well, I didn't have the brain fever over the affair, but I was the next door to it. I made a clean breast of the whole thing excepting my attempt, or, rather, my resolve, at self-destruction. No one ever guessed that part of it, and I tell it to-day for the first time.

I sent Mr. Anderson his receipt, handed over the money to Mr. Winston, and went right on with my duties, a wiser and a better man, I hope. And to-morrow, God willing, I shall lead Carrie to the altar.

THE burning of women began in India from one of the the wives of Bramah, the son of God, sacrificing herself at his death that she might attend him in heaven. Other women do the same. On one occasion seventeen allowed themselves to be burned to death at the death of their Rajah. It is a custom of all India, and is called a Suttee.

ALL ABOUT TREES.

THERE are numerous remarkable and historic trees, among which may be named the bread-fruit tree of Ceylon, the fruit of which is baked and eaten as we eat bread, and is equally good and nutritious. In Barbutu, South America, is a tree which by piercing the trunk produces milk, with which the inhabitants feed their children. In the interior of Africa is a tree which produces excellent butter. It resembles the American oak, and its fruit, from which the butter is prepared, is not unlike the olive. The great traveler, Park, declared that the flavor surpassed any made in England from cows' milk. At Sierra Leone is the cream fruit tree, which is quite agreeable in taste. At Table Bay, near the Cape of Good Hope, is a small tree, the berries of which make excellent candles. It is also found in the Azores. The vegetable tallow tree also grows in Sumatra; and the bark of a tree in China produces a beautiful soap. The talypot tree in Ceylon grows to the height of 100 feet, the leaf of which is so large that it will cover nearly twenty people, like an umbrella. The banyan tree is wonderful; it never dies, and is constantly extending, for as the branches shoot downward they take root, and thus produce other trees, whose branches in like manner extend downward, and resembling large oaks, the fruit of which is much like rich scarlet figs, and furnishes a luxurious subsistence to monkeys and birds of every description.

The pippul tree is said to be "the most completely beautiful of all which adorn the wide garden of Nature." The Hindoos call it "Tree of God" and the "religious fig," because under its shade they suppose their god Vishnu was born. It is held by them in such veneration that the form of the leaves is only allowed to be painted on furniture used by their princes. They plant them as memorials of persons deceased. They serve also for shade for travelers. The Chinese feed vast numbers of silkworms on this tree.

One of the most remarkable trees in history is the great dragon tree, which was blown down by a hurricane a few years since at Orotava, in the Island of Teneriffe. It was a stately tree, about eighty feet high, as early as A. D., 1402, and so old and remarkable a tree then as to excite particular notice and care for its preservation. Humboldt spoke of it some sixty-two years ago and computed it to be 6,000 years old. Sir George Staunton had previously brought it into notice in 1771.

A cypress tree in Oaxaca, Mexico, which forty-three years ago measured 120 feet in height, 117 feet 10 inches in circumference, and which sheltered Herman Cortez and his followers under its widespreading branches about the year 1520, is supposed to be now 5,000 years old.

A type of antiquity in the vegetable kingdom is that of a fig tree in Ceylon, planted, according to documentary and traditional evidence, 288 B. C., making it 2,165 years old.

The oldest oak in England is in Herefordshire, situated in Hatfield Park. It is over a thousand years old. Beneath its branches Princess Elizabeth, while a prisoner at Hatfield, during her daily rambles in the park, often sat in meditation and solitude, and here she was sitting when the tidings reached her of Queen Mary's death and her own elevation to the throne. Another old oak is the "Parliament Oak," from the tradition of Edward I. holding a Parliament under its branches, on one of the estates of the Duke of Portland. It is considered to be thirteen hundred years old. The tallest oak in England was the property of the same nobleman, and was called the "Duke's Walkingstick." It was higher than Westminster Abbey. The largest oak is known as "Calthrop Oak," Yorkshire; it measures seventy-eight feet round the ground, while the "Three-shire oak," at Worksop, is so called from

its shade covering part of the counties of York, Nottingham and Derby.

In London, the now almost lifeless trunk of a venerable sycamore tree is fostered with great care, marking the spot by the old Thames wall where was once the margin of the river, and where Oliver Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson and their companions sat for hours in the Summer season.

At Fortworth, in Gloucestershire, is a large chestnut tree. Its circumference, five feet from the ground, is over fifty feet. As it was mentioned as a boundary mark of the manor in the reign of Stephen, was famous in King John's time for its magnitude, and was in existence in the time of Egbert, it may be even older than 1,000 years.

The "Castagno de Cento Cavalli," the famous chestnut tree on Mount Etna, is probably the largest chestnut tree in the world, the trunk of which is described by Brydone, as resembling five large trees growing together, and having a hollow cavity more than sixty feet in diameter.

There is an exceedingly ancient rose tree at Hildesheim, in Hanover, which is still flourishing. It was in existence when Christianity was little more than a thousand years old. At present it is growing against the cathedral wall. It varies but slightly from the common dog rose. The stem is two inches thick at its junction with the root, and the whole plant covers some twenty-four square feet of the wall. Bishop Hezlio, who flourished 1054–1079, took special interest in this rose as being a remarkable monument of the past. Tradition states that in the year of grace 814, the Emperor Ludwig the Pious, son of Charlemagne, planted this rose.

The plane trees of Greece are of immense magnitude. One of this species is on the European side of the Bosphorus, and is conjectured by M. de Candole to be more than 2,000 years old. When measured in 1831 it was found to be 140 feet in circumference at the base and 100 feet high. Its branches are said to be more like a forest than like a single tree. Its sides are cavernous and shelter the herdsmen, who make fires in these hollows.

There are wonderful trees in California, some of which run up from 300 to 400 feet. The stump of one tree measured on its surface a space of 600 square feet. One called the "Fallen Monarch," which has for years lain prostrate, is nineteen feet in diameter at the base and six feet at a distance of 200 feet from the butt; but the greatest wonder is the "Grizzly Giant," which, ninety feet from the ground, has a limb six feet and six inches in diameter. The trunk is twenty feet in diameter eleven feet above the ground.

There are giant trees in western Australia. One near Warren River, recently discovered, was found to be 200 feet high, and large enough to permit three riders and an additional pack-horse to enter its hollow trunk and turn in it without dismounting.

The pine is a tree of remote antiquity, and from its widespread distribution carries with it the evidence of its importance in the economy of the earth's surface. By a peculiar structure the pine is able to resist tempests and storms that prostrate other trees of harder materials. It thrives on sandy plains and elevated barrens, where other vegetation could scarcely be sustained. The historical pine tree on the Isle aux Pois, known as the "English Lookout," from having been used as a post of observation by the English after their retreat from New Orleans, has recently been destroyed. The "Thousand Mile Tree" is said to be the only pine tree between Omaha and Salt Lake.

The palms have been called "the princes among trees," to which honor their stately growth, beautiful foliage and useful productions may entitle them. Some palms have leaves ten feet long, and others reach to twenty feet, and some are adorned with colored spots and stripes.

There is a willow in Pemiscot County, Mo., that measures twenty-four feet in circumference at the base and is 100 feet in height. There is a willow in Trenton, N. J., whose history is remarkable. It was formed by the importation of a branch from the original willow that shaded the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte at St. Helena.

There are many noted and noble elm trees in the United States. The historic elm on Boston Common, which was blown down during a gale of wind, February 15, 1876, was known as the "big tree" and "Liberty Tree." In 1835 the tree was accurately measured by the City Engineer, who recorded the following dimensions: Height, 72 feet 6 inches; girth, one foot above the ground, 22 feet 6 inches; average diameter of greatest extent of branches, 101 feet. It was handsome in form, large in size and venerable in age. This tree was known as the "Liberty Tree" in 1784. Albany recently had a famous elm at the corner of State and North Pearl Streets. Under its branches, it is said, many Indian and Dutch councils in early days were held. The elms of New Haven, Conn., are world-wide in reputation. An elm at Granby, Mass., is 105 years old. Upon the side of this tree, twelve feet from the ground, is a currant bush rooted in the bark, which has thrived and produced its annual crop of fruit for many years.

The oak is one of the loftiest trees in our forests. The famous "Charter Oak" at Hartford, now extinct, was regarded with national pride and veneration. A white oak in Howard County, Mo., is thirty feet in circumference at the base.

In the town of Elliot, Me., there is an aged pear tree from which fruit has been taken since 143 years ago.

The largest sassafras tree ever known is in Mississippi County, Mo. It measures nine feet in circumference, and must be the king of the race.

The cocoanut tree is a kind of palm, from forty to eighty feet high. The trunk is entirely naked, having immense feathers, each about fifteen feet long, three feet broad, and winged. The nuts hang from the summit of the tree in clusters of a dozen or more. The trees have pinnate leaves and male and female flowers on the same tree. The uses made of the tree and its fruit would require a long description. It affords food, clothing, shelter and protection in innumerable ways.

In the birch wood of Culloden, Scotland, there is a remarkable tree. About forty years ago a large tree of the forest was blown down in a storm, and fell across a deep gully, which it completely spanned, and the top branches took root on the other side. From the parent stem no less than fifteen trees grew up perpendicularly, all in a row, and there they still flourish in all their splendor, while the parent stem evinces no token of decay. Several of the trees are not less than thirty feet high. The tree is a fir.

In conclusion, we would say that it is difficult to realize how great a part of all that is cheerful and delightful in the recollections of our own life is associated with trees. They are allied with the songs of morn, with the quiet of noonday, with social gatherings under the evening sky and with all the beauties and attractiveness of every season. Their shades, which in the early ages were the temples of religion and philosophy, are still the favorite resort of the studious, the scene of healthful sport for the active and adventurous and the very sanctuary of peaceful seclusion for the contemplative and sorrowful. Nature has made use of trees to wed our minds to the love of homely scenes and to make us satisfied with life. Many old familiar trees that stand in the open field or by the wayside are often in our visions.

FRIENDS, such as we desire, are dreams and fables.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

A Negro Wood-Merchant, of Charleston, S. C.

To one who desires to make a study of the Southern negro, we can recommend no better post of observation than the streets of Charleston afford. It has always been, and still remains, a typical Southern city, and the contrast between the races, black and white, who are divided by Mason and Dixon's line, though differing in character from that presented in ante-bellum days, is still broad and clearly defined. Their number give the negroes of the South greater political power than they possess in the North, and, naturally, is used by them to place members of their own race in office. It would be an amusing spectacle to witness the astonishment of a planter of the old *régime*, were he permitted to return from the other world, and behold his former slaves assuming the *rôles* of judges, legislators and constables. Proclamations, however, can alter the character of a people but little, and ballot-boxes and freedom have still left us numerous specimens of the "plantation darkie."

Among the street venders who wander through Charleston in search of purchasers for their wares, we find many representatives of this class. All who have visited the city will recognize the wood-merchant, trudging through the streets, and calling attention to his stock-in-trade by a discordant wail which must be heard to be appreciated. Princes might envy the placid content with which he floats down the stream of time. His possessions consist of an ox, a cart on which he brings his wood to town, a tumble-down shanty and a large family.

It is needless to say that he has not acquired a fortune, and that he never will acquire one. A greater contrast than he presents to the pushing, energetic, thrifty New Englander, does not exist on the face of the earth. Care and anxiety may perch upon other brows, but never on his. Life to others may be real and earnest, but to him it only furnishes food for laughter and enjoyment. He does no more work than necessity obliges him to perform, and spreads that little over as great a surface of time as he can extend it. When he has pocketed the money for his wood he is happy; and when he has spent it he is happier still.

What influence time and education may have upon the negro character, cannot, of course, be known; but it is certain that the happy-go-lucky element which is now so strong, will make a strong fight before it is banished.

Mr. Alfred Simpson has given an interesting account of the manners and customs of the Zaporas of Ecuador. The mode of courtship presents some suggestive features. The enamored swain goes to the woods and hunts game; when he has procured it, he presents it to the maiden of his choice. This constitutes the proposal; if she accepts, she cooks the meat. Hence, before entering upon the bonds of matrimony, the Zapora suitor has the great advantage over civilized wooers of being assured as to the lady's capacity for preparing a square meal; and doubtless there is a diminished probability that afterward the fat will be in the fire. On the other hand, the Zaporiness is favored with some foreknowledge as to her spouse's ability to keep the larder supplied.

SOUTHERN SCENES.—A NEGRO WOOD-MERCHANT, OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

HEARTQUAKES AND EARTHQUAKES —"MAKING AN IMPROMPTU LITTER, THEY CARRIED HER, LIFELESS AND HEAVY, BETWEEN THEM, AND WITH GREAT KINDNESS AND SYMPATHY APPLIED THEMSELVES TO THE TASK OF HER RESUSCITATION."

HEARTQUAKES AND EARTHQUAKES.

In one of the narrowest streets of the city of Arica stood the house of Don Aniceto de Valdez, a rich and proud hidalgo of pure Spanish blood, and the father of a daughter more beautiful and bewitching than the fabled houris of the East.

Teresita de Valdez had a face so faultless and so winning, that one could never tire of gazing upon it. The rich blood betrayed its crimson in her cheeks, through a skin of the purest and most transparent olive; the features, almost Greek in their regularity, were mobile to all the passions and emotions of her southern blood; her eyes—who shall describe those dancing, glancing, laughing, flashing balls of ebon fire?

The truth is, I loved Teresita. We were opposite neighbors; for I, being a youth in the employ of an opulent merchant of the city, had taken lodgings in the house of a widow, who had formerly been in good circumstances, but who was now fain to preserve the appearance of her ancient gentility by means of letting the best rooms in her house to lodgers.

If there is any young man of your acquaintance who could have daily seen so ravishing a beauty as Teresita, coming out as she did, in all the glory of her charms, to enjoy the evening breeze upon the balcony of her father's house—if, I say, he could have seen her as I did, regularly, through the jalousies of my window, and *not* fallen in love with her, he must, unless his heart was previously bound by Cupid's silken chain, have been colder than any iceberg, and more unimpressible than any stone. I succumbed to her charms at first sight. But, oh, the agony of that first descent into love, before desperation had given me courage to appeal to her for the mercy of reciprocation!

But my appeal, when it did come, was not in vain. Teresita, in all the royalty of her beauty, and consciousness of her superior social position, was not unmerciful. She gave me every evidence, without reserve and without coquetry, that her own heart was as deeply touched as my own.

Our love-making, at first, was solely in the language of eyes, and smiles, and blushes. Never shall I forget the blissful morning when I first ventured to speak to her. She had come out upon the balcony, alone. It was the first time that she had done so at that time of day, and the first time that her watchful mother had ever left her

unguarded. I seized the opportunity, and rushed out upon my own balcony. There she stood, almost near enough for us to touch each other's hands; for the streets are so narrow in Arica, that the balconies almost meet. There we both stood, telling each other with our eyes the whole story of our mutual love, before we could find words in which to utter it.

Of course the interview, as well as all subsequent interviews, was extremely short. But we managed, one way and another, as lovers will, to keep up our love-making, even in the very face and eyes of her watchful mother.

Little motions of the *abanico*, which none but a Spanish lady knows how to use; flashing glances of the dangerous black eyes, ay, and sometimes venturous kisses blown to me on the little, olive-brown hand, when mamma's eyes were off guard, were freely accorded to me. And, now and then, in the mornings, when I knew she was on the watch behind her jalousies, a little love-message tied to a stone would be thrown by my hand to her balcony, and answered by the same impromptu post.

Thus we went on for weeks, becoming more and more enmeshed in the relentless net of love. How was it all to end? Her father, we knew, would never consent to so sacrifice his family dignity as to marry his daughter to a poor clerk like me; especially since she was considered a special prize on account of her exceeding beauty; and he had already had several advantageous offers for her hand from men of birth, influence and wealth; offers of which he was, even now, weighing the relative merits.

But a solution of our difficulty was at hand that we little dreamed of. The gordian knot of fate that we could find no way to untie was about to be cut for us at a single stroke of the sword of a still more powerful destiny.

One day—it was just the dinner-hour, or, rather, dinner was just over—when, before throwing myself on my cool cot for my afternoon siesta, I looked through the jalousies, and saw, to my infinite delight, that Teresita was standing on her balcony, in evident impatience at my non-appearance. It was an unusual hour for her to be there, and I rushed out to meet her, my whole soul alive with love and expectation.

"Teresita!"

"Darling, my father knows all! We can meet no more! I am to be taken to a convent to-morrow. Adios, chino del alma! Tal vez por siempre!" And she kissed to me sorrowfully those darling little hands, so brown and so enchanting.

"It shall *not* be for ever, Teresita!" I exclaimed, passionately. "You are mine, and I shall find you, no matter what bars and bolts hide you from my sight!"

Scarcely had I uttered this, when I heard Teresita give a slight scream, and felt the balcony on which I stood perceptibly moving under me.

Never in my life had my mind worked so rapidly—thoughts came crowding in upon one another with the speed of lightning. And yet, every separate thought was as distinct and tangible as the images reflected in a perfect mirror.

I knew it was an earthquake, though it was the first time I had ever had experience of one, and I distinctly saw that the tendency of the balcony I was on was to fall toward the one on which Teresita was. She had fallen on her knees at the first shock, and was evidently quite panic-stricken.

To rescue her from impending doom was my first thought. She had no power to save herself; I must save her. So, as my balcony leaned more and more toward hers, I watched the right moment, and, laying my hand on the railing—I had been something of a gymnast—vaulted skillfully over to her side, just in time to catch her unresisting form in my arms, and hurry with it down the stairs, and out into the open street. Another instant, and the house we had left came crashing down with a noise like thunder, and raising a cloud of dust that blinded me.

With my senseless burden in my arms, I reached, I know not how, an open space in the vicinity, covered with the ruins of several houses, and already populated by crowds of cowering, terrified human beings, many of whom were, like Teresita, utterly stupefied by fright, while others were appealing frantically to the saints for aid in their dire extremity.

Laying down my precious burden for a moment, I surveyed the situation with a view to what must now be done. Looking westward, I saw that the sea was making rapid approaches toward where I stood. The air was intolerable, from the amount of sulphureous gas that was being belched from the gaping mouths that were opening all around us in the earth. Escape to the mountains was impossible. What a moment! There was no chance—none—but in the cruel mercies of the sea!

I wrenched off Teresita's silken mantilla, and, tearing it into shreds, lashed her to my side, determined, if die we must, that we must die together.

Hitherto I had made no attempt to rouse Teresita from her stupor. Now, I could not bear, with death so near, that she should remain insensible to my presence. Every effort was made that love could devise to bring her to her senses—in vain!

It was, therefore, with a sinking heart that I saw the inevitable waves approaching every second nearer, seeming remorselessly determined to swallow up all that the earth refused to entomb.

A shower of spray from the approaching breaker had the effect on Teresita that all my efforts had failed to produce. She revived; and as she looked at me once more with intelligent eyes, I joyfully clasped her to my heart, saying:

"Now, hold your breath, my darling, and we may yet be saved."

To ask me to describe my sensations when I was taken up—I and my darling—by the furious wave that now reached us, and hurried upward on its crest toward the high ground behind the city, would be idle. I could only say that it was something between going rapidly "up in a balloon" and being carried off on the wings of a tornado.

But everything has an end, and so had our enforced ride upon the billow—though an eternity seemed concentrated in the few seconds of its duration.

The motion of the wave had been much retarded by its ascent of the hill; and when it reached its limit, it was not difficult for me to seize a small tree that happened to lie in my way, thus preventing the return force of the water from carrying us back again.

Half suffocated from my efforts to hold my breath, and bruised by the violent contact with *terra firma* that the wave had given me, my first thought was for Teresita. There she lay on the ground beside me, entirely insensible—to all appearance, dead.

My joy can be imagined on seeing two Indians approaching us—evidently residents of a hut I saw in the vicinity. In my broken Spanish I begged them to take Teresita to the hut, telling them that I was quite able myself to walk.

Making an impromptu litter, they carried her, lifeless and heavy, between them, and with great kindness and sympathy applied themselves to the task of her resuscitation.

It was no easy task. Weeks passed before we were able to leave the hut of the kindly Indians. Even then, the once lithe, graceful figure of my darling was bowed, and her once rosy face had lost the rich tinge under its transparent brown. But a sea-voyage soon mended all.

Having utterly failed to hear what had become of her parents, Teresita accompanied me on an American ship to New York; and during the voyage the ceremony of marriage was performed for us by the ship's chaplain.

So I took my sweet Spanish wife home to my widowed mother, as beautiful as when I saw her first in the balcony of her father's house in Arica. We were very happy. Only Teresita, poor, orphaned Teresita, could not forget to weep for the awful and mysterious fate of her parents.

We were poor, for my salary of two thousand a year was poverty to a creature brought up as she had been, to indulgence in every luxury; but this to her was nothing. She loved me, and was willing to share whatever fate I did.

One day "we two" went out together to enjoy a day in the Central Park. We owned no carriage, of course; so we were fain to pay our twenty-five cents apiece for the privilege of driving in one of the hacks stationed there for the purpose of accommodating those who might wish to traverse the Park. We were trundling along one of the avenues, when a low carriage approached us, drawn by two magnificent gray carriage-horses in glittering harness.

Teresita had a passion for horses, and she was admiring these, gayly chatting to me about them, and pointing out their beauties with her pretty, gloved finger, when a rich, deep voice from the carriage exclaimed, in Spanish:

"Ojala Teresita! bija de mi corazon!" and the carriage stopped full before us.

Teresita had not thought before to look at the people in the carriage; but, hearing this voice, she gave a little scream of frantic delight, and turned her eyes full upon a gray-haired, magnificent-looking cavalier, who was holding out his arms to her.

I shall not attempt to describe further this joyful reunion. Suffice it to say that Señor de Valdez and his wife had miraculously escaped with their lives, after having vainly searched for their daughter on that dreadful day; that they had suffered privations unspeakable in their subsequent wanderings in an endeavor to reach the mountain-city of Potosi; that there they had found friends who received and succored them; and that afterward Señor de Valdez found that his fortune, invested in bank stock chiefly, had suffered little diminution from the catastrophe of the earthquake. Here the anxious parents heard, in a letter from New York, that a lady much resembling their daughter had been publicly seen by the writer, though all efforts had failed him to find her place of residence, or even name, as she was apparently accompanied by her husband.

This was hint enough to two people whose only joy in life was their daughter. They came to New York, and there found her whom they had longing sought in the manner heretofore described.

N. B.—My rich wife loves me just as fondly as my poor one did.

"THE BABY'S FIRST AIRING."

Bougereau is the Greuze or Watteau of our time. The next century will study the ladies of this period of the world's history in his paintings, which have charms enough in their conception and treatment to make them prized and treasured.

They are popular works now, and appeal to the general taste. They are not dramatic in treatment, and owe their success, not to the careful delineation of details or fineness of touch that characterizes Meissonnier, nor to the truth in urroundings that makes some interiors so highly esteemed; but dealing almost always with ladies, Bougereau makes them eminently ladies of the closing period of the nineteenth century; and we see them in all the scenes of pleasure or duty that make them charming in reality, and can scarcely fail to charm us when fixed on the canvas by the talented hand of a skillful limner.

"The Baby's First Airing"—the first walk out under the canopy of heaven that the young mother ventures to give her darling—is a theme that appeals to all mothers—to all in whom the instinct of maternity prevails—to the thousands who are attracted at once to an infant by a sort of uncontrollable power, that forces them to notice little ones, even amid the hurry and bustle of modern travel.

THE IMPOSSIBLE ENCHANTMENT.

A Fairy Story.

ONCE upon a time there was a king who was very much beloved by his subjects, and who was equally fond of them. Love had never made the slightest impression on his heart. His subjects, however, pressed so strongly upon him the necessity of providing for the succession to the throne, that the good king finally yielded. But as no woman he had yet seen had awakened in him the faintest inclination to marry, he resolved to seek a bride in foreign lands, and accordingly set out on his travels. The king roamed in vain through several kingdoms, using all his best endeavors to fall in love; but after two years' absence he returned in the same state of indifference.

It happened, however, that in traversing a forest he heard a noise. A moment afterward he perceived a young female, as remarkable for her beauty as for the proud air with which she rode a large tiger, whose paces were admirable.

She passed the king full gallop, without stopping or even saluting him; but, though she scarcely looked at him, he was enchanted with her, and his heart was gone like a flash of lightning.

All in agitation, he perceived a dwarf who had lagged behind the rest of the company. He addressed him eagerly respecting the object of his admiration. The dwarf informed him that the lady he had just seen was the Princess Mutine, daughter of King Prudent, in whose dominions they were. The princess was exceedingly fond of the chase, and with the pack he had seen pass she hunted rabbits. The king then asked the nearest road to the court of King Prudent. The dwarf pointed it out to him, and spurred on his lynx to rejoin the hunt, and the king, with the impatience of a new-born passion, gave the spurs to his horse, and in less than two hours found himself in the capital of King Prudent's dominions. He was presented to the king and queen, who received him with open arms upon learning his name and that of his empire.

The very next morning the king demanded the hand of the princess in marriage. As the previous indifference of the king had become notorious, the triumph of the charms of Mutine was complete. Her hand was accorded to him, but on two conditions. The first, that the marriage should take place on the following morning; the second, that he should not speak to the princess until she was his wife.

The rest of that day, and all the following, were passed in dancing and feasting. The princess was present, and took her part in all the entertainments without uttering a single word: and the first he heard her pronounce was the

"THE BABY'S FIRST AIRING."— FROM A PAINTING BY BOUGEREAU.—SEE PAGE 359.

fatal "Yes" which bound her to him for life. As soon as she was married she threw off all restraint, and the first day did not pass without her having very liberally distributed a volley of abuse and a host of impertinences among her maids of honor. In short, the mildest expressions she made use of in return for the most particular services were characterized by rudeness and ill-temper. Even the king, her husband, was not exempted from this sort of language; but as he was very much in love, and, moreover, a good-natured man, he bore it all patiently.

A few days after their marriage the newly wedded pair took the road to their own kingdom. All the time the new queen was on the road she filled the hearts of her attendants with grief, anger and despair. But once arrived in her kingdom, her ill-temper and ill-nature were redoubled. By the time she had been a month on her throne she was acknowledged unanimously as the worst queen in the world.

One day when she was taking an airing on horseback, she perceived an old woman. Being in ill-humor, the queen ridiculed and abused her. The woman, remonstrating, was tied to the horse's tail as a punishment, when suddenly the horse was turned into a bronze statue, and the old woman into a fairy. The fairy, who was called Paisible, whistled through her fingers, and a chariot was seen advancing, drawn by six of the most beautiful ostriches in the world; and in this chariot they recognized the Fairy Grave, looking more grave even than her name. She was at that time the Elder of the fairies, and presided in all cases affecting the fairy community.

After a short consultation, Queen Mutine was condemned to be Fairy Paisible's slave until she became a mother; then the infant was to remain the servant of the fairy. One touch of Paisible's wand changed the queen's dress into the habit of a slave. In this attire she was made to mount an obstinate mule and to trot after the car of the fairy.

After an hour's jolting, the queen arrived at Paisible's mansion. As you may easily perceive, she was in great affliction, but her pride prevented her from shedding a single tear. The fairy sent her to work in the kitchen, after giving her the name of Furieuse.

After some time Furieuse gave birth to a princess, as lovely as day; and, when her health was re-established, the fairy lectured her severely respecting her past life, exacted from her a promise to behave better in future, and sent her home to the king, her husband.

The Fairy Paisible perfectly doted on the young princess, and determined to have her endowed by two fairies besides herself. She was a long time deciding on the two godmothers. At length she thought that the fairies Divertisant and Eveillée were amongst the best natured of them, and invited them.

The young princess smiled at the fairies, and made little attempts to kiss them, which so pleased them that they determined to place her, so far as it lay in their power, beyond the reach of the anger of their Elders. They began by giving her the name of Galantine. The Fairy Paisible then said to them:

"You know that the punishments we fairies usually inflict consist in changing beauty to ugliness, intellect to imbecility, and, in many cases, resorting to transformation. Now, as it is impossible for us to endow her with more than one gift each, my advice is that one of you bestow upon her beauty, the other intelligence, and that I, for my part, should render it impossible to change her form."

This advice was adopted, and followed on the spot. As soon as Galantine was endowed, the two fairies took their leave, and Paisible gave all her attention to the education of the little princess. Never was such attention so well rewarded, for at four years of age her grace and beauty began to make a noise in the world. In fact, they made too much noise; for, the circumstances of the case having been reported to the Council of Fairies, Paisible, one morning, saw the Fairy Grave enter the courtyard.

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Fairy Grave, opening the business, said to Paisible: "I am much surprised at the conduct you have pursued toward Mutine's child. Though I cannot deprive her of the gifts you have bestowed upon her, I can prevent her deriving any advantage from them. She shall never be able to get out of an enchanted prison which I am about to build for her, until she shall find herself in the arms of a lover who is beloved by her. It is my business to take care that such an event shall never occur."

The enchantment consisted of a tower of great height and size, built of shells of all colors, in the middle of the sea. On the lowest floor there was a great bath-room, into which the water could be admitted at pleasure. The bath was

surrounded by steps and slabs, on which you could walk with dry feet. The first floor was devoted to the apartment of the princess, and it was really a magnificent affair. The second was divided into several rooms. In one you saw a fine library, in another a wardrobe full of beautiful linen and superb dresses for all ages, each more splendid than the other. A third was appropriated to music, a fourth was entirely filled with the most agreeable wines and liquors, and in the last, which was the largest of all, were delicacies. The tower was terminated by a platform, on which there was a garden laid out full of the finest flowers, which were renewed and succeeded each other unceasingly.

Here the fairies placed Galantine, with a governess named Bonnette. Fairy Grave, by a tap of her wand on the water, assembled two thousand ferocious sharks, and ordered them to keep strict watch around the tower, and tear in pieces every mortal who should be rash enough to approach it; but as ships are not much afraid of sharks, she sent for a quantity of remoras and commanded them to form an advanced guard, and stop, without exception, every vessel that shaped its course in that direction. Then she requested Fairy Rêveuse to fly to the top of the tower and enchant the air about it so powerfully and completely that not even a bird should be able to go near it. The fairy obeyed; but as she was an exceedingly absent being, she forgot some of the necessary ceremonies, and made some few mistakes.

When the princess had attained the age of twelve she appeared to the governess a perfect prodigy. Galantine, who knew nothing about herself, coaxed Bonnette to relate to her all her own history, and that of the queen, her mother.

Galantine was thunderstruck at this recital. She had never before reflected on her position. It produced a great change in her nature. No amusements had charms for her any longer. Her melancholy became excessive. She passed her days in weeping and in devising plans to escape from the tower.

One day that the princess was sitting in her balcony, she saw an ugly merman emerge from the water. She called Bonnette to immediately come and observe it. The man, whose looks were very repulsive, commenced making love to her by signs, when Galantine said to her governess, sorrowfully:

"I think that man frightful. Why did the villainous sharks who guard me allow such an ugly man to pass them, in preference to one who was better looking? for I suppose they are not all like him."

"Not like him, I should say!" replied Bonnette; "and as to the sharks allowing him to pass, I presume that, being inhabitants of the same element, they do not harm each other. They may even be his relations, or at least friends."

A few days after this first adventure, Bonnette and Galantine were attracted to one of the windows of the tower by what appeared to them a singular sort of music, and which indeed proved to be so. There was the same merman that they had already seen, who, always up to his waist in the water, and his head covered with reeds, blew with all his might a conch-shell.

After this second visit, he came every day under the windows of the princess, diving or grimacing, or playing on the charming instrument.

Some days afterward the princess saw him appear in company with another of his species of the other sex. Her hair was dressed with much taste, and her voice was charming.

This addition to the company induced Galantine and Bonnette to descend to the gate.

They were much surprised when the lady (whom they now saw for the first time), after having tried several languages, spoke to them in their own, and complimented Galantine on her beauty. She perceived that the basement story, or bath-room, of which I have spoken, was open and full of water.

"Here," said she, "is a place made expressly for our reception; for it is impossible for us to live entirely out of our element."

She immediately entered, and reclined as one does in a bath, and her brother (for she was a sister to the merman) placed himself beside her in a similar attitude. The princess Galantine told the siren all about her imprisonment.

"You are much to be pitied," said the siren, when Galantine had finished her story. "Nevertheless, your misfortunes may not be without remedy; but it is time to terminate my first visit."

The princess, delighted at the hope she held out to her, said a thousand kind things to her, and they separated with a promise to see one another frequently.

The siren came to see her several times, and always talked to her of her brothers' affection; the princess, constantly occupied by her ideas of escaping from prison, encouraged the conversation, and at length induced the siren to promise she would bring the Fairy Marine to pay her a visit.

The fairy came with the siren the very next morning; the princess received her as her liberator. Some short time after her arrival she requested Galantine to show her over the tower, and to take a turn with her in the garden.

Galantine acceded to the request of the fairy, and Bonnette remained in the hall to entertain the rest of the company.

When the fairy and the princess had entered the garden, the former said:

"Let us lose no time. Let us see if there is anything I can do to serve you."

Galantine told her all her history, not omitting the slightest details; and the fairy then said to her, "I can do nothing for you, my dear princess, on the land; my power does not extend beyond my own element: but you have a resource, and one in which I can assist you with all the art I possess. If you do Gluatin the honor to marry him, an honor which he most ardently aspires to, you can come and live with us. I will teach you in a moment how to dive and swim as well as we do."

The fairy spoke with so much fervor that the princess requested a few days to consider. As they were about to rejoin the company they perceived a vessel in the distance. The princess had never before seen one so distinctly, as none had ever ventured to come so near the tower. They could easily distinguish on the deck of this ship a young man reclining under a magnificent pavilion, and who appeared to be very attentively surveying the tower through a telescope, but the distance was too great to see anything more.

The vessel beginning to recede, Galantine and the fairy returned to the company, the latter much pleased at the progress of her negotiation.

As soon as the fairy was gone, Galantine related to her governess all that had passed between them. She was very sorry to see that her pupil was half inclined to yield to the fairy's persuasions. To avert all the misfortunes she foresaw, she hit upon the following idea: As she could paint miniatures to perfection, she set to work, and by the next morning produced one of a young man with fair hair, dressed in large curls, the finest complexion in the world, blue eyes, to show Galantine the difference between a man of the world and her marine adorer, and so dissuade her from the marriage.

When she presented her work to her, the princess was struck with admiration, and asked her if it were possible that any man on earth could resemble that portrait. Bonnette assured her that there were many such, and some even handsomer.

The Fairy Marine returned a few days after the visit we have described, to ascertain what were the intentions of Galantine; but this young creature, engrossed by her new passion (for she was positively in love with the portrait), could not control herself as prudence would have suggested.

She not only broke off with the fairy abruptly, but, what was worse, she exhibited so much contempt and aversion for Gluatin, that the fairy left with a determination to be revenged.

In the meanwhile the princess had made a conquest she was unconscious of. The vessel she had seen so near her residence had on board the handsomest prince in the world. He had heard of the enchanted tower, and determined to go nearer to it than any one had yet done. He possessed such excellent glasses, that in surveying the tower, simply from a motive of curiosity, he caught sight of the princess, and the best proof of the goodness of his glass, and that he must have seen her distinctly is, that he fell desperately in love with her.

Like a young man and a new lover, two conditions in which nothing is thought too hazardous, he was eager to cast anchor near the tower, lower a boat and encounter all the dangers of the enchantment; but his crew, upon their knees, implored him not to venture. The prince yielded, reluctantly, to their arguments.

He landed, therefore, on the nearest point, and dispatched his equerry to find his relative, who, he said, was a fairy, and implore her protection and assistance. In the meanwhile he pitched his tent on the shore, and, glass in hand, sat incessantly looking at the princess or her prison.

At the end of a few days the equerry returned with the Fairy Commode. The prince received her with the greatest affection.

"In order to lose no time," said she to the prince, "I will send a white pigeon, in which I place implicit confidence, to examine the enchantment. If he finds a flaw in it anywhere, he shall enter the garden that crowns the tower, and I will order him to bring back some flowers as a proof that he succeeded in finding an entrance. If he can get in I will soon find a way to introduce you."

"But," said the prince, "can I not, by means of your pigeon, send a note to the princess, declaring the passion with which she has inspired me?"

"Certainly," said Commode, "and I advise you to do so."

The prince immediately wrote a most impassioned letter, which he tied round the neck of the pigeon, who only waited his dispatches, for he had already received his instructions.

He rose gracefully into the air, and flew off as fast as his wings would carry him; but when he approached the tower, there issued from it a furious wind. He was not, however, to be disheartened by such an obstacle, and after making many circles round and round the building, he discovered the weak point which the Fairy Réveuse had left in the enchantment. He slipped through it instantly, and flew down into the garden to wait for the princess and to rest himself.

As soon as the pigeon saw her appear, he flew to her. Galantine caressed him, and seeing a rose-colored ribbon round his neck, she wondered what it was put there for. How great was her surprise when she perceived the note! She read it, and this was the answer she returned by the pigeon:

"Send me your portrait by the same courier. If I return it to you, hope for nothing; but if I keep it, be assured that in working for me you work for yourself. GALANTINE."

She dismissed the pigeon, who did not forget that he was ordered to bring back a flower, and, as he was well aware of the importance lovers often attach to trifles, he stole one from a bouquet the princess wore in her bosom.

The return of this bird gave the prince extreme delight. He sent the pigeon back with his miniature, and a number of verses he had composed.

The pigeon, duly furnished with miniature and verses, set out once more for the tower. The princess eagerly detached the miniature, and her surprise was infinite when, on opening the case, she discovered that the portrait of Prince Blondin perfectly resembled that which Bonnette had painted.

Prince Blondin had kept his eyes constantly turned in the direction of the tower, awaiting the return of his courier. At length he saw the pigeon approaching, and in an instant he went into a transport of joy.

"We can lose no time," said Commode; "I can only make you happy by changing you into a bird; but I will take care that you shall be re-transformed at the right moment."

The prince, without hesitation, consented to the transformation. The good Commode thereupon touched him with her wand, and he became, in an instant, the prettiest little humming-bird in the world, joining to the attractions which nature has bestowed on that charming bird that of being able to speak in the most agreeable way possible.

The pigeon received fresh orders to conduct him to the garden. Galantine was astonished to see a bird she had no knowledge of; but his being accompanied by the pigeon put her heart in a flutter, and the humming-bird, flying to her, said, "Good-morning, beautiful princess." She had never before heard a bird speak, and this increased the gratification with which she received this one, She took him on her finger, and he immediately said to her, "Kiss, kiss Colibri." She did so, with great pleasure, over and over again.

Exactly at this moment the prince was restored to his natural form, and was pressed to the heart of the lovely princess.

The spell was broken. That instant the tower trembled to its foundation. Its walls even began to open. Bonnette, who was below-stairs, in the greatest alarm ascended to the terrace, at least to perish with the princess. The rocking of the tower increased as she mounted the staircase, and when she arrived at the top and saw the whole building lean over and on the verge of falling into the sea, she fainted outright.

At the same moment the two fairies, Commode and Paisible, arrived.

"Save yourselves quickly," they cried to the two lovers; "the tower is falling, and you will perish with it."

They leapt into a fairy car, without having had time to say a word to each other; but the prince managed at the same moment to fling the governess, still in her swoon, into the bottom of the car. Scarcely had they begun to rise in the air, when the tower toppled over, and, with a horrible noise, fell, a mass of ruins, into the sea. The Fairy Marine, Gluatin, and his friends, in order to be revenged on the princess, had sapped the foundations; but, thanks to the intervention of the two fairies, the lovers were not injured, but were safe on their way to the dominions of Queen Mutine.

A VISIT TO THE GALLIPAGOS ISLANDS.—"AFTER AN HOUR'S SHARP WALK WE REACHED A HUT, WHERE WE RESTED FOR A FEW MINUTES."

On arriving in them they found she had been dead some years. The good king who had married her governed his estates very peaceably, and King Prudent, Galantine's grandfather, had just arrived, notwithstanding his great age, to pass the holidays with them.

What joy for these two worthy sovereigns! The whole court soon participated in it, as the news spread of the arrival of the fairies with a charming princess, who was their king's daughter.

The marriage of the two lovers was fixed for the next morning, and the fairies, after sharing in the festivities for several days, departed.

A VISIT TO THE GALLIPAGOS ISLANDS.

THESE islands are directly upon the equator, and are due west of Ecuador, to which country they belong; the current runs very swiftly past them to the N.W., so it is necessary to be very sure of one's position when steering for them. The first land we made out was Charles Island, the southernmost of the group, on the north side of which there is a good harbor called Post-Office Bay, where we anchored.

At daybreak our party, consisting of the doctor and myself, accompanied by the sergeant of marines, my coxswain, and two bluejackets, started on our expedition. We were all armed with guns or rifles, and well provided with provisions and water.

We had not gone far when we met two men, one of them on horseback, with a pack of dogs, coming to meet us; they had seen the ship coming in the day before, and also heard our gun.

The principal man introduced himself in broken English as the commandant of the place, Colonel M. Zerda by name. He explained to us that the route we had chosen was not the best, the path being bad and the distance great, and advised us to go back and land at another place, called Black Beach Bay, on the west side of the island. We therefore again took to the boat, and pulled round in that direction.

Landing abreast of a deserted hut on the beach, we started for the interior, the colonel leading the way. The path, gradually ascending, led through the same desolate sort of waste we had traversed the day before, with cinders under foot and thorny jungle around. After an hour's sharp walk, we reached a hut, where we rested for a few minutes; from this place the country improved in appearance, trees showed signs of life, and wild flowers grew here and there, and the fresh trade-wind made our walk more pleasant.

We presently reached a plateau of about one thousand feet high, where the whole style of the country changed, and we emerged from a wilderness into a beautiful, park-like country, surrounded by hills and valleys, with trees laden with fruit, rich grass under our feet, and many varieties of flowers to greet the eye. The temperature also changed in a remarkable degree; in fact, we were in a different climate, and it seemed difficult to believe that we were in the same island.

We at length reached the settlement, consisting merely of two or three huts, into one of which, the colonel's own abode, we were heartily welcomed, and refreshed with coffee, whilst a couple of nimble damsels prepared a more substantial repast.

A better site for a settlement could scarcely be found; in front of the hut was a pond of good water, on which a flock of wild ducks were disporting themselves; at the back was the colonel's garden, which he showed us with great pride; and where splendid potatoes, lettuces, maize, bananas, oranges, lemons, coffee and tobacco, all flourished in profusion.

In answer to our eager inquiries as to the chances of sport, we were assured that there were plenty of wild cattle, pigs, and goats, and whilst we were resting after our long walk we saw some of the cattle browsing on the hill-sides and shading themselves in the neighboring woods.

After our repast, I dispatched the sergeant and two bluejackets to give an account of a cow which we saw not far off, but they presently returned, after firing several unsuccessful shots.

The colonel told us that toward evening the beasts would come down to the pool to drink, and at night they fed close

A VISIT TO THE GALLIPAGOS ISLANDS.—"TAKING A CAREFUL REST IN THE FORK OF A TREE, HE TOOK AIM AT THE BULL; BUT, ALAS! AS HE WAS ABOUT TO FIRE, THE BALL ROLLED OUT."

to his hut, and sometimes broke into his garden. As it was now four P.M., and the rest of the cattle had taken alarm at the firing, we went in search of others.

We presently came across a bull and a cow, but they made off before we could get a shot at them. We then separated so as to circumvent a herd of cattle which we saw in a valley near at hand, one party going round to stalk them, whilst the rest of us posted ourselves in the track we supposed they would take on being alarmed.

From our position we had a good view of the stalk—we could see the other party creeping on to the cattle.

Presently a rifle shot rang out, sharp and clear, then another, and away scampered the herd, leaving one beast on the ground and another wounded: the first rose again, but dropped to a second shot; the other got away, and the whole herd galloped off without giving us a chance. On joining the others, we found they had killed a fine young bull.

It was now getting late, so we retraced our steps to the settlement.

There was just light enough remaining to go to the pool after the ducks, seven of which I bagged in as many minutes.

After a hearty supper, we prepared to turn in; but we had scarcely finished our cigars, when we were aware, from sundry noises outside, that a beast of some kind was feeding within a few yards of us; cautiously stealing out with our rifles ready, we peered into the darkness, which was so intense that we could see nothing, although we could hear an animal breathing and cropping the grass within five yards of us. At last the brute either saw or winded us, and, with a loud snort, bolted; the sergeant fired, and declared he hit it, when we once more retired to rest. We were disturbed in this way several times during the night, but nothing came of it, as darkness favored the animals; at daylight we found, by their tracks that the cattle had been feeding all round the hut.

PAULO AFFONSO, THE NIAGARA OF BRAZIL.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

We were all astir as soon as we could see, and, after a cup of coffee, formed ourselves into three parties and started for the hills. We went cautiously along, examining every yard before us, as we expected to come upon the cattle at any moment.

After crossing a well-timbered valley and mounting the opposite hill, we heard the lowing of beasts below us; presently we heard shouts from the hillside abreast of us, and then several rifle-shots—a ball from one of them coming unpleasantly close to us. The sergeant now said he saw the animals, and rushed forward to get a shot, calling to me to come also. I could, however, hear the crashing of boughs beneath where I stood, and judging that the beasts were coming my way, I stood still and kept a sharp lookout below.

It was an exciting moment, for, though we could see nothing, it was evident, from the crashing of timber, that the beasts were close by.

We were standing on the slope of a hill covered with tangled brushwood and small trees, none of which would bear a man's weight. I had my double-barreled smooth-

bore loaded with ball, and my coxswain stood behind me with a Winchester repeating rifle as a reserve.

Presently I espied a fine brindled bull coming up the hill, not forty yards off. Getting a good sight at him through the trees, I gave him a ball behind the shoulder; he dropped instantly on his knees, but was quickly up again, looking round for his enemy, when a second ball crashed through his ribs, and he rolled over never to rise again.

I had scarcely reloaded, when an immense black bull came in sight, and received a ball in the shoulder, which dropped him in his tracks. He was succeeded by two others, at both of which I fired, but with what success I could not tell, as they turned and charged down the hill and were lost to sight.

Reloading my gun, we went up to where the first bull was lying dead. We were about to *grallach* him, and Ricketts, my cockswain, had put down the rifle for that purpose, when he suddenly called out:

"Look out, sir! here comes the other!"

I turned round in time to see the black bull which I had wounded, and thought was dead, in the act of charging not more than ten yards off. He was in truth a desperate-looking brute, as he came at us head down, the blood pouring from his side; he had seen us for the first time, and gave a grunt of satisfaction as he charged.

A ball between the eyes at point-blank range, however, stopped him, and the huge beast rolled over dead almost at my feet.

We now hailed the party in the valley to come and help us, as we had more than we could manage. This brought up a couple of bluejackets, with whose assistance we dragged the two bulls down the hill where we found a third beast, also a bull, lying. It seems there had been five of them in the valley, one of which had been killed by E——'s party, and the other four came up to me, as already described. There was considerable argument as to who killed this beast, several laying claim to having given him the *coup de grâce;* the sergeant vowed that he had shot it in the act of charging, but this statement must be taken *cum grano salis,* seeing that the beast was hit in the stern. It was even reported that the sergeant had been seen to fire into the carcass after it was dead—be that as it may, we had killed three bulls before breakfast; not a bad bag.

We were now joined by the doctor, who also had some adventures to relate; he had made a brilliant stalk to within about fifty yards of a bull and cow without being observed by them. Taking a careful rest in the fork of a tree, up which he was prepared to mount in case of accidents, he took aim at the bull; but alas! as he was about to fire, the ball rolled out of the muzzle, and fell harmless to the ground; the bull took the hint and skedaddled.

It was now eight A.M., so we adjourned to the hut for breakfast; some ducks had meanwhile returned to the pond, out of which I bagged five. These birds were a large and handsome kind of teal, with red beaks, and bronze green on the wings; they were excellent eating; the colonel said that they came in such quantities during the Winter that he had killed them with a stick.

After breakfast we sent a party to cut up the meat, preparatory to sending it down to the ship on donkeys. In the meantime C—— returned from an unsuccessful hunt after cattle; he had come across a herd, but in the excitement of stalking them his rifle went off and so did the beasts.

Having rested and refreshed ourselves, E—— and I, after taking a turn round to see how the men were getting on with the carcasses, and giving directions for preserving the heads, struck into a thick wood, on a chance of getting a shot at a bull.

We had not gone far before a red bull, which had been lying down, sprang up within twenty-five yards of us, and, after running a short distance, turned and stood at bay, as though contemplating a charge, and giving E—— a point-blank shot at his head.

No result followed the shot, beyond the speedy retreat of the bull; perhaps it was just as well he did so, for had he charged us in such a place, surrounded as we were by dense jungle, which would have retarded our escape, though it would have offered no obstacle to a heavy beast, we must have either killed him or he one of us.

On our return to the hut we sent the meat down to the ship, and returned on board, and the ship was soon speeding away again before the fresh trade-wind.

THE NIAGARA OF BRAZIL.

THE Quebrada, or gorge of "Paulo Affonso, the King of the Rapids," is two hundred and sixty feet deep, and in the narrowest part it is choked to a minimum breadth of fifty-one feet. It is filled with what seems not water, but the froth of milk—a dashing and dazzling, a whirling and churning, surfaceless mass. Here the luminous whiteness of the chaotic foam-crests, hurled in billows and breakers against the blackness of the rocks, is burst into flakes and spray that leap half-way up the immuring trough; there, the surface reflections dull the dazzling crystal to a thick, opaque yellow, and then the shelter of some spur causes a momentary start and recoil to the column, which, at once gathering strength, bounds and springs onward with a new crush and another roar. The eye is spellbound by the contrast of this impetuous motion with the frail steadfastness of the bits of rainbow hovering above, with the "Table Rock," so solid to the tread, and with the placid, settled stillness of the plain and the hillocks, whose eternal homes seem to be here.

In "geological" times the São Francisco stream must have spread over the valley. Even now, extraordinary floods cover a great portion of it. Then, the waters, finding a rock of softer texture and more liable to decay, hollowed out the actual "Talhadáo," or great fissure, and, in the course of ages, deepened the glen. Here, also, from the beginning, is the greatest possible diversity of falling water; in fact, a succession of rapids and cauldrons, the mighty fall ending in the "Mai da Cachaeira"—that terrible tangle of foam we have just described.

The prospect lacks, however, the sublime and glorious natural beauty of Niagara, and we do not find in Paulo Affonso those beautiful sapphire and emerald tints that charm the glance in the Horseshoe Falls.

A SARRACOLET AND A KASSON WOMAN OF THE UPPER SENEGAL.

THE French have long maintained trading-posts at the mouth of the Senegal River, and have often attempted to form permanent settlements on that African coast, or, at least, to civilize and elevate the natives. If they have failed in this, they have explored the country, studied the lineage, life and character of the natives, and prepared the way for future beneficial work, while adding to our stock of information.

The Gangaris, generally known as the Sarracolets or Soninkays, came to the Senegal from the East. They once formed a powerful empire, with a capital at Walata. They speak a language in which the root of the word is at the end of the noun, as an indeclinable suffix, a peculiarity of the

Mandingo race, which is spread from the mountains of Kong to the Atlantic.

These Soninkays have a warrior caste, the Bakiris, and a religious caste, the Saybolis, who form the great council of the nation.

The woman are plainly, decently attired in a hood, skirt and mantle, and do not display such a love of ornament as is seen in the Kasson woman who stands beside her in our sketch.

The district of the Kasson has been overrun by the Bambarras, but their power now declines rapidly.

These Kassonks are a fine set of people, with an intelligent look, fond of show and ornament. The headdress of the women, drawn by the artist, is a study, the rolls at the side and their dependent curls having a symmetry and effect quite different from that produced by some of the strange head-attire of African belles. Ornaments not only glitter among the dark, glossy hair, but from the neck to the breast is an almost solid mass of chains and pendants. Bracelets adorn the wrists. Anklets are worn, and the sandals are kept in place by an ornamental piece of metal, curving over on each side, that must be more attractive to her admirers than pleasant to the wearer.

Although Christianity has not penetrated to these tribes, nor succeeded in winning any considerable number to it, Mohammedanism has spread with startling power, and most of the tribes on the Senegal have adopted the faith of the Prophet, retaining, however, much of the fetichism with which the African seems so deeply imbued.

PATRICIAN TOMBS OF PALERMO.

A MONK—as merry a monk as one would hope to see of a Summer's day in fair Italia—led us down a long flight of steps into the tombs. The long, low, narrow halls were joined one to another by passages at the extreme ends. It seemed as if we walked a mile or more, up one hall and down another, until we were quite at a loss to find our way back to the steps by which we had entered.

On both sides of these halls lay heaps of boxes, piled one above another, five or six deep. Some of these boxes had windows in the sides, a single pane of glass; some were all of glass, like show-cases. Within them lay the bodies of the late residents of Palermo, dressed in their best, and frequently exhibiting their *carte de visite* in a gilt frame on the outside of their show-cases. One man held his photograph in his white-gloved hand, so that you could see it readily; and there he lay, with a waxed moustache and a pair of staring glass eyes, a white necktie and plumpers, fondly regarding the counterfeit presentment of the swell he was, and smiling at life's fleeting show as one might smile who considers himself beautiful forever.

The first families of Palermo, when they perish, are carefully anointed with balsams and decently buried. In a year or two they are resurrected by contract and examined. The well-preserved are arrayed more or less gorgeously, and hung up on a nail to dry. The doubtful cases are allowed to rest in their coffins, but they may still receive the gaze of the curious through a skylight or a show-window, so they have not died in vain. Rows of stuffed children sat in little chairs, awaiting the last trump, and gathered more dust than is becoming. Virgins were crowned with silver-gilt crowns as high as a section of stovepipe, and still they looked not happy. Young men smiled with a sad stage-smile that came back to me long after I had fled from the place, and chilled me to the marrow. Old men had dropped away into the corners of their cases, and looked bored even in death.

The walls were lined with these mummies, all ticketed and labeled, all classified and festooned along from arch to arch, devilishly decorative; and, as we went to and fro, not knowing whether to laugh or to weep, a large cat sported among the bodies, and from time to time ceased purring and arching her back, as she sprang at a fly on the cheek of an old acquaintance, or played with the skirts of a lady in blue satin, with a wreath of large yellow roses tilting over one eye. We were asked to kindly take hold of the tongue of a monk, just within arm's reach, which was like a bit of leather, and that member had ceased to wag for more than a hundred years. This is indeed death's victory, when one is held up to everlasting derision, and the embarrassment of such an exposition as this is the gravest undying sting.

CHINESE FARMERS.

WE doubt if a happier race exists than the Chinese farmers and peasantry. The farms are small, and so the owners are not wealthy, but they are very respectable. Each farm-house is a little colony, consisting of some three generations—namely, the grandfather, his children and his children's children. There they live in peace and harmony together; all who are able to, work on the farm, and if more labor is required the stranger is hired to assist them. They live well, dress plainly, and are industrious, without being in any way oppressed.

The female members of a farmer's household have much more liberty than those of a higher rank. They have small feet, as usual, but they are not so confined to the house, or prevented from looking on and speaking to strangers, as are the higher classes. If a stranger enters the court of the house unexpectedly, he will see a number of ladies, both old and young, sitting in the verandah, all industriously employed on some work—spinning, sewing or embroidering, and one probably engaged in culinary operations; and if the stranger be an unknown foreigner, the whole will rise hurriedly and disappear like a covey of partridges, overturning wheels, stools, and anything else that may be in their way. "This," says a writer on Chinese customs, "was a frequent scene in my earlier visits, but it gradually wore off when it was found that I was a civilized being like themselves. These same ladies, afterward, would often ask me to sit down, and even set a chair for me and bring me a cup of tea with their own fair hands; and while I drank my tea they would go on with their work, laughing and chatting as freely as if I had been a thousand miles away."

MANY years ago, one Beck was tried in London for robbery from the person, then a capital crime. A woman (who represented herself as an officer's widow), swore that he had robbed her of a purse, which she accurately described, containing money, and, sure enough, a purse answering her description was found on his person. More than this, a perfectly disinterested witness proved that he had arrested Beck on the cry of "Stop thief." Beck's defense was, that he took out his purse to give the woman a shilling, when she minutely observed it, and that he ran away from sheer terror of having to meet and confute such a charge. This was thought all "too thin," and Beck would have been hung but that fortunately the case attracted the notice of other victims of this horrible woman, who came forward and amply confirmed poor Beck's account.

THERE are some human tongues which have two sides, like that of certain quadrupeds, one smooth, the other very rough.

A SARRACOLLET AND A KASSON WOMAN OF THE UPPER SENEGAL.—SEE PAGE 366.

CELEBRATED LIGHTHOUSES

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

By Professor Charles A. Joy, Ph. D.

The origin of lighthouses dates back to the most remote antiquity. As soon as navigation assumed importance, and mankind went down to the sea in ships, some means of guiding the mariner safely into port, or of warning him away from dangerous headlands and hidden reefs, had to be devised; and we read, in the earliest classical authors, of the erection of fire towers at the entrance to ports, to serve the double purpose of defense against invasion and of friendly guidance in times of peace.

The Piræus and other harbors of Greece were thus early provided with lighthouses. These structures appear to have been of the simplest character, as scarcely a vestige now remains of them, although they were described with much pomp and circumstance by the early Greek writers. It is said that, in order to render them more visible in the daytime, they were built of white stones. The mode of lighting was very primitive, consisting of a bonfire of wood, which required constant watching and replenishing, and which, in violent storms, was likely to be extinguished at a time when the signal-light was most needed. But, imperfect as they were, such towers were of great service to the sailors of that early period.

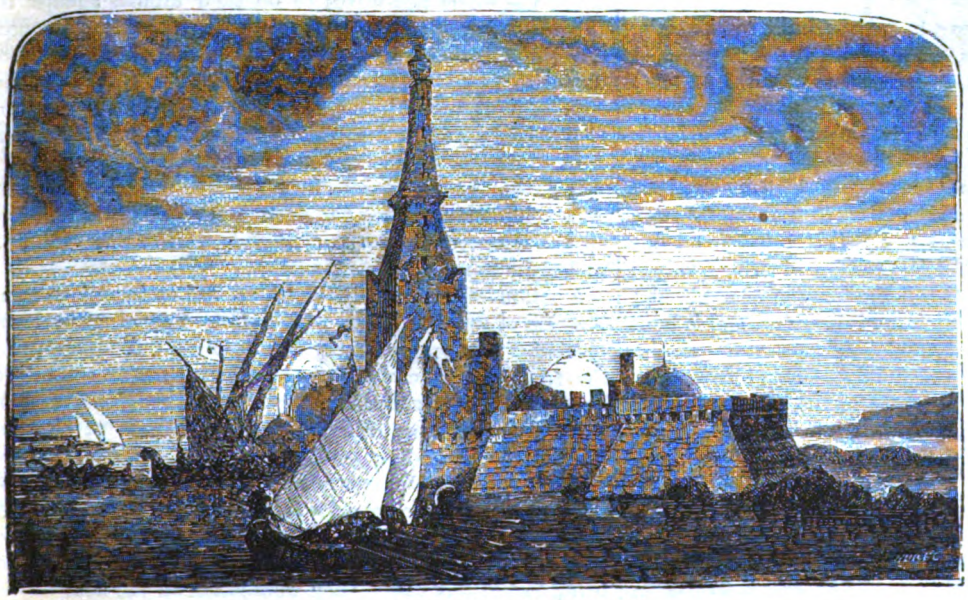
In the ancient world, there were towers at Ostea, Ravenna, Puteoli, Capreæ and Rhodes; but by far the most celebrated lighthouse of antiquity was that erected on the small island of Pharos, opposite to Alexandria, mentioned by Pliny as guiding the course of ships at night by fire—*nocturnis ignibus cursum navium regens.* Its extraordinary height, which some authors have estimated at 500 feet and upward, procured for it a place among the seven wonders of the world; and, according to Josephus, its "beaming summit" could be seen at a distance of 300 stadia, about 42 English miles. It celebrity was such that *pharos* rapidly became, and still continues to be, in many countries, a generic term equivalent to *lighthouse.*

In a similar way the word mausoleum, after having specially served to designate the tomb erected by Artemisia to her husband, the King Mausolus, is now applied to funeral monuments of more than ordinary grandeur.

THE PHAROS AT RHODES, AS USUALLY GIVEN.

Some writers claim that Cleopatra built the lighthouse of Pharos, but the testimony of Strabo, Pliny and others attributes the honor to Ptolemy Philadelphus. A French writer, Montfauçon, relates a curious story in this connection, which goes to show that stealing a reputation is not the invention of modern times. The architect of the tower was one Sostratus. He caused an inscription to be cut deeply into the stone, saying that Sostratus had "erected this for the protection of mariners," which he carefully covered with cement, and on the coating gave credit to King Ptolemy. In the course of time the cement was washed off, and there remained the indelible words of the architect, to whom posterity very naturally has accorded the honor due to his master.

The lighthouse of Pharos is supposed to



THE ANCIENT PHAROS AT ALEXANDRIA.

JOHN SMEATON, THE BUILDER OF EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

have been destroyed by an earthquake, after it had stood for 1,600 years.

Passing to the north of Europe, we find that a tower was built by Caligula, at Boulogne, to commemorate his victories over the Britons. It was placed at the usual point of departure of the Roman legions in their expeditions into England. This tower is represented on bronze coins, with the flames darting from the top, and the fleet reposing at its base. For a long time it was neglected, and the fire was extinguished until, in 810, when, on the occasion of a visit made by Charlemagne, to review a fleet he had organized against Normandy, the tower was repaired and the fire reignited. A long time afterward—namely, in 1540, the English having landed at Boulogne, built donjons and battlements, and converted it into a fortress for the protection of the town. Here it stood until 1614, when it fell down, in consequence of having been carelessly undermined by the extensive stone quarries that had been carried too far beneath it.

If the Romans considered it worth while to construct a lighthouse in Gaul, it is natural to suppose that they would do the same on the opposite coast of Britain, and it is true that at Dover we find the remains of a tower built by the Romans, to which afterward a church in the form of a cross was added, and which stands as a picturesque ruin at the present day.

In the fourteenth century a tower was built by the order of Edward, Prince of Wales, at the mouth of the Garonne, in the Bay of Biscay, and this, in turn, was replaced by a more modern edifice, noted as being one of the most remarkable in Europe. The Cordovan tower, probably so named in honor of the Cordova merchants who traded with that port, was commenced in 1584 and finished in 1610 by Louis de Foix, a French architect and engineer, the construction having occupied twenty-six years. It is situated on a ledge of rocks 3,000 feet long and 1,500 feet broad, which is bare at low water. The foundation is the frustum of a circular cone, whose lower base is 135 feet in diameter, and is built solid of cut stone to a height of 16 feet; a space for a cellar and water-cistern 26 feet square and 8 feet deep having been left in the centre. The upper base of the frustum is 125 feet in diameter. On the east side is a stone staircase, by which access to this upper base is gained. The tower springs from this level. A perfect wall about 11 feet thick at the top is built entirely around the upper base of the foundation to a height of 12 feet. Between this wall and the tower are the apartments of the keepers. The tower rises from the base to a height of 115 feet, and is 50 feet in diameter at the base; it diminishes in diameter as it ascends. The apartments of the tower are highly ornamented, and were not intended for the occupation of the keepers. There are four stories, all of different orders of architecture and adorned with busts and statues of kings of France. The basement or lower story appears to have been intended as a store-room; the second story is called the king's apartment; the third is a chapel, and the fourth consists of a dome supported by columns—a kind of lower lantern; above this was originally a lantern formed of a stone dome and eight columns. The total height of the tower, from its base to the upper point of the lantern dome, was 146 feet, and from the rock, 162 feet. In the upper lantern a fire of oak wood was kept burning at night for about 100 years, when, in 1717, the fire having weakened the stone supports by calcining them, the upper lantern was taken down and the light was kept up in the lower lantern. As it did not show well there, an iron lantern was erected in 1727 above this, in place of the old stone lantern, and coal was used for fuel instead of wood. The Cordovan lighthouse is celebrated for two circumstances: the upper part of the lantern contained an inverted cone, the base of which was covered with tin plates, forming a rude reflector, thus utilizing a part of the light which, without it, would have been lost; and it was here that the first Fresnel lens was put up for trial in 1823. The building has been thoroughly repaired in modern times, and now presents a very handsome appearance.

The best known lighthouse to English readers is the Eddystone, famous on acount of the difficulties attending its construction, and the fact that it is the type of all structures of the kind which have since been erected.

The Eddystone rocks are in the English Channel, about fourteen miles SSW. from the port of Plymouth, and being on the highway for the ships of all countries, the attention of the English Government was directed to them at an early day. They are a cluster of gneiss rocks, about 600 feet long from north to south, with detached rocks covering about the same space from east to west. The highest part of the rock upon which the lighthouse is placed, is about 16 feet out of water at low tide. The first lighthouse erected on the Eddystones, was begun by Henry Winstanley, an architect, in 1696, and finished in 1699. The accounts of its construction are vague, but it is supposed to have been a sort of wooden pagoda on a stone base. The architect was very proud of his work, and dared the winds and waves to do their utmost against it. It was not long before the elements accepted the challenge. Some repairs being necessary, Winstanley visited the structure with a party of workmen, in November, 1703. On the 26th of that month, one of the most terrible storms on record arose, and not a remnant of the lighthouse nor a trace of its inmates was ever afterward seen.

But, the daring architect had accomplished one great object, in demonstrating the possibility of erecting a tower on the dangerous rocks, and another person was found to undertake to repeat the attempt.

A silk-mercer, named Rudgerd, devised an ingenious combination of wood and iron, which showed great natural appreciation of the problems of engineering. The form was the frustum of a circular cone, built up nearly solid to a height of 27 feet above the rock, the filling consisting of courses of cut stone, alternating with courses of squared timber. The building stood well with some repairs of the woodwork, until December, 1755, when it was destroyed by fire. The fire commenced in the lantern, in the early part of the night, and the keepers retreated from room to room, until they reached the rock, whence (the weather being fortunately calm), they were taken off the next day.

A competent engineer was soon found to undertake the

task of building, on the same site, a tower that has withstood the war of elements for more than one hundred years; this was John Smeaton, the son of an attorney, born in 1724, in Yorkshire, who at first pursued his father's profession, but subsequently turned his attention to mechanics and engineering, for which he had a natural genius. It is said of Smeaton, that when a little boy in petticoats, he disregarded toys save as machines, and when six years old, made a working model of a windmill. At fifteen he constructed an engine to attach to a turning lathe, and supplied his friends with handsome specimens in wood and ivory. Clearly, he was not born to serve a writ or draw an indenture, but his father insisted on his adhering to law, until kind friends interposed and he was permitted to follow the natural bent of his genius. The Earl of Macclesfeld, who had always been friendly to Smeaton, recommended him as the best man in England to build the new lighthouse, and he was fortunately accepted. The Earl said to him, "You must build it entirely of stone. Winstanley and Rudgerd have failed; but what then? Their houses wanted weight. Ours must not only be founded on a rock, but must press and grow upon that rock."

Upon this principle Smeaton proceeded. The first actual work was done in August, 1756. New steps were cut in the rock, and he secured a magnificent foundation by leveling off the gneiss rock in horizontal layers, so that each course of masonry might rest upon a true level bed; and to protect the ground joints still more completely from the action of the sea, he caused the lower courses to be sunk at least three inches in the solid rock, as in a socket. The massive stones were dovetailed together, and Smeaton himself experimented on cements until he found one that would resist the action of the water, and would, under the most adverse circumstances, adhere to the stone and form with it a solid mass. The cutting of the foundation was done with chisel and hammer, lest blasting should loosen the rock. The blocks, a ton and two tons in weight and carefully dovetailed together, were carefully put together on a wooden platform on shore before being transported to the rock. The courses were furthermore connected by stone dowells, and the whole firmly clamped. At the latter end of September the work had to be suspended on account of the weather, not to be resumed until June of the following year. During this interval the winds and waves did their worst, but the house founded on the rock withstood their fury. Storms beat angrily against it—storms as great as that which carried away the hapless Winstanley and his workmen, and yet it stood, to the great joy of its builder.

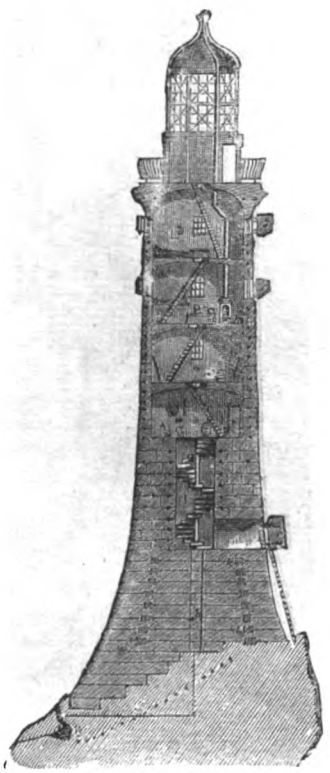
When the Eddystone had grown to a good height, so that the engineer could walk about, he took such pleasure in the structure that he walked backward and forward surveying it, till, stepping too far backward, he fell over the rocks and narrowly escaped being killed, but happily suffered only a broken thumb. No aid being near, he set the broken member himself, but the thumb troubled him sorely for a year.

In August, 1758, the fourteenth course of stones and what was called the fundamental solid, was completed; and thenceforward greater care was necessary, as the centre-stone was omitted and the hollow pillar for stairs, well-hole and entry-door was commenced. Throughout the Winter the work stood solidly, and in another year the twenty-eighth solid course, surrounded with chains of great strength lying in grooves cut in the stone, into which was poured molten lead, was completed. Then commenced the building of rooms for the keeper and his assistants. In March, 1759, there was a great storm, and much damage was done at Plymouth. To Smeaton's delight, the lighthouse was found unharmed, and the workmen's tools were undisturbed in the same places where they had been left the previous year.

On Friday, August 17, 1759, the column of the lighthouse was completed. It contained 46 courses of stone and rose to the height of 70 feet. The top was finished with a gilt ball and cupola, and every precaution was taken that the beds of the keepers should be free from damp and that the spray of the sea should not penetrate the frames. The upper part was originally of wood, but, being burned in 1770, it was rebuilt of stone.

Smeaton's satisfaction at the completion of the work was intense. The boy in a pinafore had felt a wondrous triumph in his miniature water-mill; as fresh and as beautiful were the feelings of the man of forty at the completion of his great work. He slept in the lighthouse, sailed out to sea and viewed it, gazed at it through a telescope from the shore and watched it in a storm. "A combination would happen," he says, "when an overgrown wave would strike the rock and building conjointly and fly up in a white cloud, enwrapping it like a sheet, rising at least to double the height of the house and totally intercepting it from sight; and this appearance being momentary, both as to rising and falling, one was enabled to judge of the comparative height by the spaces occupied in the field of the telescope by the column of water and the house."

The first year closed with tremendous storms, and the courage of the light-keepers was tested to the utmost. For twelve days the sea ran over them so much that they could not open the doors of the lantern or any other door. "The house did shake," said one of the light-keepers, "as if one had been up a great tree. The old men were frightened out of their lives, wishing they had never seen the place. The fear seized them in the back, but rubbing them with oil of turpentine gave them relief."



SECTION OF EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

The completion of this tower gave great fame to Smeaton,

and he was soon employed to build other lighthouses and to construct other engineering works. His last great undertaking was the Ramsgate pier and harbor, which was finished in 1791. Then his work was done. He was very anxious to write an account of his labors, but only got so far as to complete the narrative of the Eddystone. On September 10th, 1792, he was seized with paralysis, and within a month and twelve days he died, aged 69. In one of the last letters he dictated, he says: "I conclude myself nine parts dead, and the greatest favor I think the Almighty can do is to complete the other part."

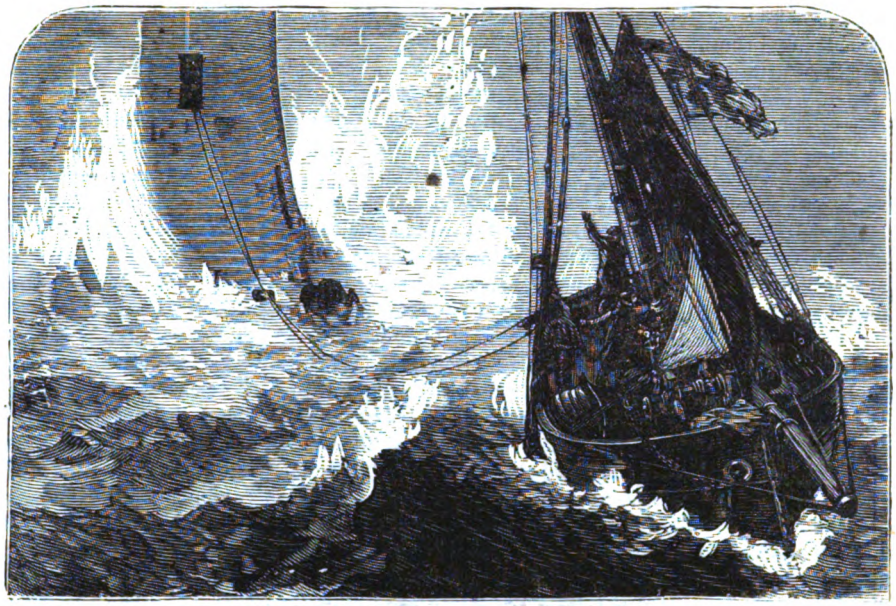
The moral beauty of the man's character was as striking as his remarkable genius, and he left a name unexcelled by any engineer who has preceded or followed him. The enormous difficulties encountered in the execution of his work, the ingenuity and perseverance displayed in overcoming them, and the full particulars of the plan—one of the most skillful combinations of elements of stability ever devised—are well described in Smeaton's "Narrative"; and in spite of the progress that has since been made in mechanics, the Eddystone Lighthouse has never ceased to be the pride of every Englishman, and one of the marvels of engineering skill. It has stood for more than a century in the pathway of the world's commerce, a monument of human genius and patience, a boast of man's superiority over the forces of nature.

EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

But nature has conquered at last. The Eddystone Lighthouse, so long regarded as one of the greatest triumphs of engineering, must come down. At a recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Mr. J. N. Douglass, Engineer to Trinity House, read a paper explaining the necessity for the demolition of this extraordinary work. According to his account, the waves have beaten in vain against the masonry, but have actually undermined the rock upon which it stands. There are also some modern improvements which cannot be applied to it, and a larger structure is demanded. The electric light and fog signals are deemed important for this position, and a much higher tower is requisite. But it is proposed, when the tower is razed, to put the stones together again, and erect them as a fitting memorial to Smeaton, somewhere on the coast. It is to be hoped that this plan will be carried out, as the model lighthouse should stand as a memorial of a great engineer, and as an impressive reminder that, in the battle with the elements, man is not always victorious.

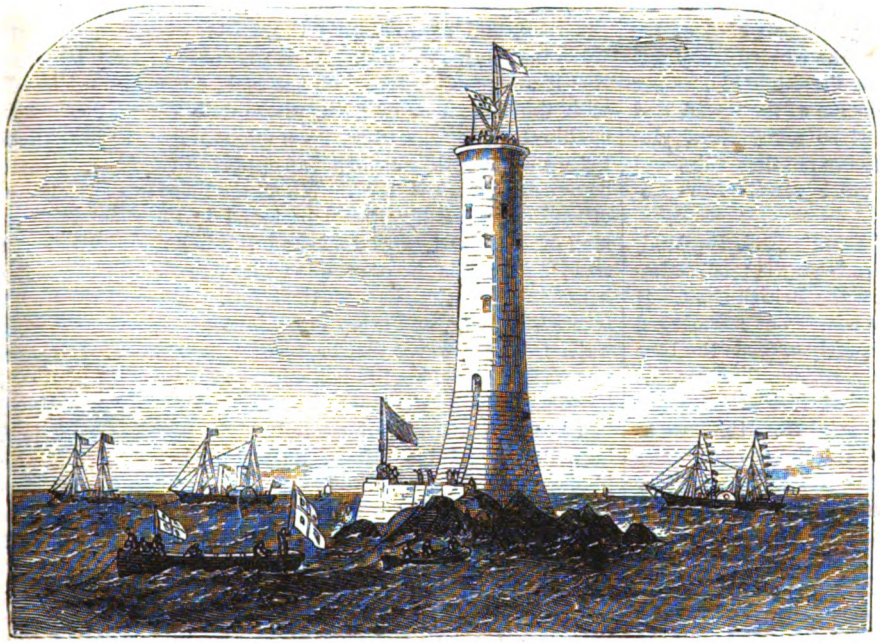
A lighthouse less known than the Eddystone, but built under circumstances of engineering difficulties that could scarcely have been overcome one hundred years ago, was constructed between the years 1836 and 1839, at Bréhat, off the coast of Brittany, in France. It stands out in the open sea, and the hard, porphyritic rock upon which it is founded is always covered with water. The engineer, M. Leonce Reynaud, displayed great skill in taking advantage

of all the modern improvements in machinery to cut and bring the stones to their proper positions. The tower is in two parts; the lower measuring 40 feet in diameter at the base and 25 feet at the summit; it terminates in a gallery which serves as a promenade for the keepers. The upper portion is much smaller. The whole is built of granite excepting the openings, which are of brick. The height of the lantern above the sea is 160 feet, and the light is distinctly visible at a distance of 18 miles. Although built forty years ago, it is still regarded as one of the most complete and interesting of the lighthouses off the coast of France.



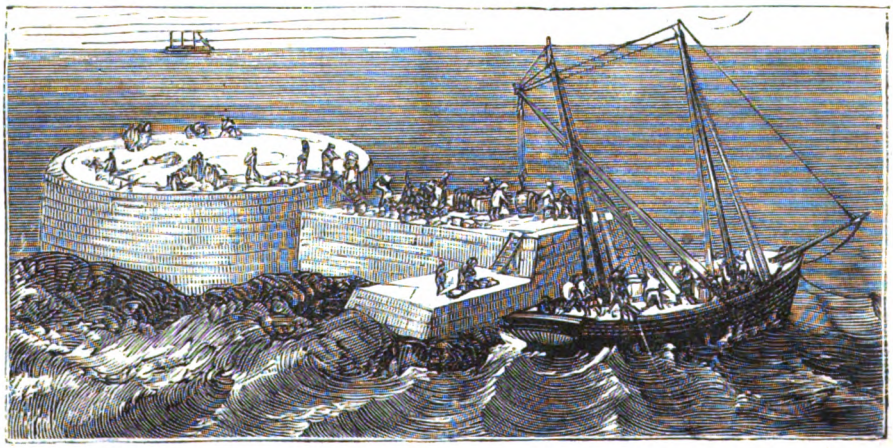
LIGHTHOUSE AT BISHOP'S ROCKS, SCILLY ISLANDS.

Another noted lighthouse structure is the Bell Rock, off the east coast of Scotland. This rock is situated in the German ocean, eleven miles from the Scottish coast, on the North side of the Frith of Forth, and nearly opposite that of Tay. It is of a reddish sandstone, and the part upon which the lighthouse is built is 12 feet below high water. The tower is constructed of sandstone, found on the main land in the vicinity, the outer casing of the lowest 30 feet being of granite.



WOLF'S ROCK LIGHTHOUSE.

It was built by Robert Stephenson, in 1807–1810. The difficulties of the erection of this lighthouse were nearly as great as those encountered by Smeaton. The form is similar to that of the Eddystone; the diameter of the base being 42 feet, and of its course just below the cornice 15 feet. The stone work is 102½ feet high. The account of the erection of this lighthouse, written by Mr. Robert Stephenson, and published in 1824, is exceedingly interesting, and contains at the same time an accurate history of all the Scottish lighthouses. It has been of the greatest assistance to engineers who have been engaged on similar works since its publication. The Skerryvore lighthouse, built in 1839–44, by Alan Stephenson, son of the preceding, is also one of the notable structures of this class, famous for the difficulties of its construction. The material is granite, and the



BUILDING THE LIGHTHOUSE AT ARMEN, NEAR BREST, FRANCE.

tower is surmounted by a bronze lantern, in which is placed a Fresnel lens, of the first order, showing a revolving light. An accurate and detailed account of this work has been written and published by Mr. Stevenson, which is valuable not only for the description of this particular structure, but because it contains a dissertation on the Fresnel system of lighthouse illumination, written with great attention to detail, and entirely scientific, besides an ancient history of lighthouses. The work may be regarded as a text-book on lighthouse construction and illumination, and is full of reliable information and excellent hints to persons interested in the subject. Since the construction of the Rock lighthouse, described above, other towers have been erected, the building of which presented engineering difficulties quite as great as any previously overcome. We shall proceed to mention some of them. Bishop Rock, off the Scilly Islands, built in 1853, is mentioned by Findlay as being "probably the most exposed lighthouse in the world." The force of the waves is believed to exceed 6,000 pounds to the square foot. On January 30, 1860, a storm-wave shook the tower and tore away the bell, weighing three hundredweight, from its support at the top of the tower, more than one hundred feet above the sea. It is calculated by engineers that, if the weight of the tower had not been equal to a solid block of granite, sixty feet in height and of the same diameter as the tower, it could not have withstood such a shock as this, but must inevitably have been borne away. The sound of the bell which was put up to replace the one carried away was heard by the officer of the deck, on the ill-fated steamer *Schiller*, but too late to change the course of the vessel, and prevent the sad calamity, which cost so many lives. Its tone has, however, been heard by many another ship, and its light has warned away many other vessels from destruction.

The Wolf's Rock lighthouse, off Land's End, England, built in 1869, is said by Elliot to have been the most elaborate and difficult of erection of any on the British coast. It is built on a rock 17 feet above low water, but submerged at high tide, and of which the area scarcely exceeds the base of the tower, while the immediately surrounding depths reach twenty fathoms. The tower is 41 feet 8 inches diameter at the base, 116 feet high, and solid from the base to a height of 39 feet, or to the door of the lighthouse. The thickness of the walls at the doorway is 7 feet 9½ inches, and at the top, which is 17 feet in diameter, it is 2 feet. The shaft is a concave elliptic frustum; the stones are laid in offsets to the level of 40 feet above the rock, with a view of breaking the sea, and above that height the surface is smoothly cut. Each face stone is dovetailed vertically and horizontally into the adjoining stones, and every stone is bolted to the course below it by two-inch bolts of yellow metal for the exterior, and galvanized steel for the interior stones. The dovetailing was adopted not only for increase of strength, but to prevent displacement by the sea during construction, before the superincumbent weight of the additional courses could be obtained, and to protect the cement mortar of the joints from being washed out before it could be set. To the American traveler the sight of Bishop's Rock and the Land's End light is always welcome, as it is usually the first glimpse of the European coast and announces a speedy end to the tedious ocean journey.

Other lighthouses of recent construction in Europe are: the Small's Rocks entrance to Bristol Channel; Hanois Rocks (1862), Island of Alderney; Barges d'Olonne (1861), west coast of France; and Alguada Reef (1865), Bay of Bengal. At the time of the centennial exhibition in Philadelphia a model and drawing of a lighthouse in process of construction was shown in the French department. The building of this lighthouse was attended with so many difficulties that a detailed account of it will prove interesting. In the Northwest corner of France, in the Department of Finistère, is situated the Island of Sein, a few miles from the coast, and about half way between Brest and Lorient. This island is prolonged seaward about eight miles by a long line of descending reef, the greater portion of which is always under water. A more unpromising site for a building could scarcely be imagined; and yet it was decided that the needs of commerce demanded a lighthouse on these far-reaching rocks, because they had attained an unhappy prominence as the scene of terrible losses of life and property, and because the prevalence of fogs made it impossible to give mariners sufficient warning from the distant land. A commission examined the reef, and it was decided to select a rock known to fishermen as Armen, although, when the selection was made, none of the engineers or sailors of the lighthouse service had succeeded in even effecting a landing. In the lowest tide, the rock was about five feet out of water, and was about 40 feet by 25 wide. The engineer said of the task: "It is a work excessively difficult, and almost impossible, but the supreme importance of lighting the reef forces us to try the impossible."

It was decided to begin operations by covering the rock with holes, a foot deep, and about a yard apart. These holes were to be subsequently filled with bars of iron, extending upward into the masonry, thus connecting it with the rock, and consolidating the latter, of whose strength there was serious doubt. As it was only at rare intervals that it was possible to get on the rock, a contract was made with the fishermen of Sein, whose daily occupation would enable them to seize every favorable moment, to bore these holes whenever they could get an opportunity. The fishermen commenced work in 1867. Whenever there was any chance of landing, the fishing-boats hastened to the rock, and two men of each boat, with tools and life-belts, jumped on the rock, and, while holding on with one hand, plied the hammer or the jumper with the other. They worked with feverish activity, and every few minutes were saturated with water from the waves that broke over their heads. If a man was washed away, his life-belt supported him until he could be picked up by the boats. At the end of the year, there had been but seven landings, only eight hours of work had been done, and but fifteen holes had been sunk in the highest part of the rock. It was the first step toward success. During the next year the difficulties were greater, as the work was to be done on the lower part of the rock; but the price was increased, and experience enabled them to work to better advantage. The result of the year's work was, sixteen landings, eighteen hours' work, and forty additional holes in the rock, besides some slight levelings. The actual work of construction began in 1869. Bolts of wrought iron were inserted in the holes, and masonry with small stones and quick cement was begun. An experienced sailor lay on the rock, with his back against one of the bolts and his face to the wind, and gave warning to the workmen of the state of the sea. When he announced the coming of a heavy wave, they hastened to secure themselves, and they pushed their work to the utmost, when he predicted a lull. All persons on the rock were provided with life-preservers and gray cloth shoes to prevent slipping.

Whenever there was a chance of landing a little steamboat started for the island, towing the small boats which alone could reach the rock. All stone was landed by hand, and also the cement, which was done up in small bags. At the close of the year twenty-five cubic yards of masonry had been laid, all of which was found intact when work was resumed the next year. In 1870 there were eight landings, and twelve yards of masonry were laid. The work continued

in this way until the close of the year 1875, at which date the total amount of masonry in the lighthouse was fifty-five cubic yards, and the structure was 8 feet above the highest tides. The success of the work, therefore, appeared certain. The finished tower will have a flashing light of the second order, at a height of 92 feet above high tide. If the rock had been larger a first-order light would have been built. The tower will be solid up to 10 feet above high tide, and above that it will have eight stories or rooms for keepers, stores and fog-bell.

The great engineering difficulties to be overcome in the construction of such massive stone towers early called the attention of all governments to the feasibility of building lighthouses of iron. The advantages offered by such structures of having them cast at home and shipped to the most distant ports in a condition ready to be put up where required, was also an important element in deciding the authorities to accept offers of proposals for iron structures. A cast-iron lighthouse for the Great Isaacs rocks, near Bermuda, was completed in 1856 by the Messrs. Grissels, of London, by order of the English Admiralty, 120 feet in height and in every way very firm and substantial. The first attempt to build on Bishop's Rock was a structure of iron shafts inserted in the rocks. It was desirable to present the least possible obstruction to the waves, and hence this plan was adopted; but the whole thing was swept away before it could be completed, and the attempt was not resumed. There are, however, a number of iron lighthouses in less exposed situations which have proved in every way successful.

For localities where it is impossible to erect a structure of stone, and where, nevertheless, the great commercial traffic requires a lighthouse, a floating structure has been proposed—not a mere lightship, but a regular lighthouse. One of this character, invented by A. Freyer, was placed at the entrance of Liverpool Harbor, England, in 1869. Its lanterns were 125 feet above the level of the sea, and the centre of gravity was thirty feet below the surface of the water.

The early history of lighthouses in this country previous to the Revolution is involved in obscurity. Before 1789, the expense of keeping up the few then standing was borne by the States in which the lights were placed; after that year they were ceded by the respective States to the Federal Government, and the improvements in their structure have been commensurate with the great progress of the country in every other respect.

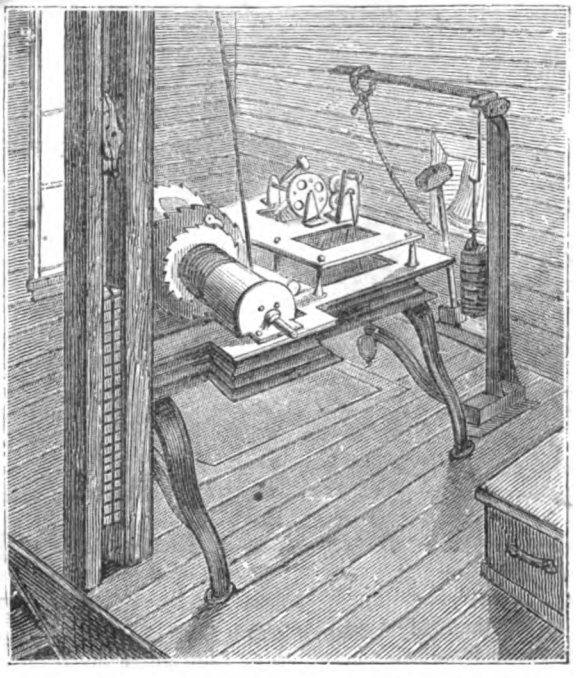
In 1791 the first lighthouse erected by the United States was lighted. At that time, including the new one, there were but nine lights on the whole line of the North American coast. They began rapidly to increase, so that in 1822 there were 70; in 1838, 238, and in 1875 there were 925 lighthouses and 23 lightships; 418 of the number being on the Atlantic coast.

Previous to 1852, the whole matter of lighthouses was under the control of the Fifth Auditor of the Treasury; subsequently a Lighthouse Board was organized, and the control and management of all lights, buoys, beacons, etc., was placed under its charge. The United States Lighthouse Board (as constituted by law) consists of eight persons, viz., two officers of the corps of engineers, and two civilians of high scientific attainments, whose services may be at the disposal of the President of the United States, an officer of the navy, an officer of the corps of engineers, who are also the secretaries. The Board, thus constituted, is attached to the office of the Secretary of the Treasury, who is *ex officio* president of it. A chairman is selected by the members from one of their number, who presides at the meetings in the absence of the Secretary of the Treasury. From the organization until 1870, this office was held by the late Admiral Shubrick; Professor Joseph Henry has since been chairman.

The labors of this Board have become very onerous, now that they have charge of nearly 1,000 lighthouses, lightships and beacons, and 3,000 buoys and numerous fog-signals and fog-bells, scattered along the great coast line of the country; and they are obliged to hold frequent sessions, and to try many absorbing experiments. Professor Henry has, in particular, greatly added to our knowledge of the laws of sound during calm and storm, and by the introduction of fog-signals has materially decreased the danger, where before the approach to the coast was exceedingly hazardous.

Out of the abundant material afforded by the thousand lighthouses and lightships of this country it is difficult to select the most striking and interesting for explanation and illustration, and we shall content ourselves with mentioning only a few that, for certain reasons, are generally the best known.

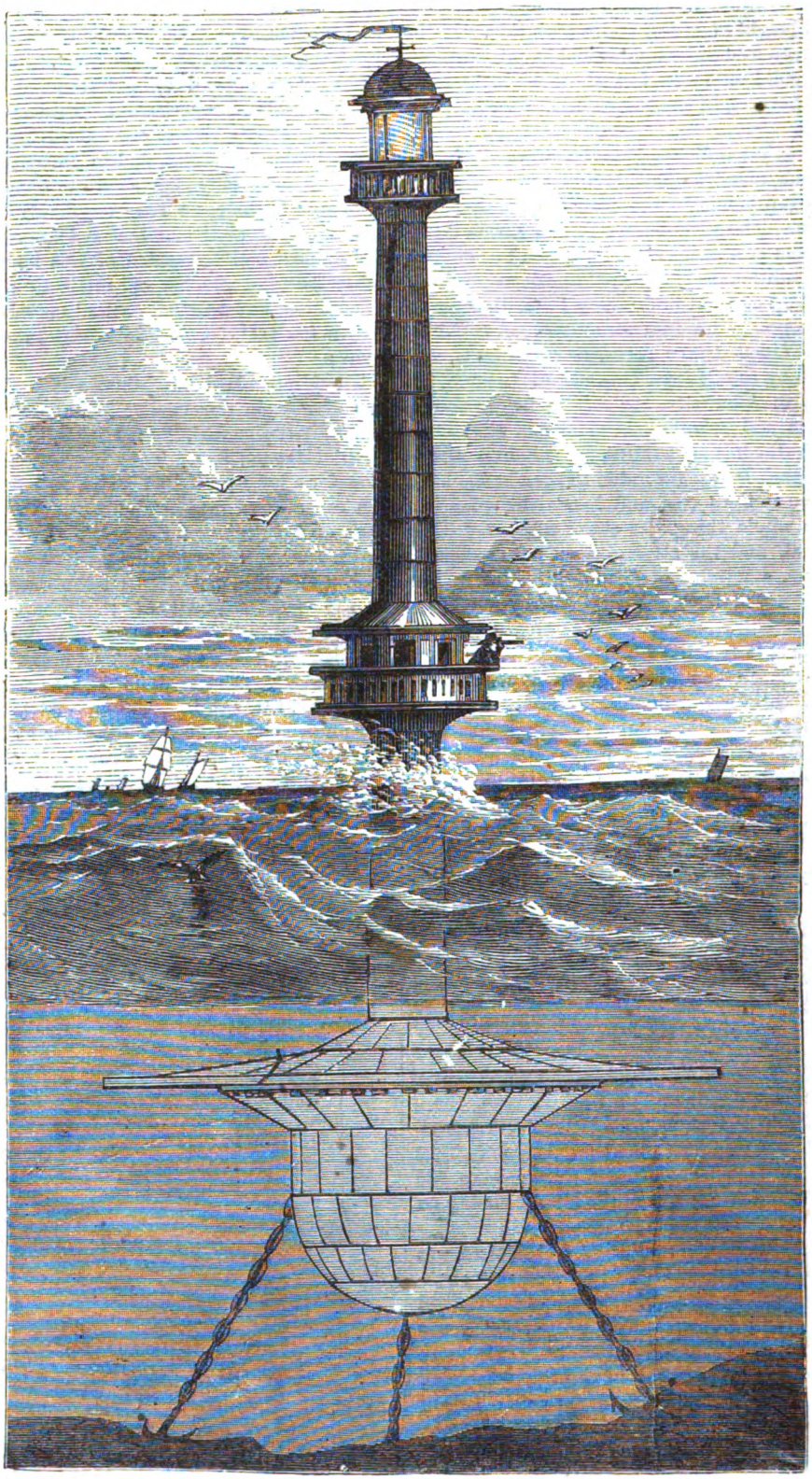
The Minot's Ledge lighthouse is probably the most famous of any on our coast. Minot's rocks, or, as they are generally designated, "the Minots," lie off the southeastern chop of Boston Bay. They have been the terror of mariners for a long period of years, and have been, probably, the cause of a greater number of wrecks than any other reefs or ledges upon the coast. In 1848 Captain W. H. Swift, United States Engineers, undertook the task of putting up an iron structure on the outer Minot. This rock is the most seaward of the group. At extreme low water an area of about 30 feet in diameter is exposed, and the highest point in the rock is only 3½ feet above the line of low water. The rock is granite, with vertical seams of trap rising through it. The form adopted by Captain Swift was an octagon of 25 feet diameter at base, and the structure stood on eight heavy wrought-iron piles, with one also at the centre. The setting up of these shafts was attended with great difficulty, as there were only a few days each month in which it was possible to carry on operations. Notwithstanding all these obstacles, the work was completed within about a year. It was, however, destined to last only three years. In April, 1851, an unprecedented



THE MACHINERY FOR WORKING THE FOG-BELL AT CAPE ANN.

storm arose, which lasted through several days, and broke off the iron columns like so many pipe-stems. The precise time of the calamity could not be determined, as there was no one left to tell the tale.

Not only the commercial interests of the country, but humanity, demanded that the Minot's Ledge rocks should be relighted, and Congress promptly made an appropriation for this purpose, stipulating that the tower should be erected on the outer Minot, and confiding its construction to the Topographical Bureau; but before operations could be commenced the whole question of location and construction fell into the hands of the newly created Lighthouse Board. To the late General J. G. Totten, United States Engineers, a member of the board, is mainly due the project for the new structure. General Barton S. Alexander was selected to carry the work into execution. According to this accomplished engineer, it was a more difficult work of construction than either the Eddystone, the Bell Rock or the Skerryvore; for the Eddystone was founded all above low water, part of its foundation being up to high water level. The foundation of the Bell Rock was about three feet above low water, while the Skerryvore had its foundation above high water level; whereas a good part of the foundation of the Minot's tower was below low water. There had to be a combination of favorable circumstances to enable them to land on the Minot rock at the beginning of the work—namely, "a perfectly smooth sea, a dead calm and low spring tides." This only could happen about six times during any one moon—three at the full and three at the change. Practically, there were at times months, even in Summer, when no landing could be effected; and, although the work was prosecuted with all possible diligence, more than three years elapsed before a single stone could be laid. The difficulty was to cut the foundation rock into the proper shape to receive the foundation stones, and then to lay these stones.



FLOATING LIGHTHOUSE, LIVERPOOL.

The work commenced July 1st, 1855, was finished September 15, 1860, and cost about $300,000. The structure is solid (around a central wall) up to the level of the entrance-door. Above that, there is a hollow cylindrical span, 14 feet in diameter, arched over at the level of the cornice. This span is divided into five stories by four iron floors. These compartments, and a sixth immediately under the

MINOT'S LEDGE LIGHTHOUSE.

lantern, constituted the keeper's rooms, store-rooms, etc. The proportions are as follows: Whole height from bottom of lowest stone to top of pinnacle, 114 feet 1 inch. Diameter of first full course, 30 feet, and of the twenty-second course 23 feet 6 inches. It has thus far withstood all of the force of the elements, and remains a worthy monument of modern engineering skill.

Another rock lighthouse of the United States stands upon a reef in the northern part of Lake Huron, off the eastern end of the Straits of Mackinac. It is built upon one of two shoals, which are so situated with reference to each other as to suggest the name of "Spectacle Reef." The lighthouse at Spectacle Reef has to encounter other forces than wind and waves, as it is exposed to the ice-flow, which frequently has an area of thousands of feet, and moves with a force that is almost irresistible.

To protect the tower, the aim was, to affix to it a structure against which the impinging ice would be crushed and packed till it should ground upon the shoal itself, and form a barrier against subsequent action. To show the necessity for this precaution, it may be mentioned, that in the Spring of 1875, the ice was piled against the lighthouse to a height of 30 feet above the water, or 7 feet above the sill of the door. The keepers went to the station to exhibit the light (not in operation during the Winter). They were able to obtain entrance to the tower only by first cutting a passage through the pile of ice referred to.

The Spectacle Reef lighthouse is a frustum of a cone, 32 feet in diameter at the base, and 18 feet at the spring of the cornice, and the entire height of the masonry is 93 feet. The light was first exhibited, June 1st, 1874.

The Race Rock lighthouse, at the eastern entrance to Long Island Sound is built upon a foundation of about ten thousand tons of riprap stones, weighing from three to five tons each.

The Thimble Shoal lighthouse, situated on the shoalest point at the entrance to Hampton Roads, is built on a new principle well worthy of mention. Appreciating the difficulties of constructing costly masses of masonry, Mr. Alexander Mitchell suggested the substitution of the screw-pile, and skeleton structures of iron. His plan was carried out on Maplin Sand, at the mouth of the Thames, also at Chapman Head and Gunfleet, and having proved successful, has been repeatedly imitated in the United States, especially in Thimble Shoal, also near the mouth of Delaware Bay, and Ship Shoal, in the Gulf of Mexico.

Our illustrations give an accurate idea of the workings of the lighthouse on Thatcher's Island, Cape Ann, Massachusetts, near Gloucester. This is one of the best ports on the coast, is large, safe, easy of access, and is well adapted to the wants of the New England fishery, nearly all the vessels making the harbor their rendezvous. A covered passageway leads from the lighthouse to the building where the fog-bell is suspended.

The sketch in the summit of the tower, where the lamp is located, shows the style of lantern in use in many of the houses, with the argand burner. The lamps are lit at sunset, and extinguished at sunrise, and continual care is required to keep the place free of moisture, snow and oil, so that the illuminating power be not diminished.

The life of a keeper is monotonous in the extreme, and the pay is very small, varying from $500 to $1,000 per annum. In several of the large houses there are accommodations for the keeper's family, whose exercise is confined to pacing up and down a narrow room, or taking a row when the sea is quiet.

In reference to this manner of building lighthouses, General Barnard remarks, in an exhaustive article on "Lighthouse Construction," *Johnson's Cyclopædia*: "For the numerous sand-shoals in the great bays or off the southern coast of the United States which needed to be marked by lights, the screw-pile system seemed especially applicable, and its extension has been very rapid; more than fifty such structures now exist, some of great magnitude and importance, but far the greater number for harbor or bay lights."

Among the towers erected on this system, may be mentioned Sand Key, Carysfort, Sombrero and Alligator Reef. The latter may be considered as typical of these structures. It is erected in a very exposed position, upon the northeast extremity of Alligator Reef, in five feet of water, but within 200 yards of the deep water of the Gulf. The nearest land is four miles to the westward.

Iron skeleton towers are sometimes resorted to for important land sites, where the soil offers no adequate support for a masonry structure. For example, at the Southwest Pass of the Mississippi River.

Where floating ice is to be feared, Major Elliott has introduced tubular iron structures, of which the Craighill Channel lower range light, Baltimore Harbor, is a good example.

In situations where permanent structures cannot be erected, resort has been had to lightships, and of these very many are in use. These vessels are specially designed and built to subserve the purposes for which they are intended. They are furnished with the strongest holding-gear, to enable them to ride out the heaviest weather, and are well supplied with fuel, oil and provisions, as a precaution against accident. The greatest danger some of them have to incur is that of being run down by some careless steamer bound for the port. A first-class lightship is usually provided with a steam fog-signal.

In the matter of illumination of lighthouses, great progress has been made during the last fifty years. We have already referred to the bonfires which the ancients built upon towers and hillsides as warnings to mariners, and need not refer again to them. The first real advance in illumination was the introduction of oil lamps and round reflectors. But as the lamps had flat wicks, they gave very poor light at best, and it was necessary to change their shape and provide them with suitable reflectors, before the maximum effect could be produced. The sailors complained that the lamps placed on the Cordovan tower were not so good as the coal fire, and in consequence of their representations, the engineer of the district was charged by the Minister of Marine with the duty of examining into the defects of the system.

The result of his investigation was, the invention of lamps with cylindrical wicks, now known as the argand burner, and the application of the principle of the parabola, to the parallelizing by reflection the rays of light proceeding from a luminous source at its focus — two improvements of the first magnitude in lighthouse illumination.

The new system was introduced at the Cordovan in 1790, after having been tested at Versailles, and proved so satisfactory that it was eagerly adopted by all maritime nations, and continued in use until superseded by the system of Fresnel. It is still used for the Canadian lights on the lakes of North America, in all countries extensively for range lights, and almost exclusively for floating lights. Reflection of light from the surfaces of metallic mirrors, although far superior to anything previously known, had many defects, which Augustin Fresnel proposed to remedy, by adopting the principle of refraction, to render the rays parallel.

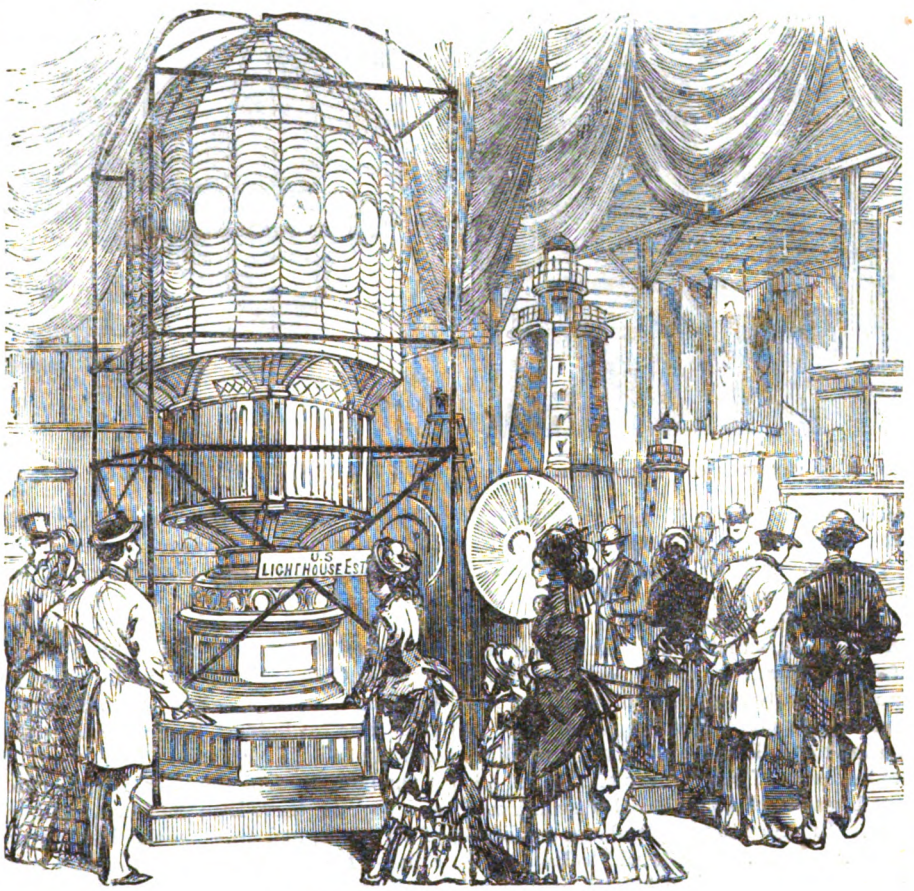
The reflecting mirrors, or catroptic apparatus, was in general use in Europe, when in 1811 the French Government organized a permanent lighthouse commission, which was

charged with the duty of investigating the question of illumination. Arago was a member of this commission, and was requested by his colleagues to institute certain experiments. Being very much occupied with other duties, he sought for some one to take his place; his choice fortunately fell upon Augustin Fresnel, a young engineer, who was made secretary of the commission. The young man was well known for some beautiful researches in optics, but occupied an inferior position in the country.

In view of the magnificent invention subsequently made by this engineer, Arago was proud to say: "I regard it as one of the most fortunate circumstances of my life that in this instance I predicted that an engineer almost unknown would be numbered among the men whose discoveries render France illustrious."

Augustin Jean Fresnel was born at Broglie, near Bernay, May 10, 1788. His father was an architect, and was employed in the construction of a fort in the harbor of Cherbourg, when the breaking out of the Revolution compelled him to take refuge in the country, where, in straitened circumstances, he devoted himself to the education of his four children—two sons and two daughters. At eight years of age Augustin could scarcely read, and his playfellows called him a natural genius; this was in consequence of the numerous toys and engines the boy was able to construct. He had no liking for Latin, but when his attention was directed to mathematics he immediately displayed the natural bent of his genius, and had the good fortune to obtain the favor of Legendre by an original solution of a problem in geometry which he submitted to that eminent mathematician. He completed his education at the École Polytechnique and the École des Ponts et Chaussées, in Paris, and received an appointment in the provinces. On the return of Napoleon from Elba he took up arms against the usurper, and, in consequence, lost his position and was put under the surveillance of the police. This decided him to go to Paris and devote the remainder of his days to scientific investigation. Unfortunately for mankind, those days were numbered, and his great life-work was compressed into the short period of five years—from 1819 to 1824. His memoirs followed each other in rapid succession, and were chiefly devoted to the phenomena of double refraction, diffraction, interference and polarization of light. His paper on the diffraction of light was crowned by the Academy in 1819, and in 1823 he was unanimously elected a member of that learned body. The necessity of doing much drudgery as an examiner at the École Polytechnique told heavily upon his feeble strength, and he was finally obliged to abandon all work, at the early age of thirty-six, and to repair to the country to seek repose. He never recovered, and on his deathbed he received the Rumford medal of the Royal Society, London. This was brought to him by his firm friend Arago, to whom he addressed these touching words:

"I thank you for having accepted this mission. I know how much it must have cost you, for you understand that the most beautiful crown is of little value when we have to deposit it upon the tomb of a friend."

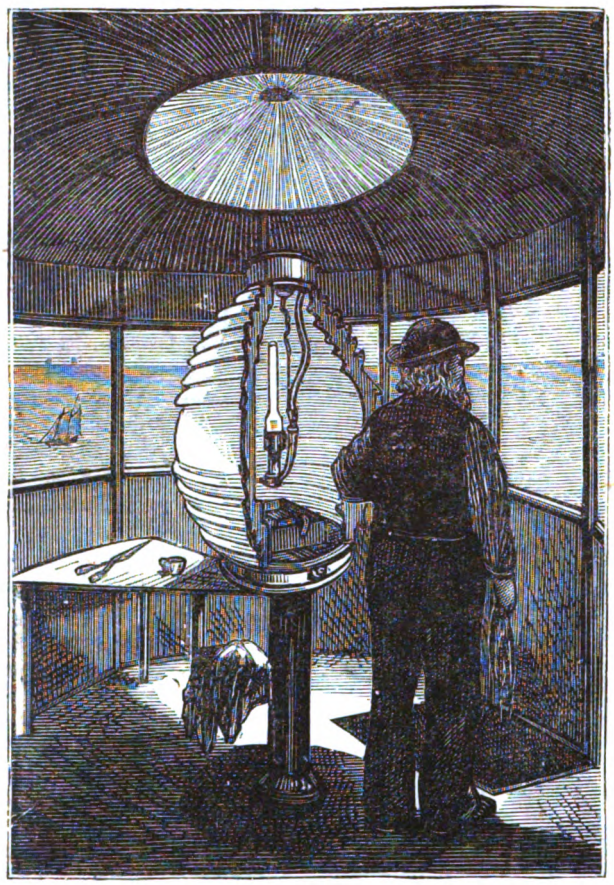


LANTERN NOW USED IN LIGHTHOUSES.

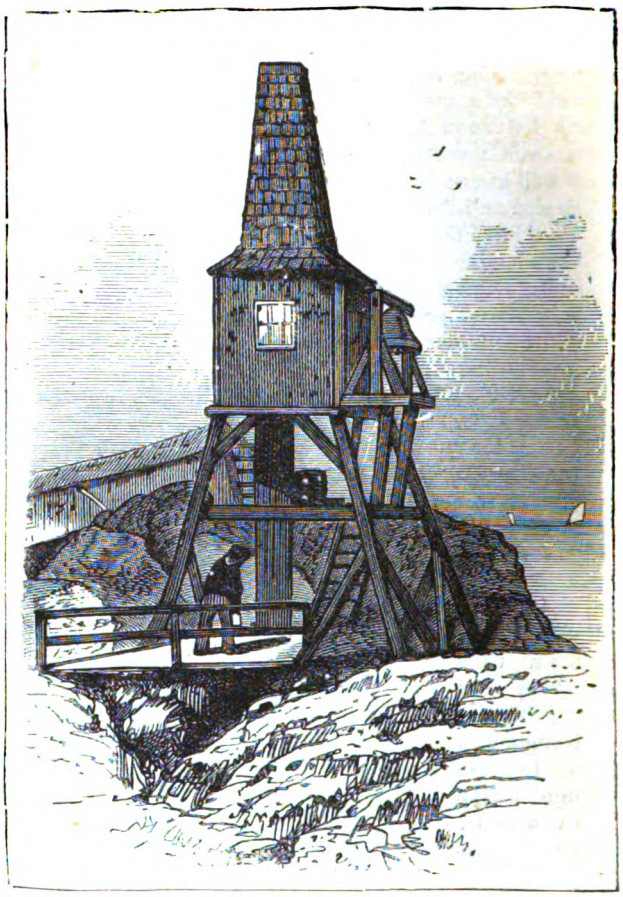
Thus died, at the early age of thirty-nine (July 14, 1827), a scientist to whom commerce, and, indeed, the whole human race, owes an eternal debt of gratitude for the invention of the dioptric system of illumination for lighthouses, by means of which hundreds, perhaps thousands, of lives are annually saved from the most horrible death.

The Fresnel lens, now so generally employed in first-class lighthouses, can only be minutely described by using technical language of little popular significance. Practically, it renders the rays of light parallel and accomplishes the highest illuminating power. It is used for a fixed light, and also for a revolving or flashing light.

Whatever may be the form of the lamp and the character of the lens, much depends upon the illuminating material. In this country sperm oil has been the principal article fed to lamps. Attempts have been made to employ gas, but only with partial success. As the lighthouses were provided with lamps, and sperm oil could always be depended upon, there is generally an unwillingness to try uncertain experiments. The growing scarcity of sperm oil, and the corresponding increase in price, have induced the Lighthouse Board to look around for some substitute. The production of colza oil was encouraged by distributing rape-seed, but



THE INTERIOR OF EASTERN POINT LIGHTHOUSE.



THE FOG-BELL AT CAPE ANN.

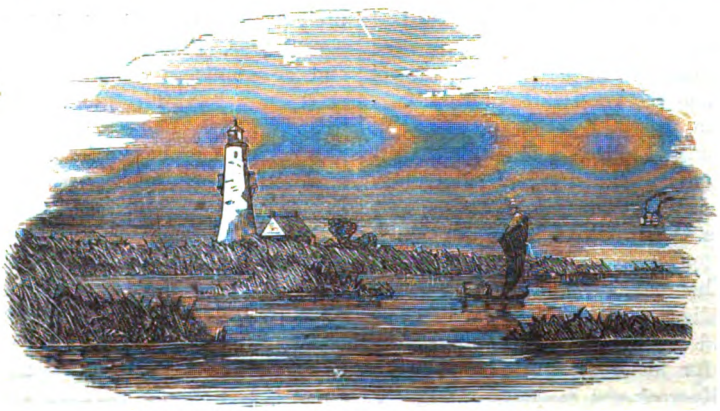
it was tedious waiting for the introduction of a new agricultural product in this country, and experiments were made with lard oil, of which we have an abundance. This oil was found to do admirably in the Fresnel apparatus with hollow burners. A comparative test was made in two light houses at Cape Ann, Mass., situated a few hundred feet apart. One was fed with sperm oil, and the other with lard oil. The result was decidedly favorable to the latter, and soon many lighthouses were supplied with lard oil.

In 1873 the attention of the Lighthouse Board was called to the advantage to be derived from the use of mineral oil. and the experiments begun at that time have been continued without interruption. In order to use petroleum a change in the burner became necessary. This is said to have been accomplished by Mr. Doty, and if the fear of explosions can be overcome it seems probable that mineral oil will come into more general use as a source of lighthouse illumination. The burning of petroleum has been restricted to lighthouses on the land, the Board hesitating to use so inflammable a fluid in lightships or lighthouses surrounded by water.

Taking all things into consideration, it appears probable that the electric light is destined to supersede all kinds of oil for lighthouse illumination; its far-reaching property, and its power to penetrate fogs, and its vast superiority over oil in photometric value, must in the end obtain for it the victory over all other sources of light. At South Foreland and at Souter Point in England, its practicability has been thoroughly shown.

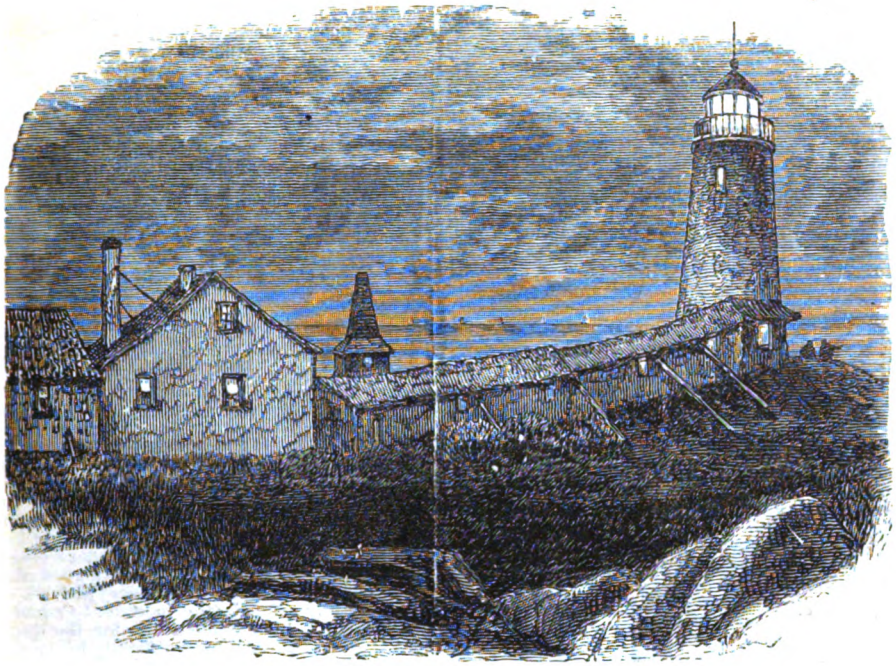
Major George H. Elliott, in his report on the European lighthouse system, gives an interesting account of the great electric light at Souter Point, three miles below the mouth of the River Tyne.

On both sides of the river, from the mouth to Newcastle and beyond, there is an immense number of manufactories of all kinds, and their smoke hangs over the river like a cloud. Fogs on this part of the east coast of England are also frequent, and as they mix with the smoke, the problem of lighthouse illumination of the sea near the mouth of the Tyne is one of great difficulty. To meet it, an electric light was constructed at Souter Point a few years ago, and it is without doubt one of the most powerful lights in the world.

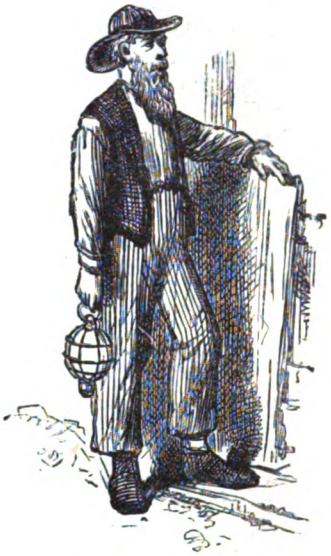


LIGHTHOUSE AT THE MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

The condensed beams from the most powerful fixed and flashing, first-order sea-coast lights of England (with the Douglass four-wick burner, the illuminant



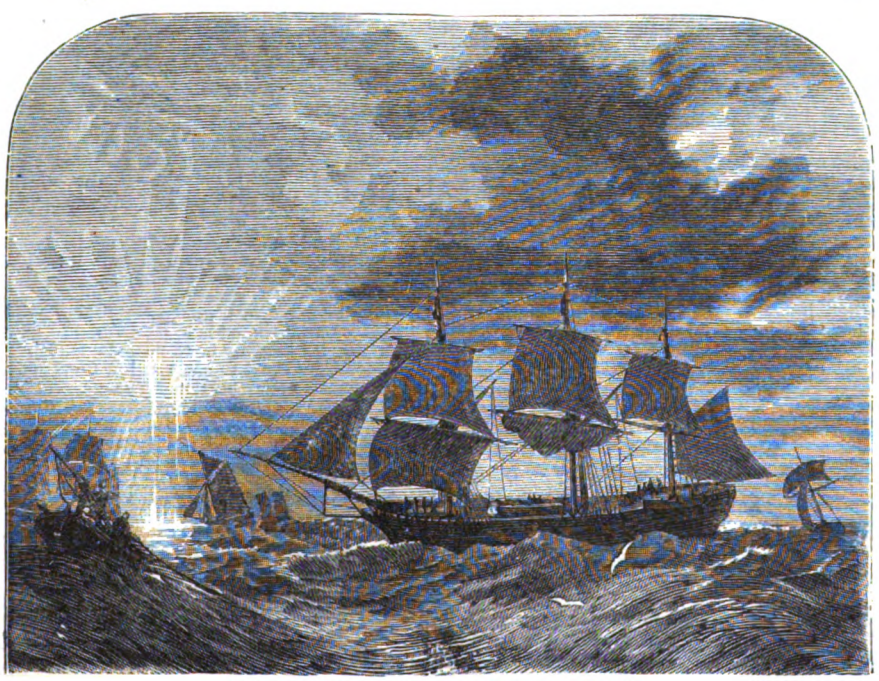
EASTERN POINT LIGHTHOUSE, CAPE ANN.



THE LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER.

being oil), are respectively equal to 9,000 and to 111,000 candles, while the condensed beam of the flashing electric light at Souter Point (assuming the power of the lens, as calculated by Mr. Chance, to be 196 times as great as the power of the unassisted light), is equal in power to 800,000 candles. The lens at Souter Point is one of the size of those of the third order, and consists of a fixed light apparatus, covering the sea horizon, *i. e.*, 180°, and is surmounted by eight panels of vertical condensing prisms, whose revolutions give flashes at intervals of one minute. The machinery for generating the electric current is similar to that of South Foreland; two rotary, magneto-electric machines of Professor Holmes's patent, are driven by two three-horse power engines, which can be worked up to six-horse power each. The number of revolutions made by each machine per minute is 400, and as 16 sparks are produced by each magnet at each revolution, the number of sparks at the carbon points of the lamp is 6,400 per minute, where one machine only is in operation (as is the case in fair weather), and 12,800 per minute when both machines are at work. These sparks are formed so rapidly, that the eye does not separate them, and the result is a continuous beam of light, so dazzling, that the eye of a person within the lantern cannot rest upon it for an instant without intense pain.

The electric lamp, as at South Foreland, consists mainly of two carbon points, each about ten inches long by one-half an inch square, in sections placed end to end in a vertical position, and the automatic machines, called regulators, feed the points toward each other as fast as they are consumed, which is at the rate of one inch per hour, each. This rapid consumption of the carbon points, and the complicated and costly machinery of the regulators, has recently been remedied by a Russian engineer, Mr. Jablochkoff, who has invented a candle which is represented to put the electric light into the ease of management, and certainty of illumination, of an ordinary gas-jet. The time does not, therefore, appear to be far distant, when this candle will take the place of oil in all of our first-class lighthouses.



ELECTRIC LIGHT AT SOUTH FORELAND, ENGLAND.

Mr. Frank Leslie has been for years advocating the use of electric lights, not only on lighthouses, but on steamers, where, by means of the engines, they can be maintained at very slight cost. In 1873 he tested an electric light at his establishment, the same from which this

periodical appears. On a dark, foggy night this light, operated on the roof of his building, enabled people to read newspapers on the streets a third of a mile away, and shipping in the harbor, at two miles distance, could be seen as distinctly as if they were lying under a noonday sun. He also ran wires to a bank building on Broadway, and, with a small reflector, threw a band of light which was seen for miles, and mistaken by many for an aurora borealis.

The machine employed was one constructed under Wilde's patent, with two wheels of sixteen electric magnets each. The result was of such a nature as to show beyond all question that, for the purposes of lighthouses, the electric light far surpasses all other modes of illumination, and must, before long, supersede them entirely.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THE TAY BRIDGE.—One of the most notable triumphs of modern engineering is achieved in the recently completed Tay Bridge, which carries the North British Railway across the Frith of Forth. The project has repeatedly been brought forward during the past thirty years, but it was not till 1871 that the work was commenced. The history of its execution is interesting, as a record of engineering difficulties overcome by persistent perseverance and high professional attainments. At the point selected, about a mile and a half above Newport, the river has a breadth of nearly two miles, its depth at high water of Spring tides attaining a maximum of 45 feet, and the velocity of its current ranging up to 5 knots an hour. To bridge this formidable stretch of water, the engineer had planned a structure of 85 spans, which vary in width from 67 feet to 245 feet, those of the largest size, to the number of 13, being placed over the navigable part of the river. In the central section, where it is necessary to provide for the passage of shipping, the bridge has a clear height of 83 feet above high-water mark, from which it slopes gradually to the two shores. What with the novel and extensive character of the undertaking, and the arduous conditions under which it had to be carried out, the bridge has taken longer to build than was at first anticipated, but it is now finally completed and open to traffic.

NAPHTHALINE IN COAL GAS.—A few years ago a solid, flaky substance, unctuous to the touch, of a pearly lustre, peculiar odor and biting, aromatic taste, was discovered in the coal tar of the London gasworks. For a long time no use could be found for it, and it went to waste. Latterly it has been employed as a substitute for camphor, to protect furs and woolens from moths, and it has been mixed with dynamite to add to the force of that explosive; it has also found application in the manufacture of colors. The curious thing about it is the extraordinary manner in which it has recently risen to vex the gas companies. At the last annual meeting of the American Gaslight Association, there was a general complaint of an epidemic of naphthaline. It has become the bane of gas manufacture, like some new disease in a hospital. It may be deposited anywhere, in the pipes, in the hydraulic main, in the scrubbers, in the purifiers, and travels all the way to the burners of the consumers. This did not appear to be the case formerly, and it is difficult to account for the phenomenon. There may be a difference in the heat employed to produce gas, or the coal may have different constituents; at any rate, it has become a great nuisance, and the question is, how to get rid of it.

TELEGRAPHING WITHOUT WIRES.—Professor Loomis, who has devoted his life to demonstrating the practicability of his theory of aerial telegraphing, seems to be on the eve of success. His system is based on a current of electricity, which he has demonstrated exists at different heights, and which transmits communication between two perpendicular wires reaching it, whatever the distance may be. In his experiments, he has employed kites, substituting copper wire for the usual string. By using the Morse apparatus, signals were transmitted between kites eleven miles apart. Arrangements are now making to repeat the experiments between the highest peaks of the mountainous region of West Virginia, and also in the Alps. It has even been suggested that, as aerial currents are found at high altitudes, it may be possible to send messages across the ocean through the sky. If this is accomplished, submarine cables will soon be lying abandoned and useless in their ocean beds.

CALOMEL CHANGED TO CORROSIVE SUBLIMATE. When calomel comes in contact with powdered white sugar or calcined magnesia, a certain quantity of corrosive sublimate is formed in twenty-four hours. The action of light is analogous to that of sugar, and hence calomel must always be kept in the dark Pills compounded of calomel have no keeping quality, for the same reason as that indicated above. Calomel is always liable to change to corrosive sublimate

THE UNIVERSITY OF AMSTERDAM.—The celebrated high school of Amsterdam, in Holland, which has existed since the year 1632, has just been raised to the rank of a university, with full faculties, and the authority to confer degrees.

DYNAMITE AND MICA POWDER.—The object of Nobel's dynamite patent was to remedy the enormous danger to life and property occasioned by the use of nitro-glycerine, and to combine the oil with some inert, absorbent substance, whereby the condition of the nitro glycerine is so modified as to render the resulting compound more practically useful and effective as an explosive, and far more safe and convenient for handling, storage and transportation than liquid nitro-glycerine. The invention consists in mixing infusorial earth and nitro-glycerine in proper proportions, whereby a solid substance resembling moist brown sugar is obtained. Instead of using infusorial earth, some American manufacturers have found prepared mica to serve equally well The courts have decided that this was an infringement of Nobel's original patent, as the mixture is a mechanical one, and it is not material to the functions of the compound or its properties, whether the liquid is held absorbed, or suspended in the inner surfaces of capillary tubes, or on the outer surfaces of minute scales. Each one of the properties and qualities ascribed by Nobel to the inert matter in his compound, pertains to mica scales, and the functions are the same in each. Mica powder is, therefore, declared to be an infringement upon Nobel's dynamite.

THE SANITARY ASPECT OF ANILINE DYES.—Recent experiments have now, beyond doubt, established that aniline dyes, at least the reds and blues, are, in their pure condition, comparatively inert, and that the ill effects which have been sometimes attributed to the use of these dyes, are traceable, not to the pure coloring matters themselves, but to traces of arsenic which they contained, and which arose from insufficient purification subsequent to the manufacture. Herr Seidler, of Riga, administered to himself three quarters of a grain of aniline red every morning for a period of five weeks, without any ill effects. When it is pointed out that a single grain of aniline red is said to be sufficient to impart a good pink color to fifteen gallons of alcohol, it would be necessary to drink an enormous quantity of artificially colored wine in order to equal a single morning performance of Herr Seidler. So far, the question is practically settled, the only remaining difficulty being our inability to ascertain whether pure or impure coloring material has been used in any purchased article; and it will, therefore, be better, as a simple matter of precaution, to be on our guard against the indiscriminate use of aniline dyes for coloring purposes.

A SEWAGE TUNNEL IN NEW YORK.—A sewage tunnel 1,200 feet long and 8 feet square, in sections, has been driven through the hard gneiss and quartz rock of New York, under Forty-second Street, in the short period of seven months. The machinery employed is diamond rock drill, driven by compressed air. Five drills have been used, three constantly in action and two under repair. Fourteen holes are made in the headings before blasting, and the average advance is 6 feet per hole in 10 hours. The manner in which this work has been accomplished, shows the facility with which underground tunnels can be made beneath the streets of cities, without in the least disturbing the traffic or the comfort of the inhabitants The value of electricity is shown in the facility with which the explosions are made, and the superiority of compressed air over steam is proved by the ventilation of the shaft, which the entrance of so much air occasions. The introduction of the machine drill in New York twenty years earlier would have caused a saving of many million dollars in blasting streets and constructing sewers.

PTOLEMY'S MAP OF THE WORLD.—In the second century of our era the geographer, Ptolemy, conceived a map of the globe, a copy of which, printed in Rome in 1508, is in the library of the American Geographical Society, New York. The part devoted to Africa has a special interest just now, as the three lakes recently discovered by Bruce, Speke and Baker are laid down as the source of the Nile. The great river flowing to the west upon this map conforms singularly to the Congo, down which Mr. Stanley has recently made his way. It may be an accidental coincidence, but it looks, as Chief Justice Daly has remarked, as though the modern explorations had resulted in the rediscovery of lakes and rivers which were well known two thousand years ago, but have since been forgotten. The account Herodotus gives of mountains in Africa, would half confirm the theory that very much had been forgotten about the interior of Africa.

THE ENGLISH CHANNEL TUNNEL.—Operations connected with the submarine tunnel have already commenced on the other side of the Channel, several pits having been sunk to a depth of about 110 yards. At the same time, the French and English committees have definitely drawn up the conditions of working the route. The property of the tunnel is to be divided in half by the length—that is to say, each Company is to possess half of the line, reckoning the distance from coast to coast at low tide Each Company will cover the expenses of its portion The general work of excavation will be done, on one hand, by the Great Northern of France, and on the other by the Chatham and Southeastern Companies, the two latter having each a direct route from London to Dover After thirty years the Government can take possession on certain conditions.

THE AMERICAN ACCLIMATIZATION SOCIETY.—This Society has for its object the introduction of foreign breeds of valuable birds and animals. They have been very successful with the English sparrow, the vast progeny of which variety now in our country all sprang from fifty pairs let loose in 1874 in Central Park. Skylarks, finches, starlings, and some game birds have also been brought from foreign lands with encouraging success. Next year it is proposed to bring over English song birds. The means of the Society are limited, or they would carry their efforts to the acclimatization of domestic animals highly prized in other countries, but unknown in this.

THE TROUVE BATTERY—The new galvanic battery of M. Trouvé has the advantage of working without a liquid. It is on the principle of the Daniell cell. A disk of zinc and a disk of copper are placed parallel, and held apart by layers of paper. The lower half of the layer of paper disks is soaked in a saturated solution of sulphate of copper, and the upper half in a solution of sulphate of zinc. There is no consumption of material excepting when the current is on. The Abbé Moigno states that this battery remains constant for a year, needing no attention whatever. To renew it, it is sufficient to resoak the lower part of the paper in sulphate of copper. The sulphate of zinc being constantly formed by the action of the battery, never needs replenishing. When the zinc is used up, a new disk is inserted, and it is best then to put in new paper. The electro-motor force is the same as that of the Daniell element. The resistance varies with the diameter of the metal disks, and with the thickness of the paper layers. M. Trouvé has made many applications of this battery, notably to medical apparatus and to military telegraphy. For the latter purpose, he has constructed a battery composed of three hard rubber boxes, superposed, and each containing three elements. This has sufficient power to work a sounder over several miles of wire. It may be carried upside down, or in any position.

THE PHONOGRAPH.—The telephone utereth speech, but the phonograph records it. Mr. Edison, who has accomplished so much in quadruplex telegraphing, has added to his fame by inventing a machine for recording speech, by a series of indentations on paper, in such a way that what is said may be multiplied and accurately reproduced at any future time. A strip of indented paper travels through a little machine, the sounds of the latter are magnified and rendered visible. The new invention is purely mechanical, no electricity is involved. It is a simple affair of vibrating plates, thrown into vibration by the human voice. Not words alone, but music as well, may be crystallized on the plates of this machine, to be stored up indefinitely, or reproduced when wanted. Figurative speaking will have a double significance in the presence of this machine. The invention is crude at present, but the principle has been found, and modifications and improvements are only a matter of time.

REMOVING ODORS FROM THE HANDS.—The disagreeable odor of carbolic acid can be removed by rubbing the hands with damp flaxseed meal, and cod liver oil bottles can be cleansed by the same means. Ground mustard, mixed with a little water, is also an excellent agent for the same purpose. The explanation of this action is somewhat doubtful, but it is not improbable that the odor is dissolved by the fatty oil of the seed, and emulsionized by the contact with water.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

CHECK-MATE.—A liberal husband.

DISTURBING THE GRAVE.—Making a sober man laugh.

"COME, BIRDIE"—The man who was "out on a lark," was really out on a swallow.

BRIGHT.—A bright boy wants to know if by eating dates enough he will ever become an almanac.

OH!—It is only after the tooth is pulled out that man sees what a great missed-ache he has made.

THE RETORT.—First irate female: "I'd hate to be in your shoes!" Second ditto: "You couldn't get in them!"

A PARODY.—Our hopeful remarks: "Let me kiss the pretty girls of a nation, and I care not who does the waltzing."

INFALLIBLE RECEIPT.—"Alcohol will clean silver." Yes, alcohol well stuck to will clean out all the silver you have got.

A STRANGE misapprehension exists as to the cultivation of poppers. They are not grown in hotbeds, as some suppose.

PROBABLE.—There isn't much difference between a grasshopper and a grass widow, after all. Either will jump at the first chance.

AN old German song says the world is like a bottle of beer, with froth at the top, clear, wholesome drink in the middle, and hard work, trouble, sorrow and crime at the bottom.

SOUND LOGIC.—In all guns of great calibre you find a great bore. In a man of small calibre you find a great bore. Conclusion.—A man of small calibre may easily pass for a great gun.

A GOOD little boy who was kicked by a mule, did not say naughty words or go home crying to his mother. He just tied the mule within five feet of a beehive, backed him round to it, and let him kick.

TELL US WHY?—The scientific expedition around the world may, perhaps, be able to tell us when it returns, why a man always takes off his boots first when undressing, while a woman begins at her hairpins.

DOCTOR—"You eat well?" *Patient*—"Yes." "And sleep well?" "Yes." "And drink well?" "Yes." *Doctor* (writing out a prescription)—"Well, we'll stop that. Have this made up and take it three times a day."

A HEALING MEDIUM.—A cobbler.

EXPERIENCE may be a dear teacher, but she isn't any dearer than a pretty schoolma'am.

GOOD STOPPERS.—An express train is faster than a day laborer, but it can't stop as suddenly.

WHEN may a man be said to get a start in business?—When an unexpected bill is presented to him for payment.

SMART.—"Now tell me, colonel, how do you feel when you've killed a man?" "Oh, very well, thank you, doctor; how do you?"

THE GAME-BAG.—*Wife* (to hunter returned from a month in the Adirondacks)—"Well, what did you get?" *Hunter*—"I got back!"

THE ladies are all opposed to the telephone. They don't care to have a young fellow whispering in their ears, with his mouth twenty miles away.

SHE slipped her number sixes back beneath her dress and blushed prettily, as she replied, "No, I do not wear so small a shoe as ones. My size is quite large—I wear twos."

LOVER.—"My dear, why are you like that hinge?" *Arcadia*—"I can't even guess." *Lover*—"Because you're something to a door" (adore.) She cut his acquaintance, which unhinged him.

THAT was a scrupulous young lady in Boston who refused to meet her lover—Justus his name was—at home, because she had heard her minister say that justice should always be meeted out.

MARK TWAIN thinks nothing seems to please a fly so much as to be mistaken for a grocer's currant. If it can be baked in a cake, and palmed off on the unwary as a fruit, it invariably dies happy.

NEVER know your own father out of the house. It is not considered genteel. Never keep a cash-book, or diary, but draw checks on the parental banker to any extent that may be necessary for your expenses.

THEIR OBJECT.—"In the sentence, 'John strikes William,'" remarked a school-teacher, "what is the object of strikes?" "Higher wages and shorter hours," promptly replied the intelligent pupil.

TOO MANY FOR HER.—They were at a picnic. On the grounds was a small stand for the sale of watch charms. "Oh, George!" she said, "buy me a charm." "Sarah," said he, "you have too many already."

PERSONAL.—Elder Jones, just deceased, had a very red nose. His widow thought it rather personal in the minister to begin his funeral discourse with, "Another shining light has been taken from our congregation."

"SUPPOSE we pass a law," said a severe father to his daughters, "that no girl eighteen years old who can't cook shall get married till she learns how to do it?" "Why, then, we'd all get married at seventeen!" responded the girls in a sweet chorus.

POPPING CORN.

AND there they sat a-popping corn,
John Stiles and Susan Cutter;
John Stiles as fat as any ox,
And Susan fat as butter.

And there they sat, and shelled the corn,
And raked and stirred the fire;
And talked of different kind of ears,
And hitched their chairs up nigher.

Then Susan she the popper shook,
And John he shook the popper,
Till both their faces grew as red
As sauce-pans made of copper.

And then they shelled, and popped, and ate,
All kinds of fun a poking;
And he haw-hawed at her remarks,
And she laughed at his joking.

And still they popped, and still they ate—
John's mouth was like a hopper—
And stirred the fire and sprinkled salt,
And shook and shook the popper.

The clock struck nine, and then struck ten,
And still the corn kept popping;
It struck eleven—then struck twelve,
And still no sign of stopping.

And John he ate, and Susan thought—
The corn did pop and patter;
Till John cried out, "The corn's afire!
Why, Susan, what's the matter?"

Said she, "John Stiles, it's one o'clock—
You'll die of indigestion;
I'm sick of all this popping corn—
Why don't you pop the question?"

THAWING HIM OUT.

CHRISTIAN MAIDENS SOLD BY BASHI BAZOUKS.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

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THE RIO GRANDE FRONTIER, AND OUR RELATIONS WITH MEXICO.

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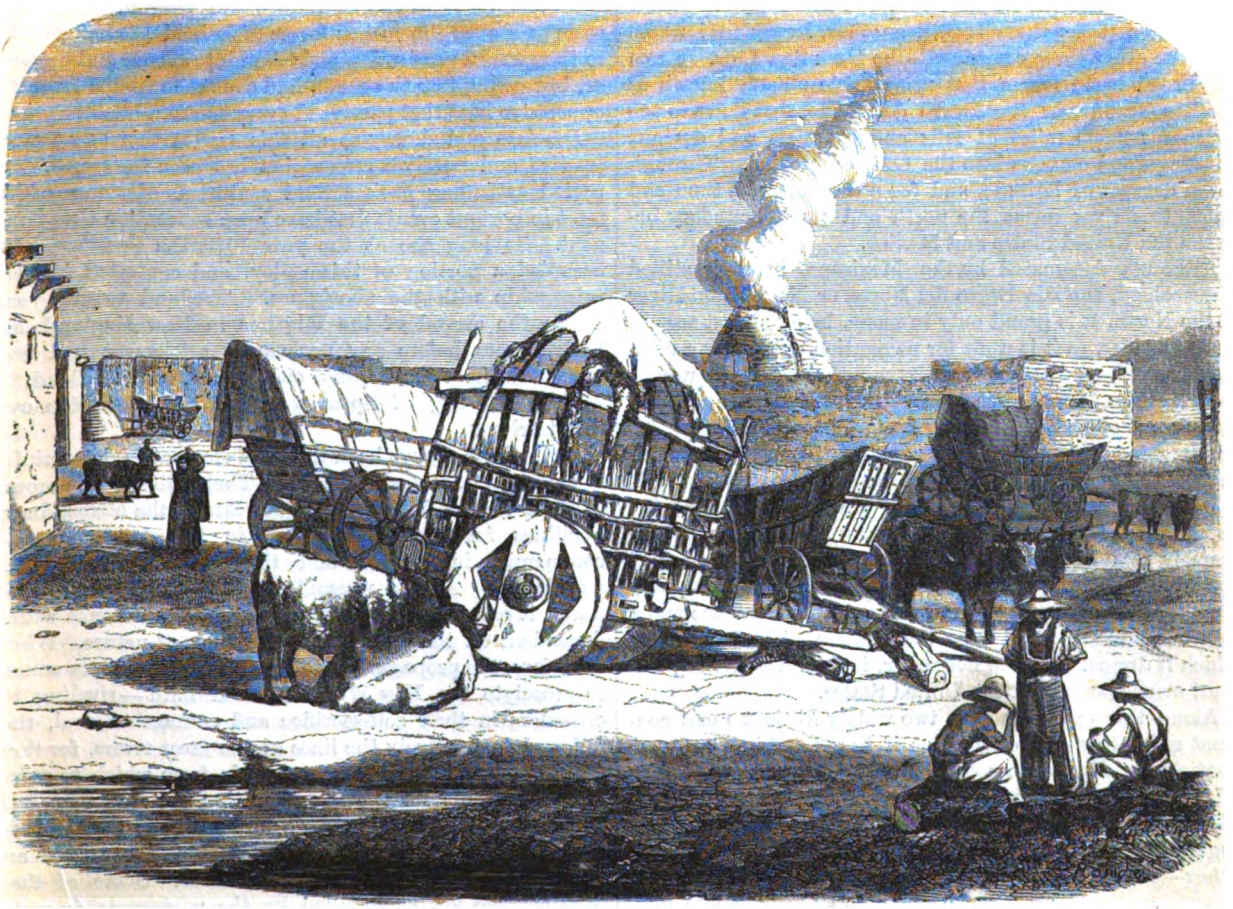
THE treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo, that terminated, in 1848, the war between the United States and Mexico, was in many respects the most crude and ill-advised compact that was ever undertaken by two nations. Negotiated in the beginning by a clerk from the State Department at Washington, who, as a sort of camp-follower, accompanied the victorious army under General Scott, with the draft of a treaty in his pocket, ready to thrust it at any one and



SCENE IN CHIHUAHUA—NATIVE WAGONS AND HOUSES.

every one who had a quasi claim to be regarded as a representative of the Mexican Government, either *de facto* or *de jure*, it was pressed to a consummation with an undue haste under the whip of party necessity. Its egregious errors made themselves manifest almost before the ink was dry on its official signatures. The prediction of the United States commissioners appointed to run the boundary, that the line established would result in an interminable controversy between the United States and Mexico, has been amply fulfilled, and the difficulties have gone on increasing year by year, until the points in dispute have become of such magnitude that the peace of the two countries is seriously imperiled. In fact, an adjustment of the boundary has become a matter of imperative necessity, and its accomplishment, either by diplomacy or war, is merely a question of time. In anticipation of events which may be upon us only too soon, it is well that we should understand the situation as it exists, and more particularly the characteristics of the country and the people that constitute the frontier and its inhabitants.

Away up in the very heart of the Rocky Mountains, on the crest of that great upheaval that forms the "dome of the continent," lie those three wonderful basins known as the North, Middle and South Parks. From these three parks issue the beginnings of three mighty rivers that drain a vast area of country. From the North Park, the "Platte," that turns toward the northeast, and, after many miles of wandering, empties into the Missouri; from the Middle Park, the "Colorado of the West," which turns its course westward, and, coursing through many leagues of vast cañons, pours its waters into the Gulf of California; from the South Park, the "Arkansas," separated by an almost imperceptible "divide" from the waters of the Platte, flows southeasterly, and, with its immense volume increased by numerous branches, empties into the Mississippi. Below these three parks there is still another, larger in its area than the other three combined—the Park San Luis. From this broad basin issues that remarkable stream known as the Rio Grande, or Rio Bravo del Norte, that flows to the south for 2,000 miles of falls and cataracts and devious windings, and empties into the Gulf of Mexico. Through seven degrees of latitude, and for a distance of a thousand miles, this river forms the north and south boundary between the United States and Mexico.

Although designated by the Mexicans, in their stilted phraseology, the Rio Bravo del Norte, or Magnificent River of the North, it is grand only in name, being almost worthless as a river, as it is unfit for navigation except for a comparatively short distance from its mouth, and nearly useless for irrigation; a mere brook in width for hundreds of miles, having but one affluent of any importance (the Pecos), depending for its supply of water principally upon the melting snows of the sierras, from whence it takes its rise. As a boundary line it is in no sense a barrier, either to the depredations of the roaming hordes of savages or the scarcely less barbarous Mexicans. It can be forded at almost any point, and to the well-organized bands of smugglers that infest its banks it is a great convenience and a prolific source of fraud upon the revenue. The long valley which it drains, but does not water, is the least inviting and most sterile portion of the United States.

Along this extended line, two widely distinct races confront each other—as distinct as if they inhabited separate continents: distinct in color, language and religion, and in all the habits, manners and customs of life, under no possible circumstances could these two peoples commingle together. The one—restless, vigorous, progressive; the other—listless, demoralized, effete. The surging tide of American civilization here treads upon an uninviting shore. The social wrecks that are always found along a frontier form a large portion of the population of both nationalities on both sides of the river, and, as is always the case under such circumstances, this driftwood of humanity possesses little in common save the vices which are common to both people.

This unattractive region is the last portion of the great central basin of America that rose from the sea in which it was formed; an almost universal sterility gives evidence of the comparatively recent period when that event took place. The long lines of treeless hills have no vegetation but the thorny and stunted chapparal, while in the depressions, the agave and cactus contest with the coarse, wiry grasses for the little humus that is found in the soil: this very soil yielding salt on analysis, while salt water is found almost anywhere at fifteen feet below the surface, five hundred miles from the sea-coast, at an elevation of several hundred feet. All nature seems to be plunged into a sea of despair from which it cannot rise. The climate on the aggregate is sub-tropical, but torrid heat prevails during the Summer months. In the hottest periods of the year, the mercury indicates a temperature of 100 deg. in the shade, for weeks at a time, frequently rising to 115 deg.; at such times hot, dry winds, comparable to the simoons of Arabia, blow from the parched plateaus of Mexico, wilting the scanty vegetation and compelling the closing of doors and windows to exclude the dust and heat. At these times human existence is reduced to a forced inanimation; listlessness, weariness, and an utter dissatisfaction with life and all its surroundings becomes the habitual condition. The few half-developed natives that move about, are simply engaged in gathering the little spontaneous vegetation that affords them the means of maintaining their purely animal existence. In mid-day the hush and stillness of nature are painful. It would seem as if even the lowest forms of animal life had yielded to the general prostration and fallen into silence and apathy, or, burrowing into the earth, had sought to escape from the oppressive heat that paralyzed every motion.

Desolate and dreary as all this is, yet this same unattractive and nearly barren region has been the scene, for a period extending back several centuries, of some of the most important events that have been enacted on this continent. So long ago as the year 1540, the Spaniards had occupied a portion of this valley, and contested its proprietorship with the aborigines. Five and twenty years before the arrival of the Pilgrims in New England, and twelve years before any permanent settlement had been made on the Atlantic, by either England, Holland, or France, the flag of Spain waved in full possession over this territory.

Rivers have always been the chief element in determining the location of towns and cities. Their valleys, on account of their greater fertility, naturally attract the husbandman. Facilities for transportation aid in the development of commercial intercourse, and thus cause an increase in population. At the riverside, also, the aboriginal tribes found it easier to sustain their existence, which was wholly dependent on the spontaneous products of nature. When, therefore, the propagandists of the sixteenth century sought to proselyte the New World to their faith—rivaling the crusaders in their self-sacrifice and courageous zeal, they followed instinctively the lines of the great rivers, for there they found the richest human fields from which to reap a harvest of souls for the Kingdom that is not of this earth. How well they did their work, how patiently they labored, the ruins of a thousand Missions, scattered over Texas and Mexico, testify with unmistakable force. Some of these Missions are yet surrounded by the wilderness in which

they were first planted, others have become the foundation of cities, and all bear witness to an almost incredible amount of energy and perseverance, born of a sublime faith and prosecuted under difficulties as great as were ever surmounted by human effort.

The earliest records we have of this region are gleaned from the narratives of these remarkable men, half priest half soldier, who, after aiding in the subjection of the Aztecs, spread themselves almost single-handed over a vast extent of territory—uninhabited, save by numerous tribes of savages, whose very existence was almost unknown to each other. Led on by visions more brilliant than those of Cortez, fired equally by religious zeal and ambition, these modern crusaders braved death with more than military ardor, and met death with a martyr's enthusiasm. With their numbers diminished and still decreasing, they pressed on and on, until they had penetrated into the heart of the continent, where for centuries the wild idolator had offered sacrifices upon the altar of an unknown God.

Descending the water-courses to the Gulf of Mexico, they sought, with the cross in one hand and the sword in the other, to conquer and to colonize the Indian tribes that swarmed over the wild prairies. Their efforts were time and again frustrated, and the daring adventurers paid to their enthusiasm the forfeit of their lives.

Success at length seemed to crown their labors, and a number of flourishing Missions were established on the Rio Grande, the remains of which still exist, forming the nucleus of considerable towns, which are now, on both sides of the river, the principal centres of the frontier population.

These little communities were allowed for a number of years to flourish and develop undisturbed; but while thus reposing in fancied security, an unseen storm was gathering around them. The wily savages of the plains, true to the instincts of their untamed and rapacious nature, swept down upon a large number of these incipient colonies, and ruthlessly murdered all within their reach. Most of the Missions were for a time abandoned, and many of them completely broken up. Interrupted in their great work, these faithful followers of the cross were not foiled in their efforts; nor were they discouraged nor disheartened. New leaders, equally zealous and devoted, were found to replace those whose lives had been sacrificed, and again the Missions sprang into existence with renewed vigor. It would have been impossible for a merely military force to have accomplished what these men achieved. Military support was necessary at first to enable them to commence their labors, and a small detachment of soldiers generally formed part of every Mission; but they were soon strong enough from the accession of converts to take care of themselves.

With wonderful patience and perseverance the Indians were brought gradually under civilizing influences. The minds of these simple children of the forest were peculiarly susceptible to the fascinating influences of the Catholic faith. A constant intercourse with nature develops those faculties which are most readily inspired with awe, and it is easy to imagine the effect upon them of the glowing descriptions of the joys of Heaven that await the true believer, or of the fearful anathemas and eternal misery that as surely follow the unbeliever into the world to come. So eager were these zealots to add to their followers that they even embraced the superstitions of those they desired to proselyte—incorporating into the new faith the myths and legends that tradition had handed down to the Indian. Thus, by slow yet sure degrees, they made their converts. Planting the simple cross in the wilderness, they gathered around it the dusky denizens of the plains, and taught them praise and prayer, the rudiments of agriculture and the pleasures of a peaceful life. From these oases of intelligence in a desert of ignorance there sprang the potent agencies by which the Indian was raised to a higher plane of existence, and out of which has come the greater part of what there is of civilization in Mexico at the present time. I dwell upon this because in no other way can we understand the abnormal position that Mexico occupies among the people of the earth, as a nation with the mere semblance of a nationality, and a people without an apparent purpose.

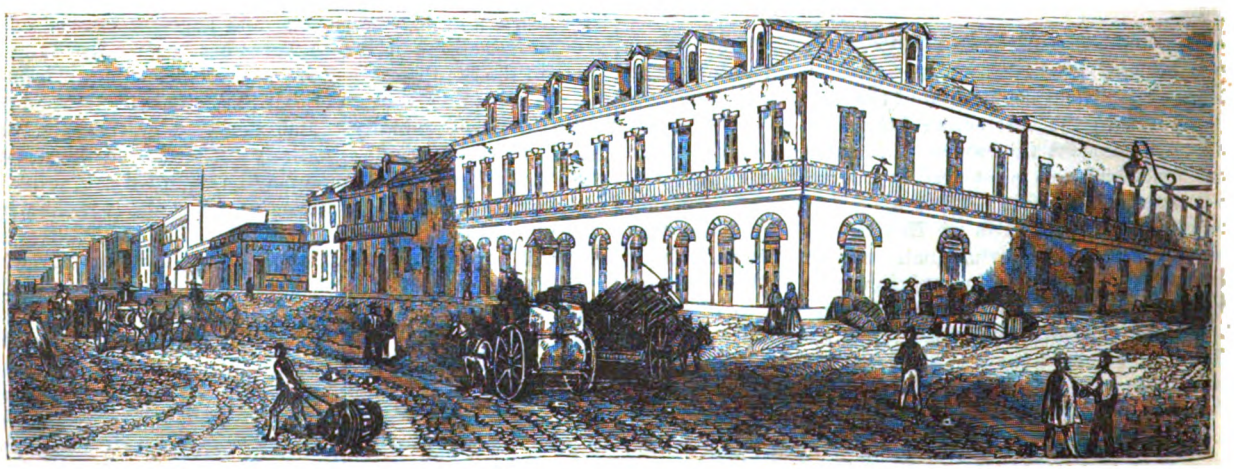
Out of the 12,000,000 inhabitants of Mexico, but 1,000,000 may be regarded as white; the rest, constituting the great bulk of the population, are mixed races or pure Indians; and when we discuss the elements of antagonism that present themselves before the westward march of American civilization, it is important to understand the precise character of those elements. Of all the aboriginal tribes and natives that covered the American continent previous to the European colonization, none of them have been incorporated into the new civilization or have commingled with their conquerors except those who occupied the domain overrun by the Spaniards. With all the others the approach of the European has been the signal for retreat. A gradual but universal extirpation has been the rule, under which countless thousands have passed away like the mists of the morning. In New Spain, under the peculiar influences of religious proselytism, the natives adapted themselves to the new order of things, and out of this has sprung this nation on our border. It would be vain to expect a higher type of civilization to be the result of such an amalgamation; but it is something to feel that there is an exception to the almost general rule of annihilation which has resulted from the contact of the white man with the Indian. Whether amalgamation could have taken place with any other European nation except the Spaniards, or, if such had been possible, a more elevated race than the Mexican would have been the result, it is difficult to say. Unfortunately, the contrast between the forms of civilization that are now presented on our frontier is almost as great as that which exists between the Caucasian and the aboriginal Indian. Unfortunately, also, the particular type of the Caucasian that we offer on our border as a contrast to the mixture of races that obtains in Mexico, is not of that high order that would excite envy or admiration; and while we analyze the genealogy of our neighbor, it is well to understand what are the social elements we oppose to his crude and ill-defined condition.

The American residents on the Rio Grande are different in many respects from the great body of the Texas population. The rich lands of that large and productive State have drawn to it a highly industrious and superior class of citizens, under whose influence Texas has become the Empire State of the Southwest, and by whose enterprise and industry the splendid resources of that State are being developed with wonderful rapidity. But the country between the Nueces and Rio Grande is entirely different from the rest of the State. The whole region may be regarded as a rainless district, unwatered by any stream or river; and it ranks with other rainless districts in the world. The stunted vegetation will support a few cattle and sheep, but can never be cultivated, never be populated. In fact, the whole easterly side of the Rio Grande seems to have been abandoned by the rain and the flood, and left isolated in its bleak desolation. The few herds of cattle that are scattered over it are at the mercy of the Indians and the equally lawless freebooters from the Mexican side, that find it much easier to help themselves to what they can steal from the opposite shore of the too convenient river than to have the trouble and responsibility of providing for themselves. Under

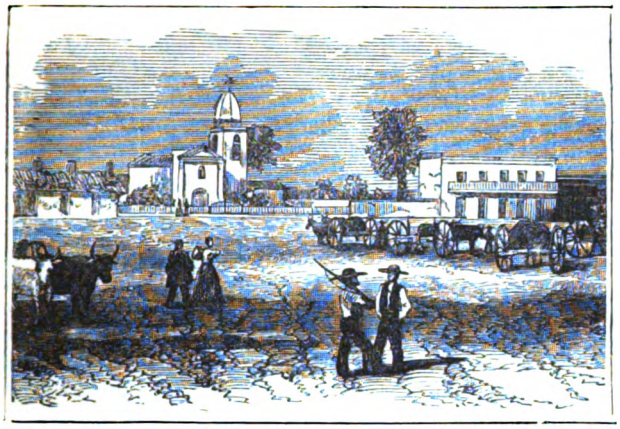
MARKET-HOUSE, BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS.

such circumstances it is not to be expected that a very superior class of population would be found on the border.

To appreciate more thoroughly the average American citizen that is found in that region, we must recall the state of things that existed before the annexation of Texas, and when the Mississippi River was the frontier of American civilization. Beyond the boundaries of that vast stream, that bears in its channel the drainage of half a continent, the then unknown West extended in boundless expanse toward the setting sun—unexplored and uninhabited, except by savage tribes. It was a real *terra incognita*, whose vast solitudes the most daring shrank from disturbing. At that time the towns along that river became the resort of all those restless spirits that sought, in the freedom of frontier-life, a relief from the to them irksome customs and moral restraints of a well-organized society, and found a fruitful field for reckless adventures among the somewhat lawless communities of Vicksburg, Natchez, and other river towns. "Natchez under the hill," as it was called in contradistinction to the more respectable portion of the town, that



THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE, MATAMORAS.



PLAZA DE ALLENDE, MATAMORAS.

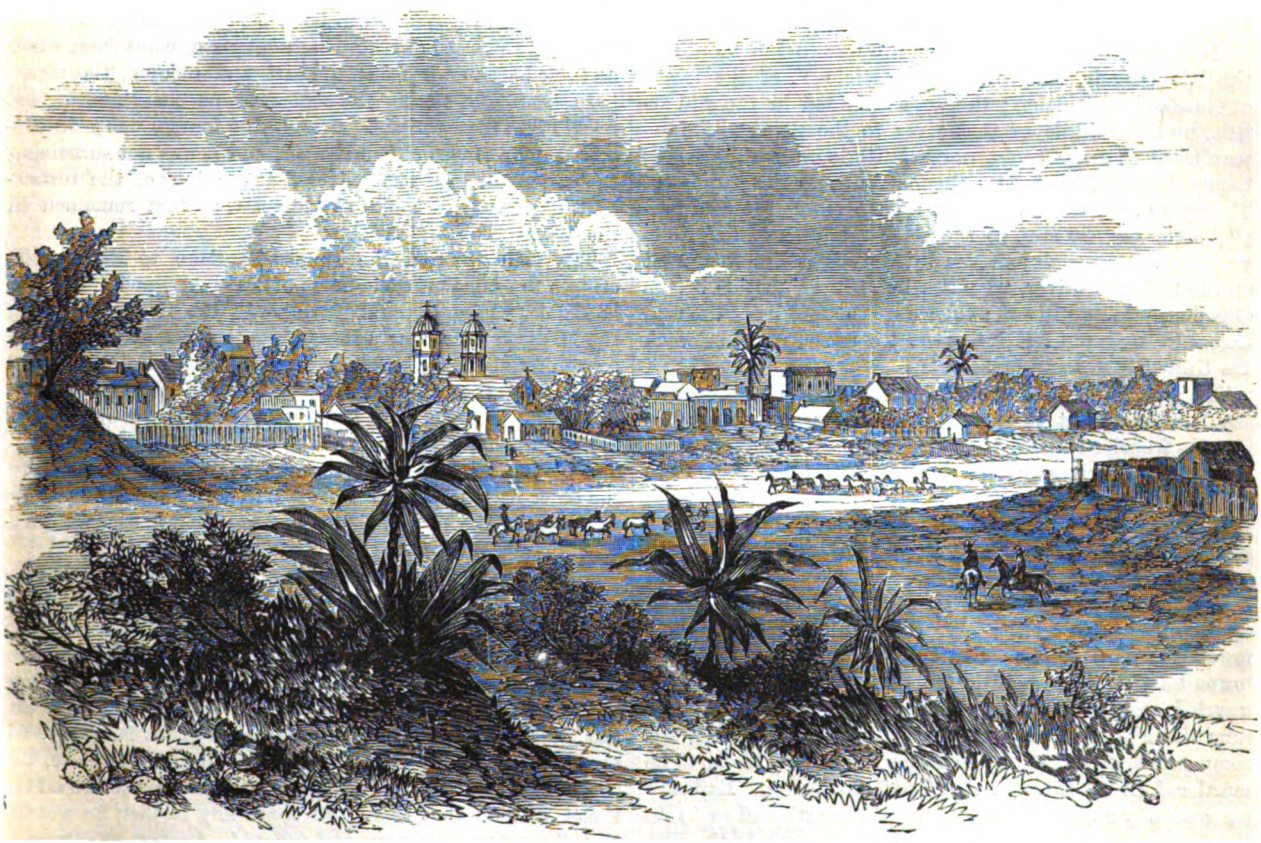
PLAZA DE HIDALGO, MATAMORAS.

was built upon the bluff—was a terror to all respectable people, and at night no man's life was particularly safe in that locality. Gamblers, thieves, murderers, and outlaws of every nationality, found there a congenial habitat, and ruled the hour in unbridled license.

The revolution in Texas, and the subseqnent war with Mexico, resulting in the extension of our frontier to the Rio Grande, changed all this, and "the border ruffian" took up his line of march toward the farther West. Civilization crowded him too closely, and he yielded to the pressure. At the present moment, this particular species of the *genus homo* stands out in bold relief as the defender of an outraged flag and insulted nationality, on the banks of the muddy and capricious river which we are now discussing.

The state of society, which is the result of the mingling of the elements that have thus been described, is of course peculiar in itself, and such as can be found nowhere else in the world; resembling, however, in many respects, the old times on the borders between Scotland and England, where cattle raids and personal feuds formed the chief occupation on both sides the line.

Law and order are terms not particularly well understood along the Rio Grande. Power and force emanating from the military authorities, maintain a certain degree of conservation, but it is a difficult matter for any one to feel absolutely safe at any time. There is something in the atmosphere that teaches one to feel that the tenor of his life is a very uncertain one, whether he is an American or a Mexican. An open enemy, or a treacherous friend, may confront him at any moment, and for this reason no one allows himself to go unarmed. The rifle, the pistol, or the knife, finds murderous employment in the hands of some reckless persons almost any day in the week, and a life



THE CITY OF MATAMORAS.

insurance company, even with an honest president, would find it difficult to keep afloat in this region. Public and private morality are at a large discount. Nevertheless, there are found in every one of the towns along the river many men of character and intelligence, merchants of probity, enterprise and excellent commercial standing. In fact, there is here a very good field for the exercise of business talent, and not a few individuals have accumulated a competency in the regular course of their legitimate business, while it cannot be denied that illicit traffic has also flourished most successfully. Even among those who are apparently the most reckless in regard to their personal conduct, there are men of high-toned, chivalrous natures, that would scorn a mean action; but it would require a large amount of the leaven of righteousness to leaven the lump of iniquity that is to be found in the heterogeneous mass of humanity here thrown together, and it is sad to say that this leaven of righteousness will never be found in the depraved and degenerate priesthood that maintain a semblance of religion and exercise a sort of superstitious control over the mass of native Mexicans.

These *Padres*, as they are called, have fallen away from the faith of the fathers, and their isolation for so long a period of time in this remote region has induced an utter disregard for those moral and religious obligations without which they are a curse to any community, either of saints or sinners.

As the true character of a people is shown more in their daily avocations and customs than by their political status, which is too often falsely represented, we propose to examine more in detail the state of society, as exhibited along the Rio Grande, in the large towns, the hamlets and the ranches, and the modes of life which prevail among the different classes. This long frontier of 1,000 miles presents many phases of existence, all of them novel in the extreme, when compared to a more advanced civilization.

The boundary, as described by the modified treaty of December 30th, 1853, is as follows: "Beginning in the Gulf of Mexico three leagues from land, opposite the mouth of the Rio Grande, as provided in Article V. of the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo; thence, as defined in the said article, up the middle of that river to the point where the parallel of 31 deg. 47 min. north latitude crosses the same; thence due west 100 miles; thence south to the parallel of 31 deg. 20 min. north latitude; thence along the said parallel of 31 deg. 20 min. to the 111th meridian of longitude west from Greenwich; thence in a straight line to a point on the Colorado River, 28 miles below the junction of the Gila and Colorado Rivers; thence up the middle of the said Colorado River until it intersects the present line between the United States and Mexico."

The parallel of 31 deg. 47 min. north latitude, intersects the Rio Grande at the town of El Paso; so that the Rio Grande frontier extends from El Paso, on the north, to the mouth of the river on the south. These two points are shown in the illustrations.

In taking our survey of the boundary and the people that are found there, we will begin at the mouth of the river, the initial point named in the treaty.

Commercial intercourse with the Rio Grande is almost entirely carried on by the way of the Gulf of Mexico. The few roads that connect the interior of Texas with the towns on the river are little more than trails, infrequently traveled, and never without danger. The traveler, if alone, runs the risk of being scalped by the Indians. If he has companions, and they are Mexicans, he is very likely to be murdered in his sleep by that treacherous race. Railways are gradually making their way from the north and east into the interior of Texas, and some are projected to the Rio Grande, but the bulk of the trade will, for many years to come, be carried on by the way of the Gulf.

The coast, for nearly its entire length, is fringed by a succession of lagoons that are separated from the Gulf by long, narrow sand islands. The intervals between these islands are the entrances to the harbors along the coast. Galveston is the principal one, that city being located on the inner side of the island which forms the harbor.

Eight miles east of the mouth of the Rio Grande is the harbor of Brazos Saint Iago (or Arm of St. James), which, on account of the bar at the mouth of the river, is used as the depot of the Gulf trade with the Rio Grande district. There are but eight feet of water on the bar at the entrance to the harbor, and therefore only light-draft vessels can be used in this trade. Yet all the troops and stores for General Taylor's army during the Mexican War were landed at this point.

Padre Island, a long, narrow strip of sand, separates the Lagoon de la Madre from the Gulf, while Boco Chica (little mouth), another lagoon, communicates on the south with the Rio Grande only at very high tide, or in times of extreme freshets in the river. These two lagoons form the harbor of Brazos Santiago. From this point a railroad extends to Brownsville, on the Rio Grande, which, although fifty miles from its mouth by the course of the river, is less than twenty miles by railroad.

Formerly, merchandise intended for towns on the river as far up as Roma was either transferred to stout river steamers of light draft, or carried overland in wagons and carts to Brownsville, and there shipped on steamers, or transported to Matamoras, on the opposite side of the river.

We were very much amused on one occasion to see a couple of Mexican *muchachos* driving a very slow pair of oxen before a cart, on which was laden a hogshead of ice, sent in sawdust from New Orleans as an article of luxury to a Brownsville restaurant. The thermometer was among the nineties, and these Mexican boys made very frequent stoppages by the way, during which they stretched themselves on their backs underneath the cart, and enjoyed the pleasing sensation of feeling the cool water from the melting ice trickle into their throats. The ice, of course, was soon dissolved under these circumstances, and it was not surprising that when the load was delivered at the door of the restaurant, a quantity of moist sawdust was all that remained in the cask.

The railway from the Brazos Santiago to Brownsville crosses the famous battle-fields of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, where General Taylor won the first victories of the Mexican War over a force three times greater than his own in numbers. These victories sent a thrill of pride and joy through the heart of the whole American people—even those who were the most bitterly opposed to the war shared in the immense enthusiasm of the occasion. It was the glorious beginning of a gallant struggle that demonstrated to the older nations the military capacity as well as the military resources of the United States in a way that had never until that time been exhibited.

Following the annexation of Texas to the United States, a corps of observation had been moved to the east bank of the Rio Grande, under General Taylor. A Mexican force, under General Ampudia, occupied the west bank of the river on the opposite side, at Matamoras. Ampudia, with a flag of truce, had previously met General Taylor in person on the Nueces, and warned him, in grandiloquent language, to proceed no further. Finding General Taylor obdurate, he descended from his high horse, and volunteered the additional caution that if he did come any further he would find *the rattlesnakes very bad indeed!* As soon as General

Taylor arrived on the bank of the Rio Grande, at the point where Brownsville now stands, he caused intrenchments to be thrown up, in anticipation of any hostile movement from the other side. His force was a very small one compared with the Mexicans, but reinforcements had been ordered to join him by the way of Brazos Santiago, and as soon as his small force was properly intrenched he proceeded in person to the Brazos to bring forward the reinforcements. During his absence the Mexicans crossed, under Ampudia, and not only besieged the fortifications, but cut off all communication with Brazos Santiago. When the news of the situation arrived in New Orleans the people were wild with excitement. Mass-meetings were held in all the Southern cities. Volunteers in great numbers were enrolled, large sums of money subscribed, and vessels chartered for the purpose of sending relief to the besieged troops, whom it was thought would be defeated and massacred by the Mexicans, in accordance with their well-known brutality. But General Taylor was by no means idle. Organizing the reinforcements without a moment's delay, he marched from Point Isabel to the relief of the besieged. His way lay across an open plain, where the Mexican army had taken up a position in line of battle, with the confident expectation that by their vastly superior numbers and, as they also believed, their greater bravery and prowess, they would annihilate "the barbarians of the North." They could not have selected a spot more favorable to the Americans, nor could the latter have chosen a better battle-field if they had been allowed the choice. Their flanks were well protected by natural obstacles, and could not be turned. In fact, the advantages in position were largely in favor of our troops. The dispositions in General Taylor's little army were soon made, and the ball was opened.

Never in their lives were any troops so astonished as the sanguine Mexicans. The light batteries which came to the front, supported by infantry, opened a galling fire of grape and canister that mowed down the Mexicans like a scythe. The infantry, recruited from the young marksmen of the West, opened with deadly precision, and when the ranks of the enemy wavered under the blow the gallant May charged down upon them with his irresistible column of dragoons and sabred the cannoniers at their guns—capturing La Vega, the general of artillery, by the collar, as a policeman would catch a thief, and bringing him in as a trophy. The struggle of the Mexicans was brief, but desperate. They could not maintain their ground, and fell back to take up a new position. The next morning, the 9th of May, 1849, General Taylor found them again disputing his passage a few miles in the rear, at Resaca de la Palma. Here was re-enacted the scene of the day before, with even more signal success. The Mexicans fled in disorder, and the field was won. Fort Brown, as it was afterward called, was relieved, and the war was formally opened.

Close to the site of "Old Fort Brown" has grown up the flourishing City of Brownsville. It is well laid out, has many fine residences, a large market-house, excellent places of worship, and attractive shops. The mixture of races, with the mixture of customs and habits, gives a peculiar air to the place, but one sees at a glance which is the dominant race.

Between Brownsville and the mouth of the river the stream is so winding in its course that the curves almost touch. The land on either side is level and covered with a dense growth of mezquite. The ground is too high to be irrigated by the river and the climate too arid to depend with any certainty upon rain for the purpose of agriculture. The vegetation is of a semi-tropical character, and along the margin of the river where there is any overflow, there are found reed and canebrake palmetto, the willow and water-plants, but little or no useful vegetation.

Opposite Brownsville is the ancient Mexican town of Matamoras, the principal settlement on that side of the river, the seat of an old Spanish Mission, the theatre of hundreds of Mexican revolutions, and the home of contrabandists and desperadoes of the worst type. The houses are mostly of the Spanish style, generally one story in height, with a flat roof; some are two stories high and have a good architectural appearance. All the ceremonies of the Catholic Church are religiously observed, and the influence of the priesthood is everywhere apparent, more especially in the degraded superstition which pervades every household. The walls are covered with plaster images in gaudy colors, and the pictures of saints in all imaginable forms of beatitude constitute all the ideas of art which these people possess. The principal buildings, as a matter of course, are those devoted to ecclesiastical purposes. The doors and windows are tightly closed during the heat of the day, the thick stone walls keeping the interior comparatively cool. In the evening all the inhabitants swarm out of doors. Everybody and everything bears a contraband stamp, nothing seems to wear an honest look. The glances you receive in passing are furtive and stealthy. The men are lolling around during the day and spending the greater part of the night in silly amusements, petty gambling and dancing, too lazy almost to breathe, and too knavish to earn an honest living, while the women are always busy, always cheerful, either washing by the riverside or preparing food for their lazy lords. Among the lower classes this food consists for the most part of cracked corn, which the women break with a stone roller on a flat stone called a *mattat*. The broken corn is mixed with water into a kind of paste and baked like a griddle-cake upon a hot, flat stone, the fire being built underneath. This, together with some black beans, called *frejoles*, stewed in fat, with an occasional chicken cooked with an abundance of red pepper, or some *carni secre*, or dried beef, constitutes the usual Mexican diet all along the river.

The vagabond American, who mingles with the Mexicans, falls naturally into the same habits, and, like the impecunious tramp that he is, accommodates himself to circumstances with an excellent grace. The slavish devotion of the Mexican women to some of these creatures, when they take a fancy to them, is something marvelous, showing the dominant traits of the Indian squaw, which they inherit from their ancestors.

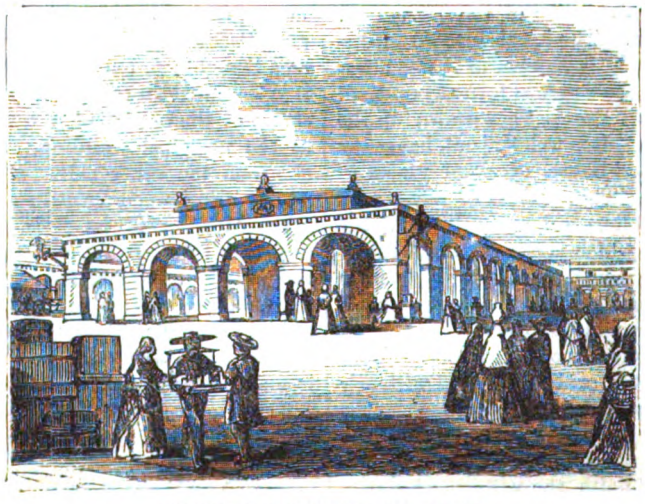
About 125 miles above Fort Brown, is the military post of Ringgold Barracks. Adjoining it is the Texas town of Davis, and opposite, about three miles from the river, on the San Juan, a small tributary of the Rio Grande, is Camargo, an old Spanish town and Mission. Between Ringgold Barracks and Fort Brown is a small settlement started by a Scotchman, and called Edinborough, and opposite to it is the Mexican town of Reynosa. Camargo has the usual stamp of the old Mission towns: a plaza, with the church as the principal building, and a row of little, one-story shops on the other side. Here are held the annual fairs, which bring together quite a number of people. Like all other Mexican towns, it is besieged every few years and captured by a revolutionary party. The battles fought at these times are generally very extraordinary contests. On one of these occasions we witnessed the progress of the sanguinary struggle, from beginning to end, having an excellent point of observation on a neighboring eminence. There is an immense amount of noise, an incessant discharge of firearms, and a good deal of change in position of the opposing forces. Suddenly there was a cessation of "the din of battle," while two columns of dust, rising in the air and moving in opposite directions, indicated that the combatants had each beaten a hasty retreat, while the number of killed

VIEW IN MATAMORAS DURING ONE OF THE PERIODICAL REVOLUTIONS.

and wounded was singularly small. This is a very fair sample of the periodical revolution that takes place in this country of revolutions.

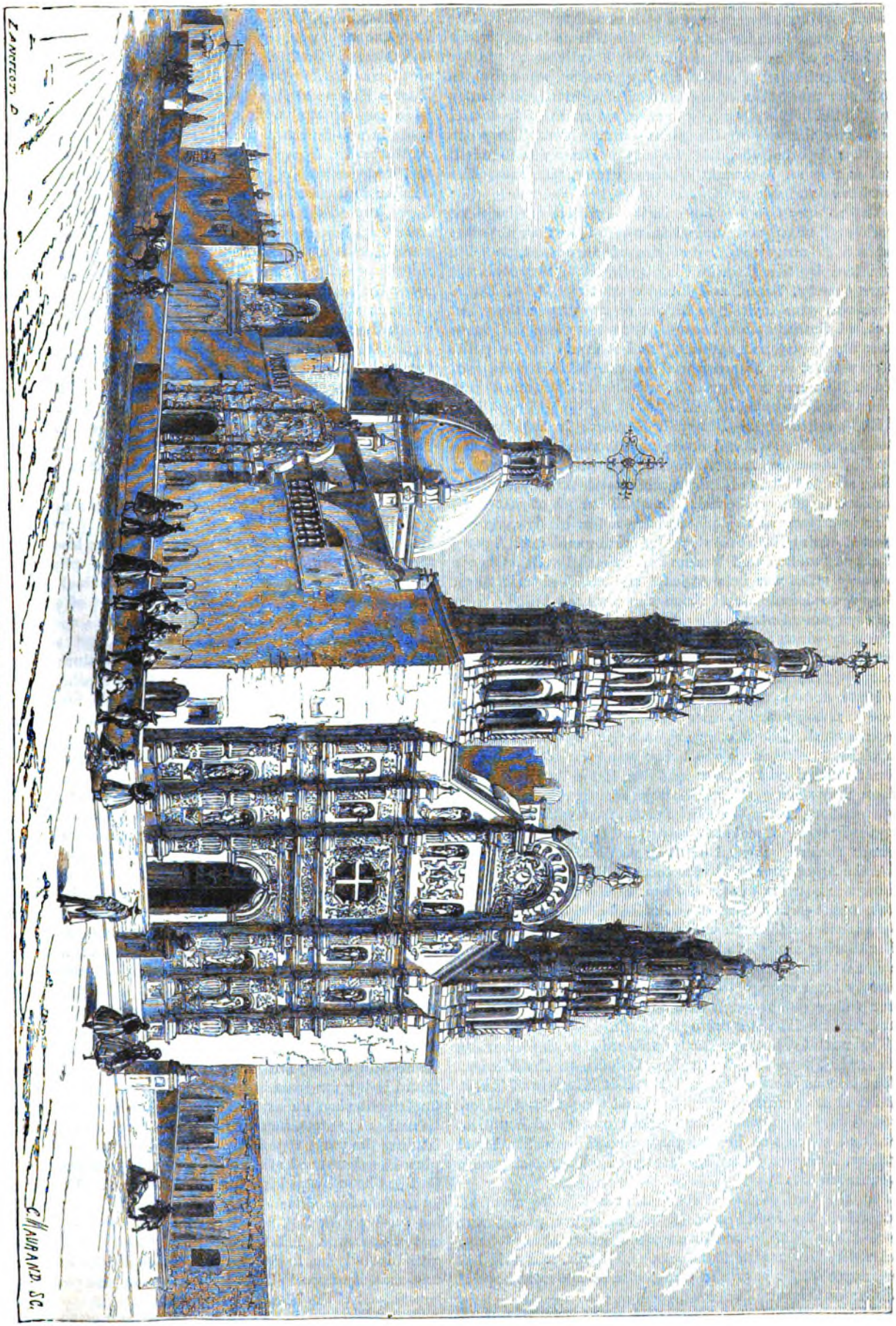
Although Camargo has many stone houses in it, the remains of the old Mission, yet most of those recently built are constructed of adobe, or sun-dried bricks. Each brick is about two feet long by one foot wide and six inches thick. In a climate where there is so little rain, these unburnt bricks make a very good building material, especially as the houses are low, and the thatched roof overhangs it on all sides; so that even if it does rain the walls of the house cannot receive much of the force of the storm.

The town of Davis, on the American side, which adjoins the military post of Ringgold Barracks, was founded, so to speak, before the arrival of the government troops. A bright young Kentuckian named Henry Clay Davis, who had evinced a somewhat reckless disregard of local prejudices in his native State, found it advisable or convenient to transfer his citizenship to Texas, and had taken a not-inactive part in her troubles before annexation. He found much that was attractive and congenial with his somewhat unrestricted tastes and habits, and he entered with all the ardor of youth into the interesting and exciting events connected with the original unpleasantness between Texas and Mexico, and when the struggle was over he wandered toward the Rio Grande, with no very definite ideas as to what he would do when he arrived there. He was entirely alone, and, foot-sore and weary, he came at nightfall to the bank of the river, where he threw himself down under the only tree that was in the neighborhood, and soon fell into a sound sleep.



THE PLAZA DE MERCADO, MATAMORAS.

Awaking in the morning, refreshed but hungry, he surveyed the situation, and soon discovered that he was in the immediate neighborhood of an extensive ranche. He lost no time in making the acquaintance of the ranchero with the ultimate object of procuring some breakfast. The story goes that he had dreamed during the night,



THE CATHEDRAL OF CHIHUAHUA.

while sleeping on the ground "neath the sentinel stars," that a lovely maiden appeared to him and told him that he was to be the founder of a city. Be this as it may, while partaking of the breakfast that the hospitable proprietor of the ranche had provided for him, he discovered that his host was the father of a beautiful daughter, who was his only child. The discovery eventuated in the fair damsel becoming the wife of the gallant Kentuckian. The *pater-familias* departed this life, the city of Davis was founded, and is now an important business centre, with many fine residences and stores.

The solitary tree has been inclosed with a circular stone work and broad seat around it, where the writer has often listened to many thrilling stories of an adventurous life told him by the Hon. H. Clay Davis, State Senator from Starr County, Texas, and founder of the City of Davis. Davis was once invited to dinner on a very warm day, but declined the invitation because it was too warm for him to wear his "senatorial costume," and it would not be polite to go without it. By senatorial costume he meant his coat, which he never wore except in the Senate, his usual dress being simply pantaloons and shirt.

Eight miles above Ringgold Barracks is the town of Roma, built by an Englishman of that name. This is the head of steamboat navigation, and is opposite the town of Mier, situated on the Mexican side, about three miles from the Rio Grande, on the Salado, a small branch of that river. Mier is famous as the place where a terrible tragedy was enacted during the Texas struggle for independence. A party of about two hundred Texans had crossed the Rio Grande to carry "the war into Africa," and attacked this town. They were defeated, and those who were not killed during the engagement were made prisoners. With that refinement of cruelty which a Mexican knows only too well how to exercise, the victors decided to decimate their captives; accordingly, a number of white beans were put in a bag, and a black bean for every ten white beans. The prisoners were then compelled to draw; those who drew a black bean were to be shot, their companions being compelled to look on while the butchery was being enacted. The survivors were then chained together and taken to the City of Mexico, where they were put to work on the streets. Some of them were confined in the Castle of Perote, from which they subsequently escaped, and after many hardships arrived at their former homes. Several of these men afterward accompanied the American army to the scene of their sad trials; and the writer heard from one of them, in the Castle of Perote, the account of their imprisonment and escape, pointing out the embrasure through which they squeezed their bodies, after dieting almost to starvation to reduce themselves in size, that they might get through the narrow opening, scarcely large enough to admit the body of a child. One poor fellow got through with the loss of so much of his skin, that he did not survive the shock.

The next town above Roma is Laredo, on the American side, and Nueva Laredo, or New Laredo, on the Mexican side. Laredo is one of the old Spanish Missions of Texas, quaint in its architecture, gloomy and time-stained. Here resided in former times the opulent owners of countless herds of cattle and horses, that roamed over the broad prairies, living on the wild grasses, and adding each year a large increase to their numbers.

But, the terrible foe of civilization and destroyer of all industries, the brutal savages of the upper plains, and *mesas* of the North, came down upon this flourishing colony, and made havoc with the flocks and herds, and this has been repeated for years and years, with no apparent hope of relief from this periodic curse.

At Laredo there is a military post, called Fort McIntosh, which the writer established in 1849, with a battalion of the First Regiment, U. S. Infantry. It is an important point. Here the main road from San Antonio crosses into Mexico and thence to Saltillo. The great Mexican salt-trail passes also through this place to the Salt Lakes, lying between the Nueces River and Rio Grande. The water in these Lakes is so impregnated with salt, that when evaporation takes place in mid-Summer, the salt is deposited in a thick layer on the banks, from whence it is gathered in leather sacks, and transported on ox-carts into the interior of Mexico. Similar deposits of salt near San Elizario, in Northwestern Texas, caused the recent outbreak at that place. This salt has always been regarded as the free gift of Heaven, and all could have it for the taking. Any claim to exclusive ownership, especially if the claim was a doubtful one, would naturally be resisted.

About a hundred miles above Laredo is Eagle Pass, where there is a military post—Fort Duncan. This is also an important point, as there are many Mexicans residing on the opposite side of the river, and a great deal of intercourse across the stream takes place here. From this point there are no towns of any importance the side of El Paso, the initial point of the boundary line. All along the boundary, on both sides of the river, there are occasional ranches, or the ruins of ranches, that have been destroyed by the Indians.

The ranchero leads a life midway between a savage and a civilized being. His existence is a purely animal one. His mind is only useful to him as enabling him to excel the lower animal in cunning. Of mental pleasures he knows nothing whatever. Yet the individual Mexican ranchero is probably the most independent of all human beings, so far as the conventionalities of life and his own personal wants are concerned. He does not absolutely require the services of any other human creature to enable him to carry on all the operations of his ranche, either in the construction of his house, his implements, his furniture, his vehicles, his clothes, or in the preparation of his food. The social problems of life are solved by him with a readiness that would astonish the philosophers of Brook Farm, or even Fourier himself. To build himself a house, he first marks on the ground a parallelogram, and along the line so marked out he digs a trench about a foot wide and two feet deep. Then, having felled a number of trees of convenient size, he cuts their trunks an equal length, and, stripping off the bark, sets them upright in the trench, which is then refilled with earth. The tops of the posts are lashed together with the aid of long strips of raw hide, that, having been first thoroughly soaked in water, shrinks in drying so as to bind together firmly anything that is bound with it. Two forked sticks at either side of the inclosure sustain a ridgepole for the roof, and on a network of light poles, fastened also with the strips of raw hide, he works a thatching of long prairie grass, which is impenetrable by the rain. One door and no windows constitutes the sole opening of this house and castle; and several generations are frequently found living for years in just such a house. With no other implement than an ax, and with neither hammer nor nails, he makes his carts, hewing the wheels from a solid log, and binding the parts together with strings of raw hide. His plow is a sharpened stick, with a handle inserted in a hole that has been burned in with a red-hot iron. His clothing he makes of the skins of deer; on his feet he wears sandals; his *sombrero*, or hat, he weaves from straw, and sits on a mat of the same. A little cracked corn and some dried beef give him all the food he wants. Behold the outfit of a first-class ranchero! This is the type of the peasant and largest part of the Mexican population.

Those who live near the larger towns and cities evince a

little more care for their personal appearance if they have families. The buckskin shirt is exchanged for one of white muslin, and the leather pantaloons for those made of cloth. For the outside seam of this garment, eyelet-holes are substituted, and these are laced to a point just below the knee; from there they are left open and loose. A crimson sash around the waist, and sometimes a gayly embroidered jacket, a fancy *sombrero* of black leather with a gilt cord around, make up this gorgeous costume. If he aspires to be a *caballero*, he becomes the possessor of a spirited Mexican pony, with a saddle and huge leather saddle-cloth, all elaborately embroidered, as well as the bridle, often with silver and gold ornaments of an elaborate character. To his spurs large rowels are attached, and also little bells. At times he wears a gayly worked *poncho*, or blanket, with an opening in the centre, through which the head is inserted, while the blanket hangs in equal folds behind and before. Sometimes the blanket is worn over the shoulder like a Spanish cloak, with an end thrown over the back. The whole dress, to say the least, is extremely picturesque and graceful.

The women present in their costume an equally unique appearance. The poorer classes are not overburdened with garments. A loose chemise, with a short petticoat and no stockings, constitute the entire wardrobe of a Mexican peasant woman. For cool weather a *rebosa*, a kind of long shawl, which they weave themselves, serves to keep them warm. This is thrown gracefully over their shoulders, or worn with equal grace over the head and then around the shoulders. The higher classes wear a profusion of stiffly starched skirts, and a richly embroidered or lace shawl, with a high-backed comb confining their hair. The peasant women wear their hair in a simple band down the back.

The interior arrangements of the ranchero's dwelling are of the simplest description, invariably consisting of one room for all the members of the family. The beds are hides stretched on rude frames, with pillows stuffed with cotton, always very small in size. The children, to whom garments, like discretion, come only with age, lie around at night on hides strewn over the floor. Dogs, pigs and poultry have the full range of the premises, while the favorite place to look for eggs is under the bed, where the hens prefer to lay them.

Of course there is much refinement, intelligence and elegance in the large cities, especially among the pure Castilian families; but I have pictured nine-tenths of the inhabitants of Mexico in the foregoing description.

And this is the kind of civilization that has been face to face with us for thirty years without the slightest visible change having taken place in these truly unfortunate people. I say unfortunate, because they are more degraded, as a people, than any other nation on the face of the earth that claims to be civilized. There are three causes at work to maintain his degraded status: Internally, a depraved and degenerate priesthood, and a horde of unscrupulous partisans who seek and obtain power by brute force, and retain it solely for the public plunder they are enabled to secure. Externally, the unsubdued Indian tribes that harass the border, cripple and destroy their industry, appropriate their substance and murder or enslave the men, women and children indiscriminately.

For thirty years we have failed to make the slightest impression, with all our boasted civilization, on this extraordinary race of people. For thirty years we have been brought together in daily intercourse along the border, while a difference of at least three centuries in all the habits and customs of life has maintained itself on the opposite side of a narrow river, with the same tenacity that would seem to be possible only on the two sides of an impassable gulf.

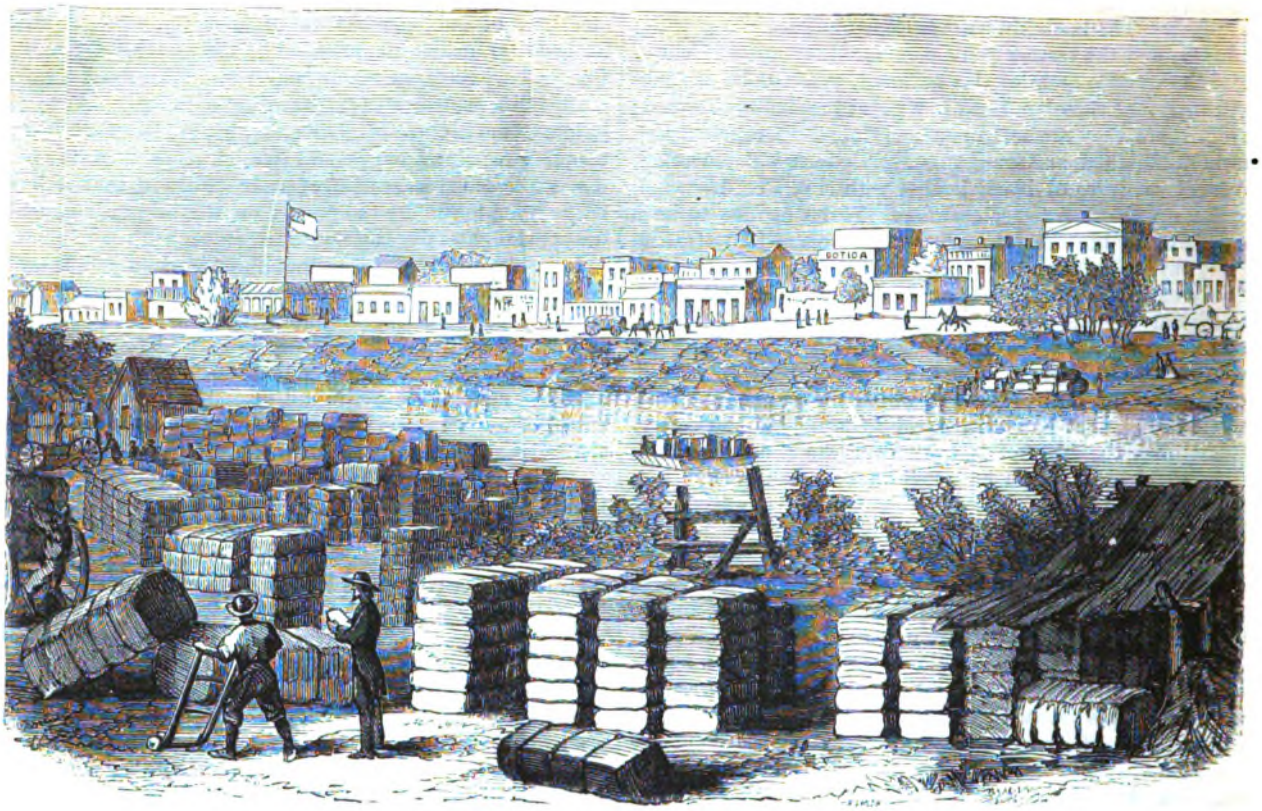
Thirty years on one side of this border have seen the rise of populous cities from mere hamlets—have seen the construction of public works throughout the whole United States, to an extent unparalleled in the past history of the world; have seen the whole land dotted with splendid and costly edifices dedicated to learning, to charity and to religion. One century of civilization has made 40,000,000 of people prosperous, happy and free, on one side of the border, while three centuries of a bastard civilization have only served to plunge the people on the other side into a deeper slough of degradation.

Is it not barely possible that the American people, as a people, or the American Government, as a Government, have failed in the discharge of a manifest duty to this people and to themselves, in tacitly suffering such a state of affairs to exist? Have we not allowed a blighting influence to demoralize and almost destroy, for all available purposes, a large extent of territory over which the American flag waves apparently by sufferance? In short, have we gone to the root of the evil in our treatment of the international questions that have presented themselves between the United States and Mexico?

From time immemorial, certain bands of savages, having their habitat in portions of Northern Mexico and Texas, have existed solely by the plunder of the more peaceful of their own race and the new races that have come within the range of their predatory warfare. Taking advantage of favorable seasons, and choosing generally the full of the moon for the facilities afforded by its light, they have maintained, unchecked for generations, a systematic mode of rapine and murder that has existed nowhere else on this continent. These marauders move in bands of from twenty to a hundred. They are not necessarily of one tribe of Indians; frequently a number of tribes are represented in the same band. The principal object is to obtain horses, and while doing so to satiate themselves in the indulgence of all their most brutal instincts.

With little or no clothing to cover their nakedness, mounted on half-starved ponies, with no saddles except, perhaps, a small pad of sheepskin, filthy and odorous to the last degree in their persons, revolting in appearance, greedy, sensual and cunning, they start out on their expeditions as the wolf leaves his lair, in search of prey. Yet their tactics are vastly superior to those of the troops sent against them. As they move over the country, scouts are sent to the front, and to the right and left, to give warning of danger. A few dried leaves, gathered together and ignited on some elevated point, tell all they want to know. Cabalistic signs on trees or on the ground are readily understood and interpreted by them; and several distinct bands, moving in different directions, are enabled by these signs to impart information to each other. Their trails are a network of intricate windings that none but themselves or those well versed in Indian ways can understand. Rushing through the country when pursued, without stopping day or night, either to eat or to sleep, driving before them a herd of animals which they mount when those they are riding give out; halting only for a moment to kill their broken-down animals and cut pieces of flesh from them, which they eat raw as they ride on; or if they have no spare animals, killing a deer, or even a polecat, still riding furiously on—what wonder that a lot of awkward, raw recruits are so seldom able to overtake them, and when they do, so often find themselves overmatched?

No one seems ever to have suggested the idea that an Indian is the best one to hunt an Indian, as a thief is set to catch a thief. What is better yet, but has never been practiced, is to give intelligent white men the Indian training that is necessary for such warfare. Skilled marksmen, with a dress of buckskin, habituated each man to care for



VIEW OF BROWNSVILLE AT SANTA CRUZ FERRY.

MEXICAN WOMEN MAKING TORTILLAS.

WOOD-MERCHANT, EL PASO.

himself, yet to act in concert; men whose tastes and inclinations would lead them to perfect themselves in wood-lore and forest life; who would learn to live on roots and game, as the Indians do; who had the courage to hunt them in their lairs, and the stamina to sustain them in all emergencies—these are they who should do this work, and who would do it well and thoroughly. No need of Modoc slaughters or Custer massacres; no need of wasting millions for trifling results. A little common sense, a little bull-dog tenacity, would solve this Indian problem in as many months as there have years been wasted in pursuing other methods.

But there is another element that has, within the last few years, grown up into considerable magnitude on the frontier, that requires equal, but different consideration. The border raids of cattle-thieves are distinct from the raids of the Indians, although there are more or less of both these elements combined in the frontier disturbance. Mexico has been for many years educating a class of vagabonds into hordes of desperadoes and thieving cut-throats, that constitute the chief element of the thousand-and-one revolutions that are gotten up so readily at a moment's notice in that delectable land of pronunciamentos. These lazzaroni are the result of the infamous system of human slavery that obtains throughout that country under the name of *peonage*. A *peon* is a poor devil who is supposed to have gotten himself into

AN APACHE CAMP.

debt for food and clothes to some one or other of the land or mine-owners of the country. The law compels him to work out this debt; or, in other words, he is held to service until his master chooses to release him, which he seldom, if ever, does. In the meanwhile he is simply a slave—nothing more, nothing less; and Mexico is a slave-country—nothing more, nothing less. The *peon*, who sees nothing before him but a life of slavery, is converted into a thieving vagabond, and these wretches constitute three-fourths of a population of which nine-tenths have Indian blood. These *peons*, when they desert their masters, are fugitives and outlaws, and the frontier is their happy hunting-ground.

Such as these are our border neighbors, on whom is to be exercised all the comity of nations, and the abstruse principles of international law. These are the cattle-thieves who are not to be pursued across an apology for a river, because it is a nominal boundary, and offense might be given to a friendly nation and a sister republic. Yet our own citizens whose property has been stolen or destroyed, whose homes have been pillaged, whose relatives have been murdered, require and demand that protection which is their right. How are they to receive it? How is it to be furnished to them? These are the questions that are now to be answered. Years of procrastination and neglect have culminated in a condition of things that admits of no further delay in the application of the needful remedies. A careful study of the situation as it is, an examination of the physical characteristics of the territory under consideration, cannot fail to convince any intelligent person that the difficulty all lies in the original error of adopting a purely hypothetical boundary, about which little or nothing was known, and in attempting to establish in a desert country a cordon of military posts, whose strength and resources are scarcely sufficient to enable them to maintain their own existence, to say nothing of protecting a thousand miles of frontier against innumerable bands of hostile savages, or hordes of thieving vagabonds, who are no better and sometimes worse than the pure Indian. The question is, how to remedy this error and the evils that have grown out of it. There is but one way possible, and that is to readjust the boundary, either with the pen or the sword; either by diplomacy or war, whichever is the cheapest of these two would be the best; but, there are circumstances when war is not an unmixed evil, and if a war would clear the moral atmosphere of Mexico, it would help that country, without doing us any harm. To maintain a chain of posts along the Rio Grande for the purpose of restraining Indian incursions is a huge farce that has been kept up for thirty-five years with the most ridiculous results.

All experience has shown that to handle the Indian properly and successfully, we must go to his home, not wait for him to come to ours, with all his preparations made for combat, while we are totally unprepared. If troops are to be used, let them be placed where they can do the most good. If a cordon of posts is established, let it be on a line running east and west, not north and south. The Indian haunts are in the State of Chihuahua, Northern Mexico, and on the staked plains of Northern Texas. The cordon should be established so as to keep them there, and from thence good fighting men, not green recruits, should be sent to bring under complete subjection these irreconcilable foes of civilization.

Of course this involves the necessity of such a readjustment of our present boundary as will enable us to accomplish successfully the protection of our citizens for all time against the ravages of these lawless tribes. At the same time, Mexico will be at last relieved from the terrible external pressure of barbarism which has been the chief bane of her existence. Free then to look to the improvement of her internal condition, she can perfect measures of reform that will bring a further relief from false creeds and false leaders.

An adjusted boundary that shall have for its north and south line the easterly crest of the Sierra Madre, and for an e st and west line the parallel of 29 deg., would give us entire control of the nomadic tribes of Apaches, Comanches, Lipans, Kioways and all the lesser tribes that infest Sonora, Chihuahua, Arizona, and New Mexico; will bring into active development a large territory now overrun by these brutal miscreants, and utterly worthless, except for their mineral resources, which can never be developed in the present condition of things, and which will be as useless to Mexico for the next 300 years as it has been for the past 300. Mexico will lose nothing and gain much, while civilization will also gain much and lose nothing. At any rate, the question is now to be met, and if those who have the responsibility fail to realize the necessities that exist, and the opportunity that is offered, they will be able to render but a poor account of their stewardship.

ON A FERRYBOAT.

By S. Annie Frost.

Cyril Ormond, smoking a choice cigar, leaned indolently against the railing of a ferryboat crossing the river between New York and Brooklyn. It was an hour when the majority of human nature was slumbering, between three and four in the morning; but the young man had been enjoying the night with a party of friends, and was just turning his face homeward. The hour itself first drew his attention to the figure of a woman standing near him, looking over the railing into the turbid water, for it was midwinter, and the boat plowed its way through broken ice. Looking more intently at her, he saw that her dress was shabby, that she was very slender and small, and that her hand resting upon the railing was tightly clinched. He could not himself define the feeling that kept his eyes fastened upon her; but when the boat was half across the river, he sprang forward, and caught her in a strong grasp, as she gave a desperate leap forward. She struggled violently, but mutely, for a moment, then sank down an inert, insensible burden on the boat.

The vessel struck the landing, the wheel and chain made their customary lively rattle, the few sleepy passengers left the landing, and Cyril Ormond stood hesitating over the inanimate woman he had held back from self-destruction.

Never was a philanthropist more bewildered about his duty. An impulse of manhood had prompted him to arrest the rash act upon the boat, but no inspiration for future action followed this impulse. If he left her where she was, she would probably commit suicide when the boat returned to New York. He recoiled instinctively from handing her over to the police. He could not take her to his boarding-house, that was certain.

He lifted her in his arms at last, and carried her to the ladies'-room, utterly deserted at that hour, but moderately warm.

Before he reached this destination she stirred, and her consciousness came back to her. Her self-elected protector put her down, and gently loosened her bonnet-strings. As he did so, he started back, almost doubting his senses, for the tangle of black hair shaded the face of a mere child. A thin, sallow face, with pinched features, and large, deep-set eyes, pitifully young, considering from what she had been rescued, met his startled eyes.

Wearily she lifted her hand, and pushed back her hair, saying:

"Are you the man that caught me?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"Because—good gracious, child! what can have driven you to such desperation? How old are you?"

"Fifteen."

"And already tired of life?"

"Yes," she answered, in a low, sullen tone. "You'd better let me go over again, mister. I'm bound to end it this night, somehow."

"Child," the young man said, in a strangely moved tone, "I shall not let you go, knowing what you contemplate. It is horrible, simply horrible, for such a child to think of suicide."

"Well," she said, fiercely, "then it is horrible to drive me to it."

"Who drives you?"

"All of them. Father says——"

And here the poor young creature broke forth in a perfect tempest of sobbing.

Her slender little figure rocked to and fro upon the wooden seat, and she wrung her poor thin hands, crying out:

"Oh! what shall I do? what shall I do?"

It was an odd position for a young man, not twenty-five, wealthy, fashionable, and having more than the average share of good looks and talent.

Cyril Ormond had never been so puzzled in his entire life; but there was a sound, true heart beating under his dress-coat, and it spoke, when he took the little hands in his own, and said, gently as a woman:

"Tell me what the trouble is, and perhaps I can help you."

"The trouble?" she sobbed. "It is all trouble. It was not so bad before mother died; but now it is more than I can bear. I will tell you. After all, you can do no more than take me back, and the river will run to-morrow night as well as to-night. For, I tell you true, if you do take me back, I'll kill myself."

"I will not take you back."

The earnest promise seemed to comfort her.

"Then I'll tell you. Perhaps you've seen the circus bills, for we've been a week in New York, and you've noticed maybe, Isadora the rider. I'm Isadora. My father is a rider, too. He starves me to keep me thin and light; he beats me, and scolds me. I don't care for that; 'taint nothing new. But he says I must marry the clown, a great, drunken brute. I hate him! I won't marry him! I'll die first! One of our girls threw herself in the river 'cause her beau was killed on the trapeze, and I'll do it, too, 'fore I ever marry the clown."

It was a horrible mixture of pathos and burlesque, to see and hear the child, her fury was so childlike, her resolve so desperate and sincere.

"Does the clown love you? Would he be kind to you?" Cyril asked, gravely.

"Love me?" she said, with a hard laugh, that was worse than a sob; "he always cuts me over the legs, if he gets a chance, to make me spry, and tells father not to make me fat by overfeeding."

"But what does he want to marry you for?"

"'Cause I get fifteen dollars a week and my clothes. Father wants to go out West with a company that won't take me, and he's to have two hundred dollars down the day I marry old Betts. Oh!" and here the sobs broke out again. "what did you grab me on the boat for? When I'm dead I'll go to mother in Heaven; and she was always good to me. Father smashed her over the head, when he was drunk, and she took sick and died. I want to die, too. What's the use o' living! I'm cold and hungry and tired all the time, and get to marry old Betts, that'll half kill me if he gets a chance. He says father don't understand training young ones, and he'll show him! Oh, please, sir," and the wretched little waif looked up pleadingly, "let me go back on the boat, and don't grab me again."

"Suppose I send you away from here, where your father cannot find you, will you go?"

"Where to?"

"To a kind lady who will care for you for the present."

The child sat considering the proposal. Evidently the cold, half-frozen river held out more temptation to her desperate little soul, but after a long silence she said:

"You are sure they won't find me? They'll half murder me now, for running away, if they catch me!"

"I'll take care of that. Come!"

He took her by the hand as he spoke, and led her again to the boat. On the New York side he took a cab, and drove to a depot where a Western train was just starting.

Two days and two nights they traveled, the child being carefully watched and fed, and telling a story of cruelties that made her protector shudder.

At their journey's end, Cyril again hired a carriage, and drove from the great city, where the train stopped, to a large country residence, twenty miles away, where he entered as if at home.

Leaving Isadora in a large drawing-room, he rapidly crossed a wide hall, ran lightly up a flight of stairs and threw open the door of a *boudoir* where two ladies sat sewing. There was a cry of surprise and pleasure, but he said:

"Rosa, you are fond of oddities, I have brought you one."

"An oddity! A visitor, Cyril?"

"Not exactly; a *protégée* of mine! Come and see her."

Rosa Stanton, a middle-aged widow, Cyril's only sister, followed his lead. But he did not take her to the drawing-room. Turning aside at the library, he drew her in, and in a low, hurried tone, told her Isadora's pitiful and heart-rending story.

"I suppose," he said, in conclusion, "that I am being advertised all over New York, for running off in this fashion, but I could not desert the poor child. You do good everywhere you go, Rosa—try to save this poor little waif! Think of a child of fifteen trying to commit suicide from sheer misery."

"I'll do what I can for her, Cyril. But what will Leonie say?"

"Never mind Leonie! I took you aside to prevent her having any influence on your decision. Now I must rush back, or I will miss the return train. By-by, Rosa; write to me about Isadora, when you get time!"

This was the first letter:

"Your *protégée* thrives, which is more than I can say for the rest of the household. When she found you were gone, she raved like a little maniac. I tried coaxing, petting and reasoning, till my temper gave way, when I gave her a round scolding. She sulked for three days after that—would not speak or eat. Then she whirled round, rushed into my arms, sobbed out her penitence, promised to be good and do all I wanted of her, and ride on her head for my amusement, every day. Did you ever! Since then no monkey could be more difficult to manage. She does everything by fits and starts. She gets into the library, and reads anything and everything for hours together; then rushes out of doors, where she swings from trees, races about on any horse she finds in the meadow, scampers all over the place like an Indian, making snow-balls, sliding on the banks, acting like a boy, till she comes home tired out, to throw herself anywhere to sleep. I try in vain to keep her neatly clothed, though she is fond of finery. She eats like a

little bear; and oh, Cyril! she swears like a pirate! But she is a loving little monkey, too, and tries to please me. I have hopes of civilizing her, though Leonie thinks it is a hopeless task."

Did she?

Leonie Dexter was Mrs. Stanton's second cousin, and companion to that lady since her widowhood. She had eagerly accepted that position when Mr. Stanton died, having in her mind a well-defined resolution to marry her cousin Cyril, the heir to Erastus Ormond's half-million of money, and her senior by just one month. True, the young man was then in Europe with a tutor, not having attained his majority, but they were both young, and Leonie knew that she was beautiful, It was a child-like style of beauty, round-faced, golden-curled, blue-eyed, but in that infantile form it was very bewitching. Whenever Cyril came to Stanton, the charms of sweet simplicity were always displayed for his benefit, and he departed heart-whole upon each occasion.

A man of the world, a man of keen intellect and some experience, he saw plainly his cousin Leonie's little game, and held himself aloof from even a flirtation. Calm, cousinly courtesy was all she earned by her most die-away looks or softest sighs; and yet she was firmly convinced that all she wanted to win her cousin's heart was more opportunity to court him. The cares of his estate, including two large manufactories, kept Cyril Ormond in New York most of the year, but he made flying visits to his sister whenever he could spare the time, and Leonie felt sure that if these visits were longer she could be Mrs. Ormond.

She suffered tortures of jealousy, knowing he was a favorite in a large circle of society in New York, but she never despaired.

Her first look at Isadora was consolatory.

"She is an ugly little wretch!" she thought, and was not far wrong.

As time flew by, she became uneasily conscious that the thin, homely face was developing possibilities of a gorgeous, dark beauty, and that the wild, untamed mind was a treasure-house of hidden talent.

The girl fairly devoured books. She mastered languages with marvelous facility, and gave proof of a strong, retentive memory. But she could not be taught by any known routine.

Give her a task in three or four books, and she could learn nothing. Give her one volume, and she would study it fiercely till she mastered its contents. She took geography, grammar, arithmetic in this wholesale fashion, and never wearied of history.

JAROCHOS, OR MEXICANS OF THE LOWER COUNTRY.

Music she would not try to learn, but was fond of drawing, and had a perfect passion for elocution.

During three years she never saw Cyril Ormond. Business called him to London and Paris, and pleasure held him there. He wrote often, he heard from Rosa of his strange *protégée*, but he never saw her in the three years following her rescue from suicide.

And in those three years Rosa Stanton had faithfully tried to civilize the child left in her care, and who repaid her effort by a thorough devotion and warm love.

In her maddest freaks Isadora was quieted by a word from Rosa; in her most rebellious moods against books and teachers she was ever to be conquered by a look of reproof from Rosa. There was but little society in the country around Stanton, but after the first year Isadora was a favorite amongst the young people.

ON A FERRYBOAT.—"BUT AS HER LIPS WERE PRESSED TO THE UNANSWERING CANVAS, SHE HEARD A SNEERING LAUGH BEHIND HER, AND, SPRINGING TO HER FEET, TURNED TO FACE LEONIE."— SEE PAGE 398.

With quick tact, she had learned the niceties of language from Rosa and Leonie, and had dropped all vulgarity and profanity when she saw these pained her benefactress. She danced like a sylph, and her overflowing vivacity kept every one about her interested in some pursuit.

She was the best partner at croquet, the best waltzer, the liveliest conversationist in the whole circle of Rosa Stanton's friends, and, as her adopted child, was received everywhere she visited.

Once Leonie hinted at her antecedents, but was terrified into future silence by her cousin's wrath. Yet in her uneasy little soul she was resolved to drive Isadora from Stanton before Cyril Ormond returned there.

Letters from abroad hinted at an early visit, when Isadora had completed her eighteenth year, and Rosa prepared for a sudden coming.

"Cyril always walks right in when he does come," she said, "so his room must be kept ready."

Keeping it ready, in Mrs. Stanton's acceptance of the words, meant keeping it tidy, the bed aired, the pitcher full of fresh water, piles of clean towels. In Isadora's way, it meant great vases of fresh June flowers every day, crisp ribbons on the toilet-table covers, fresh hanging-baskets in the windows.

Between the windows of the large room that was always Cyril's room hung a portrait sent from Paris—a Christmas gift to Rosa. It was life-size, a standing figure, perfect in form, feature and expression. As it hung, the frame nearly touched the floor, and the handsome face looked half-smiling upon the world.

Impulsive, though much of her nature was quieted by Rosa's care, Isadora, standing one evening before the picture, suddenly threw herself upon her knees before it, and kissed the feet. A rush of gratitude, of unutterable love for the man who had lifted her from death itself to happiness, prompted the girl, and the love was as pure as a babe's.

There was no thought of winning a return, no question in her own heart of maidenly reticence. The man had snatched her from death, had taken her from cruelty, misery and a future of horror; and she worshiped him with blind gratitude.

But as her lips were pressed to the unanswering canvas, she heard a sneering laugh behind her, and, springing to her feet, turned to face Leonie.

From the first, Isadora had had a horror of the cold hatred of the golden-haired woman. Instinctively she had felt that this cousin of her benefactor's was her bitter enemy, and had avoided her.

To be detected by Leonie in any of her impulsive actions, and hear the cold, sneering laugh, was a keener punishment than any other could be.

Standing now before her, her eyes downcast, her cheeks flaming, Isadora felt keener anguish of shame than had ever visited her young heart.

"How dramatic!" said Leonie, in her soft, silky tones. "Quite touching, I declare! I must describe the scene to Cyril. How he will laugh at the love of a circus-rider! I suppose you learned that expressive tableau in the ring, and are practicing it for Cyril's benefit. It is quite natural you should imagine him ready to offer heart and hand to the girl whom he met in such romantic fashion. Since your first piece of acting was so successful, one can scarcely blame you for rehearsing a second. Be quite sure I shall tell him, when he comes, of the secret love you cherish for your preserver."

Then, with another mocking laugh, she was gone, and Isadora stood stunned with the words she had heard.

Acting! Could Cyril think her despairing anguish on that fearful Winter night was but acting, to win sympathy? Would he think she was trying to win his love—was giving him her own in unwelcome devotion?

Every word cut deep, stung more pitilessly, as the young girl thought them over. She crept away to her own room, and fastened the door. All Cyril's gifts to her, sent from abroad, were there; little trinkets, and considerable money, that Rosa had insisted upon her taking.

She was no child now, though still so young; and the bitter, taunting words had rankled deep. She well knew that Cyril was wealthy, and a desirable match in every sense of the word, and her whole soul rose in agony at the idea of being supposed to entrap him into a marriage unworthy of him.

She humbly thought herself far, far beneath him, unconscious of what a magnificent selfhood, physically and mentally, she possessed.

The tall, slender figure, full of grace and vivacity, was marvelously lovely in all eyes but her own. Any one but herself could have told her how beautiful she had grown—how the sallow, sickly complexion had cleared to a rich, crimson-tinted olive; how the thin features had taken perfect classic shape; how the masses of purple-black hair crowned the small, shapely head; and, above all, how the great, dark eyes mirrored every change of the noble mind. She only knew herself for a poor circus-rider, saved from suicide; while others recognized the dawning woman of genius and of already superb beauty.

Not two hours later, on an evening train, Cyril came home, taking the long drive in the Summer night to reach Stanton the sooner.

He did not see, after he had dismissed the carriage, a woman, waiting by the roadside, stop the driver, enter the vehicle, and drive rapidly back to the city he had just left.

He sprang up the steps, to find his sister waiting to welcome him, assuring him they had hoped to see him after every train for weeks past. Leonie, in her most babyish white dress, was there, too; but after these greetings were over, he asked:

"Where is my little waif, Rosa? I am anxious to see her."

"Leonie, will you call Dora?" Rosa said, continuing, as her cousin left the room: "You will never recognize her, Cyril! See, here is her picture, taken this Spring."

"Can it be!" Cyril cried, looking at the speaking eyes, the lovely Southern face. "Why, this is wonderful! She was a homely little thing, Rosa, except her eyes."

"She is far from homely now, and as sweet as she is pretty. What did you say, Leonie?"

For that lady reported that Isadora was not in the house.

"Not in the house, at this hour!"

"She certainly is not, and her room looks as if she had run away!"

"Run away!—how absurd, Leonie!"

"Her satchel is gone, and the traveling-dress she wore last Summer."

Rosa hurried away to confirm this statement, and felt her heart sink when she saw that money and jewels were gone also. Her brother and cousin, who had followed her, saw her face pale.

"Ungrateful little beast!" said Leonie. "I hope you will examine your jewel-box and count the plate, Rosa. I always knew she was sly and deep."

"Stay!" said Cyril. "Here is a note, Rosa, directed to you."

"Open it, quick!"

Cyril obeyed, reading aloud:

"Do not—oh, do not think I am ungrateful! I must go! May God reward you for all your kindness to me!"

That was all. Rosa cried bitterly, Cyril whistled, and Leonie pulled a grieved face over her dancing heart. One more opportunity was hers to win her cousin, and no rival in the way.

Nobody felt the loss of the young girl severely but Rosa. But Rosa loved her. She felt convinced that there had been some foul play to drive Isadora away when Cyril was expected, and she more than suspected Leonie.

Cyril felt annoyed at what he believed a freak of ingratitude, but could not miss a face he had never seen at Stanton.

But Rosa fretted. When Cyril talked of leaving her, she begged him to take her away from Stanton for a time.

"Let me travel with you, Cyril," she said; "I am so weary of moping here. Leonie can keep house for me for a few months."

Leonie inwardly rebelled, but could only submit. It would never do to offend Rosa, and peril her position at Stanton; so she aided in preparing for a long absence from home, and saw her cousins depart with as good a grace as she could assume.

The brother and sister traveled with all the pleasure that wealth could give. With ample leisure, they lingered wherever they found enjoyment till Winter came on, when they took rooms in a New York hotel to enjoy the delights of the metropolis.

Here, in the centre of a social circle delighted to extend hospitality to the wealthy widow, and sister of Cyril Ormond, Rosa spent several weeks, wondering often that Cyril had not brought her a sister from the number of lovely girls she met every day. She was unaware herself how much she was interesting her brother in her adopted child.

From the first she had acquitted Isadora of ingratitude. She was sure that some unexplained motive had influenced her mysterious flight, and that in time she would set her self right in their esteem.

So in their long talks about the beautiful girl she was influenced only by her affection. She would sit for hours dwelling upon the modesty, the affectionate disposition, the noble heart of the girl her brother had placed under her care, blaming herself for not further winning her confidence. She knew no weariness when she talked of her "dear, dear Dora"; and Cyril listened, growing more and more desirous of finding again the lost girl.

In his heart he was building up an ideal Isadora, and giving to her more actual love than he had ever offered living woman. He had had his flirtations, had even deemed himself in love more than once; but the curse of his great wealth held him back from marriage. To be loved for his money seemed to him a possibility too great to risk, and he neared thirty still a bachelor.

But his sister's enthusiastic descriptions of Isadora filled his heart with a new hope. This girl, so pure, so unworldly, so impulsive and true, would love deeply, would let no golden glamour tempt her. Rosa spoke so often of the generous frankness of her Dora's disposition, her utter disregard of money or position, her choice of companions being wholly uninfluenced by their surroundings, that he felt sure she would never let gold guide her heart in love. Yet, could she love him?

He carried near his heart a little velvet case, containing a copy of the photograph Rosa had shown him—a miniature copy, with the liquid dark eyes and midnight tresses of Isadora. And the hope of his life came to be the hope of finding the original of his picture.

"Seen the new actress, Ormond?" asked one of a group of young people in Mrs. Stanton's private parlor at the hotel.

"No; who is she?"

"A Miss Creighton. Just out. Something wonderful, they tell me. Haven't seen her myself. Plays *Juliet* to-night."

"Why can't we all go?" Mrs. Stanton asked. "It is a little late, to be sure, but we all know 'Romeo and Juliet' by heart.

A few minutes spent in discussion ended in three of the party joining Mrs. Stanton, the others having previous engagements.

The theatre-goers were late, but Cyril procured a private box, which they entered just as *Juliet* came upon the stage for the second time.

"Whew!" whispered Cyril's friend; "her beauty was not overrated. Did you ever see such eyes?"

"Cyril!" gasped Rosa; "it is Isadora!"

One quick, electric flash of recognition Dora gave her friends, and then her heart bounded to the task before her.

Every pulse throbbed with desire to prove to Rosa that all her kindly tuitions had not been wasted—to show Cyril that the life he had saved was something worth.

Time after time the curtain fell with thunders of applause filling the house. When the young actress was called out for the last time, flowers rained down upon the stage and the audience were wild in applause. A genius had dawned upon the theatrical world, and that world was not slow to prove its approbation.

But when the actress, with slow steps, entered her dressing-room, she found herself clasped and held fast in Rosa's arms.

"You naughty runaway!" cried the matron. "So this was your secret! You wanted to blaze out upon us, a star of the first magnitude. Do you deserve to be kissed?"

"Kiss me, please, whether I deserve it or not. Oh, do you really, really forgive me?"

"Of course I do. But what possessed you to run away?"

"I can never tell you," said Isadora, her cheeks growing scarlet; "but if you will love me still, and forgive me, I shall be the happiest girl in the world!"

"But you will come home again?"

"I cannot! You see I can earn money to live; and you must not think me ungrateful, but I can never come to Stanton again."

"Tell me, Dora, did not Leonie drive you away?"

"Please do not ask me. I came directly here, and have been studying every day. Did you like my *Juliet*?"

"Like it! I've cried myself to a perfect fright. But, Dora, you must come home with me to-night. I won't make you stay but just this one night."

So, driving home, Cyril and Isadora found themselves face to face for the first time since he left her, a wretched, desperate child, at Stanton.

She was very shy, this queen who had just had a thousand voices crying her praise, but she was very fascinating in the sweet girlishness that succeeded her triumph.

Cyril found his eyes trying to catch the light of hers with eagerness; felt his heart answering her low, rich tones, as they had never answered woman's voice before.

Night after night found the young man at the theatre, wrapped in wondering admiration at the genius of this mere girl, who could so vivify and intensify emotion by her great art, that even her lover could forget her personality in the character she represented.

All the evening she was Juliet, Lady Macbeth, or some other poetic creation, but when she was Rosa's guest, she was only Isadora, winning and maidenly.

There was a grand party given to the new actress, by a lady of wealth in Brooklyn, and Mrs. Stanton and her brother were among the invited guests.

The theatrical season was almost over, and Isadora's

IN A TIGER'S JAWS.—"THE TIGER LAUNCHED HIMSELF INTO THE AIR, HIS PAWS EXTENDED AND TEETH GLEAMING IN THE DIM TWILIGHT."

engagement had ended, yet still Rosa lingered in New York. Cyril had opened his heart to her, and begged her to stand his friend.

"I love her, Rosa," he said; "but she is like a timid fawn with me if you are not near. Stay here, and coax her back to Stanton if you can, but do not leave till I have won at least a friend's place in her heart."

So Rosa, always good-natured, and worshiping Cyril, lingered in New York, and accompanied Isadora to the Brooklyn reception.

It had been a social triumph to the young actress, who, in black lace and scarlet flowers, had been decidedly the handsomest woman in the room.

But when the carriage drove on the boat, in the hours after midnight, Isadora left her seat, and stood looking over the railing. It was a warm Spring night, and the stars were out in brilliant profusion.

There was no ice, no bitter wind, but the beautiful woman shivered as she drew her snowy opera-cloak around her.

Silently Cyril had followed her, Rosa leaning sleepily back in her seat.

She had forgotten for a time the memory that was filling these two young hearts almost to bursting. She did not see Cyril standing back a little, watching, as gradually the stately head of the beautiful girl drooped lower and lower, till it rested on the railing.

In the quiet of that hour there was no one but Cyril to watch the slender figure sink upon her knees, and the shuddering sobs shaking the girl as she knelt.

He bore it but a moment, then he leaned over her.

"Dora, give me the life I saved. Dora, I love you. Can you not learn to love me?"

She did not resist as he lifted her and held her against his breast. She only sobbed:

"I am not worthy of your love, Cyril!"

"Can you never love me?" he asked, sadly.

"Oh, have I not loved you from the hour you held my arms in your firm, kind grasp, and saved the wretched life I was throwing away? Love you? My whole heart loves you, Cyril. But think what I am!"

"I'll only think what you are to me," he whispered, gently; "my love, my wife! is it not so, Dora?"

What could she say, loving him so truly and deeply?

Leonie slumbered in Stanton, her hair in crimps, in case Cyril came home unexpectedly, and over her dreams hovered no shadow of her coming disappointment.

Rosa had written nothing of Isadora, and Leonie believed her still lost.

When June roses bloomed, Rosa went home, leaving the young bride and groom upon a steamer bound for Europe, where the wedding-tour was taken.

To the deepest despair, the crowning joy of Isadora's life came to meet her upon a ferryboat.

IN A TIGER'S JAWS.

CAPTAIN SAVAGE, you want to indulge in a tiger-hunt, do you? Now, if you take my advice—and I have gained my experience by actual practice—you will do nothing of the kind. I could show you some scars on my body that would frighten you—the result of my last hunting adventure. I have been on the coast of Africa over five years, and although repeatedly urged to join parties on a grand

hunt, I have invariably refused. My last experience was a warning to me."

"Will you spin your yarn, Mr. Hastings? I should like to hear it, and we can do but little else this hot day."

"Certainly I'll relate it, and I hope you will profit by what you hear. The officers here are a reckless, good-natured crowd, but care little for life. They are, in one sense of the word, banished from France, and obliged to perform garrison duty on this barren, isolated rock, known as Gorie. If you should join them in one of their expeditions, not being accustomed to tiger-shooting, you might regret your haste for the remainder of your life. But I'll spin you the yarn, as you term it, and then if you insist upon venturing in the depths of the great Sahara, you are at liberty to do so; but you will find that wild beasts are not the only danger to be apprehended.

"It was during the first year I was on the coast that I was induced to join a party of friends on a hunting expedition to the Desert. Our party was composed of Captain La Moyne, Major de Brissac, a merchant by the name of Mirabeau, and myself. Then there were the officer's servants, who looked after the rifles, ammunition, and baskets containing our lunch.

"We formed quite a caravan as we started out from Rufisque one beautiful morning. *We* were mounted on camels, but the servants ambled along on the small, tough Arabian horses common to the country.

THE SQUIRREL HUNT.—DRAWN BY HARRISON WEIR.—SEE PAGE 407.

"We were all in the highest spirits as we glided over the smooth, glittering surface of the Desert. We had made our preparations to remain a night and a day for the purpose of shooting the noble game, and toward sunset the oasis, with its tall, waving palms, fragrant dates, and luxuriant growth of grass, greeted our vision with a peculiarly agreeable sensation. The large, tropical foliage, the vivid colors and the numerous voices of feathered songsters struck me as something wonderful and strange, surrounded as the little spot was on all sides by boundless acres of burning, sandy desolation.

"We had been riding since morning in the hot sun, and had not indulged in a mouthful since partaking of an early breakfast. I felt both tired, hungry and thirsty as I dismounted, and glanced with satisfaction at Selim, the black cook, who had kindled a fire, and was busily engaged preparing our evening meal.

"A fine spring of water flowed from the interior of the oasis, springing from the midst of a pile of rocks that had been cast up by some great convulsion of nature in bygone ages. The spring of water formed the great attraction to the numerous wild beasts that roamed over the Great Desert, and in consequence the oasis had become a noted resort for hunters.

"Selim, with the true tastes of a native, had shouldered his gun and wandered back into the bush a few yards, leaving his assistant to look after the details of the repast. The captain, major and the merchant had wandered off together, and were hidden from view by a ridge of sandhills that had been formed by the wind, which at times blows with great violence.

"Catching up my rifle, I followed the footsteps of Selim, who was some little distance in advance. His weapon was a fowling-piece, and he was in hopes to obtain a sufficient number of birds for supper.

"Suddenly a sharp, piercing and terrible roar resounded through the solitude of the desert, and was re-echoed in deep reverberations from the numerous gullies and chasms in the rocks.

"Selim started back, glancing keenly about him. He was an old hand at tiger-shooting, and probably forgot in his excitement that his weapon was only a bird-gun. As for myself, the roar of the savage beast was so unexpected, so unlooked-for at that early hour, that I stood transfixed with amazement, unable to move a muscle.

"Soon I heard a rapid movement, the cracking of twigs, and the rustle of dried leaves, followed by a deep, hoarse growl of rage.

"With a powerful bound, a tiger sprang from under cover of the bushes, which he broke like a straw in his impetuous course.

"His ears were drawn back, hair bristling, and mouth open, from which protruded his tongue, covered with white, frothy foam. The eyes of the brute were starting from his head and flashing fire, as he rushed toward Selim, who, calm, cool and motionless as a statue carved from ebony, waited for a favorable opportunity to deliver his fire.

"I had recovered my self-possession by this time, and,

without the slightest fear as to the result, watched the ferocious beast as he rapidly neared the large form of the negro.

"In the hurry and bustle of the excitement, I, too, forgot the nature of the native's gun. I could hear the shouts of my friends as they hurried toward the camp, alarmed by the roars of the tiger, who was now within thirty yards of Selim.

"Raising his piece, he fired one barrel; the tiger sprang into the air, and the second report came, followed by a frightful cry of terror. The fine bird-shot had lacerated and stung the ferocious beast into a degree of frenzy without inflicting any serious injury.

"In a moment I realized the man's peril, and the fatal mistake he had made; but all too late. My heavy rifle was to my shoulder, but the tiger was quicker in his movements than I.

"A cry of agony rang through the air, and the beast sprang upon his enemy before I could deliver my fire. My finger pressed the trigger with a nervous movement, but I dared not fire, for the man and tiger were so entangled in their writhings, that I was fearful of missing my mark.

"Springing forward, I was soon in close proximity to the growling animal. The tiger, with his eyes on fire, his mouth all bloody and covered with atoms of quivering flesh, his tail switching rapidly to and fro, abandoned the motionless body of the unfortunate Selim, and prepared to spring upon me.

"It was my first experience with an African tiger, although I had hunted them often in the jungles of India: but I had heard the shouts of my friends approaching on a run, and the fact braced my nerves, filling me with confidence.

"Both of my shots followed each other in rapid succession. I had aimed at the brute's heart, and, dropping the rifle, I drew my revolver as a last resort.

"The tiger launched himself into the air, his paws extended and teeth gleaming in the dim twilight; but I jumped aside in time to avoid the charge, and the dying brute rolled at my feet, tearing up the grass and dirt with a last expiring effort.

"My three companions appeared upon the scene at that moment, and the tableau would have formed a wild, mournful, but striking subject for an artist.

"In the centre of the group was the large, tawny carcass of the tiger; further on the mangled corpse of poor Selim, stretched on the greensward, dyed with his life-blood, with the dark shadows of the trees and underbrush for a background.

"We buried him beside the clear, running stream, and the tragic event was soon forgotten, at least by the Frenchmen. A negro's life is not of much importance here on the coast.

"At supper the laughter and flippant jokes of my comrades grated rather harshly on my ears. I had not forgotten the horrible event so lately enacted. In fact, my absence of mind nearly cost me my life, and I had a narrow escape from sharing the fate of the black, Selim.

"We had taken our respective stations, rifle in hand, waiting for our game to steal forth from their hiding-places. Night is the favorite time for beasts of prey to prowl over the desert in search of food and water, and our patience was not severely taxed, I can assure you.

"I had chosen a small clump of bushes, a short distance from the spring, where I had a clear, unbroken view of the desert. I was startled by the great change that had taken place in the appearance of the weather. The moon had risen far above the horizon, enveloped in a light, yellowish mist. The stars were completely hidden from view by a gauzy vail of the same hue, and a dark cloud, of threatening appearance, was rapidly rising along the whole extent of the eastern horizon. The air had suddenly become hot and oppressive; a fine, subtle dust that appeared to fly in the atmosphere annoyed me exceedingly. It was very evident to my mind that we were to have a storm or hurricane that frequently sweeps over the vast desert with terrific force and fatal violence.

"I was on the point of seeking my friends in order to confer with them, and had, in fact, advanced several yards from my cover, when, without a moment's warning or preparation, I found myself confronted by an enormous tiger.

"Like a thunderbolt he had leaped from the bushes, and the shadow cast by his large body extended far out into the desert. The brute was crouching for a spring; his head rested between a pair of formidable paws, and his eyes glowed like coals of fire in the pale yellow light of the moon.

"Of course I was startled, as most any man would have been in a like position; but the instinct of self-preservation, more than the force of reasoning, caused me to bring my rifle to my shoulder. I pulled both triggers in rapid succession, but, with a sharp click, the hammers fell on bare nipples.

"With a sense of sickening horror it flashed through my brain that I had neglected to reload my rifle after shooting the brute that had been the cause of Selim's death.

"Before I could grasp the revolvers in my belt, the tiger was upon me. I felt his hot, fetid breath upon my cheek, was conscious of the sharp claws and sharper teeth piercing my flesh, for one brief moment heard the shouts of alarm and horror from my comrades, then all was darkness and oblivion. I had fainted.

"When I regained consciousness I found myself on the back of the animal, which was trotting at a rapid pace toward a series of sand-hills which I have before mentioned.

"A portion of my strong shooting-coat was firmly grasped in the tiger's capacious jaws, and at every step the brute growled as if impatient to commence his meal.

"Now, I shall not attempt to describe the sensations I experienced while in the very jaws of death; but, strange as it may appear to you, captain, I did not once feel a thrill of terror. The shock I had received, together with the loss of blood and severe pain of my wounds, had produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of a cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though I was quite conscious of all that was happening. Death appeared to me inevitable, and I remained motionless, resigned to my fate.

"Then the thought struck me that I had a pair of revolvers in my belt. A ray of hope partially dispelled the languid stupor that enchanted my brain. My blood flowed through my veins less sluggishly, and, grasping one of my weapons, I pointed the muzzle to the brute's ear and fired the six charges. I felt the tiger shake violently, his teeth ground together as he bounded forward, and, pawing the sand in a dying effort, he fell over dead. His jaws relaxed, and I staggered to my feet free, and, thank God, comparatively unharmed.

"The teeth and claws of the animal had plowed deep furrows in my body and torn the skin in shreds, but the wounds were not of a serious nature.

"I felt weak from the loss of blood, but was enabled to bind up my wounds and stop the flow.

"Then, for the first time, I glanced about me, wondering what had become of my friends, and if they had given me up for lost.

"The moon had disappeared behind the black, dense

cloud that now covered the entire horizon. So intense was the darkness that it was impossible to distinguish objects but a few feet distant. A hollow murmur in the light-moving puffs of air reverberated through the heavens like the distant mutter of thunder.

"Without further warning the hurricane burst with fearful violence, hurling showers of sand into my face, forcing me to lie beside the body of the tiger, while my head was thrust beneath one of his paws in order to breathe somewhat freer.

"The burning sand forced itself through my clothing, inflaming my wounds and increasing tenfold the agony I already experienced.

"I scarcely ventured to breathe the hot, fiery blast which was offered as the only means to protract my wretched existence.

"Frequently I was forced to rise and shake the sand from my body, for the fear of being buried alive; and slowly the time passed while the simoom raged.

"It is possible I may have swooned beneath the great amount of suffering I had endured; for when I again fully realized what was passing around me, the cimmerian darkness had disappeared. A few rays of light were striving to pierce the yellow atmosphere, filled with clouds of dust and burning sand.

"Shielding my eyes from the minute particles that almost drove me frantic, I essayed to form some idea as to my whereabouts and position. I had escaped from the jaws of the tiger, had survived the fury of a simoom, and now to die in the desert from starvation and hunger was a fate almost too hard for one who had endured the amount of suffering that had been sent upon me.

"Moving pillars of sand occasionally swept by me, and several times I was forced to shift my position. The simoom had expended its force, but had left numberless currents of air moving aloft, which caught up vast masses of sand, hurling it in whirling columns across the immense plain.

"Gradually, as the particles settled and the atmosphere became clearer, I was enabled to survey the surface of the Desert, which had undergone a rapid and remarkable change.

"Where once whole acres had been level as a billiard-table, huge hills and deep valleys appeared, while furrows and gullies had been created like magic by the fierce breath of the simoom.

"My nostrils were bleeding from the rough rasping of the sand which had been forced into them, and a raging thirst consumed me. The infernal regions could inflict no greater torture than I was forced to endure.

"I felt that I might prolong life if I could but reach the oasis, and visions of the clear running waters of the spring spurred me on.

"I was inclosed on all sides by ridges of sand that varied in height, and, rallying my strength, I toiled slowly up the soft, yielding sides of a high mound.

"The dawn of the morning was already apparent as I gained the summit; the atmosphere was rapidly resuming its wonted aspect, and, looming up through the remaining obscurity, the welcome branches of the palms on the oasis met my eager gaze. I now felt comparatively safe, and, dragging myself along over the distance that intervened, I finally reached the scene of our hunting adventure.

"I drank copious draughts of the water, bathed in its clear depths, rearranged the bandages on my wounds, and felt like another man, with renewed strength and courage. A low, timid whinny startled me, and you can imagine my delight when I discovered that one of the horses of our expedition had by some means been left behind, and was quietly browsing on the rich herbage, which was to be found here.

"I had but little difficulty in catching the animal, and, climbing into the saddle, I turned my face toward Rufisque. I could discover no signs of my friends, and felt convinced that they had succeeded in making their escape, which conviction eventually proved true.

"I was in no condition to spend much time in searching after them, and, urging my horse forward, I bade a long adieu to the desert and its denizens.

"My little horse made good progress, flying over the plain with an easy motion, and in good time I rode into the town.

"I found my friends gathered at the hotel, relating the details of my supposed death to a sympathizing circle of acquaintances, and you can imagine their astonishment and delight at my unexpected appearance. I was greeted as one risen from the dead, and my story was listened to with wonder, while my escape was pronounced miraculous.

"My wounds were properly dressed by a surgeon, and, although they were soon healed, I bear the scars, and shall to my grave.

"You now have the benefit of my last and only tiger-hunt on the coast of Africa, captain, and if you still desire to taste of the pleasures and excitement of the manly sport, you will experience no difficulty in forming a party."

It is needless to add that the sailor's ardor for hunting suddenly subsided, and he was never heard to express a desire for sport while in Goree.

THE SQUIRREL-HUNT.

When, as a nimble squirrel from the wood,
Ranging the hedges for his filbert-food,
Sits pertly on a bough his brown nuts cracking,
And from the shell the sweet white kernel taking,
Till (with their crooks and bags) a sort of boys
(To share with him) come with so great a noise
That he is forced to leave a nut nigh broke,
And for his life leap to a neighbor oak;
Thence to a beech, thence to a row of ashes;
Whilst through the quagmires, and red water, splashes.
The boys run dabbling through thick and thin,
One tears his hose, another breaks his shin:
This, torn and tatter'd, hath, with much ado,
Got by the briers; and that hath lost his shoe;
This drops his hand; that headlong falls for haste;
Another cries behind for being last:
With sticks and stones, and many a sounding halloo,
The little fool, with no small sport, they follow;
Whilst he, from tree to tree, from spray to spray,
Gets to the wood, and hides him in his dray.

PINCHBECK.

The term "pinchbeck" came from the invention of a clever English mechanician in the last century, who made a metal which looked like gold, and was free from any unpleasant odor if handled. Thence the word came into use to express any sort of sham. Lord Wellesley writes to Pitt from Calcutta, in great disgust at being made an Irish instead of an English marquis: "I will confess to you openly that I am confident that there has been nothing Irish or pinchbeck in my conduct or in its result. I feel an equal confidence that I should find nothing Irish or pinchbeck in my reward." He signs himself "Mornington," adding, "not having yet received my double-gilt potato."

THE DATE PALM.

THIS tree is largely distributed over Eastern lands, especially Egypt, Barbary and Arabia. It is the most conspicuous object in the oases, or verdant spots found in the great African Desert, where it appears in beauty and fruitfulness :

'Mid rocks, and sands, and barrenness,
How beautiful to see
The wild palm in its desert dress—
The solitary tree!

Alone, amid the silent wild,
It rears its spreading crest;
The boundless Desert's favored child,
In constant verdure drest.

An emblem of that faith that cheers,
The pilgrim on his road,
Through life's dark vale of care and tears,
Beneath his earthly load.

For, like that faith alone it stands,
A bright oasis in the sands,
With hand-like leaves against the sky,
Pointing to immortality!

A forest of date-trees, it is said, presents a very singular sight to a European traveler. In some parts of Barbary they are as much as two leagues in extent, and their verdant crests, touching each other, produce the appearance of an immense natural temple, whose silence is only interrupted by the concert of numerous birds, the only inhabitants of those solitary places. Though the country is covered with masses of barren sand, the ground beneath the shelter of these grandees of the Desert is covered with flowers of every hue, while the stems of the trees themselves are festooned with numerous beautiful climbing plants.

The date palm shoots up its straight and tapering stem to the height of fifty to sixty feet. The stem is marked by numerous ring-like ridges. The bright green leaves are on the top, and drop their feathery shapes like a canopy. A large group of flowers appear in what is called a spathe, one of which often contains twelve thousand blossoms ; and three such clusters are found on each tree. One species of the palm is said to exhibit the great number of two hundred thousand flowerets in a single spathe.

SPATHE OF THE DATE PALM.

This tree produces its fruit under its leaves. It begins to bear at about six years of age, and is fruitful for upward of two hundred years. Each bunch of fruit weighs about twenty-five pounds, and one tree yields about one hundred pounds every season. Dates are a principal article of food in many parts of the East. They are eaten green, dried, or beaten into meal, and serve for all seasons of the year. The Arabs have a saying that "a good housewife may furnish her husband every day for a month with a dish of dates differently prepared."

They also boast of its medicinal virtues. From the leaves they make couches, baskets, bags, mats and brushes ; from the branches, cages for their poultry ; from the fibres of the boughs, thread and rope ; from the sap, a cooling drink ; the body of the tree serves for fuel, and their camels are fed on the date-stones. Indeed, among the many useful trees given by Providence, few excel in value this tree, so well known, and yet so seldom seen.

THE DATE PALM.

THE MARABOUT SIDI ALI OF CONSTANTINE.

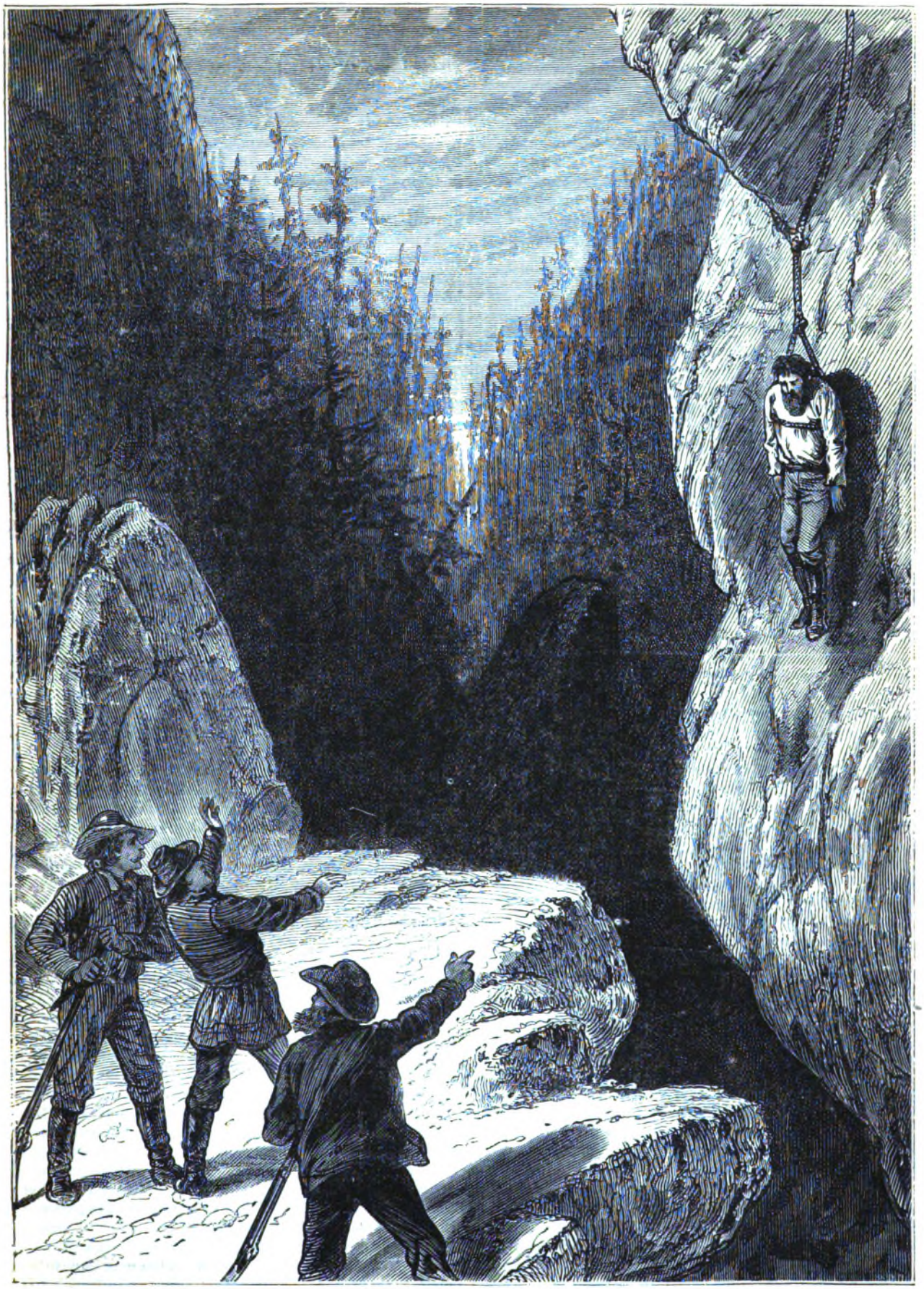
THE scene depicted in this picture by the French artist Brun, derives its interest from the veneration enjoyed at Constantine, a City in Algeria, by the grandson of a Moslem saint, Sidi Mohammed-el-R'ourab.

To those who do not know Mohammedan countries, this personage, robed in a *gandoura* and seated on a bench in the street of Souk-el-Keber, has no special importance. In fact, all marabouts resemble each other, and there are plenty of them in Algeria. But Sidi Ali is recommended by the celebrity of his grandfather, who is considered a martyr by the enemies of the old Turkish sway.

While Salah Bey governed the Province of Constantine, and strove to battle against the prejudices of his time, while on the one hand he crushed the repeated insurrections of the tribes, and on the other rekindled the torch of science, an influential and venerated marabout, Sidi Mahommed, maintained a bitter hostility to all his plans.

Salah Bey watched him, and when he was convinced that the man was guilty of plots that were detrimental to the country, he arrested and condemned him to death, in spite of his popularity. As soon as this sentence was known in the city it caused the wildest excitement. The ulemas rushed to the palace and besought the Bey to revoke the sentence which consigned to an ignominious death the holiest person in the province.

Salah Bey was inflexible. He was not the man to hesitate between the life of an impostor and the quiet of his province. On the fatal day a crowd of fanatics gathered



CAPTAIN FRANK.—"LESS THAN A QUARTER OF A MILE FROM THE GORGE, SHE FOUND THE OBJECT OF HER LONG AND PERILOUS SEARCH, AGAINST THE FACE OF THE CLIFF A MAN WAS HANGING BY A LARIAT THAT WAS MADE FAST TO A JUTTING ROCK ABOVE."

around the scaffold as if to defy the Bey's justice. But the *chaouse* did his duty, and Sidi Mohammed's head rolled in the dust. According to the popular legend, the marabout's body was instantly transformed into a crow; and the bird of ill omen, after many sinister croaks, flew off toward a country-house which Salah Bey had erected for occasional hours of relaxation. Casting a malediction on it, the transformed marabout vanished. Alarmed at this miracle, the Bey repented, but too late. A deep sadness seized him. He took refuge in prayer, but prayer was vain. Then, to calm the shade of his victim and to give lustre to his repentance, he erected at the spot where the crow alighted, the elegant mausoleum, known as Sidi Mohammed-el-R'ourab.

CAPTAIN FRANK.

"THUNDERATION, a woman!"

This ungallant exclamation was wrung from the lips of Sam Barber, the guide and leader of a small party that was about to start from Fisherville to visit one of the wildest and least known portions of Northern California on a prospecting tour.

The party numbered nine, and were armed and equipped expressly for the difficult task before them.

The surprise may be imagined when a tenth person rode up, and made this unusual announcement:

"I wish to join your party, sir, and it is proper that I should inform you that I am a woman."

The surprise of Sam Barber amounted to consternation, and drew from him the exclamation above recorded.

"Yes, sir, a woman; but my name is not Thunderation. You may call me Frank, if you wish."

The amazement of the guide did not prevent him from inspecting her more narrowly.

She had the appearance of a good-looking, beardless boy, although somewhat above the usual height, and as well armed and mounted as any of the party.

"It can't be done," said Sam Barber, finding his voice again. "Never heard of such a thing."

"You hear it now," she said, "and that is sufficient."

"We couldn't have a woman in this crowd. None but the best of men are fit for the work we want to do."

"It is absolutely necessary that I should go in the direction you mean to take."

"Why so? What's the matter?"

"My husband is out there somewhere, and he is sick or in some terrible trouble, and I must go to him."

"How do you know that?"

"He came in a dream, and called me. I saw him stretch out his hands, and beg me to come and help him."

"Tell us where to find him, and we will look after him."

"But I don't know, and it's *me* he wants. I only know that I shall find him by going with you."

Honest Sam Barber was sorely puzzled, perplexed and annoyed. He looked around at his companions, as if expecting some suggestion from them, but received none.

"I don't want to hurt your feelings, ma'am," he said, "but this is nothing save nonsense. To think of a person starting out to hunt a man on the strength of a dream, without the most distant idea of where he is to be found! Nobody ever heard of such a wild-goose chase."

"I know that I shall find him by going with you. Come! I am ready, and have no time to waste."

"We can't have a woman in this party!" sharply replied Sam. "You must see it yourself. It won't do now."

"But I mean to go, sir, and I don't know how you can prevent me."

Poor Sam Barber was sadly troubled. He perceived that this woman meant what she said. She really intended to accompany the party, and they could not, as Californians, be so ungallant as actually to drive her away.

He called upon the other eight men for their opinion of this state of affairs; but they shirked all responsibility. He was the leader of the party, and he must decide.

The matter decided itself, or was decided, rather, by the persistent intruder. She did accompany the party, and proved herself an agreeable acquisition instead of a burden. They had not traveled many days before the entire nine, including rough Sam Barber, were ready to declare that she was "the best man of the party."

She was really expert in the use of her weapons, and was equal to all the emergencies of the expedition. No danger daunted her, no difficulty discouraged her, no fatigue was sufficient to overcome her. She insisted on doing her share of all labors, on bearing her part of all perils.

She told her story, which was a simple one. Her name was Frances Bell, and she was the wife of James Bell, an "old forty-niner," who had gone prospecting, a month or so previously, into the very region which Barber and his party proposed to explore.

Nothing, she declared, could have been more lifelike and vivid than her dream, and it was hard to persuade herself, when she awoke, that she had actually been dreaming. It impressed itself so forcibly upon her mind that she declared that she knew her husband was in some dreadful extremity, and that she must go to his rescue.

Making inquiries concerning guides and help, she learned that Barber's expedition was about to start from Fisherville. Leaving her house and children in the care of friends, she equipped herself as has been described, mounted her horse, and hastened to join them.

Captain Frank, as Mrs. Bell was called by her comrades, was so thoroughly in earnest in all she said and did, and was so completely convinced of the reality or prophetic nature of her dream, that her confidence communicated itself to her companions, all of whom finally became converted to her belief.

She declared that it was a peculiar place at which her husband had stretched out his hands to her, and that it had been so impressed upon her that she would surely recognize it as soon as she should see it. She described it to her comrades, all of whom became so filled with her faith that they kept a careful watch for it all along the route.

Time passed pleasantly with the expedition, in spite of peril and hardship and fatigue. Captain Frank was cheerful, because she knew that she was going to her husband. She could not be certain that she would reach him in time to relieve him; but she did not doubt that she was going to him, and bore up bravely under the uncertainty. As a pioneer of the early days, she could give her share of the adventures that were nightly related around the camp-fire.

She had loved her husband with her whole heart, and it had been her pride and pleasure to share his perils and aid him in his enterprises. This was not the first occasion on which she had worn man's apparel and carried a rifle.

James Bell had been a successful man, until an unlucky speculation had swept away his property and sent him to prospecting.

As the expedition progressed, the entire party "kept their eyes skinned" for the purpose of discovering that peculiar spot seen by her in her dream.

Their efforts in this regard were unavailing, and it was too evident that Captain Frank was beginning, not to despair, perhaps, but to entertain a terrible feeling of doubt, whether her dream had been a reality or a delusion.

Her comrades respected her mood, for they felt that they knew its cause, and they, too, rode on in silence, troubling her with no unnecessary talk.

Affairs were in this condition when they came in sight of a deep and dark cañon, in the wildest and most rugged part of the sierra. Near its entrance Sam Barber called a halt.

"I was never in this region before," he said, "but I judge, from what I have heard, that yonder is what is known as Bull Mouth Cañon. If so, we must keep our eyes peeled, as it is the headquarters of Hernandez's gang of outlaws."

"It is an unlikely place for robbers," remarked one of the party "as it is scarcely possible that any travel ever comes this way."

"That ain't the point," replied Barber. "They go far enough away to do their devilish work, but bring their plunder here to hide and divide it. If the officers or the *vigilantes* get after them, they retreat to this place and consider themselves safe."

"What's that you are talking about?" eagerly asked Captain Frank. "Outlaws and robbers?"

"Yes—Hernandez's gang," replied Barber.

"In there?—in that cañon?"

"That is their headquarters, I believe."

"Let us go in, then; that is where my husband is. They have him. I now know what was the matter when he stretched out his hands to me. Come, my friends, it is all right now."

But the guide demurred.

"You might as well put your head in a lion's mouth," he said, "as to venture near old Hernandez and his cutthroats. For my part, I am willing to own that I am afraid, and that I had much rather not see the inside of that cañon."

"I must go alone, then. I must go where my husband is."

Others of the party declared that Captain Frank should not go without them, and the leader was compelled to yield, though reluctantly, to the will of the majority.

It was a little after noon when they entered the cañon, but, although the sun was high in the heavens, few of its rays penetrated that tremendous gorge, and a feeling of gloom oppressed the travelers as they rode between those rugged and lofty walls, carefully guiding their horses among the boulders and broken rock with which the bottom of the cañon was thickly strewn.

Captain Frank, however, pressed forward gayly. She seemed to be animated by fresh enthusiasm, and kept urging her companions to make haste, as she wished to be sure of reaching her husband before nightfall.

They went slowly and cautiously, however, in spite of her persuasions, keeping a scout in advance and carefully scrutinizing every point of rock and every crevice in the awful walls that overshadowed them.

Suddenly Captain Frank stopped, uttering a glad cry.

"There it is!" she exclaimed; "the very place I saw in my dream! There is where my husband knelt and stretched out his hands to me. Oh, Jamie, my darling, where are you now?"

All the party looked quickly at the spot pointed out by her eager fingers.

It was a broad ledge some distance up the cliff at the left, with a cavernous opening behind it. Nothing living was to be seen, and they shook their heads sadly, fearful that Captain Frank had made her journey in vain.

A sharp exclamation from Sam Barber changed all.

"Dismount, men!" he shouted. "Dismount, and get to cover as quick as you can! Horse-holder, attend to your duty?"

As quick as lightning all were off their horses, with the exception of one man, who gathered the reins of the loose animals and galloped with them to the rear of what may be called the "position" of the party.

The dismounted men made haste to get behind the rocks, where they awaited the further orders of their leader.

This movement was made none too soon, for several rifle-shots were fired from the rocks at the left side of the cañon just as the men "squatted."

"Hernandez's gang," said Barber. "We've dropped on a nest of the villains, and have got to fight them whether we want to or not."

Under the directions of their leader, the men went to work in earnest, and no one was more in earnest or more active than Captain Frank.

The horse-holder, seeing what was going on, tethered his horses and came up to take part in the fight.

From rock to rock they crept, carefully keeping themselves under cover, and firing only when there was a chance to hit one of the enemy, who continued to empty their rifles as fast as they could load them.

In spite of this rapid firing, it soon became evident to Captain Frank's friends that they outnumbered their antagonists, and a whispered consultation resulted in an agreement to take advantage of this numerical superiority, and to charge the rocks behind which the outlaws were posted.

Still they continued to advance slowly and cautiously, until they were within a few rods of the position of Hernandez's men. Then Sam Barber gave the order to charge.

Captain Frank was the first to obey.

With a fierce cry she sprang to her feet and rushed at the rocks, with a pistol in each hand. Her example animated the others, if they needed any encouragement, and in an incredibly brief time they were amon the rocks, slipping around angles, squeezing through crevices, and tumbling over boulders, in their eagerness to get at the enemy.

The combat was short, and no as bloody as might have been expected, for the outlaws were dismayed by the unlooked-for rush, and made but a poor show of fight. In a few moments four of them lay dead on the ground, and three more were flying up a narrow gorge, a branch of the main cañon, which had hitherto been concealed from the view of the victors.

To use an Irishism, it must be remarked of the dead men one was not dead yet. He was "as good as dead," but he still breathed. This was no other than black-faced, and evil-eyed Hernandez himself, who was recognized by his picturesque Mexican attire. At his side knelt Captain Frank, and fiercely demanded that he should tell her what he had done with James Bell.

With a devilish grin of triumph on his dark features, the dying outlaw raised himself on his arm, pointed up the narrow gorge, and fell back a corpse.

Uttering a wailing cry, Captain Frank rose to her feet and ran up the gorge. Several of her companions followed her, fearful that she might come to harm.

Less than a quarter of a mile from the mouth of the gorge she found the object of her long and perilous search.

Against the face of the cliff a man was hanging by a lariat that was made fast to a jutting rock above.

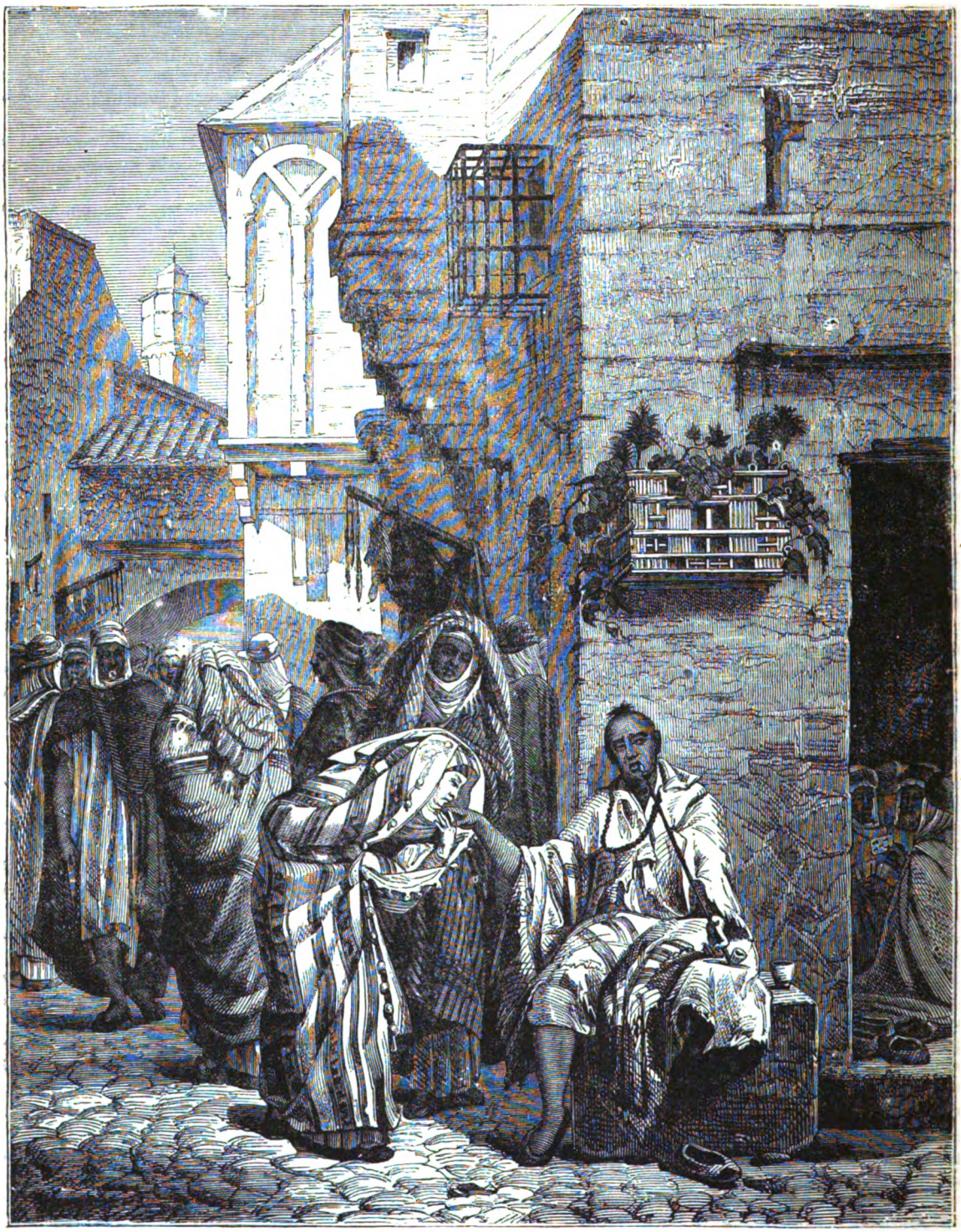
He was not hanging by the neck, but by the shoulders. But his head was sunk upon his breast; there was no motion in his limbs; his whole appearance was that of death.

Captain Frank fell upon her knees, bent her head, and gave utterance to her agony.

"Oh, Jamie, Jamie! my poor, dead darling! Have I come, then, too late? After all, am I too late? I have found you, but, oh God! it is terrible to find you *so!*"

Without attempting to console or soothe her, the men hastened to take down the body.

This was a task of no little difficulty; but it was successfully accomplished at last, and the body of James Bell was laid at the foot of the cliff.



THE MARABOUT SIDI ALI OF CONSTANTINE, ALGERIA.— SEE PAGE 408.

"Captain Frank! Captain Frank! Come here, quick!" shouted little Tom Wilson, who was feeling the heart.

She came running to them, and dropped, almost insensible, at her husband's side.

"See!" exclaimed little Tom. "I think I feel a pulse, and I am sure that there is a heart-beat here. He is not dead, and we may yet bring him back to life!"

The skill of the entire party was brought into requisition, and they were efficiently aided, of course, by Captain Frank. The result of their combined efforts was that James Bell opened his eyes, which rested fondly on his wife. Then came the nursing, and for that purpose a permanent camp was established in the cañon. This was the more necessary, as two of the victors in the fight with the outlaws had been severely wounded. It was a long time before

Bell was able to sit up and talk, and then he told his story. His prospecting had been successful, and he had made a valuable discovery. While engaged in examining it more closely, he was captured by some of Hernandez's gang and brought before their chief. He was accused of being a spy, but stoutly declared that he was not, and gave the true account of himself and his business. He was kept, during nearly two weeks, securely bound and guarded, while Hernandez and a portion of his men went on a plundering expedition. On the return of the chief he was told that he must swear never to divulge his discovery, nor anything he had seen in that region. This he refused to do, believing that he saw a good chance to escape. Afterward he seized the opportunity, but was unsuccessful in the effort. Having recaptured him, the robbers hung him up as he was found.

His sufferings had been terrible, and he had prayed for death.

Then Captain Frank told him of the dream that had sent her to his assistance.

"It was true," he said; "I did kneel on that ledge, just as you have described it, stretched out my hands, and called to you with all my soul."

When the outlaws' victim and the wounded men were sufficiently recruited, the party proceeded to James Bell's discovery, which they prospected thoroughly. They found it exceedingly rich in gold, with plenty of water and wood, and game in the hills.

Having taken out as much gold as they could reasonably carry, they returned to their homes, and James Bell and his wife were joyfully greeted by their children and friends.

A large party was made up to visit the new diggings, and Bell Mouth Cañon acquired a more romantic name, while quite a village sprang up at what was known as Ten Men's Diggings. It was generally understood, however, by all who prospered in that region, that their prosperity was owing to "Captain Frank" and her remarkable dream.

VIOLET AND CHERRY.—"CHERRY STOOD THERE, AND MR. OLMSTEAD WAS DRAWING THE WATER. BUT HE TOOK A VERY LONG TIME ABOUT IT."

VIOLET AND CHERRY.

You might have said anything about us by way of guess, and it would have seemed reasonable; but I doubt if, for your very life, you could have hit upon the truth. Counting me entirely out of the drama—or, at best, as the chorus—there were four in the play altogether; and the scene opened at the Hermitage.

Where and what was this Hermitage?

It was anywhere you like; and, like a cunning story-teller, I shan't say where, because you might go and look at it, which would be easy to do. But it is a tall, gaunt country house, built of wood on an intensely brick foundation, so that it had the appearance of a house on stilts. Upstairs you could see around the country so far that you would have thought yourself in a tower; and down-stairs, in the dungeon of a cellar, your view would be so limited that you would have supposed yourself in a well.

We only had a little pitiful furniture, which we dribbled about in the rooms, and about enough matting to cover the floor of the parlor. In fact, we were poor as church-mice, and quite as independent. But we had a dumb-waiter, which we pulled up and down with our wretched little breakfasts and dinners every day, and somehow we almost fancied we were rich. Possibly we were tolerably happy—at least, we imagined we were, and that, perhaps, is the main point, after all.

We had so little to do that we felt it a bounden duty to employ a small boy to help us. We engaged him ostensibly to wait, and of course his business was to invariably make *us* wait, which he did with the most conscientious perseverance imaginable. When we sent him upon an errand, he always said he ran all the way. I admitted the fact, only it was probably the *other* way. And so this little boy came late in the mornings with great regularity, and one of us

was obliged to draw water in his stead from the Olmsteads' well. Cherry chose to do this.

I don't mind those gray, bleak days which are so much the horror of people in general; but the ninth of June, many Summers ago, was one of them. Violet seemed affected by it. She walked up and down restlessly, and at last went to the back window and stood there staring out.

"Why don't you come to breakfast?" I asked, a shade snappishly.

"I have no appetite."

"Perhaps you don't like the eggs boiled?"

"I like them well enough any way."

There was a period of silence. What could she be looking at? I got up and went over.

Mr. Olmstead's cottage was about a hundred yards from ours. His well was in sight. Cherry stood there, and Mr. Olmstead was drawing the water; but he took a very long time about it. The operation is simple enough, but Cherry was looking down shyly, and he was bending a curiously earnest gaze upon her.

"I do wish Cherry wouldn't go for the water," said Violet. "It is William's business."

"William isn't here, my dear. I really think if you would cease to call him William, and address him as plain Bill, and gently box his ears now and then, he would be of more service to us."

"Mr. Olmstead somehow seems to be always lying in wait for Cherry," continued Violet. "She should discourage it."

"Mr. Olmstead is a young man, love, and Cherry is a young woman; and they are both attractive, individually and collectively.

"But it is in bad taste. Cherry is so soon to marry Edward. He has noticed these things."

This Mr. Olmstead, our neighbor, was a handsome gentleman, who lived nearly alone all the Summer, in his cottage, as each year rolled round, and he was a person of wealth.

"Cherry doesn't care for anybody but Edward, I'm sure," said I.

"I should hope not; but sometimes I feel a dread to see her talking with Mr. Olmstead," answered Violet, leaving the window, as if the sight already gave her too much pain. "She is young, and perhaps easily impressed. Poor Edward is—is, you know——"

"Afflicted," I inserted. "Or say it out, Violet, and say that he is a blind man."

"Yes, he is blind; and has lost his sight since the engagement. That is why I am troubled."

"My dear woman," I replied, "make your mind easy; everything is always for the best."

Cherry returned. Never girl was so pretty as Cherry; and now her eyes sparkled and her cheeks were red. She put down the pail, and drew up her chair to the table.

"What do you think?" she cried. "Mr. Olmstead is going to give us a *fête*. He says he is dreadfully bored and in want of excitement, and so next week, or soon as possible, he intends to have a large party, and we are all to dance out of doors in the moonlight."

This *was* a surprise. Mr. Olmstead had always been considered a hermit. He was supposed to pass his time in yawning, reading, smoking, drinking and other idleness, and to have a perfect horror of anything in the shape of excitement. He certainly had seen and felt nearly everything in life, and considered himself a sort of Sir Charles Coldstream. Therefore a ball seemed most impossible.

I ventured a hint to this effect.

"Oh, he is in earnest," said Cherry. "Old Mrs. Crow, his aunt, is already down, and busily planning. I saw her a minute ago."

"Well, if that old woman is down, there is certainly something in the wind. But poor Edward won't enjoy the fun."

Edward Lonsdale was a student of chemistry. In the course of some experiment he had lately, and by some accident, lost his sight. Whether the affliction would be permanent, none could tell. But he was, as Violet had said, a blind man; and Mr. Olmstead was still possessed of the faculty of sight, and was the handsomer. If Cherry were volatile, what then? Perhaps this thought is what caused Violet to make the remark just recorded.

But about half an hour after breakfast Edward came slowly in, and we told him the news. His sad face lighted up. This, for my part, reassured any faintness that I had felt with regard to his faith in the woman of his love. He loved her fully, and believed in her to the utmost.

And so all was very gay until the day the *fête* was to take place was announced, and then it was gayer still.

Mrs. Crow, escorted by Mr. Olmstead, came over to see us, and give the invitation. Such a pompous, tragical sort of old lady! Somehow she reminded us of the celebrated Mrs. Siddons, who used to stab her potatoes at dinner, and say, sepulchrally, to the waiters, "Bear me hither a mint sauce!"

These little peculiarities I allowed to pass readily enough, but there was something I could not but seriously observe, and this was the fixed and stony gaze she constantly bent upon Cherry.

"Wherefore?" thought I. "Cherry is certainly extremely pretty; but there must have been some other cause."

The days went by again, after this, quickly as possible. Everybody was in high spirits, and Edward beyond all. At length came the *fête*.

The grounds about Mr. Olmstead's cottage were gloriously illuminated, and there were two bands from the city. Kiosks and tents were scattered hither and thither, flowers bloomed everywhere in profusion, and the supper-table was something to wonder at.

It was a grand sight. The moon was full, and the heavens were studded thickly with stars. We danced almost without pause. Toward eleven I suddenly found myself alone, having wandered, for the sake of fresh air, to the zig-zag fence of the orchard.

There is something almost thrilling to come from a crowd where all is bustle and excitement, music and delirium, and to stand in a lonely place, where one sees nothing but the stars above, the dark outlines of the trees and fields around, and hears naught but the songs of the birds of night and the low sighing of the wind.

This threw me into aimless reverie. Presently it was broken by the sound of a footstep. I turned, and beheld a man coming toward me slowly. It was Edward Lonsdale, without his usual guide.

I advanced and met him.

"Where are you going, Edward?"

"I am not well," he answered.

"Perhaps you had better return with me, and have some wine. You will lose yourself wandering about here."

"No; I don't wish to go back where they are dancing."

"Why not? Cherry is there. She has missed you, I know, and is anxious about you."

"Cherry is not there. Violet has been looking for her everywhere. Nobody knows what has become of her."

A shudder of dread seized me in spite of myself. Without another word I plucked hold of his arm and led him with me, and we went back together.

We found the crowd by this time in consternation. Neither Cherry nor Mr. Olmstead was to be found anywhere. Violet was white, but calm; I did not dare ask

her a question, and she seemed unable to demand a word of me.

Of course this broke up the good meeting in one sense. All the music and dancing had ceased; and people were clustered together under the lights, asking questions of each other in low whispers that were ominous of ill.

Thus we stood for two or three minutes. Somebody suddenly came through the throng, and approached Violet. It was Mrs. Crow, stately and grim; the train of her gorgeous dress sweeping far behind her.

"This was left for you," she said, rather harshly, to Violet, handing her a letter.

The missive dropped from poor Violet's hand to the ground.

"I know all!" she gasped. "It will kill him!"

Everybody seemed paralyzed. Happily, I had not yet lost control of myself, and I stooped and picked up the letter. This is what I read aloud before all:

"My dear Edward must be told that I am going away to-night for a private reason, which shall in time be explained. I will be true to him, and he must be true to me until my return.

"CHERRY."

He was standing by my side. A cry, as of joyful relief, escaped from him, and he would have fallen but that Violet took his hand and pressed it between both her own.

* * * * * * *

A whole year had passed. We were still at the Hermitage; but it was greatly altered, and for the better. We had come into some money, and the first use we made of the windfall was to improve the dear old house that had so long given us shelter.

We also laid out the grounds to advantage, and now we had a garden to be really proud of, a tortuous graveled walk, an arbor, and a beautiful wire fence encircling all.

William for us existed no more. Just when we had concluded that there was no device by which we could possibly get rid of him, he one afternoon walked away of his own accord, and we never saw him afterward.

Edward, better than all, had recovered his sight. Perhaps but for this boon he might have pined for Cherry's return. Not one word had we heard from or of her since her strange disappearance. But Edward seemed to be hoping on, and he was with us always.

At first, he would ask me often when I thought she would return, and what I supposed had taken her away? I offered various conjectures, but his face always accepted them with an expression of doubt. At length the subject dropped, and we continued to live our lives as if Cherry had never been a part of them.

Then it was, after some months, that I observed a singular wistful look in Violet's beautiful eyes. There was plainly some grief or disappointment in her secret heart. What? Sometimes when Edward was by I suspected that I knew.

Oh, if these two would but come together! I scarcely dared whisper the wild wish to myself, for fear that its very utterance should be a perverse bar to its fulfillment even. But I see that my suspicion is told without my intending. In a word, Violet loved him even better than she had secretly loved him while Cherry was with us.

By little stratagems I threw them together, and so two months more went by, bringing, imperceptibly, still fresher changes. I could perceive that they were happier with themselves than when apart; and this was the grand gain. My heart prayed day and night.

It was now that Edward would come to me and say, shyly:

"Do you think Cherry will *ever* come back? She has been away more than a year."

I expressed doubt, not directly, but by inference. He seemed relieved, and yet troubled afresh. There was nothing further to be done by me at this point, and I could but trust, as before, to Fate.

Thus matters still went on, until half of the second year had passed; and then, one Winter evening, Edward said to me:

"I love Violet better than I ever loved Cherry."

My spirit leaped within me. He had used such a tone that I was satisfied whither his passion would ultimately lead him.

"And she loves you better than all the world!" I answered.

"I believe it," he replied; "but what can I do? I am bound to her sister. If Cherry should return and find me false!"

I shook my head.

"She will not soon return. The cause that took her away will keep her many a day yet. Sometimes I think of going in search of her," I added, thoughtfully.

Those were not the days of railroads and telegraphs and postal-cards. A journey then was a journey in deed as well as name.

He grew despondent. I noted every change, and marked this readily. Violet comforted as of old, and his dejection passed away.

At last they were betrothed.

The marriage took place in the little church when Spring bloomed upon us once more, and when the wild-rose tree in front of the Hermitage was full of its crimson glory.

A week afterward there was a letter to us from New York, which fell like a thunderbolt.

It was from Cherry. She simply said that she was about to return to us at last.

I shall never forget Edward Lonsdale's consternation. He evidently looked upon himself as a man whose happiness thenceforth was for ever wrecked.

That night he vanished.

With the arrival of the new week came Cherry, blithe and pretty as of old. We embraced her with joy; but the sadness alloyed, and, indeed, almost extinguished it.

She was sitting in the parlor, talking of her travels, and telling the secret that, I may now admit, I already knew. I left the room, unable to listen further. I went to the piazza, and stood there in the dark. Somebody was approaching from the main road. It was a man—Edward Lonsdale.

He was haggard, thin and cold. I could see that food had not passed his lips since his departure. He ran toward me, almost stumbling from weakness, and, grasping my hand, said, hastily:

"She is here. I know it!"

"Yes," I answered.

"I cannot meet her."

"You must."

"I have played the false villain, and her look of reproach would kill me."

"No; she was first false to you. Read this."

I handed him the letter left for Violet on the night of the *fête*. I had read certain words aloud, but they were of my own invention at the moment, and were not Cherry's words. The true letter was:

"My dear Edward must be told that I am going away to-night to marry Mr. Olmstead. I hope Edward will forgive me if I should ever return or meet him again. CHERRY."

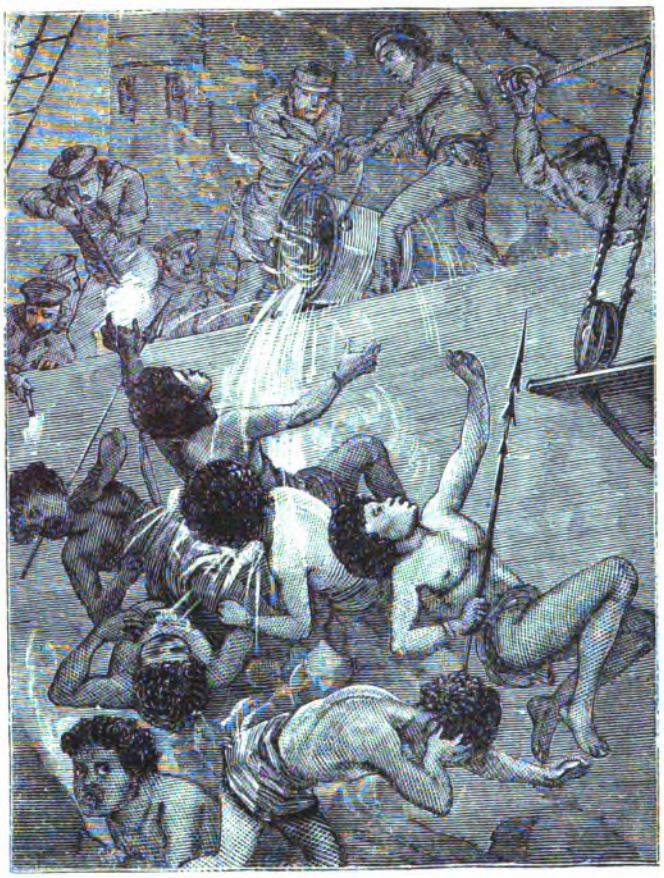
He knew all then, and clasped my hand heartily. A load of grief was lifted from his heart as he opened the door and went in.

AMONG NEW GUINEA SAVAGES.

About a dozen years ago I was in command of a large iron ship bound from Sydney to Calcutta, in ballast; and, it being July—the Austral Winter—I did not care to do battle with the storms of the south coast of Australia, through trying to weather Cape Leeuwin, so I decided on going "north-about."

I may mention that I should have struck out through Torres Straits, with which I was well acquainted, but for a certain little unpleasant clause in our policy of insurance which laid a veto on that delightfully dangerous passage. I therefore intended to go right round New Guinea, and out through the Banda Sea into the Indian Ocean.

After about a week's run we came to the east end of New Guinea, and then struck along parallel to the shore of the huge island.



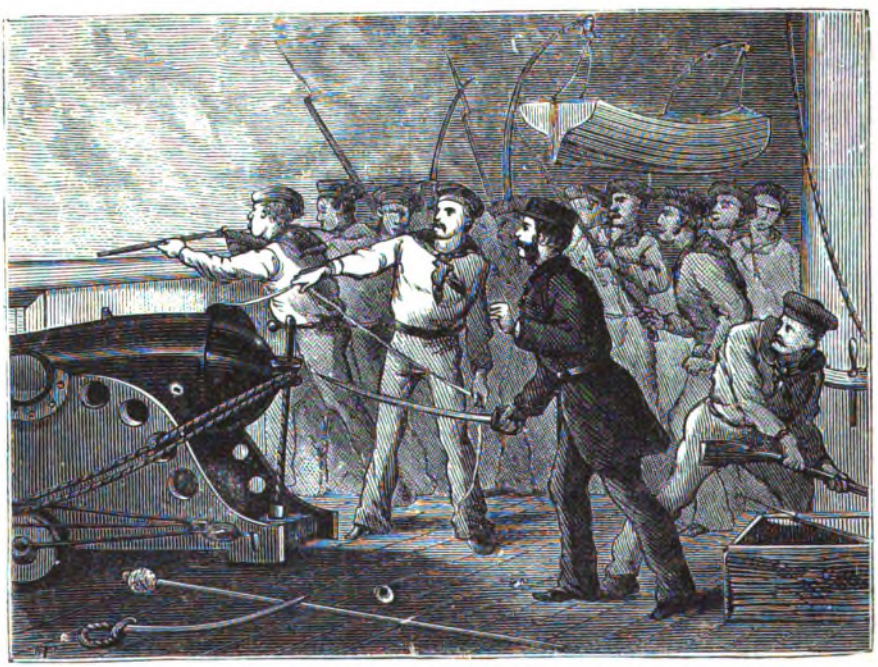
AMONG NEW GUINEA SAVAGES.—"BUT THE CLIMAX WAS REACHED WHEN THE COOK AND THE STEWARD APPEARED, LUGGING A HUGE COPPERFUL OF BOILING WATER, WHICH THEY QUICKLY EMPTIED OVER THE SIDE, RIGHT AMONGST THE DENSE MASS OF SAVAGES BELOW."

I always had a horror of New Guinea, it was so unknown, so vast, and such dreadful tales were told of the cannibalistic accomplishments of the natives. On this occasion, however, I found it best for the ship's progress to navigate close to land, to avail myself of the land and sea-breezes—for we were disappointed in our hopes of getting a lift from the monsoon. I therefore kept within sight of land all along, and made very good progress.

Having thus coasted more than two-thirds of the island's length without anything of note occurring, we began to think New Guinea was not so bad, after all; when a little affair happened which led to very unpleasant results.

Early one morning we were passing some small islets outside a pretty little creek or mouth of a river, with an immense number of native huts on the shore, among the trees and bushes, where the vegetation came down to the water's edge, and the brilliant tree-flowers, interspersed amid the deep green of the luxuriant tropical forest rising above the placid sea, made one of those enchanting pictures only to be found in the tropics.

Suddenly our ship struck something, and, with a harsh, grating sound, slid up a small incline, and then came to a standstill. Fortunately she had not much way on her, or the masts would have come down about our ears; as it was, she took the new conditions easily and remained quite upright. The sea was smooth at the time, and the leadsman reported nine fathoms of water from the waist and ten from the stern, while the ship was hard and fast forward, for about twenty feet of her length, on a coral reef covered with mud. I may remark that chart delineations of this coast are mere approximations, as I never could find any of a really trustworthy description.



AMONG THE NEW GUINEA SAVAGES.—"'READY!' I SHOUTED. 'FIRE!' AND BANG WENT OUR TWO CARRONADES, AND A RATTLE OF MUSKETRY COMMENCED ALL ALONG THE SIDE."

We laid out an anchor and tried to heave the ship astern, but to no purpose; so we decided to remove a sufficiency of the coal ballast in the hold from forward

to aft, in order to lighten the fore end of the vessel. I was pleased to find that she made no water except in the forward compartment, to which the collision bulkhead effectually confined it.

About noon I noticed a great gathering of native proas in the creek inshore of us. Our position being less than a half-mile from land, I could plainly see all that was going on. I computed the number of proas to be two hundred or thereabout, mostly carrying fifteen or twenty men, while other large ones certainly had forty or fifty men in them. With my glass I could see that in the midst of the flotilla was a very large proa, on which a savage was standing, spear in hand, and gesticulating wildly, as if haranguing the multitude.

I made up my mind that the savages meant to attack us; so, shutting up my glass, I called all hands from their labors, and briefly addressed them.

"Now, my lads," I said, "those savages yonder are going to attack us, for sure; and if they once get on board, every man Jack of us will be cooked and eaten—so I hope you will stick by me, and not give up the ship."

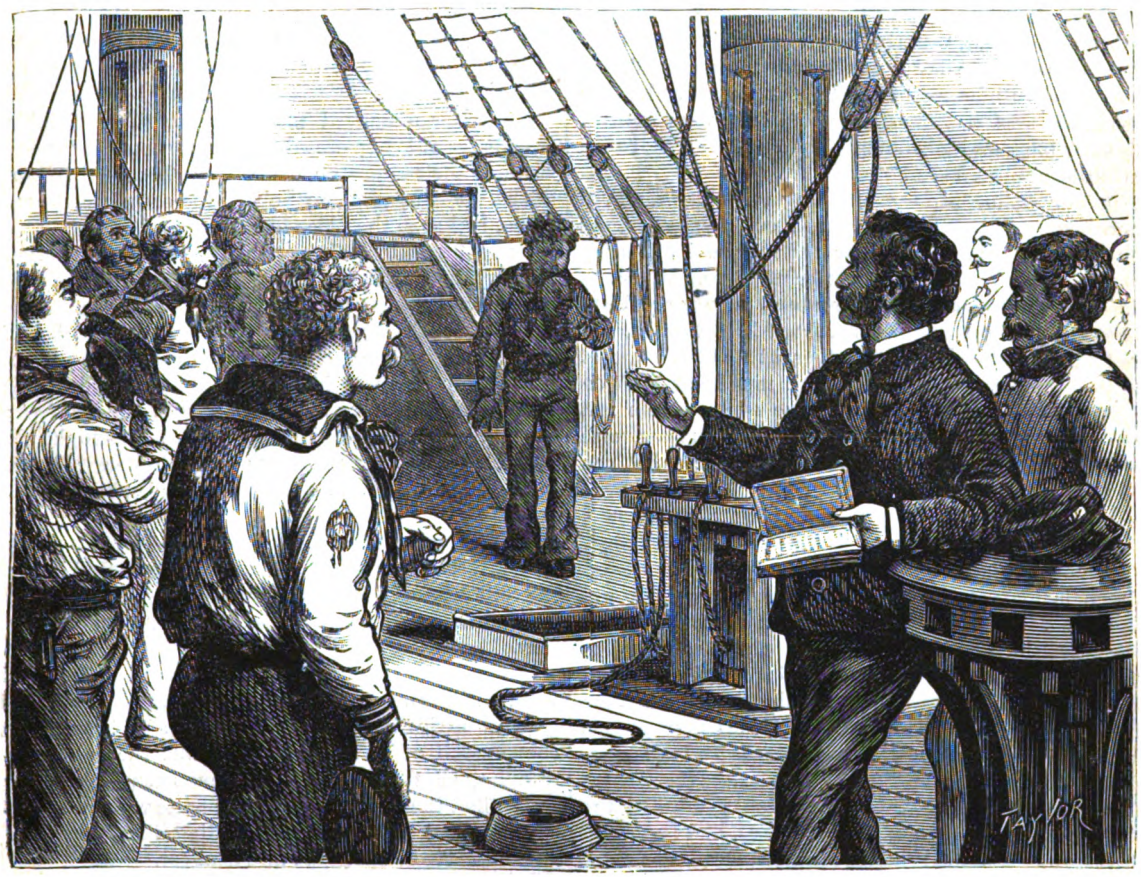
At the same time I pointed out that we were well armed and in a high, smooth-sided iron ship, almost impossible to climb up; nor did I forget to remind them that we were "British tars," and so on. Then, having run up the ensign, arms were brought out and piled on deck, and the "boys," having received a nip of grog, gave three lusty cheers for the "old man," as the captain is invariably called, no matter how young. The crew were mostly fellows who had worked in the gold "diggins," and were now taking a cruise for a change.

We had two six-pounder carronades on board, with a musket, bayonet, sword and pistol for each man, all in good order, and plenty of ammunition to boot. Our boatswain, a fine old man-of-war's man, had charge of the two guns, and at once had them cleared and loaded with a dose of grape and canister.

All our preparations having been made for defense, the crew resumed their labor of trimming the ship, while I and a few midshipmen, of whom we carried eight, kept watch.

After dinner one proa left the fleet and paddled straight for us. As it approached, I called the hands to arms; and it was amusing to see old Tom, the boatswain, at work training a gun on the unfortunate proa, and at the same time watching my eye.

When the curious-looking boat came under our stern, I could see that the occupants of it meant no attack then, for there were no more than fifteen savages in it, and they were holding up bunches of bananas and fine-looking birds, as if inviting a trade.



AMONG NEW GUINEA SAVAGES.—"JUDGE OF MY FEELINGS WHEN I SAW THE 'DEFUNCT' MIKE, SOUND AND IN THE FLESH, BUT AS BLACK AS A SWEEP, STANDING ON THE DECK FORWARD."

One dark "gentleman" stood up and treated us to a magnificent speech, which of course we applauded in proper British fashion, although not one of us knew a single word that was uttered: but I heard the boatswain, not far from his gun, explaining to some of the ordinary seamen that "that there woolly-headed feller was just only axing of the captain how he would like to be done—roasted or fried."

Having made a most effective display of our armed ship's company, I piped the hands to their task again, ordering the midshipmen to mount guard on the poop. I had now a good chance to examine the proa and its crew of fourteen men and two women, as I counted them · and truly they were a strange lot.

On a bamboo pole were tied about thirty of the most

gorgeous birds I ever saw; they were of the Lory tribe, and had very long tails and high topknots, and were altogether of the most indescribably brilliant colors imaginable. On the proa's deck, also, were a great quantity of bows and arrows, spears, etc.

Now, I had seen some African negroes, Chinese coolies, Malays, Indians, and Australian aborigines; but for utterly debased appearance and repulsive looks, I never saw the match of these people. Imagine a middle-sized African negro, with the flattest of noses and the pig-like eyes of the Chinese coolie, a vast, cavernous mouth, extending almost from ear to ear, and filled with immense teeth, a face beetle-browed, seamed and tattooed into all shapes of ugliness, lips disfigured by gashes and transfixed with fish-bones, the whole surmounted by a huge brush of black wool, every lock of which sticks out at right angles to the part of the skull on which it grows, and giving the head an appearance of enormous size, uttterly disproportionate to the body below it, although the latter was by no means small, and some idea will be afforded of the Papuan savage as he then was, and still is. Of course the savage crew were entirely naked, except a few who had a small piece of matting round their waists.

Now for the proa. This was nothing more than a raft of bamboo, laid over two canoes formed out of single trees hollowed out by fire, or whatever rude stone implements the people have. I never saw a trace of any metal among them. The canoes are generally about twenty or thirty feet long, and are separated by bamboos lashed over them, so that they lie parallel to each other, at about twelve feet apart. A raft is laid on them, and a mat house built on that. The paddlers sit down along the edges of the raft when at work, and there are two, or even four masts, with mat sails, in each proa, which, whether large or small, can be propelled along pretty fast.

The bows, arrows and spears were of the rudest make, with the exception, perhaps, of the heads of the arrows, which were pretty good. Some were tipped with the long, lance-like, finely serrated spines of the stingray fish, but most with bits of fowl-bones—the stingray spines look very neat, and are reputed poisonous. None of the arrows were feathered. The bows were made of bamboos split, and were rough, but effective. Some of the fish-spears were made simply of a bit of ironwood, split into four prongs and stuck into a bamboo pole, with two little wedges, crosswise, keeping the prongs apart.

Being placed at a great advantage then, I allowed the "boys" a chance of trading with the savages, and forthwith the barter began. In return for colored shirts and kerchiefs we got a perfect museum of bows and arrows and other warlike instruments, besides two dozen of those magnificent birds before alluded to.

The natives would not come on our decks, nor would they permit our lads to go down on to the proa; everything had to be thrown down or hauled up with a string. Whenever one rather daring youngster would offer to go down the rope, they would set up a jabber, grasp their spears, and loosen the rope they were fast to. This would bring our muskets to the shoulder, and another speech would be the result.

Wishing to see the effect, I threw them down a small looking glass. One fellow dexterously caught it, and turned it round and round until his eye met the image of his face. Evidently he did not recognize himself, for he got into a rage, and made a dart behind the glass to grasp the intruder. Not being able to do so, he uttered a yell and dropped the glass. Instantly grasping a spear, he threw himself into a warlike attitude, which the whole of his fellows followed; and then commenced a war-dance around the unfortunate glass, which lay face upward, and as each savage peered into it and beheld his own visage—which he had probably never seen before—he must have arrived at the conclusion that some intruder, or possibly a devil, was in it.

It was most amusing to witness the state of excitement into which that poor, unoffending toilet article threw our visitors.

At last, with a terrific howl, they all dashed their spears at the unlucky glass, shattering it into a thousand pieces. Again and again were the howling and stabbing repeated as they viewed the little bits of glass. We thought it best to retire behind the bulwarks, and keep our muskets pointed toward the savages; but they quickly slipped the rope, and were off.

Then we had the amusement of watching them invest themselves with the old clothes we had given them. They put on shirt supside down, and handkerchiefs round their waists; and one individual we saw busily employed in trying to get on a pair of old trowsers by running his arms through the legs.

The crew afterward made for the shore, joining their friends in the big crowd of proas, who thickened round them on their approach, evidently to hear their report; and after a short interval we noticed the entire flotilla enter the creek, and soon the place looked quite deserted.

I now began to feel very anxious, for I felt certain that they would attack us during the night; so we redoubled our efforts to heave off our ship. Ton after ton of coals was got up from the fore hold and pitched overboard, luff upon luff was clapped on the after-anchor cable, but all to no purpose; the vessel was immovable. I observed that the tide rose and fell but very little, not more than two feet; however, every man worked with a will, and, as night closed in on us, we made arrangements for the worst. All the boats were cleared away and provisioned, and an extra watch was set.

The moon was near the full, but the sky was much overcast, and the breathless calm which prevailed encouraged the dull haze which sets in on such a night in the tropics; still, we could see a reasonable distance, and hear much further.

We had now one watch to keep guard and the other to work at lighting the ship. The boatswain stood by his guns; sentries were posted fore and aft; the cook had his coppers full of scalding water; while the carpenter, after grinding all the cutlasses to almost razor-like sharpness, slyly filled the two guns to the muzzle with an assortment of nuts and bolts, notwithstanding that they had been already loaded with grape and canister.

About ten o'clock a sharp little middy standing near me gave a "Hish!"

"Did you hear that?" said he. "They're coming, sir?"

Putting my ear to the rail, I soon heard a confused noise, as of a lot of craft being forced through the water.

"You're right, Bob," said I; "they are coming, for certain. Call all hands to their stations—but no noise, mind."

In a minute the word was passed, and every man was at his prearranged post, with his arms in readiness.

Not a light was visible from our decks or skylights; and, as the chief officer came on the poop to report all ready, I began to discern a vast flotilla of proas coming straight from the shore toward us.

I had just sent the mate forward to take charge of the forecastle, when one of the men on guard there—probably through excitement—yelled out, at the top of his voice: "Och, murther! Sure, here they are—here they are!" firing off his musket at the same time.

Seeing that they were discovered, with a fearful chorus of yells the savages dashed forward to the attack.

"Stand by, lads!" I roared. "Keep down! Bring the two guns to port! Keep cool, my boys; let them come on yet."

As I spoke, a shower of arrows whistled through the rigging and rattled on our iron sides and bulwarks. The proas were now plainly visible, the thick of them being not forty yards off.

"Ready!" I shouted. "Fire!"

Bang! went our two carronades, and a rattle of musketry commenced all along the side.

The yells of the infuriated savages now became absolutely deafening. I could at once see that the whole centre of the fleet was destroyed, and the progress of the rest thereby impeded.

We now poured a murderous fire into the struggling crowd. The second round from the two carronades mowed the savages down wholesale, and shattered their frail proas; but still others pressed on, and very soon we had two huge proas alongside, the fiends in which were making frantic efforts to climb up the smooth iron wall.

The men on our forecastle and poop poured in a withering fire, raking the Papuans along the side; but the climax was reached when the cook and the steward appeared, lugging a huge copperful of boiling water, which they quickly emptied over the side, right amongst the dense mass of savages below, who were just in the act of making a living ladder of themselves to get up the side.

The effect was terrible. Down went the miserable wretches in agony, rolling into the sea to end their torment; and, as their unscalded companions were shot down by the forecastle men, their groans, yells and war-cries, together with the firing, made the spot almost a Pandemonium.

The main body of the savages had now retired, after the scalding and defeat of the occupants of the two proas alongside, which were left helpless, and I began to think that the worst was over, when "Good heaven! what's that?" I exclaimed, as I saw the the great mop-head of a savage coming over the taffrail.

"After-guards to the stern," I shouted; and, as my little band rallied aft, we saw that another proa had come under our stern while we were defending the side.

Our new assailants had actually scrambled upon deck by our anchor-cable, and were mustering about the wheel.

"Charge them, boys!" I cried. "Give them the bayonet!"

There were four of them actually on deck, and the rope was full of others coming up. Short was the battle. My after-guards soon killed those that had got on deck, besides many off the rope, and the remainder made off, receiving, as they did so, a parting salutation from the old boatswain's two guns.

We were now free of the black rascals, so I proceeded to examine my own crew, who had fought so well.

On calling the muster, one man was missing, and three had received arrow-wounds, while one man had had his ear blown off, owing to a comrade's reckless firing. The men with the arrow-wounds were not much hurt, but dreadfully frightened, fearing lest the arrows had been poisoned.

The missing man, we concluded, had been struck by an arrow, and fallen overboard.

We now lowered a boat and secured the two proas which had been left floating alongside; many savages were dead on their decks, and one was "waterlogged," being riddled by shot.

When our excitement had somewhat abated, we got all in order again, and set to work to get rid of our coals, at which we labored until four in the morning, when, to my joy, a breeze sprang up off the land.

We at once set all sail, braced sharp aback, put a heavy strain on the stern cable, and prayed to Providence for more wind.

Our prayer was answered, for at about half-past five o'clock a very heavy squall struck the ship flat aback, and with graceful motion she slid off the reef, and was again afloat.

She leaked a little, but we could easily keep it under. The fore compartment was full of water, as her forefoot was all torn away; but, with a good iron collision bulkhead, the water was confined to a small space; so, having hauled in our anchor, we trimmed the ship and proceeded on our voyage, with two dead savages still lying on our decks as a reminder of the bloody deeds of that dreadful night.

Hastily stripping the two proas which were alongside of whatever warlike implements they contained, we cut them adrift with their ghastly crews, first adding to them the bodies of the men who were lying weltering where they had fallen on our decks.

At night, and amid such smoke and confusion, it would be hard to estimate the number of these wretches, who fell victims to their abominable propensities, but I feel sure that were I to say fifty or sixty, I should be "under the mark."

It was a terrible night to us, and its memories will not easily be forgotten by the little band who took part in the fearful drama that was enacted.

We all felt great sorrow at the untimely end of poor Mike, our missing man; so at noon I mustered all hands, and, having offered up thanks for our deliverance, the ensign was half-masted, the bell tolled, and the beautiful burial service of the Church of England, for use at sea, was being read over our dear departed shipmate, when, having just got through, "We therefore commit his body to the deep," etc., I was annoyed to hear a titter run through the crowd.

Judge of my feelings when I saw the "defunct" Mike, sound and in the flesh, but as black as a sweep, standing on the deck forward!

I shut my book, and, having sent for Mike, found that it was he who had fired off his musket and given the savages the alarm; fearing lest they should catch him, he had afterward dived down into the coal-locker, where he had lain hidden in mortal terror until now.

I need scarcely say that his life was pretty uncomfortable for the rest of the voyage.

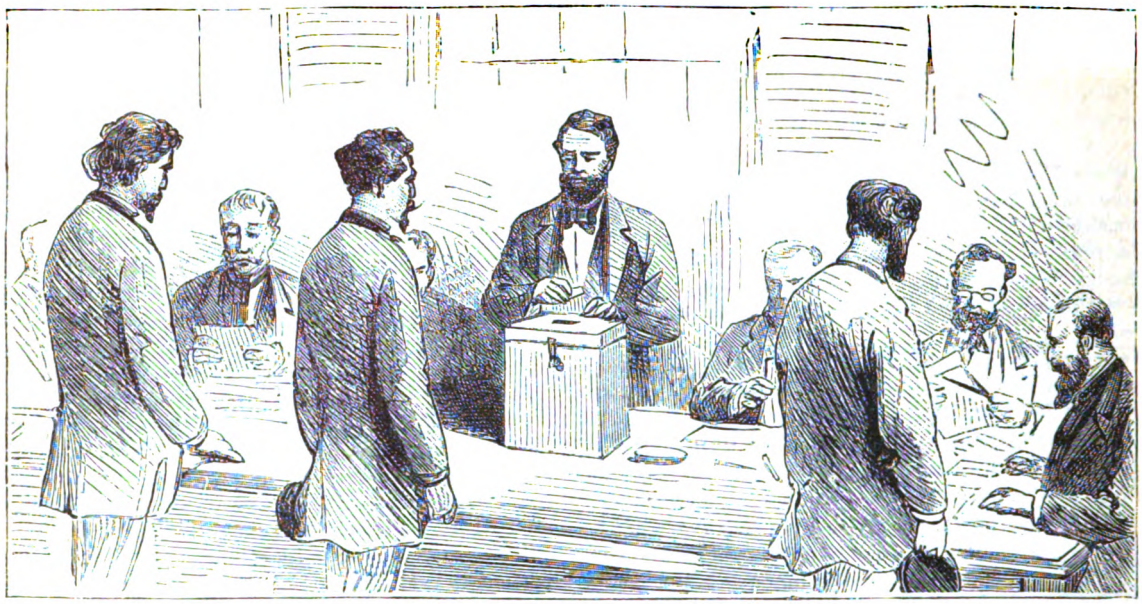
Our wounded men progressed favorably, and soon were all right.

Beyond a little extra pumping, and some tardiness in sailing, our ship gave us very little trouble; and, having crossed the Banda Sea, we stopped at Timor, where I gave a detailed account of our adventure to the commander of the fort, and he promised to send one of His Dutch Majesty's ships-of-war to chastise the natives of that coast, as he informed me that he had several little "bills" of that sort already against them.

Let missionaries and humanitarians preach as they like, there are still wicked savages in the world, and even in the year of grace 1874 no ship should ever venture near some of those far Eastern islands without having an efficient crew and being well armed.

The Dutch have done a great deal of good in that latitude, and so have the British ships-of-war; but still piracy and murder are carried on, and the vast island of New Guinea as yet remains almost a *terra incognita*.

SUCH is the prejudice of taste that the affections are often devoted even before we see the favored object, when the intimacy is frequently insufficient to lay aside an undefinable antipathy.



HOW ELECTIONS ARE CONDUCTED IN FRANCE.—THE POLLS.

HOW ELECTIONS ARE CONDUCTED IN FRANCE.

By William Staughton Chase.

The prolonged and perilous French crisis is happily at an end. It tortured France and alarmed Europe, from the fateful 16th of May to the 14th of December, 1877. At the latter auspicious date, Marshal MacMahon extricated himself from the illegal complications in which he was in danger of being involved by evil counselors, who conspired to play upon his weaknesses, and even his domestic affections and noblest sentiments, in order to overthrow the Republic and set up a throne in the interests of either the Legitimist, the Orleanist or the Bonapartist faction.

The Marshal accepted, at last, a Republican ministry, and sent to the Chambers a message befitting a President of the French Republic. In this message he proclaimed it to be the duty of the Government to defend and maintain the republican institutions in which the French people has repeatedly affirmed its confidence; and he fully recognized the national judgment and will, as expressed by universal suffrage at the elections of October 14th, 1877.

It will, therefore, be timely and interesting to glance at the law, or rather the group of laws, under which these memorable and decisive elections were held.

The principal election law in France is that of November 30th, 1876. Every Frenchman twenty-one years old, not specially affected by a civil or political disqualification, has the right to vote. The voter's name must be inscribed in a register, and his vote taken in the commune or unit of territorial division to which the list belongs. Each commune has two lists, the one for municipal elections, the other for the election of Deputies; every elector on the former has *ipso facto* the right of voting for a Deputy, but all those who vote for the Chamber are not necessarily municipal electors as well.

The lists are revised every year, betwen January 1st and March 31st. No soldier or sailor on active service has a vote; and the gendarmes are considered, for the purpose of this prohibition, as soldiers on active service. Every male citizen, twenty-five years of age, enjoying his civil and political rights, is eligible for election to the Chamber, even though he may not himself be an elector. A residence of at least six months in a particular commune is one condition of the right to vote, but the candidate is under no such obligation.

Soldiers and sailors on active service cannot become candidates for the Assembly, but this does not apply to those who are on the reserve. Certain other persons connected with the public service are not eligible in the arrondissement in which they exercise their functions. Among these are the judges, the chief officers of police, the inspectors of education, the tax-collectors, inspectors of forests, Government engineers, and the archbishops, bishops and vicars-general. There is an exception, however, in favor of many functionaries of this kind who hold office within the Department of the Seine.

DISTRIBUTING TICKETS.

Numerous and minute clauses of the law affect the right of meeting, and other means of carrying on a candidature. An electoral committee, within the terms of the law, is a temporary association formed for the purpose of supporting a candidate. Every such association of less than

OPENING THE BALLOTS.

twenty persons may be formed without administrative authorization. The "electoral period" begins twenty days before the election, and, for most purposes, ends in fifteen days from that time, or within five days of the taking of the vote.

During this period, electoral documents may be posted on the walls or circulated without an authorization, though copies of them must be left with the Procureur of the Republic. Posters must be of colored paper, white being exclusively reserved for the placards of the Government. All persons, even women and children, may post bills during this period. The unauthorized tearing down of posters is considered an act of intimidation, and is punishable by imprisonment. Electoral documents may be sent through the post at any time, but when they are circulated by private agents, copies of them must be left with the Procureur.

The sale and the distribution of journals in the public thoroughfares cannot be forbidden by the Government. The peddler of newspapers, however, must have a license, which is revokable only for personal misconduct, and not on account of the sale of any particular journal. This law was constantly evaded, not to say broken, by the Government at the time of the elections in last October.

During the electoral period, public meetings for the support of candidates may be held, but only registered electors and the candidates may attend. These meetings must be preceded by a formal notice of the intention to hold them, signed by seven persons and left with the Prefect of Police, or the Prefect of the Department. A receipt for the notice will be delivered, and this must be produced when required. One full day must elapse between the delivery of the receipt and the holding of the meeting. Meetings must neither be held in the open air nor prolonged beyond the hour fixed for the closing of public establishments in the district. Every meeting must have a president and at least two assessors, responsible for the maintenance of order, and the prevention of breaches of the law. The Government may also send a functionary, who will wear the insignia of his office, and will have the right of choosing his seat at the meeting. He may dissolve the meeting, if the speakers, after due warning, persist in discussing matters foreign to the question under consideration, or in the event of disorder. The Prefect of the Police of Paris, or the prefects of the departments may adjourn any meeting likely to lead to a breach of the peace, and the Minister of the Interior may absolutely forbid its being held.

TURNING OUT THE BALLOTS.

Private meetings are free, on the principle of the inviolability of domicile. Any citizen may call together any number of other citizens, either in his own house or in a public building, for the discussion of electoral affairs. The essential mark of a private meeting is the personal invitation sent by the convener to every one attending it. The invitation must bear the name and address of the person to whom it is sent. It should, as a rule, be placed in the hands of the person for whom it is intended, by the bearer, and the distribution of invitations in public places must be carefully avoided. Personal intimacy between inviters and invited is not necessary to the validity of an invitation. The private meeting must be held in a covered place, and with closed doors, so that none but the invited can hear what passes. These conditions observed, it may take place in any building — café, theatre or hall—but, to make assurance doubly sure, a house is always to be preferred.

The system of official candidature, so much abused under the empire, is not forbidden by the law; it is only discouraged.

COUNTING THE VOTES.

The Ministers in power during the October elections took no heed of the discouragement, and revived the evil in full force. A law proposing the definite abolition of official candidatures was rejected by a majority of four votes in the National Assembly. The law, however, as it stands, forbids the distribution of voting papers, addresses, etc., by the agents of authority, in the interest of particular candidates.

The vote is taken in the principal place in the commune, and generally in the *Mairie*, or Mayor's house. The larger communes may be divided into sections, for voting purposes, by a decree of the Prefect. Votes are received between eight in the morning and six at night, and on one day only.

Each "college," or electoral section, must have a bureau, composed of a president, four assessors and a secretary. The Mayor, or some person representing him, presides as a matter of right. The assessors are selected from among the municipal councilors, "able to read and write." In place of these, however, the two oldest and the two youngest electors, having the same qualification, may be empowered to act. In Paris, where the municipal councilors are not assessors by right, this is always done. The secretary is chosen from the electors by the president and assessors. The bureau must not be constituted before the opening of the hall. Its duty is to watch the voting, and to make a provisional ruling, for which it must assign reasons, on all difficulties that may arise. The maintenance of order is in the hands of the president, and no armed force may either enter or approach the polling-place without authorization. All discussion in the voting hall is absolutely forbidden. Before beginning to take votes, the president must read aloud the penalties for infractions of the electoral law. The voting urns are then examined in the presence of the electors, to prove that they are empty and have but one opening, and are afterward double-locked, one key remaining in the hands of the president, and the other in those of the eldest among the "scrutineers," or examiners of votes, who are selected from the electors.

Each voter should, as a matter of convenience, though not as a matter of obligation, bring with him a card certifying that his name has been duly inscribed upon the register. Electors who have forgotten their cards may, however, establish their identity by other means.

The voting paper must be prepared outside the polling-place; and this may be done either by the elector or by another person in his behalf. The paper may be either written or printed. It should contain only the name of the candidate; any addition of "unconstitutional or insulting expressions," will render it null and void. It must not be signed by the elector. The voter, on approaching the bureau, gives his card to one of the assessors, who compares it with the name in the register, and, this done, the elector hands his voting paper, carefully folded and bearing no external mark whatever, to the president, who at once drops it into the urn. The card, with one corner torn off, is then returned to the elector for future use, should a second vote be required.

At six o'clock the urns are opened, the number of votes counted and compared with the number of persons who have voted. The bureau then places the scrutineers in groups of not less than four at different tables in the hall. The voting papers are laid out in heaps on the tables: a scrutineer takes them up one by one, reads out the names of the candidates voted for—to be entered by another scrutineer on a list prepared for the purpose—and then hands each voting paper to a third scrutineer for a verification of the accuracy of the reading. While this is going on the electors have full power to verify the returns for themselves by passing freely between the different tables, which must be so arranged as to admit of this kind of inspection. The voting papers must be white, and all on colored paper are annulled. Those annulled for this cause, however, go to swell the majority obtained by valid papers in the count. Those annulled for other causes, such as the signature of a voter, the omission of the candidate's name, etc., count neither on one side nor the other. The papers annulled and those in regard to which there is any dispute are preserved; all the rest are burned in presence of the electors. Should the candidate with a majority fail to obtain a number of votes equal to a fourth of the number of names on the register, there must be a second poll, within a week or ten days of the first. No matter what the majority in this instance, it carries the election.

To this condensed summary of the election laws and customs in France, may be appended as a model of its kind the eloquent speech made by Victor Hugo, when he presided over a meeting in Paris on the 12th of last October, in support of M. Grévy's candidature.

On that occasion Victor Hugo said:

"France is of age. She knows what she wants. Montesquieu would hesitate to say to her, 'My policy.' Washington would not dare to say, 'My will.' At the feet of universal suffrage the clouds will disperse. France will give her orders, and no matter who it will be, he will obey. I will not offer anybody the insult of doubting his obedience. The victory is already certain. We feel some pity, and we will not push our victory beyond reasonable bounds. But the triumph of law and right is certain. Have faith in the country and never despair. France has a predestined mission. Bleeding, mutilated, set to ransom, given up to the factions of the past, She smiles superbly and works miracles in the field of ideas and in the field of events. She makes ever her catastrophes serve as a foundation for the future. Yes, you may expect everything of France. She makes use of the most formidable revolutions to found the most stable of governments."

Thus far the predictions of the illustrious poet and statesman have been happily fulfilled.

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.

There was once found, says the Inyo *Independent*, quoted by the San Francisco *Examiner*, a pair of field glasses in the desert near what is known as Death Valley. The glasses are supposed to have belonged to Hahn, a lost guide of Wheeler's Expedition. They were brought into one of the interior towns by an Indian, and were purchased from him. The most singular fact connected with them is that every object within range of where the glasses had been lying for a year or more is distinctly photographed upon them. We have heard of such phenomena before, but this is one of the most remarkable instances we remember.

Both object-glasses are covered with perfect and beautiful photographs or etchings of desert shrubs; stems, branches, leaf stalks. Leaves and leaflets are distinctly marked as if laid on by a master-hand. There is no mixture or confusion of one plant with another, each having a clear border of unmarked glass, rendering it probable that the sun or lightning photograph, or whatever it may be, was received through the eyeglass.

These pictures seem to occupy a position about the centre of each of the object-glasses, but a little nearer the plane than the convex side.

Of all the paths leading to a woman's love, pity is the straightest.

THE PRISONER.

By Arthur Mattison.

Is it the sun that shines through the grating,
Brightening the gloom of the dark dungeon walls?
Is it the lark-bird of heaven—whose warbling
Falls on his ear and melodiously calls?

Not the fair sun, but the eyes of his loved one,
Pure, soft and holy as soft morning stars;
Not the lark's note, but the voice he adoreth,
Sweet shine and breathe thro' his rude prison bars.

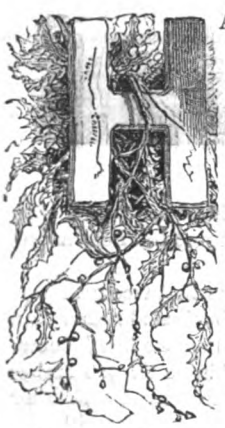
Swift past the sentry, who slept in morn's dawning,
Like a spirit she glided—she passed like a breath.
Heart-guided she sped to the call of her lover,
Who, chained in that cell, bravely waited for death.

As steel to the magnet he flew to that grating,
Their lips through the rough lattice tenderly met;
His eyes shone with rapture while gazing upon her;
Hers with quick-flowing tears were lovingly wet.

A file and a cord, with a sharp-pointed dagger,
Her white, trembling hands thro' that barrier passed;
Then she stole softly back, and his heart stopp'd its beating,
As the sentinel's form like a phantom she passed!

Ere the next morning beams, in his arms he folds her!
His heart beats with joy, her's with bliss and with pride.
No stancheons impede now the lovers' fond greeting—
In freedom he lovingly stands by her side.

"DOLORES."



HAD I married in haste to repent at leisure? Some unseen power seemed to project this old saw into my heart, for I knew it could not have arisen there, even while I was looking at Dolores, my bride, my wife—one short half hour my wife—two months ago a stranger.

How strange it seemed to think that she was in the world a year ago! that those warm Oriental eyes lighted on some one then, not on me, and yet I never felt the shadow of her presence thrill me day or night, nor heard the echo of that voice which will vibrate for ever through my life!

Ah, well, I had married in haste. "A fair face and a tender voice had made me mad and blind."

I had found her (shades of my Puritan ancestors forgive me!) on the stage; not an actress, but a singer in some petty concert-room. I pitied her first, then loved her. I looked into those great, slumbrous brown eyes, with the amber lights in them that seemed to kindle at my glance, and I became her slave at once. Now she was mine. I was poor enough, but a man can work; I pleased myself with dreams of toil for her.

I had rented a pretty little cottage near the sea for the Summer. I was willing to go into the hot city every day to drudge if I could leave her in that cool, sheltered nest, and keep all hardship from her. The half hour since marriage had been spent in driving out to our new home.

I felt such a thrill of delight as I opened the gate, as I pointed out the jasmine which would breathe its fragrance at our window, as I drew in the fresh, salt breath of the sea, and saw its waves curling up the distant beach—as I pictured all this new home would be to me, who had lived in boarding-houses ever since leaving my dear New England home, all it must be to her, an orphan left to struggle against trial and temptation—I wondered that she said so little.

"Dolores," I said, "are you pleased?"

She stood by the window, looking out; she turned as I spoke. The jasmine, fluttering about in a soft south wind, seemed to frame the lovely, glowing picture of my wife as she stood there, still in her bridal dress. Her eyes, slowly raised, as she always moved them, with a sleepy grace, seemed to grow luminous at my look; her tawny hair, bronze in the dusk and gold in the sun, the color of Indian water-snakes, was drawn back in simple folds and coils about her head. It seemed to shine through the floating blonde vail like sunshine through a mist. Her Spanish blood gave that faint golden tinge that flickered over the creamy curves of cheek and chin. From her Spanish grandmother, she had told me, her liquid musical name had been handed down to her—Dolores.

But I waited for her answer.

"Love in a cottage," she said, with a low laugh; "don't you think, Arthur, we'll be just a little bored, after a while, with nothing to look at but sea and sky and one another?"

"I shall have the best of it," I said, "for I can look at you, and I'm sure the wide world holds nothing better worth looking at;" but I felt a little cold chill come like a frost over my budding hopes.

"Oh, I dare say we'll get on," she said, carelessly, beginning absently to pull the leaves from her bridal bouquet, and to let them fall at her feet. "You can ask your friends out here to little *fêtes*, and I can go in with you when it gets too rural. You see, I've had so much society in my life, and every night was a sort of party——"

"Oh, Dolores!" I exclaimed, "don't allude to that horrible concert-hall; it maddens me when I think of it, and the red-faced man who handed you on, and that thin jackanapes who used to throw you flowers, and——"

"Oh, you jealous boy!" Dolores said, languidly; "they were all well-meaning people, and they admired me; they couldn't help that, you know. It was a sort of triumph, after all, and I liked it. I don't think I ever was happier than the night I sang '*Qu'elle est Jolie.*' I brought down the house, I can tell you. I had six bouquets, and there was a splendid ring in one of them. Ah, me!" and Dolores looked out to the distant sea, and actually sighed.

"The happiest time in your life, was it?" I said, with a pang, as I took her hand in mine. "Think that over again, my love."

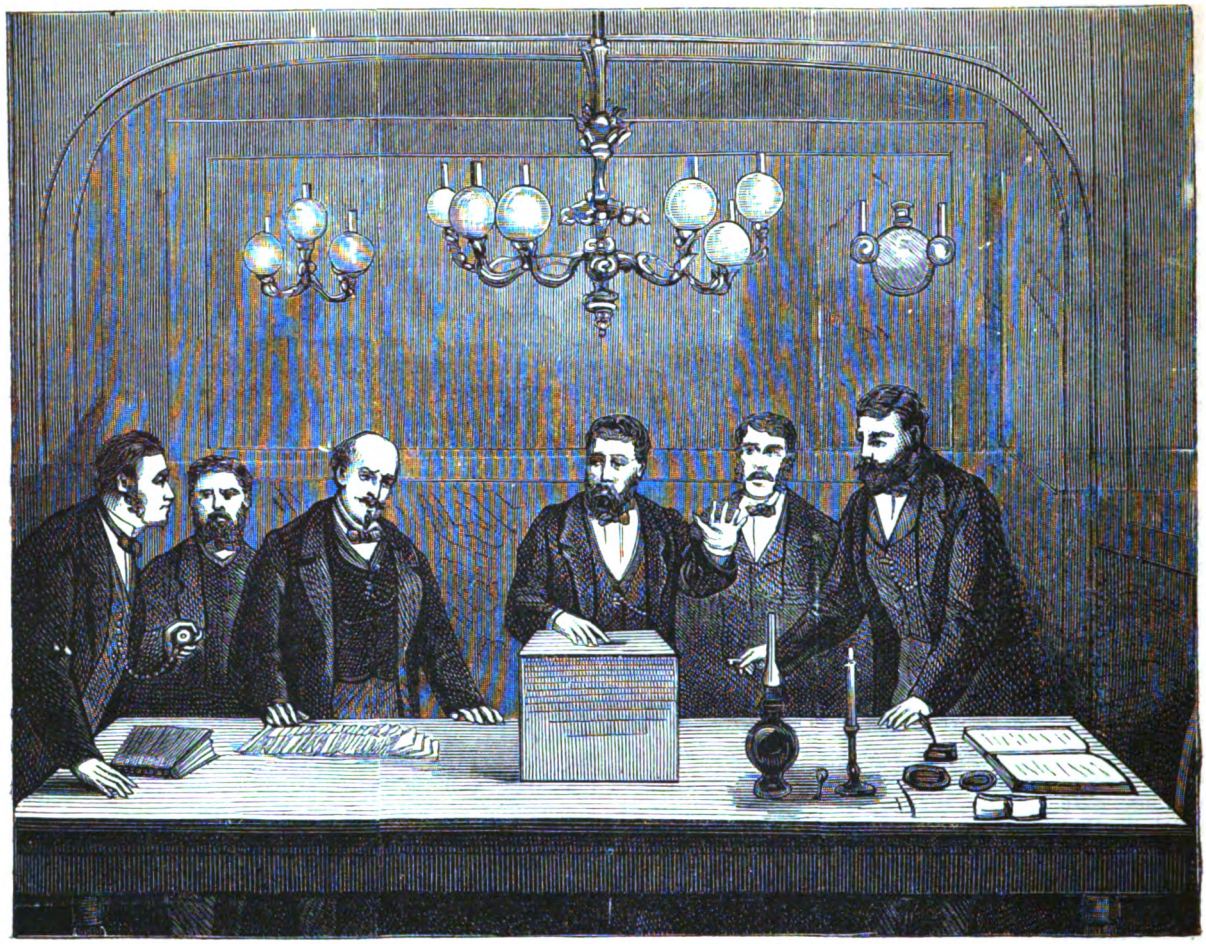
"Oh, Arthur, you understand; before I had seen you, I mean."

"Well, darling, don't talk or think of the time when you sang love-songs for other men. You are my singing-bird now."

"And this is my cage," she said, with her low laugh again, which seemed to have a weird, mocking sound.

A sea-mist crept up and dimmed the scarlet and gold of sunset, and it seemed that cold, vaporous hands had touched my heart. The waves on the beach sounded like songs of wreck and ruin; the fresh wind was like an articulate sigh. I closed the window where the jasmine waved its green banner, for it seemed to me that a chill had crept in somehow upon the world and life. How little I had read in this new book that I had taken to myself? What would I find there as page after page unfolded beneath my eyes?

Well, shall I tell you what I read? Never one high resolve, never one noble aspiration, never one thought for others' happiness, never one line of pitying sympathy for others' woe. This gloriously-bound volume was dedicated to self; it was filled with longings for wealth, and all it can



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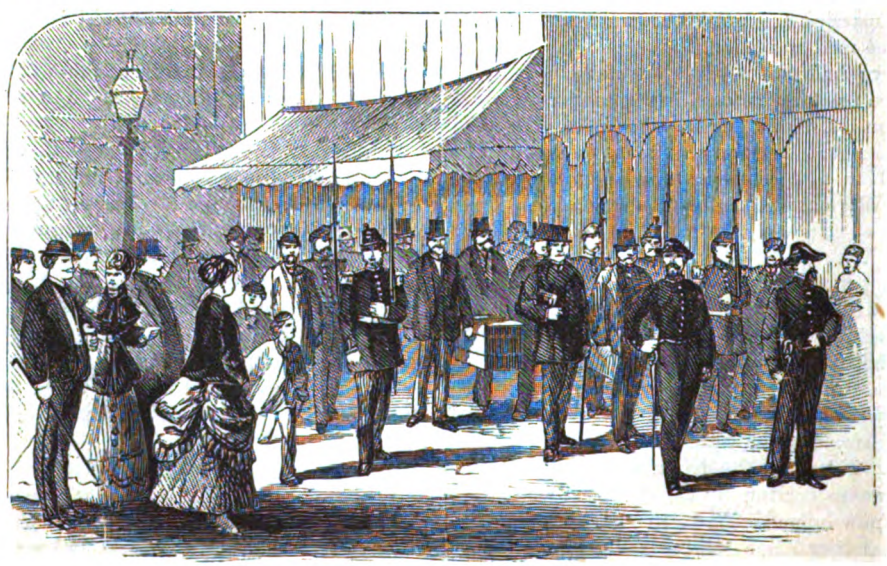
bring—jewels, gorgeous silks, laces, bijouterie, delicate cates, to tempt a voluptuous taste.

There were other lines there, darker, fouler, scarlet with sin, which I read not yet; for I loved her, I idolized all this; I excused her. This warm, Oriental nature, I thought, must not be measured by the straight-laced Puritan rules which would do for the cold in clime, who are, therefore, cold in blood. Her needs are different, and her indolent grace, her sleepy eyes, which seem only to hold passion in a leash, whence it may spring at any time like a wild and untamed beast, her blood that kindles to flame, her aimless, voluptuous life — all these I laid to the charge of that Spanish ancestress.

"Poor Dolores! Was she to blame for the faults which had been handed down ready made from the past? She was dowered with the faults and frailties of her dead ancestors as with her hair and eyes."

And I was happy for a while. To see that face near me, to note the indolent grace with which she floated rather than walked about the house, to take a stroll on the beach sometimes, and watch the eyes of Dolores kindle till the amber lights came into them like a sunshine, to touch the shining head with its gold-bronze folds of softest hair — only to be near her, filled me with a delicious happiness that was almost akin to pain.

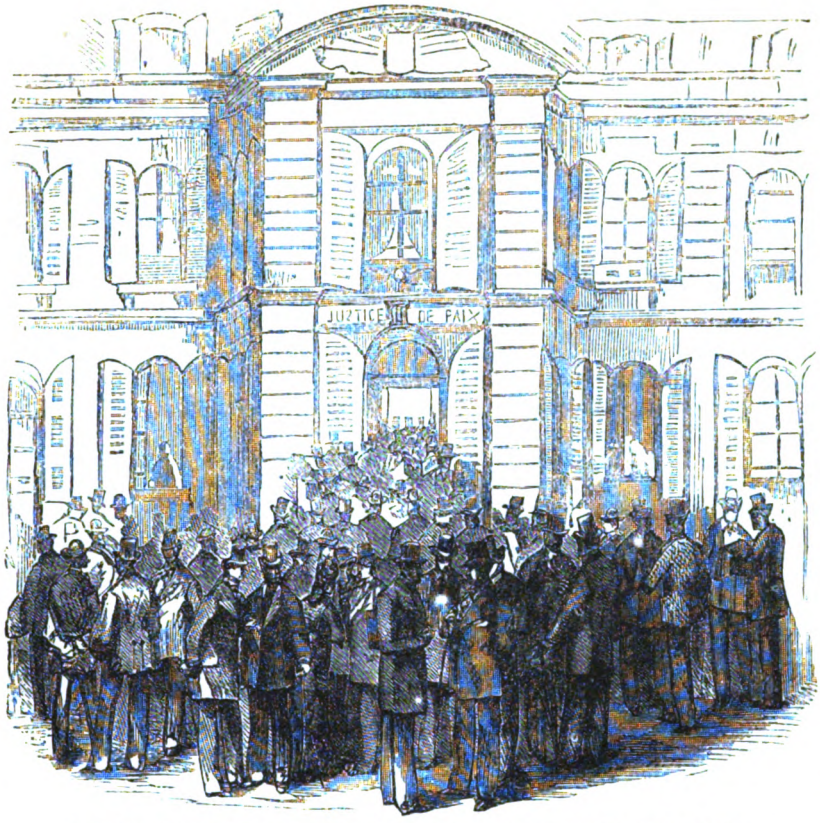
I was sorry when people began to flock out to see us; but Dolores exhausted herself in her efforts to please. She began to sing again, and I heard "Qu'elle est Jolie" ringing through the



CARRYING THE ELECTORAL URNS FROM THE POLLS.

little parlor in an arch, insinuating voice, which somehow brought up the concert-room with its very tone, and made me feel that the temple of home was desecrated. But I stifled such ethereal notions, for I knew Dolores would not understand them. I sighed over my broken dream as I saw the old hunger for applause, the old desire to be seen and admired, stirring in her heart.

One evening there seemed to be a hush in nature. The sun, red-hued, had sunk to rest amid a vaporous, rose-flushed haze that still lingered in the horizon; the air had swooned away and died of heat; not one of the white fleet of lilies in the garden stirred a silken sail.



HOW ELECTIONS ARE CONDUCTED IN FRANCE.—CROWD AWAITING THE RESULT.

I stepped out quietly on the little piazza, while Dolores sat by the piano and languidly waited the turning of the leaves. A gentleman—Captain Sinclair—was performing this task, and I could not help stopping at the window to look in at the gay picture—my wife in an amber-hued dress of some gauzy material that floated about her like woven sunshine. It was made low in the neck. Her beautiful arms and shoulders were covered, but not concealed, by soft, puffed lace. A coral pin fastened the lace at her throat, and a scarlet flower lit up the dusk-bronze of her hair. Her voice sounded out full and strong in a song of Béranger as I looked in at her—"Encore des amours." She always sang French songs. They suited the tones of her voice, which was sweet, but not capable of varied expression—a voice which never deepened to pathos, and could only rise to a shallow, glittering, false sentiment, or (the thought smote me then, and seemed to quiver in my heart like a poisoned arrow) to a seeming passion full of dangerous, implied meanings. This thought struck me as I saw Dolores raise her eyes to Captain Sinclair while, in a clear, rich voice, she sang the line—

"Ma voix encore a des chants amoureux."

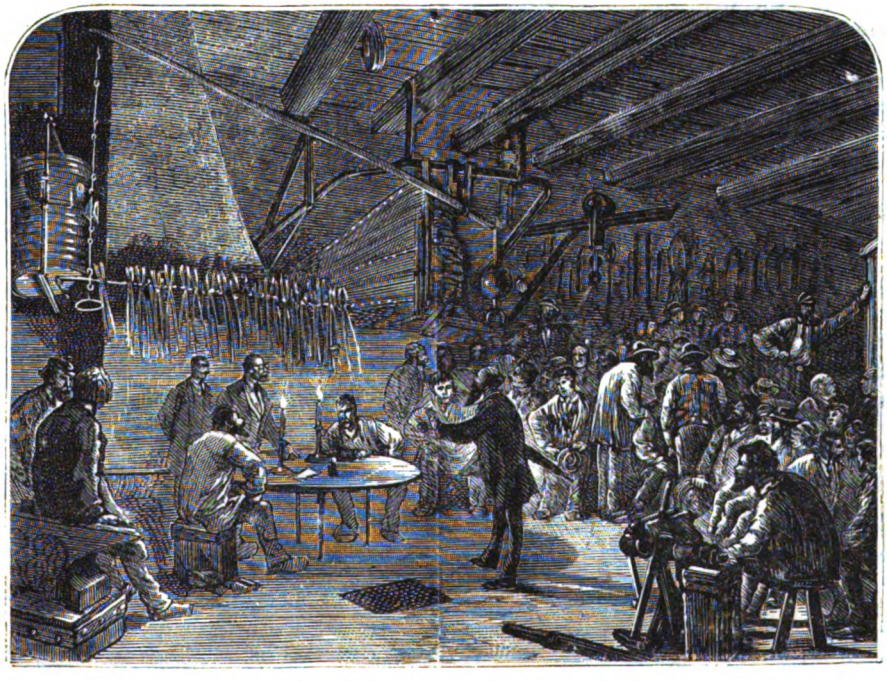
I had seen that look before. I knew how the amber lights floated in the eyes, how ripe and red were the lips that trembled with the words, and I turned away, half stunned by the sight.

As I went, some one near the window said, "What a beauty she is!" in a low tone.

"That fatal gift—beauty!" returned the other, significantly.

And I then walked about, thinking of that word, "fatal," with a thousand suggestions tearing and gnawing like wild beasts at my heart. What did the man mean by *fatal?*

Then I began to have a contempt for myself, to be so disturbed by a look and



AN ELECTION-MEETING IN A SUBURB OF PARIS.

a line of song. Why, Dolores never knew what she sang, and her eyes were made for such glances. But I said to her the next morning, while she languidly sipped her coffee:

"My love, Captain Sinclair comes here a good deal."

"Does he?" with a slow look.

"Yes. You've noticed it. Turns the leaves of your music-book, and hangs about you always."

"So he does," letting her glance fall indolently on the cup again.

"And, Dolores, you must never sing that song again. There's nothing in the words, I believe; but I don't choose my wife to sing again, and look as she did last night at any other man."

I was conscious that I was making a fool of myself, because I could not define the glance, half passionate, half tempting, which she had given to Captain Sinclair.

I expected the scorn that kindled in her eyes, the flush that made her face so ravishingly beautiful, and I was ready then to beg forgiveness.

"Are you going crazy, Arthur?" she said. "What is Captain Sinclair to me?"

"I don't know," I said. "A worshiper, I think."

"You can forbid him the house, if you like," she said; "but I am not a slave. My voice and my eyes are free."

I was silent. I had no more to say. I resolved to bide my time, and watch. I could not forbid Captain Sinclair's visits on the ground that my wife looked at him; so it went on. The man was always there. I looked at him sometimes with a feeling almost like pity, struggling with the fiercest jealousy in my heart. How, step by step, he plunged deeper and deeper into a fatal passion for Dolores! I could remember the same steps in my own experience. I had seen all those witching wiles before, every piquant pout of the crimson lips, every flash of the amber eyes that flooded one's heart with sunshine, every lithe, undulating motion of that figure that seemed to float to music as if it "modulated so to an unheard melody"—all were familiar to me, all had been tried on me, and a maddening doubt glided, cold and slimy as a snake, into my heart as I watched. Had this woman ever loved me?

I grew restless and feverish. I could settle down to nothing; but my wife seemed to blossom into a fuller beauty. The atmosphere of adoration which she breathed agreed with her. My heart fails me as I go on. Although this record can never be produced against me, although no earthly tribunal can ever take this case before its bar, yet I shrink from writing down the words of confession; yet I feel that only so can I find a little respite from the torture that gnaws my heart day and night. I have confessed to God; but He sees cause and effect. He can weigh "motive, condition, means, appliances," and I can trust His mercy; but I tremble at the thought of my fellow-man; and yet, before many suns shall crimson in the west I shall be beyond the reach of human words of censure or praise.

Weeks moved their slow length along, and the leaves grew crimson with the first frost. A like deadly frost had blighted my life, and the blood seemed to tear madly through my veins, a consuming fire burned in my heart and brain; for I began to loathe the false smiles which Dolores gave me, and the siren songs she sung, and the tender words which sometimes fell from her lips. Then, at times, a fierce love possessed me and overwhelmed my reason, and I would snatch her to my heart and almost crush her in an agonized embrace.

"This party, Arthur?" she said, one morning as I was going to town. "You hate all such affairs, I know."

"Whose?" I asked, abruptly.

"There's that horrid wrinkle on your forehead again!" she cried, passing her velvet-soft hand over the place. "Poor boy! he shall not be bored; he shall stay at home with his paper and a meerschaum, and have his little Eden all to himself, so he shall."

"Eden, oh! ah, yes! the trail of the serpent is over the flowers, of course," I answered, gloomily. "Let me see—where is this party?"

"At the Grays'."

"I'll leave it to you to decline."

"Very well; I'll decline for you."

"And for yourself," I said, positively.

She made a pretty little gesture of indifference to my words, and said:

"Oh, no; I shall go."

"Alone?"

"Oh, some one will see me home. You know your little wife is never at a loss."

"I know that, to my sorrow," I said. "Dolores, have you ever given up even a whim for my sake? Won't you do it now? Make me happy by giving up this party."

"What an absurdity!" she said, with the light absolutely blazing in her eyes. "Can you only be happy when other people make sacrifices to you, like some grim old idol who is supposed to find pleasure in burnt offerings? You want me to offer up all my little plans and pleasures—roasted to death, I suppose, for your enjoyment. No, sir! If you aspire to goodness, be happy, as the good men are in the biographies; find your happiness in seeing others happy, as I shall be to-morrow night."

"I believe you, Dolores," I said, angrily; "it is your life. What a pity I ever took you from that eternal *fête* in the concert-room for this dull home! What a fool I was to suppose any humdrum love of one man would atone for the adoration of the choice spirits there!"

Her eyes blazed and kindled.

"You are right," she said. "You made a mistake."

"Which I shall atone for by a life-long misery!" I exclaimed; "which you are consoling yourself for by fresh conquests."

She rose to leave the room, in her slow way. No anger could make her movements quick or busy, no irritation change the music of her voice—contained, measured, full of resolute purpose to please herself.

"Dolores," I said, "you will not go?"

"I will go!"

"But I make it a test of your love. You vowed that you loved me once. Are you a lie through and through?"

"I will go!"

So she floated softly out of the room. I hurried out also, out into the crisp, fresh Autumn air that blew in dank from the sea. I heard the thunder of the waves on the beach, I saw the sun-bleached sand, the waters beat, and the gold-green mosses, and the sand-hills brown. The beach-birds fluttered, and a gray gull wheeled over my head.

For one mad moment I thought of plunging into the cold waves there, for ever to cool the fever of heart and brain; but could I leave her—Dolores—to live, to be happy, to cheat, to allure some other man to her siren arms, some other soul to make shipwreck of himself on that stony rock—her heart?

I could not; I must see this play to the end; I must see the curtain fall and the lights go out upon this stage. I staggered, as one blinded, back to the house, with a mad hope once more to try argument, remonstrance, passionate pleading on this woman.

I went into the little room where we had been talking. A faint violet odor that she loved thrilled me like her presence; I began to grow tender. Was I not too exacting with this young creature, whom God had made so gloriously

beautiful that all the world must see it and bow at her shrine? Why had I put her love to such a test, so rashly daring the worst?

At the thought, I saw a bit of paper in the grate; it was half consumed, and I picked it up absently to light my cigar. Dolores had never expected the treacherous fire to spare that line. I looked at it with careless eye at first; but the letters danced before me in a moment, as if written in light. Only the signature of a letter—all the rest was burned; but how well I could supply all from my bursting brain!—

"Yours only, my love, my darling,
"ROBERT SINCLAIR."

I started out once more; I waited no longer. No tender word, no caress could blot out those words, which seemed written everywhere. How I reached the office I never knew, for the ground seemed to rise and fall beneath my feet, the sea surged in my ears.

"And yet, and yet," I said, "I have no proof that my wife permitted this thing. A pure wife may be adored. Her purity is sullied only when she permits the adoration."

But I sat still with the accursed paper before me, idly imitating the hand, in a purposeless way at first, but at last with a strange delight at my perfect success. Some day I would use this power, I said, and know and dare the worst.

Does the Evil One stand ready at such hours to tempt us to our heart's desire for the bargain of a human soul? I know not. But I know that at that moment a sudden knock disturbed my reverie, and I called out, in an absent way:

"Come in!"

Satan did not present himself, in this instance, as an angel of light. A villainous-looking man in a sailor's dress entered. He had only one eye, but that leered about with the acuteness and vicious expression of two. A great scar stretched over one cheek and buried itself in his mouth. A wisp of yellow hair, lighter than his bronzed skin, hung down over his forehead.

He came in with a mysterious air, as though charged with some important mission, and his one eye regarded me in a questioning way. I understood it at once.

"Oh, I don't want any smuggled goods," I said, impatiently.

"You're a oner," he said, with a laugh and an oath. "'Ave you bin in the business, that you know the uniform so well?"

"No, but I've seen enough of the tribe," I answered.

"I say, now—come, now, have a look—don't charge nothin' for that," he persisted, and I idly allowed him to display his goods, glad to be won for a moment from harassing thoughts.

I looked at the queer, shiny silks, which the fellow praised with unblushing front; at the jewelry, with strange arabesques in blue and crimson, which looked as if it might have been found in the Alhambra; at silver filigree cases, and amber-tipped meerschaums; but I disappointed the smuggler sorely in the end. I did not rouse from the apathy I was in, even to inquire the price of anything.

His one eye grew clouded.

"You'll never see another lot like this here," he remarked; "if I dared sell 'em open I'd make a fortune."

"Oh, of course," I answered, incredulously; "but what's that odd, Indian-looking affair got in it?"

I had caught sight of a very handsome, elaborately-carved jewel-case. The wood was black as ebony, and inlaid in a rare manner. I thought at once that this was stolen, not smuggled, goods.

"Never you mind; you don't want to buy," the man said, sulkily.

My curiosity was roused.

"Come, my good fellow, let me see that article, which is really curious and rare, and I will give you something for the time you have spent in showing me all those gimcracks I did not care to see."

The man took up the jewel-case in an undecided way.

"You wouldn't blow on a cove?" he asked.

"Oh, no—I give you my word."

"You're right about it," he said; "it came from Injy. My cousin was in the war there, and this was what he called his 'loot'—plunder, ye know, sir—at Lucknow. I've heard him tell, often, how he finished a couple of Sikhs to get into the Kaiserbagh; and when he came across this—my eyes!—he expected nothin' less than diamonds. He made off with it, and, blazes! wasn't he mad when he found the case was the best part of it! But he's dead now, poor fellow, and I suppose he's satisfied."

The fellow gave me one more sly look, and slowly opened the case. I saw there a pair of bracelets of some sort of carved wood, or it might be of some resinous gum, I could not tell which. They were carved in medallion style—heads of various grotesque shapes, some of animals, with a strange human likeness and expression; others, the faces of men, with horrible leers and animal viciousness about them. Altogether, they were ugly, inexplicable affairs, yet handsome in their way, with clasps of massive gold.

As I stared at them they seemed to leer at me in an odd way. I could almost have sworn that the queer faces took on life and regarded me with a knowing look.

"Is the case the best part of it?" I asked.

"Yes; 'cos why, he found out that these here things are rank p'ison. An old Injun woman made out some twisted old letters on the clasp, and it said, 'O death, I shake hands with thee,' in some flowery words—poetry, I reckon. So he never dared to sell 'em, and he gave 'em to me when he died."

"But you'll sell them?" I said, in sudden eagerness, a thought mounting into my brain like strong new wine.

"What for? Blast it!" he said, "are you tired of living?"

"I want them as curiosities," I said. "I have an Indian cabinet, etc.," I went on improvising, in a headlong and excited manner.

The fellow brought the glance of his one eye to bear upon me, and I felt as though a dark lantern had been suddenly turned with its full ray upon my heart.

"Well, as a curiosity," he said, slowly, and named a fabulous price.

I had the money there, drawn for the firm, but I could make it up again. It would take all my little savings for months, but I cared nothing for that.

"When do you leave the place?" I asked, in as careless a tone as possible.

Oh, how devilish looked that one eye then! I thought it must read my soul.

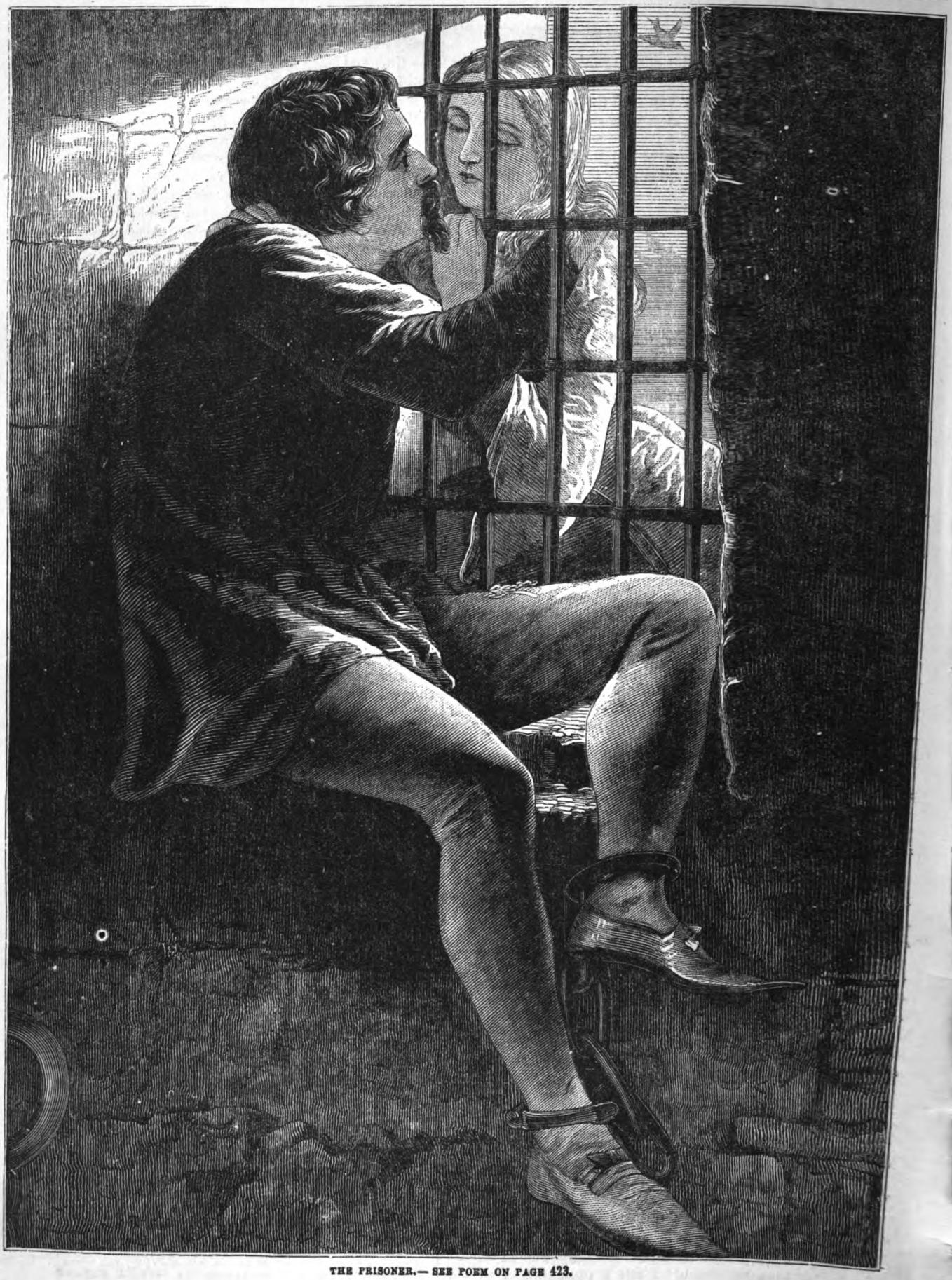
"Well, I don't find a very good market here—city's got too much already. I reckoned on going up north, an' tryin' the rural lay—quiet country-houses; them's the places; hain't seen nothin'—verdant—overcome with admiration. I'm goin' to try it."

"Very well," I said, and he went away.

I did not take the bracelets in my hand or look at them again. I sealed them up in white paper, and wrote a line in the hand I had been imitating all day:

"My darling, if you love me only—me alone—you will wear these, *my gift*, at the party. I shall look for this token, and read in it that you are mine."

And I signed this little billet "Robert Sinclair."



THE PRISONER.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 423.

DOLORES.—"I CREPT NEARER, TILL I STOOD BY THE WINDOW WHERE THEY WERE."—SEE PAGE 423.

I looked in dull admiration at the forgery when it was done. How perfect it was! The hand was a free, grand one, with a great sweep of the curves. I questioned whether the gentleman himself would have known his writing from mine.

It was easy to find a negro in the street with whom I had some acquaintance. I gave him orders to leave the parcel at the door of my house, with no message, and then my work was done.

I had dared all. I had put it to the test. I kept saying: "If she is true to me, she is safe; if she is false, let her die."

But I could not calm myself with such thoughts. The blood leaped through my veins, and felt like a lava tide; a hundred strange voices hissed in my ears; my lips grew dry and parched, though I drank again and again; my hands shook so that I could not hold the pen.

DOLORES.—"AS I STARED AT THEM THEY SEEMED TO LEER AT ME IN AN ODD WAY."

What a fever-dream was that long day! I went home at night weary and worn as with a week's vigils. Dolores came down smiling to meet me. Her face was calm as ever. I read no new intelligence in the lambent eyes. Her dress, of some warm wine-color, fell in the same graceful folds about her lithe, undulating figure. Her hair was drawn back in shining folds, and a wax-white camellia gleamed in its golden gloom.

She was kind, almost caressing, that night; but I shrank in horror from her touch. I felt a presentiment of her coming doom in that calm, untroubled air. Nothing moved her then; the despair, the ruin of mortal hopes, the hearts of men were but as toys in her hand.

I did not relent. Let Fate do her worst now; the future held nothing worse for me. A line of Tennyson's rang ever through my brain:

"Better thou wert dead before me, though I slew thee with my hand."

Better, a thousand times better, than to see her false, dragging my name—the inheritance I had received unsullied from the Puritan ancestors—through the mire of passion and of sin.

She was a long time dressing for that party, but I waited patiently; I sat by the fire in seeming calm. No allusion had been made to the subject. I waited; still, the quietness was but the outer shell. In my heart and brain all was chaos—a seething, restless hell. I heard the distant murmur on the beach, and the wind brought the mutterings of a storm. I knew that clouds, black with thunder, were hanging low over the blackened main; that the mists, cold and damp, were creeping up the sloping sand, over the salt sea-grasses; and I heard the dark javelins of the rain against the window.

Would she go? I heard, above all, the light step on the stair, and the low, musical laugh, as Dolores flung open the door.

"Enter, the belle of the ball!" she cried, in a nonchalant way, as she swept in.

She stood in the full lamplight, as I looked up. She was dressed in a pale-green crape that fell in waves, as of the sea, about her, every wave crested with silver fringe;

DOLORES.—"BUT I UNCLASPED THE DEVILISH MANACLES."

but I looked only at the round, white arms. The *bracelets* were there!

Yet she did not pale before my eyes; not a hue changed; the crimson glow on cheek and lip burned on, the will-o'-the-wisp lights that floated in her eyes did not die out; the hand, soft as velvet, strong as steel, that touched me, did not even tremble; it was firmer than mine.

Bah! I had been the sport of the one-eyed sailor. I had paid a fabulous price for a worthless bauble. I seized the hand firmly in mine.

"New trinkets?" I said, carelessly. "I have never seen these before."

Not a muscle moved, not a tremor shook the voice. What a consummate actress the woman was!

"These are an heirloom," she said, laughing, "handed down from my Spanish grandmother. Did I never show them to you? They are grim old Indian gods, I believe."

I looked into her eyes for a moment. The lights that gleam but to betray shone there, nothing more.

Then I glanced at the bracelets. I fancied a subtle wisdom in some of the heads—a consciousness of a strange mission, a devilish glee in their work, a serpent-like venom in their expression of good-fellowship with me, as if I were one of them, an imp of evil.

"Well! you study the things long enough!" said Dolores, with some impatience. "What can you be thinking of?"

"I was thinking of an old verse on 'Brahma'"·

> "If the red slayer think he slays,
> And if the slain think he is slain,
> They know not well the subtle ways
> I take, and turn and come again."

"Most uncommon nonsense, I should say!" exclaimed Dolores, sweeping softly back and forward while she waited for the carriage.

"Dolores!" I exclaimed, suddenly, "throw off those devil's manacles, and stay with me."

"I think we have finished up that subject," she said, quietly.

"Is it so—no last word to be said?"

"None—there is the carriage—make yourself happy."

"As you will?"

"Yes," and she swept out of the room.

Was that all—was that the last word. I waited an hour in the torment of hell—in a fire that burned but did not consume. Then I went out into a fierce-beating rain, which I did not feel. I heard the wild billows raging on the shore like an assaulting army. I saw the fiery arrows of the lightning strike through the black clouds. I heard the rattle and boom of the grand artillery of heaven as one who heard not.

I could not wait. I must watch for myself the march of the avenger. I must be there at the supreme moment when the blow should fall. I staggered along the dark path—lit now and then with livid light, which deepened the gloom, with no relenting thoughts. I was not hastening to save the woman who had wrecked my peace, but to see her die! The blood raced through my veins like liquid fire. I stopped now and then to press the masses of dripping foliage to my face. I muttered once with hot, parched lips, "God pity me!" Then I remembered, how could He pity me, who had murder in my heart?

How I reached the lighted house I know not. I lingered about it. I dared not go in with my dripping clothes; but some of the lace curtains were drawn aside, and I looked in.

How bright it all was, and gay! The dance went on, the music rose and fell, and surged out on the night. I saw the white gleam of the statuary—the drooping ferns, and broad leaves, velvet-soft, trailing from urns of bronze and gold; but I did not look at these, or at the myriad of bright-robed dancers that floated near. I saw her at last—my wife!

The soft splendor of the light fell on her—on the shimmering gold of her hair—on the warm rose-tints of her cheek—on the passion-full languors of her eyes—on the wave-green folds of her dress, crested with its silver foam!

I knew so well who stood near her in such a rapt, adoring way, I had no need to look at him; I only stared at this Undine, who had never found her soul—this soulless siren, who had such power to charm the souls of men. I saw her hold out her hand with a pretty gesture that I understood. She was showing the bracelets to her lover.

And he was in the dark about it all, of course. I crept nearer, till I stood by the window where they were. Then I saw him say something, with an eager, pleading look. Was she paling at his words? or had she caught a glimpse of my ghastly face, pressed hard against the storm-beaten panes?

Then the green waves rose and fell before me like the billows of an angry sea; silvery crests of foam flowers burst from every wave. Was it the lurid glare from the storm-cloud that made the whole revel like the dance of death; or was it my brain, reeling in delirium and despair?

Ah! I could see once more. I clung to the wet railing, and peered in.

I could see, in spite of the fiery sparks that whirled before my bloodshot eyes, the dance was over. They were crowding around something—their faces were all ghastly—livid, with frightened eyes and white lips. What was it? I must see for myself. I pushed among the crowd. No one had presence of mind to be surprised. I forced my way, all dripping as I was, and heard some one say, "Good God—here is her husband!"

Dead, my friends—stone dead—white as the driven sea foam—with that last smile given to him, frozen on her lips—dead in the midst of her pretty little allurements—her simulated passions—her soft coquetries—dead! and may God have mercy on her soul and mine!

I saw Robert Sinclair lean over her for a moment with a rigid, stricken face. He felt as if God had laid His hand upon her to hold him back from sin; and he shuddered the next moment in strong convulsions.

But I was calm—for the time at least. I gave the needful directions. I saw her laid down on the bed in her own bright room. I was left a moment alone with the body. I hurried to the task—the bracelets!

Could I touch the marble-cold hands—I, the murderer? I shook from head to foot. I thought the fingers closed with cold and deathly touch on mine—that the demoniac heads grew instinct with life—that the eyes shot sparks of fire—that they rolled out their forked tongues; but I unclasped the devilish manacles, and cast them into the fire. I looked at the white arms, and saw on each livid bands of a violet blue.

Ah, then, what sounds and sights! I saw the demon eyes leering at me from the hot brands. I heard a hundred tongues crying out:

"Murderer!" "He is here!"

Then a friendly darkness rushed in, and stilled the hellish torment; and I was insensible.

Brain-fever they called it. How merciful it was to lay down life, as it were, when it became torment! When I came to myself, all had been over for weeks—nothing of my wrecked happiness—nothing of my crime left but memories. Ah! and is not that too much—too much? "Oh, Death, I have shaken hands with thee!"

A NIGHT AMONG THE LIONS OF THE VAAL RIVER.

By Charles Walter Kinloch.

IT was in the year 1840, when residing at Graham's Town, in the Cape Colony, during a temporary absence from India on sick leave, that I was induced to join a hunting expedition formed in that city, with a view to exploring the wild and little-frequented country lying to the northward of the River Vaal.

My companions were a young officer of the Bombay army, who has since died in the service of his country, and a Bengal civilian, who is now in the Church—and who, I trust, may long live to adorn, by his learning and his doctrine, the profession of which he has made choice.

Our party comprised thirteen persons in all, the European portion being represented by my two friends, myself, and one or two English servants, and the African by blacks of various denominations and tints, from the copper-colored Malay of the Cape, to the ebon-skinned negro of Mozambique.

My two companions and myself were each provided with a commodious traveling-wagon, in the centre of which was a bed comfortably made upon a cartel, or frame, attached to the flanks of the vehicle by means of leathern straps. To the sides of the tent, or roof of the wagon, were appended canvas bags, for carrying such articles as were required for daily use, and above these, again, were laid our guns and rifles, which were secured to the roof by small leathern lashings. Fore and aft were large chests, containing our stock of gunpowder and lead, and a variety of tools for repairing the wagons in case of need—the side boxes being filled with plates and knives and forks, and other articles appertaining to the dinner-table.

A fourth wagon carried our supplies of provisions, calculated for a journey of six months' duration; a large stock of beads, brass-wire, tobacco, snuff and cheap gew-gaws, to barter with the wild tribes of the interior; and last, but not least, three thousand pounds of oats—a highly important part of the outfit, seeing how greatly the success of the expedition would depend on our horses reaching the hunting-ground in good condition for the chase.

Our route lay through the colonial townships of Somerset, Cradock Town and Colesberg, and thence across the Orange River, over a treeless, barren waste of three hundred miles or more, to the willow-fringed banks of the Vaal, and to the richly wooded Cashan Mountains, situated some ten or twelve miles to the northward of the latter river.

The Vet River, the last of the numerous streamlets that lay between us and the plains of the Vaal, was already some marches in our rear. Our path, which for some days had run over a slightly undulating country, intersected by occasional sandhills and stony ridges, had now entered upon a vast expanse of desert, whose arid and shrubless soil, covered only here and there by a few patches of a shrubby kind of heather, stretched away in our front till lost sight of in the blue haze of the far-distant horizon. There was literally nothing to relieve the dismal monotony of the scene, save in one direction, to the southwest, where three table-shaped hills could be discerned rising out of the illimitable waste, and presenting to the traveler the one sole object in the dreary landscape for his eye to rest upon.

As we plunged deeper into the pathless waste, the game became more and more abundant. Troops of the wildebeest, followed by long lines of the blessbok and springbok, came continually bounding across our track.

Leaving the caravan one morning to pursue its course, my two friends and myself, attended by my English servant, Watson, struck across the country in pursuit of the game. We speedily bagged a fine springbok, which fell to a well-directed shot from the captain's rifle, and after hunting the wildebeest for some hours, we all joined company again on the top of an undulating slope, where we dismounted, preparatory to making an attempt to ride down the quagga, which we had just seen for the first time. Accordingly, leaving my two friends to follow the trail of a wounded wildebeest which they had just discovered, I mounted my trusty steed, "Samson," and taking Watson with me, mounted on my fleetest horse, "Chaka," we rode in the direction where the quaggas had been observed. We soon perceived the troop, and had arrived within a hundred yards of their rearward ranks before they took alarm. There they stood, a goodly troop indeed, gazing at their pursuers, with nostrils distended and with ears erect!

Poor creatures! how vain were all their efforts! of how little avail their symmetry of form and fleetness of foot when opposed to the superior speed of the trained horse, and his greater power of enduring fatigue.

A sharp gallop of three miles brought one of the herd to a stand—a fine, handsome stallion. Dispatching him with a single ball, delivered at arm's length, I again pushed on to join my servant, Watson, who, half a mile in advance, was now in the very thick of the troop. Singling out a dashing young colt, we gave him chase, when, after a burst of a mile, having run him to a stand, we endeavored to capture him by means of a lasso, in the hope of bringing him alive to the camp; but after making several ineffectual efforts to secure him, we abandoned the attempt as impracticable, and our stock of animal food being low, we were compelled, in the interest of our numerous followers, to destroy him.

A single bullet sufficed to do the work, and death was instantaneous—a far less terrible death than that which would probably have awaited him a few hours later, in the stealthy attack of the savage lion or the fiercer onslaught of the famished wolf.

Watson was in high glee at so successful a termination to the day's sport, and as he busied himself in cutting up the quarry, an operation in which he showed considerable dexterity, he was loud in praise of his own horsemanship and of the qualities of the noble animal he had ridden, and if, he said, I would only mount him on the same good steed again, he would engage, should the opportunity offer, to ride down the "Old Gentleman" himself.

In this idle strain of rhodomontade did Watson continue to indulge, until I called his attention to the propriety of our seeking for the track of the wagons. It wanted about an hour of sunset when we remounted our horses to return to camp. Neither of us had a very clear idea of the direction in which the wagons had proceeded, but we felt pretty certain, from the position of the three table-shaped hills to which I have referred, that an easterly course would bring us on the track.

Riding, therefore, in that direction, we came almost immediately upon a wagon-road; that this could not be our road, however, seemed quite evident from the circumstance of its proximity to the scene of the quagga hunt, and also from there being no fresh cattle-marks upon it. We crossed it, therefore, and continued riding to the eastward until the sun went down, when, seeing no trace of a second road we both began to entertain some doubt in regard to the one we had left behind us, more particularly as it seemed

A NIGHT AMONG THE LIONS OF VAAL RIVER.—"RUSHING UP THE BROKEN BANK OF THE RAVINE, GUN IN HAND, I DISCHARGED, AT TEN YARDS' DISTANCE, BOTH BARRELS DIRECTLY IN THE LION'S FACE."— SEE PAGE 431.

to run in the direction we believed our wagons to have taken.

In the hope, therefore, that it might, after all, prove to be the road which we were in search of, and that some accident might possibly have retarded the advance of the caravan, we turned our horses' heads to the west, and reached the road before dark. Finding, however, no fresh "spoor" upon it, we determined to ride back on this road, in the belief that if it did not conduct us to our wagons, it would, at least, lead us to an "out-span," or halting-place, where we might obtain fuel for a fire. After continuing this course for nearly two hours by the light of the moon, we at length arrived at an "out-span," situated upon the bank of a partially dry rivulet.

"INSTANTLY SPRINGING TO OUR FEET, WE SEIZED PIECES OF THE RED-HOT FIRE AND HURLED THEM IN THE DIRECTION OF OUR ENEMIES."

Here we resolved to pass the night. Accordingly, having taken off our saddles and knee-haltered the horses, we

set about collecting a sufficient supply of dried cattle-dung to last us through the long Winter's night. Selecting a sheltered part of the ravine, Watson proceeded to light a fire, whilst I was engaged in tending the two horses, as they browsed at a distance of some fifty yards from the bank of the rivulet.

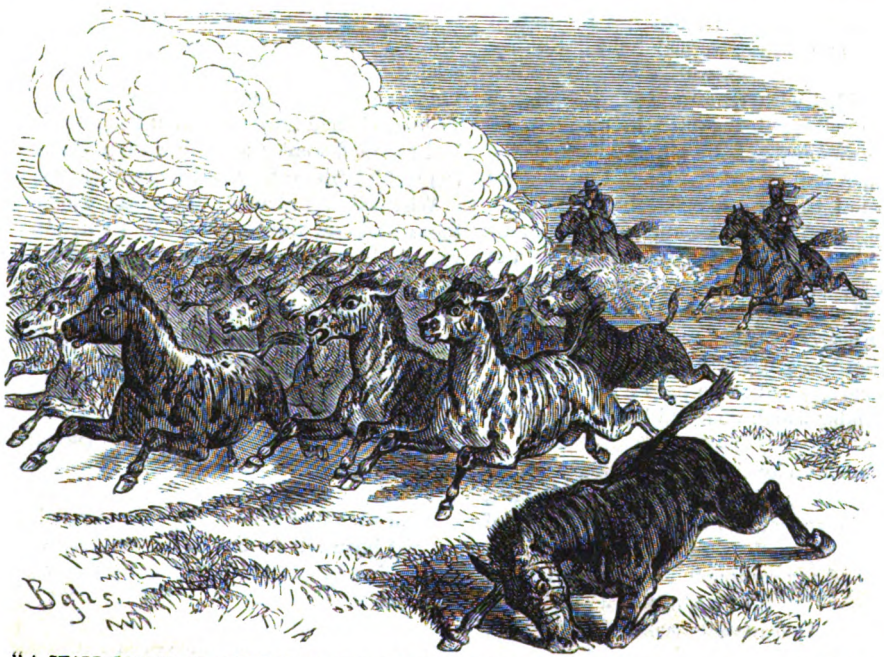
"WITH THE FIRST STREAK OF DAWN WE SAW THE LIONS, FIVE IN NUMBER, SLOWLY RETIRING FROM THE SCENE OF THEIR BLOODY FEAST."

As the fire began to burn brightly, I quitted my post to join my servant, but before I had time to reach him, a wild and piercing scream from my trusty steed "Samson," distinctly audible above the deep and deafening roar of his powerful assailant, informed me of the melancholy fate of my valued horse.

Rushing up the broken bank of the ravine, gun in hand, I discharged, at ten yards' distance, both barrels of my gun directly in the lion's face. Instantly quitting his prey, the savage beast sprang to his feet with an angry growl, and bounding along the bank of the stream, was soon lost to my sight, whilst the scarred and mutilated horse staggered away in the opposite direction, "startling the dull ear of night" with his fearful screams. At the same time a succession of piercing shrieks, in another direction, told me of the fate of my remaining horse, as he lay not fifty yards away, vainly struggling to free himself from the strong gripe of his feline enemy. Every one who has read Cooper's novel, "The Last of the Mohicans," will doubtless recollect the striking scene in which "Hawkeye" and his little party, whilst taking refuge in the cavern, are suddenly startled by the loud, shrill cry of the wounded horse, and how, on that occasion, even the Indians themselves, accustomed as they had been from their infancy to note every sound of man and beast, were utterly unable to explain the unnatural cry which then assailed their ears.

Strange and unearthly as is the scream of the horse, yet in our case there was not a moment's doubt as to how or whence the sound had originated, and the rude, yet forcible, exclamation of my servant, "By Jove, sir, we're in for it!" was scarcely needed to explain the nature of the catastrophe, or to tell us that we had fallen into a den of lions!

We were entirely destitute of ammunition; any attempt, therefore, to recover the horses before morning would have been as vain as it would have been dangerous. Abandoning them, therefore, to their fate, we proceeded to take what precaution we could toward securing our own personal safety during the remainder of the night; and with this view we shifted our quarters from the bed of the rivulet to the bank above it,



"A SHARP GALLOP OF THREE MILES BROUGHT ONE OF THE HERD TO A STAND—A FINE, HANDSOME STALLION. DISPATCHING HIM WITH A SINGLE BALL, DELIVERED AT ARM'S LENGTH, I AGAIN PUSHED ON TO JOIN MY SERVANT."

where we kindled two fires, between which we crouched throughout the long hours of that fearful night.

Though destitute of ball, we had, fortunately, plenty of powder, and were thus enabled to fire blank cartridge repeatedly during our long vigil. Our conversation, which, as may be supposed, was exceedingly limited in its range, was carried on in a key considerably above the ordinary pitch of the human voice. This was frequently interrupted by the howling of wolves and jackals, and by the deeper growl of the lions, "as they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead." Toward midnight the moon sank beneath the horizon, and everything became suddenly wrapped in darkness, which the feeble flickering of our fire served only to intensify.

There had not been a sound, or even a breath, for an hour at least, to disturb the deathlike stillness that reigned around, and I had been speculating on the chances of our escape, and was thinking how little I had to hope from the energy of my companion, as by the murky light I perceived the tears to be trickling down his face, when I was suddenly aroused from these reflections by an unlooked-for danger. The wild beasts had unexpectedly surrounded our little position! One deep and deafening roar announced the arrival of the troop.

Instantly springing to our feet, we seized pieces of the red-hot fire and hurled them in the direction of our enemies. This had the immediate effect of making them retreat toward the ravine; nor did they again attempt to molest us.

It froze hard during the night, as I discovered by the thickness of the ice in the bed of the rivulet; but, though destitute of any covering save my ordinary day-clothes, I never experienced the slightest feeling of cold. The excitement produced by being thus suddenly thrust into a den of lions, by being lost in an uninhabited country, and being separated (as I then thought for ever) from my companions, rendered me wholly insensible to any mere bodily suffering.

With the first streak of dawn we saw the lions, five in number, slowly retiring from the scene of their bloody feast, and, as each surrounding object became gradually clearer at dawn of day, the mangled carcasses of the two horses met our view on the opposite side of the rivulet, not a hundred yards distant from the spot where we had held our weary watch.

Being wholly unprovided with ammunition, excepting a few charges of small shot, we determined to abandon all further search for the wagons, and to pursue, instead, the course of the track which had conducted us to the scene of the disastrous bivouac of the preceding night, and which, judging from the position of the table-mountain to which I have already adverted, appeared to run in the direction of the Vet River, across which our wagons had passed three days before, and on whose banks we had found located a small party of emigrant Boers. Although these people had then displayed anything but a friendly spirit toward us, we thought they could scarcely refuse to help us now, in the trying circumstances under which we should claim their aid and hospitality.

A powerful motive for the adoption of this course of action was the belief that, in our retrograde movement toward the Vet River, we should sooner or later strike the track of our own wagons, and if only so fortunate as to do this, my confidence in my own and my companion's physical powers was such as to induce a lively hope that whatever the distance might be to our camp, we should accomplish it before nightfall, and that our deliverance would be assured.

Accordingly, having cut a few slices off the mangled remains of our horses, and having deposited our saddles and bridles in a neighboring wolf-hole, we set forth on our dangerous journey, following the particular track I have indicated.

We had scarcely traveled a mile, however, before all traces of this road were lost, and, after expending nearly an hour in a fruitless endeavor to recover the trail, we gave up the search as hopeless. Nothing now remained for us but to shape a course of our own for the nearest point of the Vet River, by the aid of the three table-shaped hills, the whole of which were now clearly visible through the blue haze that wrapped the distant horizon. We had pushed on silently, but swiftly, for a couple of hours or more, without meeting with the slightest indication of a road on any side, and without hearing even a sound to break the painful stillness that reigned around. It was then, for the first time, that the awful position in which we were placed rose to my mind in all its terrible reality. My courage began to leave me, and I felt that God alone could save us. It was then my heart sent up a prayer to Heaven for deliverance—and the prayer was heard! On, on we went, with the same rapid steps for another hour, when suddenly, and at the same instant, we both became aware that we were approaching a well-defined wagon-road. It proved to be our long-lost road.

Those only who have been placed in similar circumstances of danger, and who have experienced the sickening effect of "hope deferred," can appreciate my feelings at that happy moment, and understand the fullness of my gratitude to God for our deliverance.

Taking up the trail of the caravan, we now pressed on with light hearts and renewed spirits, and by seven o'clock in the evening had the happiness of finding ourselves reunited to our party, after a separation from it of thirty hours, during which time we had neither slept nor tasted food, for the horseflesh, which we boiled and tried to eat, proved too tough and ropy to tempt even our keen appetites. I found our camp pitched upon a little stream called the Bloem Spruit, in the immediate vicinity of a party of Dutch emigrants.

These people, on hearing of our prolonged absence from the wagons, had kindly volunteered their services in prosecuting the search after us. The plains on which I had spent the memorable night of the fourth of July, they represented as being overrun by lions and hyenas, against whom a strong party of Boers had only very recently proceeded by the same track which had conducted myself and Watson to the scene of our unfortunate bivouac; and this quite explained how it was that the road by which the Boers had traveled went no further than the immediate limits of the rivulet where they had formed their camp.

What mighty changes have been wrought on the face of those wild and unpeopled plains since the time of which I write! Throughout the vast expanse of country which stretches away in a continuous succession of barren but undulating flats, from the Orange to the Vaal River—a distance of more than 300 miles—not a single township or village then existed. A few widely scattered farms, wherever a running stream promised a supply of water to the settler, alone at that day represented the germs of the republic which, under the designation of "the Free State," was soon to occupy and people that vast tract of territory.

The great emigration movement among the Dutch colonists of the Cape had already commenced, but its effect had not yet been felt on the distant banks of the Vaal, and the lion still held undisputed sway for many miles around that now far-famed stream. But the recent discoveries of diamonds and other precious stones upon its banks have attracted, and must continue still to attract, to those regions a perpetual stream of emigrants from every part of the world; and already, according to the latest estimate, no less

a number than 37,000 souls are supposed to be located on the two banks of the Vaal River, and engaged in the same pursuit of diamond-digging.

Little did the writer of this narrative dream, when engaged in 1840 in following an eland, or riding down an ostrich on the Vaal River plains, what untold riches were lying at his feet, and with no one to dispute his claim to their possession.

Had he or his companions had an inkling even, that, on the very surface of the soil over which they hourly passed, for many days together, there were lying precious stones which would have placed them all in a state of affluence for the rest of their natural lives, it is probable that a considerable portion of the time that had been given to the pleasures of the chase would have been devoted by them to the more profitable and exciting occupation of diamond-searching.

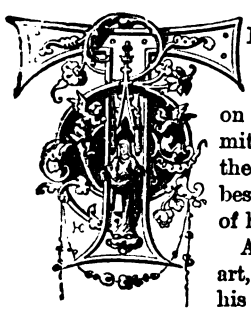
THE MARBLE MAIDEN; OR, THE LIVING STATUE.

A LEGEND OF FLORENCE.

CHAPTER I.

We build within our heart a shrine,
At which we worship. When at last
We find the idol not divine,
We tremble at its sight aghast!
And shudder as we see how near
We had worshiped all we hate and fear.

—ANON.



THE golden day was dying in Florence, as Guido, a young Italian sculptor, stood before the statue on which he had lavished with unremitting diligence for many months all the resources of his art. He had just bestowed upon it the finishing touches of his skill.

An enthusiastic votary of his divine art, his delight as he gazed upon this his masterpiece was transported into an absorbing passion. It was the ideal of all he had ever imagined of female loveliness, and it seemed as though he had hitherto turned a cold eye upon the living beauties of his native city merely to throw his adoration upon the shrine of an insensible statue.

The most fascinating maidens of Florence had endeavored to captivate his heart; and when one of the nobles of Tuscany had intimated to him that his daughter had become so attached to him that he had consented to overlook the discrepancy of rank, and bestow her, with a splendid dowry, upon him as his wife, Guido, after thanking the haughty father for his condescension and kindness, said that he was already married.

"Indeed!" replied the noble. "To whom?"

"My divine art."

The proud count was not sorry to receive the refusal, for it was a bitter disappointment to him that his only child, whom he had destined for the duke himself, should declare that her whole heart and soul had long been given to the young sculptor.

He had in vain combated against this strange infatuation, but as he loved his only child better than life itself, his ancestral pride gave way, and, thinking it was the only means of saving her life, he became himself the embassador of an offer which he felt assured would be welcomed with delight.

His astonishment and gratification may be well imagined when he heard the respectful declination of his offer. In his heart he resolved that Guido should never want a patron as long as he lived.

Taking his leave of the young sculptor with many expressions of admiration for his genius, he told his daughter part of Guido's avowal.

"My dear child, banish from your mind all thoughts of Signor Guido."

"Father," exclaimed the beautiful child, "has he refused me?"

"Yes," said the count.

"What," said the fair Beatrice; "has he refused me? I, who forgot the dignity of our house so far? Refused me!—I will kill him!"

As she said this, she raised her beautiful hand, whiter than the lily, in the air, as though she saw in it the visionary dagger which was to find an entrance to his heart if she could not.

"You are too hasty," replied her father. "You will vindicate him when you hear the reason."

"Speak!" said Beatrice. "Nothing but blood can wash away this scorn!"

As she uttered these last words, she paced the apartment with hasty strides, every footstep of which seemed to come from her heart.

"He is already wedded," replied the father.

"Villain!" almost shrieked Beatrice. "Oh, that he were here, that I might pluck the heart from out his bosom, and trample it thus—thus—thus!"

The next instant she threw herself into her father's arms in a half unconscious state.

CHAPTER II.

There are two moments in a diver's life—
One when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge;
Then when, a prince, he rises with his pearl.

—BROWNING.

NEVER before had Guido felt such ineffable ecstasy as now, when he beheld the triumph of his genius before him.

It had grown by slow degrees from a mere shapeless mass of stone into its present bewitching shape, and familiar as the handsome sculptor was with the most exquisite specimens of feminine beauty, he had seen nothing, not even in his dreams, comparable to this.

The fascination so grew upon him that it became an overpowering infatuation.

He gazed upon the beautiful statue, and sighed to think that it was only marble.

As he stood before it, the crimson light of sunset threw its full glow upon the face of this peerless shape. It seemed to flush with life.

Already excited almost to frenzy, the sudden glow made him fancy that the marble lips moved, and that they smiled upon him.

Wild as this idea was, in his present mood he fell upon his knees before the statue, and prayed to the Holy Virgin that if she would endow this beloved statue with life he would devote the rest of his existence to her service.

Nay, he went even further. "Grant but life to this statue, and I will pay the forfeit, even though it be my immortal soul!"

He remained absorbed in this delicious trance for some time; then he rose, and, fixing his eyes upon it, he saw with a rapturous surprise, too strong for words to express, that the glow of life was on the face, that the eyes shone with light, and that the lips smiled.

The next instant he saw the rush of sensation dart through her beautiful form; the living statue drew a deep-drawn breath, and, with an ecstasy almost rising to horror, he beheld her step from the pedestal on which she had been placed, and with the grace of a Hebe walk around the studio.

Lost in astonishment and delight, he trod with noiseless step carefully behind her.

His first thought was that he was in some exquisite dream, but the evidence of his senses convinced him that it was no illusion.

Strange sight it was to see the Marble Maiden pacing gently around the spacious studio, which was adorned with all the most exquisite works of modern and ancient art. She seemed to regard them with that innocent wonder which Eve might have shown when she first saw Paradise.

It was more than wonderful to see Guido, her creator, with clasped hands and love-rapt eyes, pacing behind her, step by step, in a golden trance of ecstasy.

In the fullness of his delight, he drew a deep sigh, and said:

"Merciful saints, let me die ere this vision fades!"

The sound aroused her, for she turned immediately around.

As she saw him, her eyes sparkled with pleasure. She smiled, and put forth her hand, which he clasped.

The bliss was too much for the bewildered sculptor. His sight swam in a mazy vista, and he would have fallen to the floor had not the Marble Maiden caught him in her arms and sustained him.

NATURAL ARCH IN THE BASCAN VALLEY, TARTARY.— SEE PAGE 439.

Throwing off the swooning sensation by a strong effort, he rose to his feet, and, hand clasped in hand, and eyes set deep upon each other, the beautiful statue and the sculptor stood gazing on each other.

After a pause, he spoke.

She looked intently at him, smiled sweetly, sadly, and then fixed her eyes so lovingly upon him, that they seemed to give his heart a new life, even as he had given to her inanimate frame a soul.

The bliss was so ecstatic as almost to shiver the life from his frame,

Leading her to a couch, he seated himself beside her, each looking at the other till their souls seemed to pass and repass, like the angels on Jacob's Ladder, in a state of silent ecstasy.

In this trance of enjoyment they remained till the midnight bell tolled. At the first sound the beautiful statue rose, disengaged herself from the clasp of Guido's hand, and, walking to the pedestal, she mounted it as the last clang sounded, and stiffened into stone.

Crushed by this sudden blow, the sculptor sat overpowered and disconsolate, till day dawned once more on Florence.

Hours passed till noon, when, as the bell announced midday, to the speechless delight of Guido, who had kept his eyes constantly fixed upon his beautiful statue, he saw a flush of life quiver through her frame, and the next instant the ideal of his soul step from the pedestal, and with a quiet smile place herself at his side.

Pressing his outstretched hand, she took a seat beside him, and, smiling lovingly in his eyes, they sat for some time.

"Holy Maria! have I given her life! Can I not give her speech? Can she not tell me that she loves me?"

As though the beautiful statue had understood his words, she replied with a shake of her head.

Still her eyes spoke, and gazing upon beauty is a feast in itself.

As midnight approached, a sense of sadness fell upon Guido. He watched the timepiece with a feverish tremor.

As the first stroke clanged, the beautiful statue arose, and, moving to the pedestal on which she had been made, she stepped on it, kissing her hand to Guido. As the last sound died she was once more the dead marble.

* * *

The shock this time, although severe, fell lighter than before, for Guido lived in the hope that noon would once more reanimate her. As the noon approached his anxiety was terrible, but as the bells of Florence proclaimed noon, the beautiful statue stepped from its stony rest, and, advancing to Guido, threw herself upon his breast! Thus days rolled on.

From noon to midnight he sat as though entranced with this miraculous being, who was, as it were, the creation of his own hands.

Still, in the midst of his most rapturous moments there was a haunting sadness which foretold sorrow.

Nothing, however, seemed to cloud the soul of the Marble Maiden, for her eyes were a perpetual fountain of smiles.

Chapter III.

This glorious but feverish existence had lasted for several weeks, when Duke Cosmo, who was a generous patron of

THE MARBLE MAIDEN.—"AS HE STOOD BEFORE IT, THE CRIMSON LIGHT OF SUNSET THREW ITS FULL GLOW UPON THE FACE OF THIS PEERLESS SHAPE. IT SEEMED TO FLUSH WITH LIFE."—SEE PAGE 435.

the fine arts, sent a messenger to Guido to announce his approach.

The sculptor prepared for his visit by moving his treasured statue into an alcove, which was carefully concealed by heavy velvet curtains.

When the duke arrived, the sculptor showed him all his works, with the sole exception of the Marble Maiden.

Time fled swiftly, and the visitor was about to depart, when, to the dismay of Guido, the midday bells chimed, and at the sound the purple curtains were drawn aside, and, the beautiful statue stepped smilingly into the room. Charmed with her loveliness, the duke gave one long look, and, bowing to the maiden, pressed the sculptor's hand kindly, and took his leave.

That day and night the duke thought of nothing but the beautiful creature he had seen, and, unable to struggle with his passion, he sent next morning for the sculptor.

After some conversation concerning a commission he wished Guido to undertake for him, he said:

"Pray, Guido, who is that fair lady I saw at your studio yesterday? Your wife?"

The sculptor replied, deeply embarrassed:

"No, sire!"

"I comprehend," replied his patron, with a pleasant smile. "She is your mistress!"

The sculptor again faltered:

"No, sire."

"She must be your sister, then!" said the duke.

"Yes, sire!" stammered Guido, scarcely knowing what he said.

With a delighted air, the royal lover took the artist's hand.

"My dear Guido, I will make your sister the proudest lady in all Florence. She shall be my wife, and I will place a crown upon the only head I have seen worthy to rule over my beautiful city."

With all the impatience of a lover, he requested the sculptor to repair immediately to his home, and announce to his supposed sister that early next morning the duke would come with a gallant escort to convey her to the cathedral, when the nuptials should be celebrated with the utmost magnificence.

Dumb with despair, the miserable Guido reeled to his dwelling.

Early next morning the duke, attended by his chief nobles, repaired to the studio of his intended brother-in-law, and found the sculptor in a state of the profoundest despondency.

Surprised at his haggard appearance, the kind-hearted prince inquired the cause of his misery, and asked where his sister was.

"I know not, most noble duke. When I returned home yesterday, I found that she had fled—where, alas! I know not. Would to heaven that I were in my grave!"

The duke's sorrow seemed even greater than that of Guido. He promised that every nook and corner of the city should be searched.

As he was about departing, an uncontrollable impulse led him to raise the curtain of the alcove from which the maiden for whom he cherished such a profound passion had so suddenly burst upon his sight.

He there beheld the marble figure of his lost bride, so suddenly and mysteriously snatched from him.

Affected even to tears, he gazed upon it and said:

"How like the beautiful maiden I had hoped to make my duchess this very day. This, my dear Guido, must console me for my loss."

He then took a cross of diamonds of immense value, which hung around his neck attached to a golden chain, and, begging the sculptor to accept it, he requested him to let him have the marble image of his lost sister till the exertions of his emissaries had traced her hiding-place, and restored the beautiful original.

Bidding the unhappy artist farewell, and requesting him to repair to the palace the next morning, the duke left with his gallant retinue, his attendants carrying away with them the fatal statue.

As the door closed upon all the unhappy Guido lived for, he fell senseless upon the floor of his studio.

Chapter IV.

We know not what we pray for;
Life's worst loss
May be our gain, if we had patience left
To see the issue. —Anon.

When the duke entered his palace, he gave orders that the statue should be placed in his private cabinet, and went straightway to the Council to lessen the grief that weighed so heavily on his heart.

His great anxiety was to impress upon all his Ministers that the missing lady must be found. The Chief of Police was summoned, and received his instructions, the duke promising him an immense reward if he succeeded in discovering where his beautiful enchantress was concealed.

The fact that Guido had not announced the duke's intention to his sister convinced him that it could not be out of any personal objection to himself, and he therefore, with all the self-delusion of a man in love, concluded that she had been carried off.

Detained by giving directions to those around him on this all-absorbing subject, it was near midnight ere he entered his own apartment. He immediately sought his private cabinet that he might gaze upon he image of one he so madly loved ere he went to rest.

To his astonishment it was gone. The pedestal was there, but not the statue.

As he turned to summon his secretary to explain the mystery, to his surprise and horror he saw the marble statue, as though endowed with life, approaching him,

"What sorcery is here?" he shrieked, as he fell senseless to the floor of his cabinet.

The midnight bell at that instant sounded, and the maiden, stepping upon the pedestal, was again the rigid stone.

His cry had, however, aroused his attendants, and they rushed to the chamber where their prince lay as though dead.

Bearing him to his couch, physicians were immediately summoned, who soon restored him to consciousness.

When he came to himself, his first speech filled them with astonishment and dismay.

"Where is my beautiful statue? Tell me, my friends. I saw her walk toward me! Or has the Intendant of Police found my duchess?"

Their silence convinced the duke that, out of a false regard for his ancestral dignity, they had resolved to prevent his marriage with the sister of a sculptor, and that they had carried her off before her brother had time to convey the message to her.

Raising himself on his couch, he threatened all who opposed his marriage with his severest displeasure, and offered to make the noble that brought his beautiful bride to him his Chief Minister.

They concluded that their much-loved prince was insane, and, after retiring, upon the excuse of following out his wishes, his Ministers and attendants left the duke to the care of his physicians.

The tidings of the duke's madness flew through Florence like wildfire.

He was so universally beloved that the humblest home felt, when they heard the news, as though a family grief had fallen upon it.

When Guido heard that the duke had become insane, a mortal terror fell upon him

Rousing himself from the lethargy which despair had cast upon him, he resolved, by a rare effort of magnanimity, to save his generous patron from the horrible madness that engulfed his soul.

He rose from the couch upon which he had laid supine for many hours, and, dressing himself hastily, rapidly made his way to the palace.

Rushing up the grand staircase, he snatched a battleax from the sentinel at the door, and, finding his way to the duke's cabinet, dashed the idol of his heart—the beautiful statue—into a thousand pieces.

"Perish," said he, "thou enslaver of my soul! and thou temptress of our prince—perish!"

* * * * * *

The battle-ax fell from his hand—*and he awoke!*

He had been dreaming!—but, alas! to his measureless grief, there lay in ruins around him the fragments of that beautiful statue, on which he had wasted his soul. The idol of his dreaming heart was a mass of ruins!

Rushing back to his own now wretched and desolate home, Guido threw himself upon his bed. Although the sun of Florence had not gone down, the stars came out in all their glory, growing brighter and brighter till they shone like the eyes of saints sent by God to cheer the world to its next morn's duty.

Guido slept, and the saints watched over him; for that same night there came the Marble Statue, glorified into that of an angel, and it said:

"Guido, rejoice! the saints have saved thyself from being enslaved by an image of thine own creation; for what thy fancy conceived in its dreaming mood thou mightest have carried out in thy waking hours, and thus have periled thy immortal soul!"

NATURAL ARCH IN THE BASCAN VALLEY, TARTARY.

ATKINSON, in his Asiatic explorations in Central Asia, met this curious natural arch, standing in the midst of the basin of an extinct lake, like some ruined temple of another age.

The name of the genius of evil occurs in all Kirghis legends, and in their local names. In the Bascan Valley he came upon the basin of a lake which must have dried up at a comparatively recent period, as the sides were still covered with shells. The triangular block of granite shown in our illustration there towers to the height of 400 feet, pierced on three sides with an archway 75 feet wide. While the traveler was sketching it, the sun suddenly rose above the Altai Mountains, appearing like a crimson globe through this natural arch, adding a magical effect to the gloomy landscape.

Grand as this natural monument is, to the Kirghis it is the work of Satan, who built it, dried up the lake, and still roars beneath the soil.

A MINIATURE DEAD SEA.

TWO MILES northeast of Ragtown, and thirty southwest of Sink O' Carson, Nevada, exists one of the most remarkable deposits of the carbonate of soda ever found in this or perhaps any other country. Here, in the midst of a dismal sage heath, is a circular valley about one-fourth of a mile in circumference, and sunk forty or fifty feet below the surface of the plain that surrounds it. In ordinary seasons this depression remains dry, though covered at the present time with a foot or two of water. The bottom is a solid mass of the carbonate of soda, hard, white, and sufficiently pure to answer all the purposes for which this commodity is usually employed. This soda occurs in strata about a foot thick, separated from each other by seams of clay half an inch thick. The deposit is worked after the manner of an open quarry, the soda being broken out in blocks and piled up on the inner side of the basin, where several hundred tons of it lie corded up. A huge excavation has been carried down on this substance for about thirty feet without any sign of its approaching the bottom. Should it hold in this direction for another thirty or sixty feet, it ought to bring comfort to those interested in the saleratus question; there being here enough of the stuff to keep the world in a state of effervescence for a generation to come.

The owner of this deposit, having supplied the millmen of Washoe and the soap-makers of Reno with soda, will hereafter ship this article largely to San Francisco, where it can be delivered at a cost of not more than $20 per ton, freight included. A few hundred yards to the northeast of this soda quarry is a lake about one-and-a-half miles in circumference, the water of which is supersaturated with salts of various kinds, a large percentage being borax. It lies in an oval basin, 150 feet below the surface of the plain, the banks shelving down with as much symmetry as if fashioned by art. The water of this lake is impregnated with soluble substances, mostly borax, soda, and salt, to a degree that renders it almost ropy with slime, and so dense that a person can float on it without effort. Bathing in it, however, is attended with unpleasant consequences, the water eroding the flesh like fire, if a person remain in it more than a moment. This lake has no visible outlet or inlet, but being of great depth, is probably fed by springs seated far down in the bowels of the earth.

A few years ago a scheme for the production of borax was attempted here, by some San Francisco parties, the plan being to pump up this water and carry it in sluices upon an alkali pit lying a quarter of a mile distant, there to be evaporated, when, it was supposed, this valuable salt would be left in the form of a deposit behind. The enterprise failed of success, partly because it was inherently defective, but chiefly because extensive deposits of the borates were soon after discovered in the country adjacent. The buildings erected for housing the machinery and workmen still stand on the shore of the lake, solitary and tenantless, adding, if possible, to the desolate appearance of the place.

CONVEY thy love to thy friend as an arrow to the mark, to stick there, not as a ball against the wall, to rebound back to you. That friendship will not continue to the end that is begun for an end.

A GAME-PIE was made at Lowther Castle, Westmoreland, in the year 1762, as a present to King George, which weighed 380 pounds. Three bushels of flour and 36 pounds of butter were used in the paste; and the contents comprised 2 turkeys, 4 wild fowl, 2 geese, 4 ducks, 1 wild goose, 6 wild ducks, 3 teal, 2 starlings, 12 partridges, 15 woodcocks, 2 guinea-fowls, 3 snipes, 16 plovers, 3 water-hens, 6 widgeons, 1 curlew, 46 yellowhammers, 15 sparrows, 2 chaffinches, 2 larks, 3 thrushes, 1 fieldfare, 6 pigeons, 4 blackbirds, 20 robins—in all, 181 birds—one leg of veal and half a ham.

THE PARISIAN SALONS OF THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES.—A CONCERT.

PARISIAN SALONS OF THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES.

By H. Barton Baker.

The extraordinary influence of the Parisian Salons upon the intellectual, moral, religious, and political life of France is a phenomenon peculiar to the history of that country. It has no parallel in that of any other nation. In regard to England, a free press and parliamentary institutions, which afford so far more extensive a field to intellectual activity than any mere coterie, however lofty might be its aims or however great its members, may partially explain this divergence; but the primary cause must be sought in the idiosyncrasy of the French people, which ever tends to cliques and coteries, and is before all things sociable. Every great movement, artistic, literary and social, of the last century, emanated from the numerous and brilliant Salons of Paris. Thence issued the Encyclopédie of Diderot and D'Alembert, the Satires of Voltaire, the "De l'Esprit" of Helvetius, the "Système de la Nature" of Holbach, and all that flood of atheistical and subversive literature which deluged France and Europe with infidelity and culminated in the great Revolution.

French society may be said to have been born in the Salon. Yet the Salon was not a French creation; that honor belongs to an Italian lady—Catherine, Marquise de Rambouillet—who, being brought to France by her husband, found the manners of the court of Henri le Grand so coarse to her refined Roman tastes that she resolved to create a circle of her own, to which only those distinguished for refinement of manners and intellectual proclivities should be admitted.

It was just at this period that France, having recovered from the devastating wars of the League, and now enjoying a hitherto unknown prosperity, thanks to the wise government of the King and his minister Sully, began to awaken to intellectual life; consequently the Marquise found numbers eager and willing to enter into her project.

The Parisians of those days were as rude and coarse in all matters of taste as were their neighbors, the English and Germans; their furniture was clumsy, their decorations were heavy, and the prevailing colors were red and tan. Imagine, then, the contrast presented by apartments hung with delicate blue velvet trimmed with gold, adorned with beautiful paintings by the great Italian masters, a thousand elegancies and a profusion of flowers, that made of the apartments a brilliant garden. In the course of time the Marquise's assemblies became the supreme tribunal of taste and authority in all matters relating to language and literature.

Here every poet of renown read his verses, every dramatist his plays, and received judgment before giving them to the vulgar world. Here the French language was fixed, and every word put upon its trial, to be banished for ever as vulgar or adjudged fit for polite lips. Here was suggested to Richelieu the idea which afterward took the practical form of the Académie Française. Here were developed those polished and elegant manners which, until the Revolution, rendered the French noble the gentleman *par excellence* of Europe, and the French language the most correct, piquant and perfect medium of conversation of all modern tongues. Here modern society was created; and it was

MARION DE LORME.

here that woman first began to exercise a marked influence upon the national life, which, while it softened and refined the manners, proved so disastrous to France in the persons of the Maintenons and Du Barrys. Here, also, arose that school of exaggerated gallantry and sentiment which afforded Molière and his cotemporaries such splendid subjects for satire.

Yet the "Précieuses Ridicules," although born of this coterie, can scarcely be said to have been of it, as I shall presently endeavor to show. Under the Marquise, and her yet more celebrated daughter Julie, the Hôtel de Rambouillet rose to its highest fame about 1630, and kept its position until the troubles of the Fronde rebellion closed it in 1643.

During all these years it cannot be supposed but that imitations of these assemblies had sprung up. Marion de Lorme and Ninon de Lenclos, the Lais and Aspasia of the period, opened their houses to all that was witty, gay and licentious. Then there were the brilliant coteries of the female Frondeurs—the brilliant Madame de Chevreuse, the beautiful Madame de Longueville. Nor must we forget the poet Scarron, over whose gatherings the future Madame de Maintenon presided. But the true successor of Catherine de Rambouillet was Madame de Scudéry, the once famous novelist, the author of "Le Grand Cyrus," "Clélie," "Ibrahim," romances in ten volumes! It was in her Salons that Molière found his "Précieuses Ridicules," and his "Femme Savantes."

Here love and gallantry were reduced to a code of rules, any infringement of which was punished by expulsion from the Society. According to the "Précieuses," love was the ruling passion of the world, of which woman was the absolute sovereign and man her subject and slave, whose duty it was to devote his whole life to her lightest wishes, and consider himself more than rewarded for every sacrifice if the lady deigned to cast a smile upon him. His love was supposed to be purely platonic, and to desire nothing beyond the society of the beloved, while its chief delight was to consist in an interchange of sentiments and in mutually analyzing the subtlest traits of each other's passion. Marriage was regarded with great disgust; the lover had to pass through a long probation before he dared confess his *tendresse*, and it was only after years of devotion that he was permitted to kiss his lady's hand. The "Précieuses" frequently received society in bed, retiring thither for that purpose; the visitors ranged themselves within the alcove in which the bedstead stood, and so conversed.* Her lover—for every "Précieuse," whether married or single, had a gallant—from being so received, came to be called an *alcôviste*. Here were held long discussions upon *l'amour d'esprit* and *l'amour de corps*. All students of Molière know how felicitously the great comedian has ridiculed these absurdities.

During the brilliant reign of Louis XIV. the Salon declined; the King held the "Précieuses" in great horror, and was never reconciled even to Madame de Sévigné, because she had been of that Society. The memory of the Fronde rendered him equally inimical to all private assemblies; French society was no longer divided into separate coteries; the court was all, embraced all, and all who would not incur the kingly anger must find their delights within its precincts alone. Neither do we find any revival of the Salon during those dark and terrible years of defeat and priestcraft which closed that long reign. Society seemed to have sunk into a heavy drowse—to be crushed beneath a leaden weight. The Duchesse du Maine at Sceaux alone kept alive some of the traditions of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, wedded, however, with memories of the earlier days of Versailles. There were divertissements and mythological *fêtes*, faint reflections of those which the lover of La Vallière gave for her entertainment; during the Summer months no one was permitted to retire to rest until sunrise: all night long the company wandered among the trees of the park and along the margin of the lake, talking love and poetry, and discussing knotty points of gallantry, much as their grandfathers and grandmothers had done half a century before.

With the death of the old King and the accession of the Regent Orleans, there came a vast change over French society. The profligacy which had been for years skulking beneath the priest's cloak now stood forth in the broad light of day, no longer avoiding notice, but courting every eye and glorying in its infamy. Not the vilest days of Imperial or Papal Rome could surpass the infamies of the Regent's Salons and of his *petits soupers*. Here were foreshadowed the liberty, equality and fraternity of a succeeding generation; here mingled nobles, poets, philosophers, abbés, courtesans and court ladies in bacchanalian orgies and celebrations of the Mysteries of Aphrodite. Splendid apartments, furnished with the most costly voluptuousness; viands which might have tempted Apicius or Lucullus; coarse *bons mots*, sallies of licentious wit, mockery at religion and morality, each *roué* striving to outdo the other; then a sudden influx of masques from the ball of the Opera, which was next door to the Palais Royal, and in swarm grisettes, danseuses, nobles, ladies attired as nuns, fairies, bayadères; noble lords as Chinamen, monks and devils; now the revelry waxes riotous; the danseuses and grisettes fall upon the choice comestibles and the iced champagne (first introduced by the Regent's *chef de cuisine* at these orgies). The jests grow coarser and more sacrilegious, the laughter more boisterous; there is a babel of tongues, of oaths and bacchanalian songs, unbridled license of every kind, until intoxication lapses into stupefaction and swinish sleep. The Regent's daughter, the Duchesse du Berri, was frequently one of these bacchantes.

Such Agapemones as these, however, can be scarcely included among the Salons; there were others more decorous, at least in outward seeming; but it was not until Louis XV. began to reign that the glories of the Hôtel de Rambouillet were revived, and the Salon became a power such as neither Catherine nor Julie Montausier ever dreamed of. They attempted to dictate only in art, literature and gallantry, but their successors undertook the dictation of all human affairs, temporal and spiritual, and discussed with equal freedom, and decided with equal certitude, the form of a sonnet, the best possible form of government, and every problem, religious and metaphysical, that has puzzled the world since the days of the seven sages. Some of these assemblies were of the lightest and gayest, in which no more abstruse discussion than the fashion of a peruke or a shoe-buckle, and no graver conversation than the last new scandal, were permitted; in others, a laugh was never heard, a smile seldom seen, and all the talk was of *l'esprit*.

Let me endeavor to picture, however faintly, a few of the

* For a lady to receive company in bed was a custom not confined to France. Lady Wortley Montague somewhere relates a similar fashion, although the occasion was a very different one, being that of a widow receiving the condolences of her friends. The persons whom the anecdote concerns, were her father and her mother-in-law.

"When the funeral was over, the widow had to see company and receive in person the condolences of every lady on her visiting list. The apartments and staircases were all hung with black; while the duchess, closely vailed with crape, sat upright in her state bed, under a high, black canopy; and at the foot of the bed, ranged like a row of mutes, stood the grandchildren of the deceased. Profound silence reigned; the room was lighted by only a single wax taper, and the visitors, all in mourning, approached the bed on tip-toe."

forms of this extinct Society, so incongruous and contradictory in its elements. *La noblesse* must by courtesy come first, and to render the presentment complete we must attend it at its toilette, the most important operation of its life, ere we enter the reception-rooms. The fine gentleman, having awoke about noon and partaken of chocolate, rose, and placed himself under the hands of half-a-dozen valets. One curled his peruke; a second handed him his silk stockings and red-heeled shoes; a third his gold-embroidered coat and vest, which have been known to cost as much as 25,000 livres; a fourth his gold-hilted rapier; a fifth his perfumed ruffles and handkerchief. Thus attired, Monsieur le Marquis was ready for the exertions of the day. About the same hour Madame la Marquise, or Mademoiselle the Marquise's daughter, would be similarly engaged. She also rose at noon, with a head too often aching from last night's excesses, to perform her toilette in a boudoir hung with rose-colored silk, and attended by one or two favored gallants. Her *femmes de chambre* are yet more numerous than the Marquis's valets: one dresses and powders her hair, and arranges it in one of the many curious forms then in vogue; another clasps her white neck and arms with pearls and jewels; a third fastens the diamond buckles of her dainty shoes; a fourth arranges her wide-spreading hoop; a fifth, the fall of her sacque or panier; a sixth holds her patch-box, most important of all the adjuncts of a lady's toilette, and one as indispensable to her as a powder-box and puff are to a young lady of the present day. She never moves without it, as patches drop sometimes in the hot rooms, and it is necessary to replace them. They are cut in all kinds of forms—stars, comets, crescents, moons, even coaches and four—anything that caprice can imagine. They have a language of their own, too, which is fully understood by the adepts, and each has a name according to its position. When placed in the corner of the eye, it is *la passionée;* in the middle of the cheek, *la galante;* upon the nose, *l'effrontée;* near the lips, *la coquette;* upon a pimple, *la recéleuse*, etc. At the feet of Madame, while she dresses, lie little black boys holding her fan and heightening, by contrast, the brilliant whiteness of her skin. The toilette completed, she goes to visit her friends, or descends to her own Salon to receive her visitors: a splendid apartment, carpeted with the finest productions of Turkish and Persian looms, hung with flowing gold-embroidered silk, adorned with Venetian mirrors and crystal lustres. There are satin couches, gilded chairs, candelabra, clocks, baskets of flowers, formed of gold, ivory, and ebony; Chinese nicknacks and monsters; porcelain so exquisitely frail that a breath of wind might shiver it. On grand reception-days the varied costumes of the guests add a new splendor to the picture: officers of the musketeers in black and silver; chevaliers of the light horse in pale blue and gold; the Swiss in scarlet, the Abbés in black, and *la noblesse* in every combination of color that fashion can suggest.

The conversation is as malicious and frivolous as it is gay and piquant; every one speaks in epigrams, every one has a ridiculous *historiette* to tell, or an amusing scandal to relate about a dear friend; there is a jargon only understood by the initiated, much like our own fashionable slang; but there is not that tone, that perfect politeness, which we associate with our ideas of the *ancien régime;* the sallies are often rude enough, even in the presence of those against whom they are directed; the anecdotes and expressions are not always very refined, or even decent, and a *bon mot* is never suffered to lose its point from any considerations of modesty. All talk together, and those who have the best lungs have the best chance of being heard. No one cares to listen; even the King himself, when present at such assemblies, is little more respected than others, and His Majesty is sometimes cut short in the middle of a speech, or finds it impossible for his powers of voice to contend against some sonorous speaker in his immediate vicinity.

Leaving the talkers, we pass on to some quieter group seated round the card-tables. Watch with what eagerness Madame la Marquise plays; she has been losing heavily, staking not only her wealth, but her honor. How pale and haggard she looks, and what a smile of complacent triumph is on the face of the chevalier her opponent! Monsieur l'Abbé, in his cassock and band, exchanges a shrug with the painted incarnation of wicked old age and avarice with whom he is playing; but she has seen so much of this sort of thing in her day, and everything save gold has long since ceased to interest her. Hurrying past this disagreeable spectacle, we come upon a strangely occupied group—a gallant young officer of the Royal Guard is working a piece of tapestry, while another, in the scarlet uniform of the Swiss, is delicately stitching at tambour-work. A little further on we pass to a knot of grave, elderly men who are drawing out the threads of silk and silver from a piece of brocade, which they have brought in their pockets, and passing them on to some chattering demoiselles. Just near these is a group of ladies and gentlemen, each armed with a pair of scissors, busily cutting out pictures from books, ballads, almanacs, which lie strewed about. The *découpure* is one of the most fashionable amusements of the day. These will be pasted upon screens and fans, then varnished and colored; sometimes a series of them are placed together so as to form a scene, frequently grotesque enough from its odd combinations. On the carpet are a number of bags, or rather sacks, so large are they, of silk and velvet, containing a strange assortment—books, engravings, pieces of brocade, scissors, thimbles, needle-cases, patch-boxes and rouge-pots. This is Madame's work-bag, without which she never goes abroad; the gentlemen also have their bags, called *ridicules*, containing boxes of pastilles, bon-bons, scented snuff, in which they indulge largely, and various fashionable toys.

Poinsinet, in his comedy "Le Cercle, ou la Soirée à la Mode" (1764), gives the following lively picture of a Salon of the time; "Ismène and Cidalise weary of a tri (a fashionable game at cards of the period), and not knowing whom to scandalize, bethink how they are to occupy themselves. Araminte, at her frame, finishes a flower in some tapestry; Cidalise carelessly takes a gold thread, draws a chair to her tambour, and, yawning, embroiders the trimming of a dress; while Ismène, reposing upon a couch, works at a falbala de Marly (a fashionable piece of dress of the day). A horse is heard to neigh, a lacquey announces, and the Marquis appears.

"How happy I am to find you, mesdames! But what do I see? How perfect these stitches are! How beautifully these flowers are shaded! It is the work of the Graces, of the fairies, or rather it is yours!" Then he draws a small case from his pocket, an article which assuredly one would not suspect him of carrying, selects a gold needle, takes some silk, and behold our Colonel working tapestry. They watch, admire him; but this is nothing—he leaves

A LADY WITH PATCHES.

Araminte and her work and goes to Cidalise, takes away her tambour, and already his light hand is completing the form of a flower scarcely begun; then he darts across to the couch, and seizes an end of the falbala, etc.

From these ephemera pass we on to graver scenes, to those assemblies wherein were forged the thunderbolts of the coming tempest, the mutterings of which even now assail the ears of that butterfly world, deaf to their meaning. They are so numerous, that it is difficult to know which to begin with. Suppose we select that of the Marquise du Châtelet; she is an aristocrat, and, above all, the mistress of the master-spirit of the age, Voltaire.

Here is a portrait of "the sublime Emilie," drawn by her cousin, Madame de Criqui, and certainly with no flattering pencil, although undoubtedly a tolerably correct one.

"She was a colossus in all proportions, a marvel of strength as a prodigy of awkwardness; she had terrible feet and formidable hands, a skin like a nutmeg-grater; in fine the beautiful Emilie was very much like an ungainly porter, and to have permitted Voltaire to dare to speak of her beauty, algebra and geometry must have turned her brain." To these charms were added a shrewish, exacting, and outrageously capricious temper; and yet Madame la Marquise had always two or three lovers—among the rest, the handsome and refined poet, St. Lambert. She was a very pronounced blue-stocking, delighted in the most abstruse subjects, and desired to pass for the possessor of profound learning; but somehow her reading would never digest, and would get incongruously mixed up into a sort of hotch-potch, very dreary and perplexing when it was ladled out for the benefit of her friends. Voltaire had passed his first youth ere he took up this *liaison*. The beautiful Emilie, whose intellectual proclivities never interfered with her carnal ones, cared nothing for him except in so far as she felt flattered in having so famous a man for a lover. In her Salon he was master; not that Monsieur was dead—he was only a well-bred husband, who properly observed the *convenances* of the day, which forbade any interference with the liberty of the wife. What a strange contrast must have been presented between this coarse, dull-looking grenadier in petticoats, and that thin, shrunken figure, with its glittering eyes so full of genius, its sharp, marvelously mobile features, and its restless, mocking, malicious mouth; the one all flesh, the other all nerves and *esprit*. Literary men are seldom happy in their loves; the satirists have been particularly absurd, notably the present instance, Molière in la Brie, Pope in Martha Blount. I suppose it is a sort of Nemesis that renders them blind to the ridiculous side of their own actions, although so keenly perceptive of those of others. The Marquise's Salon was the great resort of the friends and admirers of Voltaire—and those latter comprehended pretty well all French society—and above all of the Deists. Depend upon it, all the sharpest sallies, all the cleverest *mots* there were directed against the priests and Christianity.

VOLTAIRE AND MADAME DU CHATELET AT BREAKFAST.

It is a sign of the times that the hostesses of several of the most celebrated Salons were ladies without claim to aristocratic birth, and who had risen from the bourgeois. Such a thing would have been impossible under the Grand Monarque; then the citizen never presumed to step above his level; or when he did, only became an object of ridicule, to be fleeced and laughed at by his aristocratic patrons like George Dandin and M. Jourdain, in Molière's comedies. But during the Regency and the earlier years of Louis XV.'s reign, the middle class, from various causes, into which it does not come within the scope of this article to enter, had

A FLIRTATION IN THE DAYS OF THE OLD SALONS.

been rapidly rising to prominence and importance. The King chose his mistresses from the *bourgeoisie*; the wealthy *fermier-général*, low-born and vulgar, was everywhere received; birth was fast giving way to gold, not only in popular but in aristocratic appreciation.

Perhaps the most famous of all the Parisian Salons of the middle of the eighteenth century was that of Madame Geoffrin. She was bourgeois by birth, and her husband had accumulated a large fortune by trade, which he left her at his death. No foreigner of position visited the French capital without paying his devoirs at her assemblies; they were as much a thing to be seen as the Louvre or Versailles. At foreign courts, by the King of Poland, by the Great Frederick, by Maria Theresa, by Catherine of Russia, she was an invited guest, and received with the most distinguished honor; and the same courtesy was even extended to her friends. Horace Walpole declared that she had one of the best understandings he had ever met, and more knowledge of the world. In another of his letters he says: "Madame Geoffrin, of whom you have heard much, is an extraordinary woman, with more common sense than I almost ever met with; great quickness in discovering characters, penetration in going to the bottom of them, and a pencil that never fails in a likeness, seldom a favorable one. She exacts and preserves, spite of her birth and their nonsensical prejudices about nobility, great court and attention. This she acquires by a thousand little acts and offices of friendship, and by a freedom and severity which seems to be her sole end of drawing a concourse to her, for she insists on scolding those she inveigles to her. She has little taste and less knowledge, but protects artisans and authors, and courts a few people to have the credit of serving her dependents."

Quite a different assemblage have we here from that butterflies' bower we looked in upon just now. Not but that there are gold and embroidery, and silks and laces, and patches and powder here; for letters, and philosophy, and atheism are as much the fashion as tapestry, tambour-work, and *découpure*; but these dainties are strongly contrasted with sober, shabby, and even slovenly costumes. Let me point out a few of the first celebrities who are the centres of the throng, and about each of whom a knot of individual admirers is gathered, eagerly listening to every word that drops from his lips, to be carried away and repeated to-morrow wherever the listener goes, either as a quotation of the last *mot* of skepticism, or as the product of the retailer's own meditations. That very thin dandy who is talking so eagerly and dictatorially is M. le Baron Grimm. It is not a pleasant face to look upon; its tanned and wrinkled surface is covered with white paint. He is nicknamed *Tyran-le-blanc;* he has a bitter and contemptuous mouth, and very large, protruding eyes, in which there gleams at times a sinister light. He is a despot who has never loved anything in all his life except himself. There is no love lost among his acquaintances, but then he is a philosopher, and whatever he may or may not be besides is of little consequence to a man who bears that charmed title. He is chiefly remembered now by his sixteen volumes of voluminous correspondence, a gold mine to students of that age. That elegantly dressed gentleman, with the refined, intellectual, yet sensuous features, is M. Helvetius. He was formerly a *fermier-général*, but since he has written his celebrated book "De l'Esprit," in which he attempts to prove that all human actions have no higher source than self-satisfaction, he has been enrolled among the *philosophes*. A far more remarkable personage, however, is that grave, cold, precise-looking man, a Jupiter Tonans of that terrible earthquake which, though yet more than a quarter of a century off, these gnomes are busily preparing. It is M. D'Alembert, one of the authors of "L'Encyclopédie," that mighty and astounding monument of intellectual labor. He was found upon the steps of a church, when an infant, by a glazier, and brought up by the honest man as his own child. Madame de Tencin is supposed to be his mother. D'Alembert is a skeptic, and preaches the equality of all mankind, but he is exquisitely sensitive upon his obscure birth, and would probably prefer to be a very mediocre gentleman rather than a great philosopher. He is agreeable, polite, almost caressing to the aristocrats, whom he hates, and whose death-warrants he is signing with every stroke of that pen they so much admire. He is almost as much feared as Voltaire. He talks well, but with a tendency to preach. He is a man of profound learning, who can turn a sophism inside out, and illuminate its every falsity by his luminous intellect, yet he is most egregiously deceived by his mistress. Well, your greatest pundit is but a man, after all.

Near D'Alembert is a personage who in manner and appearance is in every particular his opposite, and yet who is so closely connected with him that their names will go down to posterity linked together, so that one will never be mentioned without suggesting the other; a coarse-looking, self-asserting man, but not without gleams of the divine fire, shabbily and slovenly dressed, with linen not too clean, and open at the throat. He is talking in a loud, blatant voice, with an occasional use of expressions at which even this not over-scrupulous assembly look uneasy. This is Diderot. These two *philosophes* are terribly jealous of one another; their reputations are too nearly on a par.

Presently a newcomer appears upon the scene. At a first glance one would take him for a respectable, elderly tradesman, nothing more. He is about the middle height, stoops a little, but has a broad chest; he is dressed in a snuff-colored suit and gray stockings, and has a shy and sensitive air; but from the homage paid him, even by the highest there, it is evident he is a person of some importance, and a second glance contradicts the first impression. The features, although regular, are common in their cast; the small, sparkling eyes are shadowed by heavy brows; there is an infinite sweet sadness about the mouth; but over all there is an intellectual beauty, an ideality, such as any one would instinctively associate with the author of "La Nouvelle Heloïse," for it is Jean Jacques himself—that "soul of fire," the one genius of an age plethoric with talent; the one man who, amidst that crowd of materialists and levelers, passionately believes in the doctrine he preaches, and thence will more profoundly impress men's minds than all his *confrères* put together; thence will become, what indeed he is, the Evangelist of the Revolution.

Voltaire is there, and among these constellations are a great many lesser stars: the sentimental St. Lambert, rival both of Rousseau and Voltaire in their love affairs; cold, pedantic Monsieur Marmontel; and there are court ladies and gentlemen, than whom none are more fervid over *les droits de l'homme* and the "noble savage"; these things are so charming in theory that they never bestow a thought upon how they would be in practice, but will know by-and by. There are abbés, also, in the garb of the Church, than whom none are more witty at the expense of sacred things, and none smile more delightedly at some blasphemous jest. The babel of tongues is as great as it was in the butterflies bower, the courtesy a little less. The talk is heavy, and always upon the one eternal theme—infidelity, occasionally enlivened by some cutting sarcasm or mocking *bon mot* from Voltaire, which all applaud and laugh at. Rousseau alone remains silent, brooding apart with dejected countenance; for, in his strange, morbid fashion, he sees about him *only* enemies ready to work his destruction.

But Madame Geoffrin, far from being a blue-stocking, was in book-learning even ill educated. An Italian abbé offered to dedicate to her an Italian and French grammar. "To me, sir, who do not know even how to spell!" "Which," says Marmontel in his Memoirs, "was the simple truth. Her peculiar talent was that of telling a story well; in this she excelled, and willingly exerted herself to enliven the table, but without affectation, without art, without pretension, solely to set the example; for she neglected none of the means she possessed to render her society agreeable."

Besides the large assemblies just described, held once or twice during the week, there were delightful *petits soupers* for especial favorites, seldom exceeding five or six; the fare was frugal,—a chicken, some spinach, and an omelette. After supper the author of "Bélisaire" would read his frigid moralities, which, however, charmed an age that had always moral platitudes on its tongue, but no morality in its heart. "I confess," he writes, "that no success ever flattered me so sensibly as that which these readings obtained in this little circle, where wit, taste, beauty, all the graces, were my judges, or rather my applauders. There was not a single trait, either in my coloring or my dialogue, however minutely delicate and subtle, that was not forcibly felt, and the pleasure I gave had the air of enchantment. What enraptured me was, to see in such perfection the most beautiful eyes in the world swimming in tears at the little touching scenes in which I made love or nature weep."

Peeping into a few more Salons as we pass along, we shall find much the same company in all. Yet there is a certain distinctive character about each.

For instance, Madame du Deffant will not receive the atheists, and interdicts at her reception all *too* pronounced attacks upon revealed religion. She is a pleasant, tolerant creature in her way, no longer young (she was a beauty in the days of the Regency), who laughs equally at the clergy and the philosophers, has every new thing read to her, makes soups and epigrams, and gives grand suppers once a week. These, with her moderate opinions, are the distinguishing traits of her assemblies. Supper, at which all the pleasantest and wittiest people congregate, is an institution over which she grows enthusiastic. "Supper," she says, "is one of the essential conditions of man; take it away, and what remains of him?"

The Baron Holbach, at Grandval, is another famous for the *petite souper;* but his assemblies are usually confined to the most advanced philosophers; his house is the headquarters of the atheists. In spite of his opinions, the Baron has a good heart; he is generous, hospitable, and charitable. Never had the Jesuits a more implacable denouncer; yet in the days of their persecution he opened his doors to them and gave them shelter.

Diderot, in his letters to Voland, gives some striking pictures of Grandval.

Madame Lespinasse is D'Alembert's mistress, and it is in her Salon the great Encyclopédie is being fabricated. *Messieurs les rédacteurs* dine there every Wednesday, and then D'Alembert revises the articles of his contributors, softening pungent phrases, and modifying the attacks upon religion. Madame is sometimes more than a looker-on; in her lover's absence she corrects proofs and gives advice. Hers is essentially the Salon of the Encyclopédistes. Like Madame Geoffrin, she is a bourgeois, and was once a dependent upon Madame du Deffant. There is great animosity between them. Her connection with D'Alembert, it is said, is strictly platonic; but Marmontel describes her as possessing "the most ardent soul, the most inflammable imagination, that has existed since the days of Sappho." She fell passionately in love with more than one, and died for grief at the death of a young Spanish nobleman to whom she hoped to be married, Yet D'Alembert was inconsolable for her loss. "She no longer lived for me," he said, "but I ever lived for her. Since she is no more, I know not why I live." Yet, far from being beautiful, she was positively plain. It was her resistless fascination of manner that enslaved men's hearts.

Madame Doublet de Persan's is the especial resort of the scandal-mongers. Upon her table two huge registers are constantly kept open, in which are written all the news that can be gleaned by her and her associates; the one is devoted to authentic and incontestable, the other to doubtful and suspected, news. Monsieur Petit du Bachaumont is charged to compose from these an official record, which scandalous chronicle will thereafter be published under the title of "Mémoires Secrets du Bachaumont." These doings will by-and-by give offense to the police, and the Salon will be closed by order.

The Duchesse de Choiseul, that "little model in wax," as Walpole calls her, the Maréchale du Luxembourg, another flame of Rousseau's, etc., entertain the philosophers, but these assemblies present no salient points differing essentially from those already described.

At the Duchesse du Grammont's, something of the old, stately etiquette of the time of the Grande Monarque is still preserved. There the manners still retain that indefinable mixture of simplicity, elegance, grace and urbanity; the productions of literature and art are discussed with interest, but without noise or dogmatism; arguments and disputes are almost unknown; the conversation is never heavy; and the refined man of letters mixes on an equal footing with the *noblesse.* It is the one calm spot in a universe of noise. Mark, however, that in all, it is never Monsieur's, but Madame's, Salon.

I have by no means yet exhausted the list of these places. There are some, into the details of which it would be impossible to enter. The Salons of the sisters Verrières, and of Guimard, the dancer, are gambling-houses—and worse; where, however, the Prince de Soubise does not disdain to do the honors. All the wit and fashion (male at least) of the age visit them. And around the apartments are constructed *loges,* like the private boxes of a theatre, for the accommodation of such great ladies as have not thrown aside all the *convenances* sufficiently to mingle in the throng, but who yet desire to witness the brilliant spectacle unseen. It was here that Count Jean du Barry first met Mdlle. l'Ange, the future Sultana of France.

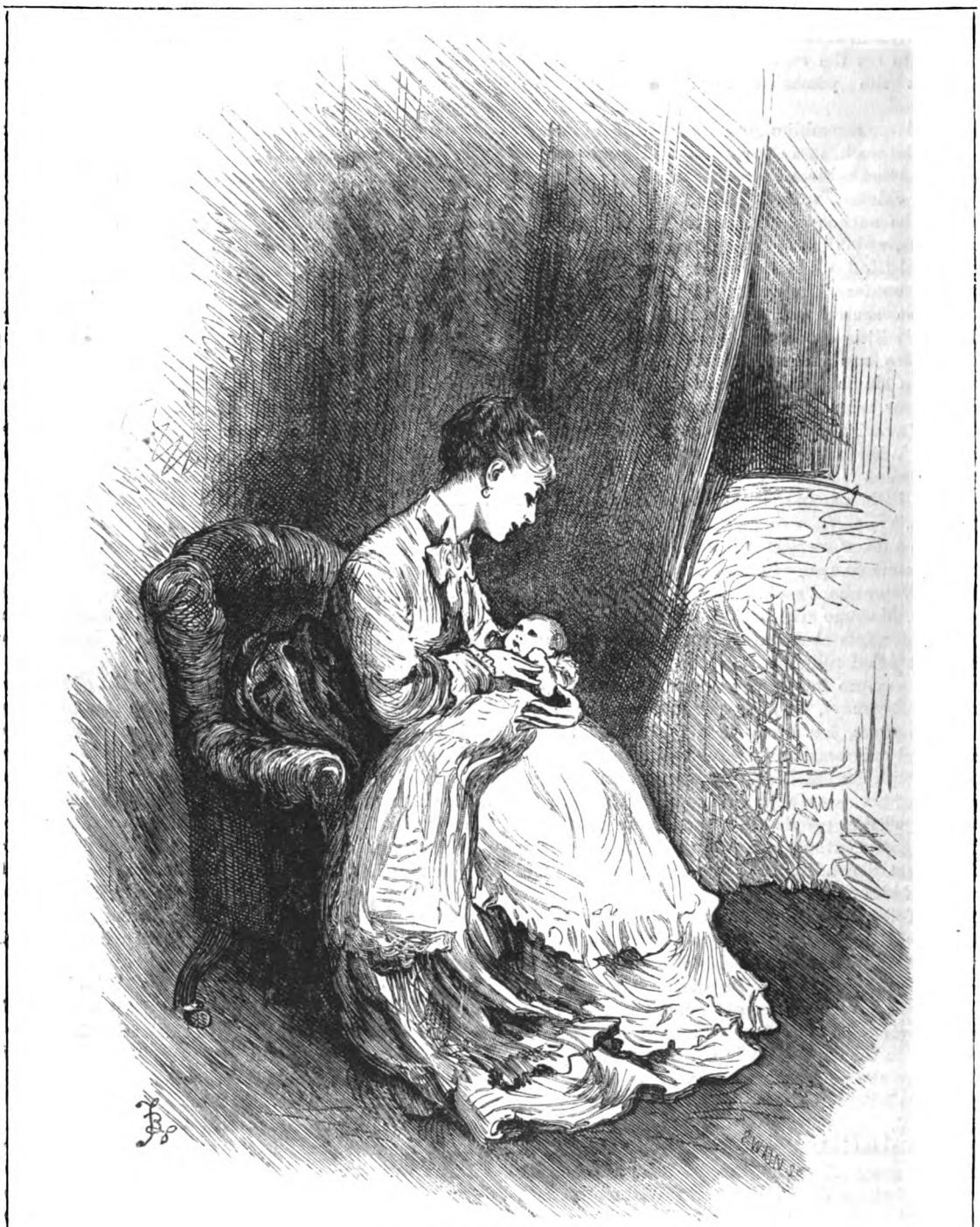
"It is no dishonor," writes Horace Walpole, "to keep public gaming-houses; there are at least a hundred and fifty people of the first quality in Paris who live by it. You may go into their houses at all hours of the night, and find hazard, faro, etc. The men who keep the hazard-table at the Duke de Gesvres pay him twelve guineas each night for the privilege. Even the princesses of the blood are dirty enough to have shares in the banks kept at their houses."

But no greater example could be given of the profound degradation into which the aristocracy was sinking than the Ramponneau rage. Ramponneau was the keeper of a low cabaret in the suburbs of Paris; his convivial disposition and coarse wit attracted an enormous custom to his house, and in the course of time his celebrity reached the Court. Thereupon nobles, princes of the blood, and by-and-by even ladies, disguised themselves and visited the cabaratier to listen to and enjoy his ribald stories and gross conversation. Soon his songs and sayings were upon noble lips, male and female; he became the rage, and his name was given to every new fashion—furniture, sauces, dishes, articles of attire, everything was *à la Ramponneau!*

One of the strangest phenomena in all history is that of the French *noblesse* so industriously fanning the fire that was to consume them. Fatality alone could have so blinded them—as men and nations doomed to destruction have been blinded—to the consequences of their own conduct. Rousseau, D'Alembert, Diderot, the men who were preaching a crusade against the *ancien régime*, who declared all men to be equal, who never ceased to denounce all distinctions, and even society itself, as crimes against the common humanity, were their pets, their models; nay, they even joined themselves in the cry for their own destruction.

With the reign of Louis XVI. the new doctrines advanced with lightning speed. In the Salons nothing was to be heard but the rights of man, liberty, equality, fraternity. No man or woman dared avow a belief in anything, under pain of universal scorn and ridicule; even Voltaire came to be regarded as a bigot because he believed in God. All were preparing for the age of reason, sansculottism and the grand holocaust of the Revolution, and no people worked more eagerly than the intended victims.

It came; and the society of the *ancien régime* was swept away.



MY LITTLE MARCH LAMB.

THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.—"PRESENTLY A SHEET OF HEAT-LIGHTNING FLASHED ACROSS THE PLATE GLASS OF THE WINDOW. I DARTED BACK, BLINDED AND FRIGHTENED, AND, LIKE A TERRIFIED CHILD, STRETCHED OUT MY HAND TO ERIC SAXE."

THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.

By Etta W. Pierce.

CHAPTER XIII.

MORE OF BEE'S DIARY.

What a lofty, high-toned, elegant place is this Newport! Though I am but a spectator of its splendors, I admire it immensely—yea, even its haughty, reserved ways and its frequent, abundant fogs have become dear to my heart. Of course, I cannot go with Miss Vann to the elegant dinner parties and the *récherché* entertainments at the cottages of her friends; but still I have several pleasures of my own—the beech, the cliffs, the sea, plenty of books and music, daily drives in a costly landau, or a lovely willow phaeton, with three darling ponies abreast, and—many other delightful things. The days go by very fast—dear, blessed days, I wish I could hold and keep them—they are too bright to lose so quickly.

I went again with Miss Vann to Eric Saxe's studio; I sat again at the Jewess's window, and heard the bees in the trumpet flowers, and looked at the picture of the ruined plantation on that desolate and forsaken Southern creek. I think the sweet ghost of the Jewess still haunts the place—I fancied I could hear those dead sighs of which Eric Saxe spoke on my first visit, fanning all around me through the vines. Miss Vann's lineaments grow upon the canvas, and the witchery of that old room upon my heart.

Much to my delight, I have not seen Baron Strozzi for

several days. He has vanished from Newport—gone, perhaps, on another diplomatic mission. Miss Vann thinks his absence very mysterious, and says it must be some extraordinary attraction which draws him from Newport at this time. *I* am glad. I hope he will remain away the rest of the season. He is certainly the most disagreeable person I ever saw in my life.

August 25th.—Went shopping and driving with Miss Vann. A flying visit from guardy. He wishes, I suppose, to assure himself that all is going well with me. How jaded and unhappy he looks! I hope he is not ill. Guardy holds the next place to Ethel in my affections. He took me in his arms and kissed me in his calm, precise way.

"How do you find yourself?" he said. "Why, you are as radiant as a rose, Bee! It is plain that Newport air agrees with you."

"Oh, yes!" I answered, "it does, indeed; I am very happy here."

Eric Saxe dined with us. I fancied that guardy watched him very closely, and not altogether with approval. Miss Vann had told him of my narrow escape from drowning—an incident which did not seem to please him much.

"Don't be too grateful to the man," he said to me, irritably. "Don't fancy that he is a hero of romance because he chanced at a critical moment to pull you out of the surf. Betwixt yourself and such as he there's a great gulf fixed, my dear—remember it."

Went riding on the Bath road with guardy. He questioned me closely about my daily life at the villa.

"I like Miss Vann very much," I said, "but madame—madame is *very* peculiar, is she not? Once or twice per week she makes it a point to give away her jewels and dresses to the servants—it is after she has been drinking too much wine—and they come and bring the things to Miss Vann with the gravest faces in the world. It is really very funny. I have discovered that madame lies in bed a great deal, save when the fit seizes her to powder and dress and assume the hilarious ways of youth."

"You are too observing, Bee," answered guardy, severely. "Many things are overlooked in a person of Madame Vann's importance—overlooked and never mentioned. Follow the example of her daughter, and pay as little heed to her as possible. By-the-by, Charlotte Vann tells me that her friend, the baron—how is that, my dear?—has fallen in love with my seventeen-year-old school-girl!"

"I should hope not!" said I, coloring angrily, "for I detest him, guardy!"

"Pooh!" he answered, in a teasing tone; "Ethel and your aunt would be delighted with the thought. Indeed, it does seem something of a compliment for the lion of the season to notice *you* among all the style and beauty assembled at Newport."

"I do not feel in the least flattered," I replied, shortly, "and I do not want his admiration. Aunt Amelia shall make no matches for me, guardy! Let her be content with marrying Ethel to that German count. Had my cousin been left to herself, I am sure she would never have accepted him—never! She would have chosen Lawrence Harding."

"You are very ignorant, and very self-willed, Bee," said my guardian, in a displeased voice; "it is plain your Aunt Amelia has no enviable task before her."

And with that he whipped up our horses and we dashed silently homeward.

Guardy will return to New York in the morning. I am not sorry—he seems to be watching me.

August 31st.—More sittings at Mr. Saxe's, more rides upon the avenues, more walks along the cliffs and the smooth, shining beach. Eric Saxe is at the villa a great deal. Last night Miss Vann had tableaux for her own amusement and that of a few intimate friends. He was *Leicester*, and I *Amy Robsart*. How superb the man looked in hose and doublet! I am sure the real Leicester was never half so handsome, even when he vanquished Queen Bess's great, brave heart.

I am very happy, and the world is very, very beautiful. A light that never was on land nor sea seems to have fallen on this delightful Newport. I never saw the sky so blue as it is here—I never beheld such sunshine, such turf, such flowers!

September 7th.—Improved the shining hour of morning in Miss Vann's studio, watching her throw the violet reds and purples and yellows upon the marriage of "Hector and Andromache," and listening to her talk of Rubens's flesh tints and Eric Saxe.

As I entered the drawing-room, just before lunch, lo! out from the embrasure of a window darted Baron Strozzi, and seized my hand with an ecstatic cry.

"Ah, adorable Mees Beatrix! It is an eternity since I saw you last!"

"And what have you been doing with yourself all this time?" said I, maliciously. "You must like Boston very much, to visit it so often at this season of the year."

Of course I did not know where he had been, and cared less; but I remembered what Eric Saxe had said about somebody meeting him at the Hub, and I spoke before I thought.

The noble baron gave a great start, and his scarred, brown countenance changed.

"Who told you I had been in Boston?" he demanded, in a tone quite at variance with his usual oily accents.

> "'Full many a shaft at random sent
> Finds mark the archer little meant,'"

I quoted, for answer. He gave me a piercing glance.

"You mistake, Mees; I haf no acquaintance in Boston—I never go there. I haf been to Long Branch to visit friends from my own Italy."

I am sure he lied, though he need not have taken the trouble, for what do I care?—what is it to me where he goes?

The entrance of Miss Vann relieved me from further conversation. The baron remained to lunch, ogled me offensively, and scattered his compliments right and left, as is his custom; but I was thinking of other things. I scarcely heard him, and certainly gave him no heed.

Miss Vann and madame dined out. Oh, for the day when I, too, shall wear diamonds and Worth costumes! Like all the rest of my sex, I pine for the vanities of life.

As darkness gathered, I curled myself up in an easy-chair in the brightly lighted drawing-room and opened the last new novel, with which I meant to beguile the time till Miss Vann's return. Bijou, the pug, leaped into my lap and nestled his turned-up nose into the curve of my arm with the greatest assurance possible. He is the prince of ugly lap-dogs. His toes turn out, he squints, and his whole villainous little face is as black as a crow's wing.

Outside, a low, mysterious wind, like stealthy footsteps, moved through Miss Vann's splendid grounds. Heavy odors of flowers and blossoming shrubbery floated into the room, and now and then a sheet of heat-lightning lit up the lawn and the wide piazza, and then vanished, leaving the night darker than before.

My novel proved to be dull and dry. I grew lonesome and, rising, went to the white keys of the piano, glimmering from a corner of the sumptuous, silent room. I played over some of my favorite pieces—sweet sonatas, German waltzes; and while I was thus engaged, the door opened,

and somebody entered with the air of one familiar with the place.

"I am glad—oh, very glad to see you!" I cried, frankly, "for Miss Vann and her mother are dining out, and, like Mrs. Gummidge, I feel 'lone and lorn.'"

Bijou was the only living thing there to play propriety for us, but I was too stupid or too ignorant, I scarcely know which, to think of that. I gave my hand to Eric Saxe, and he held it as if he never meant to let it go.

"I tried hard to pass the gate," he said, under his breath, "but could not. Of late 'a spirit in my feet' draws me through these hospitable doors, whether I wish it or not."

"And why should you *not* wish it?" I asked, pulling Bijou's ears in some embarrassment. "I thought you and Miss Vann were very good friends."

"And so we are," he answered. "Why should I *not* wish it? Because I foresee that it is—perilous business."

I did not try to understand him. He stood in the light of the chandeliers, looking down at me with dark, luminous eyes. Miss Vann's maid had arranged my blonde locks with great care, and my dress was of white, shining foulard with clusters of great, blue, velvety pansies for ornaments. How glad I was that I had taken pains with my toilet! Laughing a little, and coloring a good deal under his fixed gaze, I said, saucily:

"Does your correct taste find anything amiss with me to-night?"

"Quite the contrary—pardon my rudeness. I was thinking how wonderfully shining and unreal you look—like a disembodied spirit, or, perhaps I might say, one of Miss Vann's day-lilies."

After this speech the conversation ceased to be personal. We talked of Newport, of Miss Vann, of the sea, of everything. Presently he asked me to sing. Miss Ingelow's "Defton Wood" was lying on the piano. I seized upon that. I have a tolerable voice, and I tried to do my best. Ah, the refrain of the song is buzzing through my head still, like a great bee:

"Oh, so many, many, many
Maidens waiting to be won!
Speed, ye wooers, speed with any—
Speed with all but—one!"

I left the piano and walked to the nearest window. He followed. The night was dark and heavy with heat. He had his hat in his hand, and seemed ready to go, yet in no particular haste.

"Smell Miss Vann's heliotropes!" said I, leaning against the open window. "What overpowering odors! and what a weird, uncanny night!"

In order to obey, he was obliged to move a little nearer. The perfume of the flowers floated in to us in great, sensuous waves. A light breath of air wafted my shining dress against him as he stood. Silence fell in the room, thrilling, almost dreadful. In vain I tried to think of some harmless remark with which to break the spell. My tongue seemed paralyzed. I could not utter a sound, I could not stir from my place. It was very ridiculous, and rather alarming.

How long we stood there, like two bewitched creatures, I know not; but presently a sheet of heat-lightning flashed across the plate glass of the window—flashed full in my eyes, and filled the *salon* with a blue, infernal glare. I darted back, blinded and frightened, and, like a terrified child, stretched out my hand to Eric Saxe. How it happened I cannot tell, but the next instant I was strained to his side, his arm held me like a bar of iron, his pale, quivering face stooped and touched my plaited hair. I seemed to hear a voice, shaken with a great rush of unwilling passion, call my name twice, in a wild, desperate way—

"Beatrix! Beatrix! My darling!"

And I? A flood-tide of happiness rushed over me like an electric shock—overwhelmed me—turned me giddy and faint. The room, that pale, passionate face, reeled before my eyes. For one moment I lay helpless upon the arm that held me; and then—then, with some sudden revulsion of feeling—merciful Heaven! what *could* it have been?—he released me, he drew back, he put me away. He was as colorless as ashes.

"I beg a thousand pardons!" he stammered, in a hoarse, strange voice, "let me close the window." Down went the sash. He drew the elegant curtains swiftly, shutting out the blue glare. "Good-night, Miss Sardis!"

The next instant he was gone out of the room, out of the house. I heard him cross the piazza with great strides, and after that—all was still.

When the Vanns returned, I was still standing where he had left me, dazed, shivering, miserable.

"What ails you, Beatrix?" cried Miss Vann. "You look like a ghost!"

"I have a headache," I answered, picking up my wits at last. "With your permission I will retire;" and so I hurried off to my own chamber.

The night is very dark and still—very dreary, too. What *did* he mean? I cannot tell—I am weary with thinking of it. Why did he call me *darling?* Does he care for me in the least? Surely not, or he would not have left me like that. Oh, my head *does* ache now in good earnest, and I cannot write any more because of my foolish tears. I wish he had let me drown that day at the bathing-place—I wish I was lying, this very moment, deep down in the sea at the base of the cliffs!

Eric Saxe went home to his studio through the pitch-black, sultry night, like a man in a dream, seeing before him at every step a fair, girlish face, with soft hair, curling low on the smooth forehead, and big eyes uplifted to his own, blue as fringed gentians. The blood was coursing like fire through his veins—that hot Southern blood of his, stirred now by new and strange forces. He entered the old room, haunted by the memory of the Hebrew girl whose unhappy love had been her destruction, locked the door, and, with feverish haste, wrote these lines to Cullen Sardis:

"I love your niece and ward with all my heart. Rest assured, however, that I shall not approach her in the character of a lover until I have obtained your consent to do so. May I request you to appoint an interview at any time and place which will best suit your convenience."

That was all. No other course than this ever occurred to the chivalrous, high-hearted Southerner. In the very best sense of the word he was a man of honor, full, too, of the mighty pride of his peculiar race. To no unworthy or clandestine means would he stoop to win the pearl of price which he now coveted above all the world—consideration for Miss Vann, whose guest Bee was, would alone have restrained him from that. He knew that he would find small favor with Cullen Sardis, but the thought gave him no particular alarm. He expected obstacles, and he had courage and resolution by which to overcome them. Unhappily, however, he did not understand the character of the man with whom he had to deal.

Eric Saxe did not go near Bellevue Avenue on the morrow. Bee wrote in her journal, "Rode with Miss Vann—moped—yawned—saw nothing of E. S. A dull, interminable day."

He worked instead, upon Miss Vann's portrait, and dined at the elegant villa of an artist friend, upon whom the gods had bestowed both wealth and fame. At the richly appointed table he chanced to overhear this scrap of conversation.

"Have you observed that *petite* blonde in Charlotte Vann's carriage of late?" (this from a lady with a *crêped* head and a dazzling display of diamonds.) "Rather pretty, is she not, though sadly lacking in style. She attracts considerable attention on the Drive."

"Yes"—the second voice was feminine, also, and high-pitched—"it is a ward of Sardis, the famous banker. She is very young—is not yet out. It is said that Baron Strozzi has quite lost his heart to her."

"Indeed!"

"Wait till Mrs. Sardis returns from Europe—I dare say she will make a match between them. She has secured a count for her own daughter—be sure she will do well for the niece."

The second day came and passed. On the morning of the third, Eric Saxe received an answer to his letter.

A clang at the old-fashioned knocker, a step on the stair, his studio-door opened, and Cullen Sardis himself, cold, gray, aristocratic, stepped into the room.

Saxe arose from his easel to meet him. An odd contrast they made to each other—these two men—the banker, hard, polished, middle-aged, and master of the situation; the artist, young, fiery, handsome as Antinous, and losing color visibly, under the fixed gaze of his visitor. Mr. Sardis put down his hat and cane, drew off his gloves, and said good-morning, in the most courteous manner possible. His closely-shaven face, a little haggard, and somewhat deeply-lined about the eyes, was as impenetrable as a marble mask.

"I thought it best," he began calmly, "to reply to your letter in person. I need not say that its contents took me completely by surprise."

The dark blood rose slowly to Eric Saxe's temples.

"I scarcely think it surprising that I should love your ward," he answered. "Pardon me, it would be a much stranger thing if I did *not* love her."

The banker transfixed him with his cold, gray eyes.

"And may I ask if my ward loves you?"

"I have never spoken to her upon the subject. In my letter I gave you my word that I would not approach her as a lover till I had gained your consent."

"But you have reasons to believe, most likely, that you are not wholly indifferent to her?"

"Yes, I have reasons—I say it with all becoming reverence, God knows!"

The banker moved uneasily in his chair. Verily, a handsome, high-toned fellow like this was just the one to take captive the fancy of a silly schoolgirl.

"You are by profession a painter," he went on. "We live in a very matter-of-fact world, Mr. Saxe. All romance must have its practical side. Since I am to consider you a suitor for my ward's hand, you will excuse me if I ask, what are your pecuniary resources?"

Saxe had expected this. Erect, proud as a prince, he made quiet answer.

"I am poor, for I have had my own way to make, and many difficulties to contend with. My possessions consist entirely of a desolate plantation in Georgia, worth next to nothing, and my talent. But I am not altogether unknown to the world. The door of success is open to me. I have but to work with energy and patience, and my future is assured. And you will see that I *can* work. I love your ward with my whole heart and soul—I have loved her ever since the morning when I held her half-drowned body to my heart out in the surf yonder. There is nothing that I cannot do for her sake. Believe this, I beg you!"

The banker listened with courteous patience, his gray eyes fixed keenly on the passion-flushed face of the speaker. He was taking the mental measure of the man, and deciding upon the best course to pursue in this very perplexing matter.

"You acknowledge that you are poor," he said, with a faint smile; "do you know that Miss Sardis is an heiress, and a very wealthy one at that?"

The lurking sarcasm in this query was not lost upon Eric Saxe.

"Yes, I know it," he answered, hotly; "I wish to Heaven she was not. I wish she was as poor as I am, for her wealth is the one great barrier between us—the very thing which places me at an enormous disadvantage as I stand here talking with you at this moment."

Mr. Sardis brushed a grain of dust from his sleeve.

"I wish to be frank with you, Mr. Saxe. Generally speaking, when a man in your circumstances seeks the hand of a girl like my ward, society at once pronounces him a fortune-hunter."

Eric Saxe grew pale with wrath or chagrin, or perhaps both.

"I should have been ignorant, indeed, of the world, if I had not prepared myself for something like this," he answered, bitterly. "I suppose it would be useless for me to swear that it is Miss Sardis herself that I want, not her fortune—that I would be only too glad, only too thankful to take her without a penny. I am *not* a fortune-hunter. I come of a race that always held its honor as its best possession—that never stooped, root or branch, to a disgraceful action of any name or kind. I trust that I have inherited, in some measure, the characteristics of the old stock—that I am, at least, incapable of making any misrepresentation of my motives in this matter. Think a moment. Had I wished to secure Miss Sardis's fortune, is it likely that I should have acted as I have done—acquainted *you* with my intentions at the very outset—*you*, of all men in the world?"

Mr. Sardis smiled again, in his cool, superior way.

"My dear sir, how impetuous you are! *I* did not call you a fortune-hunter, but simply mentioned that society would inevitably regard you as such. Do you know my ward's age?"

"I know that she is very young."

"Seventeen; a mere child. You first saw her about five weeks ago. Now, I am not only Miss Sardis's legal guardian, but her uncle, also, and I have her welfare very near my heart. She knows nothing of the world—what can she know at seventeen?—and she has no male acquaintances whatever. I am not the cruel guardian that romance writers delight in. Bee is welcome to choose her own husband, but, pardon me, *not* six weeks after her emancipation from school—not the first young, good-looking man she meets—not before her entrance into society, where all her feelings, all her nature must undergo a decided change—not before she has some judgment and some experience to guide her in her choice. You are a person of honor and sense. I ask you, frankly, should I be acting justly toward my ward if I answered you otherwise than this?"

Eric Saxe walked away to the Jewess's window, stood there a moment or two, looking blankly out into the morning, and then returned to his former position.

"No," he answered, in a low, firm voice; "you are quite right."

Mr. Sardis grew cheerful.

"Then, under these circumstances, I must ask you to refrain from speaking to my ward upon this subject until she has been—well, let me say, six months in society. You owe this much, both to her and to myself. If your love is of the right sort, it will stand the test. The same may be said of any girlish fancy which she may entertain toward you."

A great light flashed into Eric Saxe's dark face. Involuntarily he took a step toward his visitor.

"Am I to understand," he cried, "that I have your consent to address Miss Sardis as a lover at the end of six months?"

The banker carefully averted his eyes from this eager, impetuous lover. Perhaps he was afraid they might betray the falsehood and treachery of his heart.

"Upon certain conditions," he answered.

"Name them!"

"You shall pledge me your word as a gentleman, not to speak of love to my ward till the half year be gone. You shall promise that you will not approach her in the character of a lover—that you will hold no communication with her at any time, nor seek either to see her, or to bias her free inclinations."

For a moment there was rank rebellion in Eric Saxe's passionate face; then he drew a deep, long breath.

"Your terms are hard."

"They are the best I can make."

"Then I must accept them—you leave me no choice. One right, however, I demand." The dark blood mounted hotly to his temples. "I told you just now that I had never spoken of love to Miss Sardis. This is quite true, and yet I have given her good cause to think of me as something more than a friend. I cannot, in honor, commit myself to the course you have marked out for me without first giving her some explanation of what would otherwise seem most extraordinary conduct. Mind, I will not attempt to plead my cause in the least; I will simply state the facts as they are, and—leave her. Upon this point I will take no denial, even from you."

The banker shrugged his shoulders.

"Very well. But it is scarcely necessary that you should see my niece—indeed, I must object to an interview at present. Sit down here and write to her, not as passion, but as good sense, dictates, and I myself will deliver your letter."

Eric Saxe looked disappointed, but he walked straight to a table, and, producing proper materials, sat down to his task. His back was toward the banker; the latter could see nothing but a pair of handsome shoulders, but he listened attentively to the rapid scratching of the pen over the paper.

Presently Saxe arose and approached his visitor with a pale, pained face, and an outstretched hand holding the message for Bee.

"Do you wish to read it?"

"Not for the world," answered the banker. "I trust you implicitly."

Saxe pressed the seal down hard upon his letter.

"Now she will understand me," he murmured, more to himself than to the banker. Cool and satisfied, the latter arose to go.

"I shall rely upon you," he said, significantly.

The two looked straight into each other's faces.

"I pledge you my word," said Eric Saxe, coldly, "that I will be as a stranger to your ward for six months to come; but after that, mind you—after that, I shall do my utmost, my very utmost to win her for myself!"

"Very well. Adieu for the present," replied Cullen Sardis. And so he departed from the old house.

Once outside its gate, he walked swiftly away to the Newport Cliffs. There, in a solitary spot, he drew Eric Saxe's letter from his pocket, tore it open, read it through, stripped it into minute fragments, and tossed it straight down into the sea.

"Presumptuous young beggar! he is quite rabid!" he said to himself with an unpleasant smile. "I would be glad to take him by the throat and choke the impudence out of him!"

After this he made haste to perform two imperative duties which were pressing hard upon his mind. The first was to dispatch the following message to Mrs. Sardis, in Paris:

"Come home immediately and attend to Bee. You are needed."

The next was to gather his astonished ward and all her belongings to himself, and, shaking the dust of Bellevue Avenue from his feet, fly with her from Newport and Miss Vann, as fast as steam could bear him.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN IMPENDING MARRIAGE.

THE idyl of Seedy Court was approaching a conclusion.

For several days after his interrupted love-making, Signor Discordo did not return to his lodgings to annoy Mercy and excite the jealous wrath of Val Black.

Miss Affry had already discovered that the Signor was very uncertain in his movements, and so gave the matter little thought; Mercy was infinitely relieved, and as for Val, he expressed his opinion in this wise:

"I hope to heaven the fellow will never show his face here again. Music teacher! He's nothing of the sort. I'll wager he doesn't know one note from another. But he's a scoundrel—you may be sure of that. When he puts in his appearance, Aunt Affry, tell him to vacate."

A fierce, raging jealousy was at the bottom of Val's mistrust. The thought of Discordo's passion for Mercy rankled most unpleasantly in his mind.

"No man shall make love to her again," he inwardly vowed; and that very night he waylaid his betrothed on the stair, and drew her into the shabby living-room where Miss Affry sat knitting in the gloaming.

"It's tempting Providence to leave a girl like you any longer without a natural guardian," he began, with an uneasy smile. "Aunt Affry and I have been talking the matter over, and we are both satisfied that you ought to marry me at once."

The slow, easy-going fellow looked ruffled and determined. He tore up and down the room, with his hands thrust into his pockets and his face dyed an unbecoming red.

"God knows I've not much to offer you, Mercy, but at least I can save you from wearing your life out longer at the needle, and from the insults of such rascals as Signor Discordo—hang him! Betwixt my salary and the lodgers we are sure to have enough for our actual needs, and we can both be content with that, can we not? for we are both used to poverty."

Then Miss Affry took Mercy's tired little hands in her own, and said:

"You have grown very pale and thin of late, my dear—you are really killing yourself as fast as you can. I quite agree with Val: the sooner you become his wife the better for all of us—I say *all*, for I need you sadly. I am quite crippled with rheumatics, and I really must have somebody to help me look after the rooms, and Val's dinners, and a hundred things about house. So you see I'm not altogether unselfish in wishing the lad to marry."

"What do you say?" coaxed Val, turning Mercy's flower-like face toward the light. "Shall this day week be our wedding-day?"

"This day week—so soon!" she faltered.

"Why not? We have no friends to consult, no preparations to make, since neither of us can afford any. Bid farewell to the Aid Society to-morrow, and tell them to engage another seamstress—you are done with the needle. If there is any reason why you should look so sad at the prospect, darling, name it."

Her lip trembled as she glanced from Val to Aunt Affry.

"My mother—you have both forgotten her," she said.

"Not at all," answered Val, firmly; "we have thought of her and talked of her. You shall do with your mother as you like, Mercy, only she must not torment you in the future as she has done in the past—I'll not consent to that, but I swear to provide for her always. Will not this satisfy you?"

"You are too kind, too good," murmured Mercy, "but I will not burden you with my mother—it is too much. Say no more."

But Val had a good deal more to say, and the matter could end only in one way. With a sigh of resignation the girl slipped her hand, at last, into her lover's.

"I will do as you wish," she said; "but if you ever regret your choice, Val, I shall die."

"Small fear of that!" cried Val, his rugged, commonplace face glowing with a great fervor. "I will keep you tenderly—I will love you always—so help me God! One week from this night, then, you will be my wife?"

"Yes," answered Mercy Dill.

There in that twilight room the three sat for a long time, and talked of the future, and laid their humble plans, and Miss Affry was the only one of the trio who, in so doing, remembered the old proverb, "Man proposes, but God disposes." In all that *she* said there was a secret reservation—one thought persistently thrust itself before all her schemes for the future—"Something may happen to Val and I—something is likely to happen at any hour." But she spoke not a word of this to either of her companions. And so the evening passed.

"I am the happiest fellow in the wide world," murmured Val, as he took leave of Mercy at the foot of the dirty stair.

"And you are sure you will never repent?" she said, with a sad smile.

"More than sure."

"How strange that any one should think for me, plan for me, care for me. It is almost too good to be true."

"Is it?" cried Val, becoming very demonstrative. "Precious darling!"

She broke from him, blushing like a rose, and fled up to her own little chamber.

In a week she would be Val's wife. The words went singing through her brain as she lighted her oil lamp and folded up the last of her sewing. Was the cruel drudgery of her life indeed over? Was there nothing before her now but peace and happiness with Val and Miss Affry? Stop! she had forgotten her mother—what was to be done with her? Val had left this question with his betrothed to decide, and a very knotty and perplexing one it was likely to be.

Ten o'clock struck. Tormented with many thoughts, shivering with impatience, Mercy waited for Moll Dill's step on the stair. It did not come.

She heard Miss Affry and her nephew go away to bed; then she went to her closet and took down an old waterproof cloak, a hood belonging to Moll Dill, and a thick vail.

Muffled in these, with all her riotous golden hair tucked away under the hood, and the vail tied closely over her face, Mercy descended to the hall of No. 10, noiselessly opened the door, and sprang out, like a spirit, into the hot, dark night.

She knew Moll Dill's haunts. Shrinking from her duty, yet determined to do it, she scurried away from Seedy Court in search of her miserable mother.

The gaslights winked in the sultry darkness. Overhead the ever-watchful stars looked silently down on the hushed city. Now and then the steps of a policeman rang along the pavement, or the rumbling of a distant carriage broke the silence; but that was all.

Crossing streets, gliding round corners, so swiftly that her muffled shape was gone before any fellow-pedestrian could turn to look after it, Mercy approached a wretched drinking place in a dirty, ill-lighted alley. Some men were just coming out of its door, sailors, rough-voiced, uncertain of gait. Mercy flattened her lithe body close to the wall as they passed—her thick breath almost choking her, fear and shame tugging wildly at her heart. Happily, they did not give her so much as a look, but reeled on and vanished at the first corner. Mercy gathered herself up, flung back the dramshop door and entered.

Two persons occupied the place, both women. One, a haggish, tousled object, was rinsing tumblers behind the bar, with ragged sleeves stripped up to her red elbows, and untidy hair loose about her eyes. The other stood at the pine counter, in the very act of raising a glass of liquor to her parched lips—a mournful wreck of womanhood, dark, wicked, incorrigible—Moll Dill.

Strange that Mercy should have been struck at that moment, as never before, by the superior air which this creature preserved, amid all her sin and misery—by the traces of past beauty on her haggard, clear-cut face, as the kerosene lamps of the bar flashed full upon it. That look, that air, Moll would take with her to her grave. She was like some potter's vessel which, though degraded to foul uses, still retained something of its rare original workmanship.

At the opening of the door, both women turned, and the bar-tender, who was talking shrilly to her customer, grew suddenly dumb. Mercy burst upon the two like an apparition. She was as pale as death. The vail had fallen from her face, the hood from her golden hair. Her great eyes flashed unspeakable indignation and anathema upon the place. She swept straight up to Moll Dill, and dashed the glass of liquor from her hand.

"Come home!" she cried, sternly and peremptorily.

Moll stared as if petrified. It was the first time her child had ever assumed this mien toward her, and its effect was wonderful. Without word or sound, she turned from the bar, from the gaping woman behind it, and with a cowed and guilty air, followed Mercy out of the place.

"Come home!" said the latter, for the second time.

"Lead the way," replied Moll, sullenly.

Unmolested, unobserved, the pair flitted back to Seedy Court. Mercy fitted a key in the door of No. 10, and crept silently up the stair, followed by her docile and quite as noiseless companion. How angry Val would be if he knew what she had done! Fortunately, he was fast asleep.

Having safely reached the back chamber, the girl threw off hood and waterproof, and confronted her mother.

"What is to become of you?" she demanded. "What is to become of *me?* for it is plain that I can have no peace while you go on like this. Oh, shame! It would be better for us both if we were dead!"

Moll cast down her sullen, black eyes.

"Maybe," she answered, briefly.

"Look me in the face, and tell me truly—*are you my mother?*"

Moll gave a sudden start. A wicked gleam shot into her eyes, then died out quickly.

"That's a queer question," she answered, plucking uneasily at the torn fringe of her shawl.

"No, it is not. Other people have asked it often—why should not I? Have I not good reason?"

"No doubt," replied Moll; "but all the same I *am* your mother, and you are my child—bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh. Don't get the notion into your head that you belong to any one else, for it isn't so. There's a wide difference betwixt us, I'll own, but that don't alter the case any, nor meddling tongues don't alter it—you are mine!"

Some faint hope which had stirred in the girl's heart for an instant, now met a swift and permanent death. She felt that Moll spoke truly—that in spite of the doubts which had often arisen in her own mind, she was this creature's daughter.

There was silence for a space, then Mercy made the following announcement:

"I am going to be married."

Moll gave a jump. As might be supposed, the confidence betwixt the two was very limited—she knew nothing of Val Black's love for her child.

"Married!" she gasped. "You?"

"I. The man who has asked me to be his wife is Mr. Black, the nephew of my landlady below-stairs."

Moll's wicked lip curled.

"That fellow! Who—what is he?"

"He is a clerk in the banking-house of Sardis & Co.," answered Mercy, "and he loves me—in spite of my poverty and disgrace, he loves me, and I am going to be his wife. It is strange that any one, knowing who I am, should want to link his name with mine, is it not? I can scarcely comprehend it myself."

Moll grasped the girl violently by the arm.

"He means to take you from me, does he?—he means to part us for good?" she hissed.

"No, he means nothing of the kind," replied Mercy, sternly. "He is good and generous—he is willing to give you a chance; and I—I will give you one, too, but it shall be the last. I've borne patiently with you for years and years—I've let you load me with shame and reproach, and make my life a misery; but now it will be different. I shall bear his name and not yours, and it will be his home and not this chamber to which you must come. Heaven help us both! Either you shall quit drink, and lead a sober life henceforth, or I will never see your face again—I will never again call you mother."

Moll Dill drew a deep breath.

"Do you mean it?" she asked, with a sidelong look at the girl's pale, set face.

"I do—I do!"

She stood as if in meditation, her black eyes cast down, her interlaced hands working nervously together.

"Well," she said at last, with a shrug, "you're right enough. It ain't in flesh and blood to bear such things for ever. I'll think of what you've said—I'll make up my mind to something, and that right soon."

She tossed off her old shawl, and turned away from Mercy, but as quickly turned back again, with a flash in her black eyes, with a low, contemptuous laugh on her lips.

"Don't think that he is stooping—that man—to marry you. You're more than his equal, girl, spite of your mother. It's not for him to feel ashamed of his choice. A clerk in the house of Sardis & Co., eh?—was that what you said? Servant of the man who rolls in riches while others starve?"

She snatched up Mercy's old purse from the work-table where it lay, and opened it in the lamplight.

"Not a penny! We shall have poor fare to-morrow. Well, we're used to it—that's a consolation. And Mr. Black is Sardis's clerk? It's a good jest! When are you going to marry him?"

"A week from this night."

"So soon? I wish you joy!"

Without stopping to remove her garments, Moll flung herself down on the broken sofa in the corner, and closed her wild, black eyes. There she lay till midnight, while Mercy slept and dreamed peacefully in the little bed behind the curtain. Then, unable to bear her torment longer, the woman arose, and, stealthy as a cat, began to pace the chamber back and forth, groaning in spirit, now throwing out her arms before her in a paroxysm of misery, now clinching her hands till the nails pierced the flesh. The old agony of remorse and regret was upon her again; but this night she did not flee to her usual wicked mode of allaying it. She simply endured till morning.

Before Mercy awoke she put on her hood and shawl again, and stole out into the city streets. Surely some better spirit was working in the woman, for she turned her face resolutely from all her favorite haunts, and walked off toward the business portion of the metropolis.

The hour was too early for any stir in the great hive, so Moll turned aside, and seated herself to wait on a bench of the green, cool Common.

Through her brain two conflicting voices rang. One said:

"A decent fellow, and he will be kind to her, most likely—kinder than any one else has ever been. He will clothe and feed her, and that's all Moll Dill's daughter can expect in life."

The other pricked her heart in this wise:

"But for me, she might be dressed in silks and jewels this day; she might have lovers from the highest and noblest in the land. This bank clerk is as poor as herself. What right has he to lift his eyes to her? Great God! There isn't a cent in her poor little purse to-day! How I have despoiled her!—how I have cheated and wronged her! If she knew all, she would strike me dead, perhaps, with the same air she wore last night when she dashed the liquor out of my hand."

She sat and thought the matter over, lashed pitilessly all the while by that inward tormentor of hers which drink might stifle, but could never kill. Presently she lifted her haggard, blood-shotten eyes to the clock of Park Street Church, and saw that it was already past nine. She arose at once from her bench, and walked swiftly away.

Down Tremont Street she went, through School, along Washington to State, never pausing till she reached the banking rooms of Sardis & Co. Here she looked around for a moment, then ascended the steps in her rags and tatters, and without the slightest hesitation pushed back the heavy door which bore the great banker's sign, and stepped into the elegant, marble-floored room beyond.

Several persons were there, at the desks, at the counter. A half-dozen pairs of eyes stared blankly at the intruding vagabond. Quite unabashed, however, she cast one lightning glance around the place, then walked straight up to two men who stood at a little distance from the entrance, one in the act of receiving some business instructions from the other.

The first of the pair, stalwart, red-haired, unhandsome, was Val Black. The second, a small, wrinkled and wiry man, was Jacob Phillips, the confidential clerk of Cullen Sardis, and the manager of his Boston house. On the arm of this latter person Moll Dill laid a firm, determined grasp.

"*Jacob Phillips!*"

He turned sharply, and stared at the apparition in the ragged shawl and hood, then recoiled a step.

"My God!" fell involuntarily from his lips.

"You know me, then?" said Moll Dill, watching his

changing expression, his consternation, with a lurking devil in her stealthy, black eyes.

Mr. Phillips seemed at a loss how to answer. The long-headed, reticent, undemonstrative man of business could scarcely find his voice.

"Yes, I know you," he stammered, at last; "what do you want here?"

She let her hand slip off his arm.

"Money!" she answered, laconically. "Where's your master?"

"In New York—hush! Step into a private room, for heaven's sake—Ill talk with you there."

He turned quickly and motioned her to follow. The next moment a neighboring door had closed upon the two, and Val Black was left standing in the floor alone.

He could scarcely believe his own eyes and ears! Mercy's mother there—an acquaintance of old Phillips's—asking him for money, and obtaining a hearing, too, in a private room! What *did* it mean?

Moll Dill had not deigned a glance at the younger clerk—had not even seen that it was her daughter's lover who stood listening in astonishment to her conversation with Phillips.

"It's incredible!" said Val to himself. "The old fellow was struck all in a heap at sight of her. By Jove! he knows her well—he does, indeed! Query: Will he give her money?"

He went to his desk, but he could not work—he was too mystified for that. Fifteen minutes passed. Then the door of the private room opened. The two came forth. In one hand Moll Dill grasped a roll of crisp banknotes, which she took no pains to conceal. Her demand had not been in vain, then! She passed swiftly out of the place, and Val saw her no more.

CHAPTER XV.

A THUNDER CLAP.

MERCY sat at her work-table in the morning sunshine, leaning one dimpled elbow upon it, and absently drawing fine lines with her needle along its old cover.

"What shall I do for a wedding-dress?" was the burden of her thoughts, and a pretty serious one it was for a girl who had, in spite of her hard, repressed life, all the instincts of her sex. "What *shall* I do? I have nothing but an old alpaca, frayed at the seams. I *cannot* be married in that."

Humble as her condition was, the little bride-elect had plenty of pride, and that dilapidated alpaca was as gall and wormwood unto her soul this morning.

Presently the bell of No. 10 rang briskly, and a moment after she heard Miss Affry calling her name from the hall below.

"Mercy! come down at once. Here is something for you."

Mercy flew down the stair to receive from Miss Affry a common envelope, closely sealed, and bearing these words in pencil:

"A gift for Mercy Dill."

Wondering greatly, she tore it open, and drew out a roll of crisp banknotes—fifty dollars in all.

"There must be some mistake—it can't be for *me!*" gasped Mercy, helpless with astonishment.

"A lad brought it," said Miss Affry, "an ordinary errand boy. He said, 'Give this to Miss Dill'—all as plain as print. I don't think he has had time to leave the Court yet."

She ran out of No. 10, and Mercy followed; but no boy was in sight. Returning to the sitting-room, the two examined the envelope, the bills, but without obtaining any clue to the giver.

"It must be that some of the ladies of the Aid Society sent it," said Miss Affry, at last; "maybe they have heard that you are to marry Val; but no! that's not possible, since you only decided that last night. Well, at any rate, the money's for you, my dear; so thank the Lord, and don't look so dazed about it."

Yes, the banknotes were for Mercy—there could be no mistake. Some one had kindly remembered her in her hour of greatest need, and the gift was none the less acceptable because its donor chose to remain unknown. Mercy need sigh no longer for a wedding dress.

When Val Black appeared at dinner, and heard of the anonymous present, and looked in Mercy's delighted face, as she crept shyly downstairs to show it to him, his own rugged countenance grew very grave indeed.

"Is your mother in the house?" he asked, abruptly.

"No. She went out early this morning, and has not yet come back," answered Mercy.

He opened his mouth for another question, but on second thought, shut it again. Something told him that Mercy Dill knew nothing of the acquaintance betwixt her mother and Jacob Phillips, and that it would be better not to mention the matter—at least, for the present.

"You think it quite right for me to keep this money, do you not?" asked Mercy, gazing a little anxiously into her lover's solemn face.

"Yes—of course," he answered. And so the mysterious roll of bills bought Mercy's wedding gown.

For the next few days a perceptible ripple of excitement stirred the moldy quiet of No. 10, Seedy Court. Miss Affry put by the secret anxiety which had oppressed her for the last few weeks, and entered heart and soul into her laddie's happiness. Val was in the seventh heaven of beatitude, and Mercy, in her little back chamber, stitched away, not at the Aid Society sewing now, but upon her own marriage gown.

On the morning after the delivery of the anonymous fifty dollars at the door of No. 10, Moll Dill walked into her daughter's presence, washed, combed, dressed in a decent new gown, with a clean, new shawl pinned across her bosom, and a respectable bonnet tied under her chin. It was plain that she had not been drinking. Her face was colorless, her manner cool and collected.

"Mother! what has happened to you?" cried Mercy, in amazement.

"I've turned over a new leaf," answered Moll, with a short laugh. "You don't believe that, do you? As for these clothes, they were given me by an old friend. Come, say good-by, Mercy; I'm going out of the city to work at a farmhouse till harvest is over—the Mission folks told me of the place. I want country air, and I want to give you a little peace, girl—it's most time, isn't it? When you're married and settled, I'll come back and talk with you. Meanwhile you needn't fret about me; I shan't drink at the farm, and if anything happens that you want me—small fear of that!—but *if* you should, the Mission folks will tell you where I can be found."

She was gone before Mercy had time for a word. Her altered appearance, her voluntary departure from her old haunts and associates, filled Mercy with new hope. Surely the long looked-for reformation was beginning at last! Her

mother had been the one black shadow upon her new joy; and the removal of that shadow, even for a little space, was like the lifting of a heavy load from off the girl's heart. For the first time in all her short, dark life, she was happy; she had a future to look forward to, a share in the hope and gladness of the world. She sang no longer, with the sadness and pathos of old—

"Cover my defenseless head,
With the shadow of Thy wing."

An earthly arm was now stretched out to shield her; never would she stand alone and unprotected more.

"I have had a hard, dark life," said Mercy to herself; "but it never can—it never will be so again!"

TELLING PAPA THE SECRET.

Alas! all the while over her fair, devoted head a tempest, blacker than any she had ever known, was gathering to overwhelm her.

One morning Miss Affry, in descending the stair from Mercy's chamber, with a part of Mercy's wedding-gown

hanging over her arm, blundered headlong against a person who had just entered from the court, and was snatched up in his two strong arms, and set promptly upon her rheumatic feet. As soon as she could adjust the glasses upon her defective eyes, she saw that Signor Discordo stood before her, as swarthy, as elegant, as smiling as ever.

"What! are you back again?" she cried, in vague dismay; for Val had commanded her to dismiss this lodger, and Val's word was her law.

"Yes," answered the Signor, doffing his hat and showing all his white teeth; "my pupils keep me much away, do they not? I hope I haf ze pleasure of seeing you well, madame? I hope your household has prospered in my absence—your nephew, and ze charming Mees Dill?"

"Oh, yes, they are quite well," said Miss Affry, serenely smiling; "on Thursday next, Miss Dill and my nephew are to be married, you know, and of course we are all very happy and very busy just now, sir."

He gave a tragic jump backward.

"*I* know? Married—so soon! My God, how cruel!" cried the Signor, incoherently, and staring at his landlady as if she were the Gorgon's head.

"Yes, certainly. Oh, dear! are you ill, sir? Whatever is the matter?" answered Miss Affry, aghast.

He seized her rheumatic arm, and dragged her into the little sitting-room. There he sank into a chair, beating his breast in a high-tragedy fashion, and giving unmistakable signs of great physical or mental anguish. Miss Affry stood over him, remembering, with profound consternation, that she had neither mustard nor Jamaica ginger in the house.

"Madame," said Discordo, hoarsely and suddenly, "you see zat I suffer—do you ask why? Ah, heaven! you are too good, too kind to blame me for what I could not help. You know how fair she is—your beautiful, your ravishing blonde, Mees Dill. I haf looked too much on her—she haf smiled too much on me, madame!"

Very slowly Miss Affry comprehended his meaning.

"Smiled on you!—Mercy?" she cried, in amazement.

"As ze angels smile, madame—out of pure goodness of heart. I love her—I adore her! and I entreat you to keep my secret. Let her be happy with your nephew. As for me, I go away at once—I cannot stay under this roof another hour; ze sight of her bliss would kill me. Behold how unfortunate I am, madame! I lay my heart open before you—my hot, Southern heart, zat cannot keep silence like colder natures."

Aunt Affry was greatly shocked and astonished. This Italian music-master loved Mercy—he was inconsolable at the thought of her approaching marriage! Was this the secret of Val's dislike for the man? Well, she was glad that he was ready to leave Seedy Court without being asked to do so. Half vexed, half pitiful, she drew out her shabby purse.

"I'm sure I never dreamed of such a thing," she stammered; "I'm very sorry for you, sir. A trifle is due you on the room—here it is. Indeed, the best thing you can do is to go at once."

"And you will promise to say nothing of my consuming passion, either to ze happy bridegroom or ze beauteous bride, madame?" implored Discordo.

"Good gracious—no, indeed!" cried Aunt Affry. "I should not like to have Val or Mercy know that you had spoken to me of the matter. Would you like to take your luggage from the room at once?"

With a mighty sigh the Signor arose. He had never had any luggage at his Seedy Court lodging beyond a common hand-bag; nevertheless, he promptly ascended the stairs to the second floor front.

Mercy's door stood open, for the day was breathlessly hot, and Mercy herself sat at the work-table of the dingy back chamber, sewing and singing, singing and sewing—the same, yet with a difference. The Signor's step was so noiseless on the landing, or, perhaps, her own thoughts were so absorbing, that she did not hear, neither see, the dark-visaged apparition that paused a moment at the head of the stair, to gaze in upon her with eyes that might have frightened a stouter heart than hers. Anxious, for once, to avoid rather than attract her attention, Discordo slipped by the door, entered his own room, and gathered together a few sheets of music, a few books, a few toilet articles, which he had scattered about there simply to give some semblance of reality to the character he had assumed. All the time he was doing this, Mercy Dill's heavenly voice poured through the thin partition that separated the two chambers, in a flood of silver-sweet song. More than once he stopped to listen, and his dark, wicked face put on a look scarcely good to see.

"Sing while you can, little bride," he whispered to himself, with a shrug; "sing your pious little Gospel songs, *petite*—it is good to be merry. And you think to wed ze red-haired clown? Bah! zat will never do. I cannot consent. And ze day is set? No matter, my beautiful. You are not for him—no, nevair! I swear it."

When he descended the stair with his few possessions, Mercy's door was closed. So it came to pass that she did not see him, did not know he had been in the house, until two or three hours later, when, in the presence of Val, Miss Affry, with studied carelessness, announced that the second floor front was vacant, and that Signor Discordo had delivered up his keys and departed, to return no more—a bit of information which both Mercy and Val received in silence.

* * * * * * *

One by one the days wore on—the happiest of her life, Mercy used to think, in the strange after-time.

It was the evening before her marriage, dark, rainy, dubious. But inside the lodging-house at Seedy Court, three hearts, at least, cared little for the weather. On Mercy's bed lay a gown of soft gray cashmere, garnished with ribbons and a ruff of white lace. This was the wedding-dress. From her own meagre purse Miss Affry had added to the little bride's store a gray wrap to match the gown, a hat of the same quiet shade, and a whole heap of pretty, inexpensive *lingerie*. Val's gifts lay beside his aunt's—useful things, befitting the humble position of this very humble pair of lovers: a warm shawl for the approaching Autumn, the dainty wedding-gloves, a few toilet trifles—all of which Val had purchased at Miss Affry's practical suggestion, fuming the while at his own poverty, and fervently wishing that he could give his beautiful darling velvets and brocades and diamonds instead.

As the supper-hour struck, Miss Affry called from the foot of the stair:

"Mercy! we are waiting for you, my dear—Val will not taste his tea till you come down."

With a fresh ribbon pinned, at her white throat—with her golden hair shining and curling all about her pearly temples, Mercy went down to sup with her lover on this night before their marriage.

Never had the old sitting-room looked more picturesque and cozy, or Miss Affry's table more tempting. Val's rugged, unhandsome face told its own story—he was simply in Paradise. He laid his evening paper, unopened, unread, upon the shelf—on what slight hinges of circumstance do our destinies turn! Had Val read that sheet, according to his nightly custom, Mercy's whole fate might have been changed. But what did he care for news upon an evening

like this?—what did he care for the outer world? He had enough in that plain little room to think about. In a few hours Mercy, beautiful, golden-haired Mercy, would be his own for ever.

The three had planned a very quiet, unobtrusive marriage—had decided that Val should go to his work on the morrow as on all other days, and when it was over, Mercy, with Aunt Affry to attend her, should walk with him to the house of the preacher at the mission, who was well known to all the trio, and there the ceremony should be performed. Leisure for joy or sorrow is the privilege of the rich and prosperous only. With his slim purse and increasing burdens, Val could afford no more than this, even though the occasion was to be the very happiest of his life.

After supper the three sat in the old living-room and talked of the morrow, and Val drew the marriage license from his pocket and flaunted it teasingly before Mercy's abashed eyes.

"You are a pair of foolish young folks," said Aunt Affry, fondly, "and I hope—I only hope you may be as happy as you deserve."

"And you are sure you don't begrudge me Val?" whispered Mercy, shyly.

"Yes, I am sure. How could I? for you are the thing he covets most in all the world," answered Miss Affry, with a smothered sigh.

"It is strange that he cares so much for me, is it not?" the girl breathed, softly.

"No—not in the least strange," said Miss Affry.

Mercy was leaning toward her in the lamplight, toying nervously with her betrothal ring. A faint blush colored her oval cheek, her violet eyes were wide open and full of lustre—even the prosaic old spinster was startled by the picture she made. Poor she might be, low-born she might be, but what patrician bride could rival her matchless dower of beauty?

Presently Val's ring slipped from her hand, and rolled away over the floor.

"A bad omen," said Val, lightly; and in a moment he was down on the worn carpet, searching along its surface for the little golden band. From a remote corner he brought it back to Mercy at last, demanding from her, in spite of Miss Affry's presence, prompt payment for his exertions.

"'R. A.,'" said Mercy, bending her confused face low over the letters engraved on the inner side of the ring—"I have often wanted to ask you about those initials, Val. Do they mean your father's name?"

Aunt Affry looked up quickly, but before Val caught her warning glance he answered:

"Yes."

"But Black does not begin with A.," said Mercy, smiling.

He seemed rather disconcerted for a moment.

"True. 'Thereby hangs a tale.' I'll tell you about it some time, darling. This ring is too large for your slim fingers. You shall have another, to-morrow, to keep it in place."

The evening wore away. Outside, the rain fell fast, and, driven by fitful gusts of wind, it tramped up and down the dark court, making, now and then, a frantic rush at the door of No. 10, like some person in breathless haste—like a bearer of great news. Never would either of the three forget this evening—it was destined to remain printed upon the memory of each in characters of fire. And yet nothing occurred to break its profound quiet. Mercy went away at ten o'clock. Ascending the stair, lamp in hand, she looked back over her shoulder at Val Black, who stood watching her in the hall below—looked back, with a smile on her lips and the red light falling on her golden hair and striking deep into the shady violet of her eyes.

"Mercy," he said, with the insatiable vanity of his sex, "are you *sure* you love me, darling?"

"Very sure," she answered.

"Suppose something should happen this very night to separate us — how long would you be faithful to me, darling?"

"As long as I lived."

He watched her ascend the old stair like a fair spirit.

The pearly face, the golden hair, the shy, sweet smile receded slowly from his gaze—vanished at last into darkness.

Thus he remembered her for many a long day after.

All through the silent hours of that night ugly, confused dreams crowded upon Mercy. She stood on the brink of an abyss—she was falling over its black edge—there was no one to help her. In vain she cried to Val—he was gone—he had left her alone to perish.

Bathed in a cold sweat, and with a smothered shriek on her lips, Mercy awoke to find the morning light streaming into her chamber—the light of her marriage-day. As she looked at it a strange, superstitious chill ran over her.

"Something is going to happen," she said to herself; "I shall be separated from Val! I feel as if some one was walking on my grave."

The next moment, however, she laughed at her own folly.

"What *can* happen? Is not everything ready? Even my mother could not part us now. Am I growing nervous? Fie! That's a disease which only fine ladies have."

The day was very much like all others in the old house. Mercy breakfasted with Val and his aunt, and then went away to her humble room to put the finishing stitches to her pretty dress. Meanwhile in her own domain below-stairs, Miss Affry hobbled about, setting all things in order, and compounding various dishes with which to make tempting the supper-table.

Strange memories crowded upon her as she worked, memories of places and persons, very far away, but over and above everything else arose one thought:

"She is good and beautiful, and she is Val's choice. Like his father before him he will have his own way in a matter like this. I couldn't keep him from marrying her if I tried ever so hard. She'll be a daughter to me, even as he is a son, and, ten to one, we shall live on here taking lodgers and pinching and contriving all our natural lives. I am content with the girl—yes, I am content!"

The hours flew on. Noon came and passed. The sun was shining in the Court, the sky hung blue and cloudless over the city roofs—Val's marriage evening would be fair.

Miss Affry made the tour of her sitting-room for the last time, removed every suspicion of dust from the window-seats, the round table, the cozy, chintz-covered chairs, and then came to the hanging shelf on the wall, where Val's books reposed.

Far up the stair Mercy Dill was singing one of her brave, sweet, Gospel Songs. Angel-sweet her voice floated down to the old woman as she worked.

Mounting a wooden cricket, Miss Affry began to take down the volumes and brush them carefully, one by one. While doing this something fell from the shelf to the floor. She stooped and picked it up. It was the evening paper which Val had left unopened on the preceding night. None of its pristine creases were yet disturbed.

With that quick thrill of interest which the sight of a newspaper had for the last few weeks stirred in her heart, Miss Affry adjusted her glasses and opened the sheet. As

she let her eyes run along its columns, the first thing on which they rested was this notice :

"INFORMATION WANTED—Of the son of Robert Arbuckle, of Deepmoor, Lincolnshire, England, or of a woman called Affry Black, formerly a housemaid at Deepmoor Hall. Said Affry is known to have sailed from England with Robert Arbuckle and his wife, Christine Black, twenty-five years ago, and is supposed to be still living in Boston or vicinity. Any information that will lead to the discovery either of her nephew or herself, will be liberally rewarded. Call or address Peter Finch, Barrister, at the office of the British Consulate, 68 Devonshire Street, Boston."

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. FINCH.

THE paper dropped from Miss Affry's hold. Her heart gave one great, suffocating bound and then seemed to stand still. The room whirled around her. At last—at last! She snatched up the notice and read it again. No, her eyes had not deceived her. She was wanted—Val was wanted! She looked at the clock, it was scarcely past two. Miss Affry flew to her closet, flung on her bonnet and shawl, thrust her shaking hands into her cotton gloves, and without a word to Mercy, with no more thought of the girl than if she was not in existence, she rushed wildly out of the house and out of Seedy Court.

How she reached Devonshire Street she never knew. She had a dim consciousness of tearing blindly along noisy thoroughfares—of elbowing her way through crowds of people, who looked down on her shabby, insignificant figure in angry amaze—of feeling half choked with the wild throbbing of her heart; but to her scattered wits these things seemed as vague and indistinct as the things of a dream.

Some good angel must have guided her, however, for presently she found herself standing on the sunless side of Devonshire Street before an entrance that bore the number and sign she sought. Ascending flight after flight of stairs, Miss Affry pushed open a door on the third floor of the building, and stood in the office of the British Consulate.

Several persons were present, transacting business at the desk, or waiting for a chance to do so. No one seemed to notice Miss Affry's entrance. She cast one sharp glance around the place, then walked straight up to a small, gray gentleman who was seated with his back to a window, reading a copy of the London *Times*. He looked up as she approached.

"I want to see the London lawyer who advertised for Robert Arbuckle's son," said the old woman in a trembling voice, "is he here ?"

The little gray man arose to his feet.

"Who are you ?" he demanded.

She drew nearer and peered up in his face with breathless eagerness. They had known each other well twenty-five years before. Had the wear and tear of a quarter of a century changed both beyond recognition ? Scarcely.

"I am Affry Black," answered the woman, "the sister of Robert Arbuckle's wife. And you— Merciful Heaven! You are Peter Finch himself!"

Mr. Finch's face was as expressionless as a piece of leather.

"Follow me," he said; and straightway led Miss Affry into an inner room, closed the door and sat down beside her, scanning her closely with a pair of eyes that meant business.

"You say that you are Affry Black," remarked Mr. Finch, calmly. "The person who answered to that name at Deepmoor Hall twenty-five years ago was not in the least like you."

She looked him squarely in the face.

"That's true enough, for Affry Black was young then, and pretty—you told me that yourself one day in Lady Arbuckle's laurel walk. I was coming home from an errand at Deepmoor Rectory, and I met you there—do you remember ?—just where the path dipped down to my lady's rose-garden. You tried to kiss me behind the laurels, and I boxed your ears; I was not used to the free ways of lawyer clerks."

The blood arose in Mr. Finch's gray cheek at this reminiscence of youthful gallantry; then he laughed.

"Go on—tell me more!" he said, in a sprightly tone.

"*What* shall I tell you ?" flashed the old woman, a fierce excitement leaping into her face and voice alike, "that twenty-six years ago my sister, Christine Black, was waiting-maid to Lady Arbuckle—that she was the prettiest girl in all Lincolnshire—that not a picture among all the family portraits at Deepmoor Hall could compare with her ? You remember her blue eyes, I dare say, and her white skin and her yellow hair, for the person who saw her once could never forget her. Shall I tell you that we were the twin daughters of old Sir Godfrey's gamekeeper, who had been shot by poachers the year before we took service at the Hall ?—that we were alone in the world and loved each other dearly ? Shall I tell you about the baronet's two sons—young Mr. Godfrey, the heir, a born aristocrat, like his father, and Mr. Robert, a gay, wild, ne'er-do-well, the black sheep of the Arbuckles—a man who could never withstand a handsome face, whether gentle or low-born ? Shall I tell you how Mr. Robert fell in love with his mother's waiting-maid, and fled with her to London, and there married her, like the true gentleman which he was, in spite of all his faults ? I can show you Christine's marriage lines, Peter Finch, and her wedding-ring. I have kept both all these years, as the most precious things I had in the world!"

"No one ever doubted in the least that Robert Arbuckle married your sister," answered Peter Finch; "poor young man! He was stark, staring mad."

"Mad or sane," said Miss Affry, bitterly, "he was the only one of the Arbuckles who was born with a heart. Ah, they were a hard race, sir—a stiff-necked, iron race! Her ladyship turned me from my place at Deepmoor Hall—turned me into the street, although I had no hand whatever in Christie's marriage; indeed, it was as great a shock and surprise to me as to anybody, sir. I took the little money I had and went up to London, and found the young pair in miserable lodgings down Old Brompton way—a dismal hole, as damp as a wash-house, for the old baronet had cut off his son's supplies. Mr. Robert was sure, though, that his family would forgive him; but he reckoned without his host. They *didn't* forgive him, as you know well, sir—they cursed and disowned him, and left him to take his choice of beggary or starvation. I don't think Mr. Robert had five pounds in the world at the time I joined Christie in London. After a while he was forced to write and ask help of his father; but his letter was never answered. Lady Arbuckle, though, sent the poor lad two fifty pound notes—she had a little feeling left for him, though she was quite as furious as the others at his marriage. *You* brought the money to us—do you remember ?—and with it some motherly advice from her ladyship; she thought Mr. Robert had better leave England at once—take himself and his wife to America, or

Australia, or some place where the relatives he had disgraced would never hear of him more. How Christine wept and wailed when you told us!—you see that my memory has not gone the way of my good looks, Peter Finch—and poor Mr. Robert went quite wild with wrath and disappointment. He bade you tell his lady mother that he would go—that he would never see her face again, nor the faces of any of his kindred. Two days after, he sailed with Christine for America, and I went with them. I swore then that I would never leave nor forsake the poor, foolish pair, and I never did."

Mr. Finch started up—he could contain himself no longer.

"Where is the boy—where is Robert Arbuckle's son?" he cried, breathlessly.

"Here—in this city—with me," answered Affry.

"Alive and well?"

"Alive and well."

"Thank God!"

She turned sharply on the old barrister.

"What do you want of my laddie?—who sent you to find him? Now that Sir Godfrey has lost his own brood, does he begin to think kindly of poor Mr. Robert's boy?"

"Then you know that the baronet's sons are dead?" said Mr. Finch.

"Yes. Weeks ago, in the foreign news of a daily paper, I read that Sir Godfrey, the man who lately made some great conservative speech in Parliament, had lost his entire family within six months—one son by fever and two by drowning. Mark you, till that night I had never told my laddie who or what he was. Then, for the first time, he knew that he had blue blood in his veins. With his dying breath Mr. Robert charged me to give the boy his mother's name, and keep from him, as long as I could, all knowledge of his English relatives, and I obeyed him to the letter. He was very bitter against his own people, was poor Mr. Robert, and very anxious that Val should be brought up in ignorance of them all, and with no expectations whatever. Christie died at the child's birth—died in poverty and despair, sir, and Mr. Robert followed her a few months after; so the lad was left to me."

Mr. Finch cleared his throat with a slight cough.

"Yes. Robert Arbuckle wrote to his mother about the death of his wife, and the birth of the child. That letter was given me to keep—also the one in which you told her ladyship of Robert's death. Ten years ago I heard of you again from a former housekeeper at Deepmoor Hall, to whom you sent information that the lad was strong and well, and that you were supporting him by any work your hands could find to do. Happily for us all, my good Affry, these bits of intelligence guided me straight to this city, and made your discovery comparatively easy."

In her fierce impatience she grasped his arm with both hands.

"What do you mean by all this talk? Speak! what brought you to America in search of Val—and I?"

"Be calm Affry—I have great tidings for you. Sir Godfrey Arbuckle is dying of an incurable disease at Deepmoor Park. The ancestral estate will be your nephew's by entail—the title will be his, and more than this, Sir Godfrey has acknowledged him as his rightful heir and bequeathed to him—he wishes you to know this—all his other possessions. He has also sent me to find and bring you both immediately to England—he is mad to see the boy before he dies."

Affry's hands dropped away from the lawyer's arm. Her withered face grew colorless as death.

What news was this, after all her weary years of poverty and privation! what news was this for the laddie she loved so well! Sir Godfrey's acknowledged heir—the next baronet of the name—her Val! The room went round and round before her eyes.

"Come," cried Mr. Finch, "where is your nephew? Let us go to him at once."

She rose, mechanically.

"Val is a clerk in a banking-house near by. My head is a little unsteady, sir—you must know that this is, indeed, great news for me—I never dreamed it could be—never! with the baronet's strong sons betwixt my lad and the title; and even after I knew the boys were dead, I said, and Val said, that the chances were still against anything of the kind. Sir Godfrey was not an old man—he might marry again and have other sons—it was more than likely, and ever since we have been trying, both of us, to give no thought to the matter, to indulge in no false hopes."

She was trembling so violently that Mr. Finch hastened to support her.

"I rejoice with you," he said, heartily, "you have suffered and sacrificed a great deal for the lad, I doubt not, and now your reward has come. Be calm. It is all right. If you are able we will go at once—I do greatly long to see Robert Arbuckle's son."

Oh, what would Val say? That was the first thought that came to Miss Affry, even in her own excess of joy. How would he receive this sudden change of fortune? She descended the stairs with Mr. Finch—he gave his arm to her as if she had been a duchess. She was no longer in his eyes the ex-housemaid of Deepmoor Hall, but the aunt of its future lord and master.

"A banker's clerk," he murmured, as they trotted away together; "you have managed, then, to give him some sort of an education."

"Yes," she answered, "in the public schools—it was all I could do for him. He was a bright scholar always, the first in his class. Look at these hands, they will tell you how I have worked for my laddie," and she spread out her crooked, toil-knotted fingers, expressively.

They reached the banking-house of Sardis & Co. to find Val out upon some errand for the house.

Jacob Phillips, to whom Mr. Finch briefly explained his business, conducted the two to an inner room to await the young clerk's return.

Fifteen minutes past—half an hour. Miss Affry was growing wild with impatience, when the door suddenly opened, and Val's stalwart figure and heavy face appeared on the threshold. He entered briskly.

"Halloo! little woman, anything wrong?" he began, bestowing a rather quizzical look upon Mr. Finch.

Miss Affry turned to the lawyer.

"This is my nephew," was all she could say.

Mr. Finch stepped forward, quickly. His keen eyes ran over the young fellow from head to foot, and filled with prompt approval. A true Arbuckle this—ay, Sir Godfrey's very image—red hair, square shoulders, general ugliness and all.

"No, nothing is wrong," he answered, "don't mind your aunt, she is quite upset. I am Mr. Finch of London, the family solicitor of Sir Godfrey Arbuckle, and—I have news for you!"

Val stood looking from one to the other, but he spoke not a word.

Peter Finch advanced nearer and held out his hand.

"Mr. Valentine Arbuckle," said he, "I am happy to tell you that I have been sent by your uncle, Sir Godfrey, to bring you to England. He has acknowledged you as his heir, and he prays you to hasten to him at once. He is dying of a hopeless malady, and we shall be fortunate, indeed, if we find him living by the time we reach Lincolnshire."

Ever since that birth-night when Miss Affry had read of

the death of the baronet's sons, and had revealed to her nephew his father's tragic story, Val had known that such an event as this was, at least, possible—that, unless Sir Godfrey should marry again, he might some day inherit Deepmoor. Nevertheless Mr. Finch's news fell upon his ears like some Arabian Nights story—as unreal and absurd.

Miss Affry flung her arms about his neck, and told him how Sir Godfrey's heart had been turned to his brother's son—how Mr. Finch's advertisement had chanced to meet her eyes that afternoon—how that he—Val—was no longer a shabby clerk, with a salary scarcely sufficient to meet his necessities, but the heir to a baronetcy, and twenty thousand pounds a year.

He broke from her with a wild laugh and began to stride up and down the room as if his head was turned.

"I the heir of twenty thousand per year! I a prospective baronet!" he cried. "I look like it, do I not? I, with the clown plainly written all over me, with the manners of a hod-carrier! Great God! it must be that we are all mad together!"

"Not at all," said Mr. Finch, cheerfully; "it is quite true; and pardon me if I assure you that you *do* look like a baronet, for you have the face, the hair, the figure that have been in the Arbuckle line for generations. A proud race, a stern race, but never a handsome one."

"Oh, Val, believe it, won't you?" entreated Miss Affry; "believe that the poverty's over, and the clerking, and the lodgers that don't pay their rent, and the pinching and contriving——"

Words could no further go, but two great tears of unspeakable joy rolled down her withered cheeks. Val turned quickly upon her.

"Mercy!" he cried, breathlessly—"does *she* know?"

Miss Affry started as if she had received a *douche*. It was the first time she had thought of the girl since leaving Seedy Court.

"Certainly not," she answered; "I ran out of the house as soon as I had read the notice, and without saying a word to any one."

"Good heaven! and we are wasting all this time here, away from her. Let us go home at once. Mercy," he explained, turning from Miss Affry to the London lawyer, with an uncertain smile, "is my betrothed wife—I am to be married this very night."

Mr. Finch gave an unpleasant start.

"Married!"

"Exactly."

"May I ask who the lady is?"

"She is not a lady at all," answered Val, with a defiant laugh—"that is, as *you* understand the term. She is a poor seamstress, who earns her living by her needle."

Mr. Finch's face grew supernaturally grave. The heir of Deepmoor Hall on the verge of a *mésalliance* with a work-girl! Robert Arbuckle's folly all enacted over again! This was too bad.

"My dear sir," he said, in a voice full of suppressed agitation, "you are not the same person that you were an hour ago. In view of your altered prospects, and your new duties, especially those which you owe to Sir Godfrey, may I not suggest that it would be wise for you to pause a little before taking such an important step as matrimony? For your uncle's sake, for your own sake, be prudent, I beg you—do nothing that you will regret."

Miss Affry caught quickly at the lawyer's meaning—yea, read his thoughts in his face; and, without any intentional treachery to Mercy, ranged herself promptly on his side.

"Mr. Finch is quite right, Val," she said, with decision.

"I don't know what you mean," answered Val, staring blankly from one to the other; "I am going home to Mercy. Do you think I shall postpone my marriage because of anything I have heard here? Not at all. Let me speak to old Phillips a moment, and then we'll be off."

He went out with his great, strange news, and Mr. Finch walked straight up to Miss Affry and looked her keenly in the face.

"Who is this girl?" he demanded. "Speak quickly."

"Her name is Mercy Dill, sir. She's handsome and good, sir, but——"

"But what?"

"She's very poor, as Val says, and, worse than that, she's the daughter of a woman who's been before the courts for drinking—a walking gin-bottle, sir."

"Great God! and his wife will be the future lady of Deepmoor Hall! This comes of your bringing him up in ignorance of his birth. How could you allow him to become entangled in such a fashion? Quite inexcusable! Marriage with a low person would be your nephew's ruin. Sir Godfrey would never forgive me if I should countenance it. Do you love the boy? Do you seek his best interests? Then help me to find some means by which he can be saved."

Aunt Affry began to whimper.

"She's as pretty as an angel, sir. When you see her you'll not wonder at Val's choice. I will do what I can. I must act for his good, of course. Yes, I know that everything is changed now."

"Such a *mésalliance* would ruin you both with Sir Godfrey. A new will would be made and everything but the entailed property would be snatched from your nephew. It would destroy him socially, also. Merciful Heaven! he must *not* throw himself away like this!"

Miss Affry had no time to answer. The return of Val to the inner room cut short the conversation.

"Come!" he cried, with feverish haste, and the trio departed at once from the banking-house, leaving Val's fellow-clerks lost in wonder, envy and amaze at the supreme good fortune which had overtaken that beggar Black—Black, the fellow whom they had all snubbed without mercy—the great, red-haired, loose-jointed clown, who hadn't the faintest sign of blue blood about him. And he was actually the heir of an English nobleman with no end of manors and guineas. It was simply incredible—it was abominably unjust!

Meanwhile Mr. Finch had called a carriage, and determined, in the present critical state of affairs, not to lose sight, even for a moment, of Affry Black or her nephew, he entered the vehicle with the two, and rolled off to Seedy Court.

Few words were spoken on the way. As they drew up at the door of No. 10, Mr. Finch cast one comprehensive look around him, then followed his companions into the house—into the humble sitting-room which Miss Affry had left in such trepidation an hour or two before.

"Call Mercy," said Val.

Miss Affry went to the foot of the stair and called accordingly. No answer. She ascended to the landing above, and rapped at the door of the back chamber. No answer.

"Mercy," cried the old woman, "come down—Val is here, and he has news for you—great news!"

No voice replied. She opened the door and looked into the room. The gray wedding-dress was lying on the bed, with the little maker's needle still shining in an unfinished fold. On the sill of the open window bloomed the boxes of flowers which the girl loved. Over all shone the mournful light of the waning afternoon—but Mercy herself was not there. Not there, nor in any other part of the old lodging-house.

Ten minutes after, Miss Affry, with a pale, scared face,

burst into the shabby sitting-room, where Val was stalking to and fro, mad with impatience.

"Mercy's not in the house!" she cried; "I've looked everywhere, Val. What can have become of her? I don't understand it—do you? She's taken her hat and shawl, and she's gone, I say—don't stare at me like that—she's *gone!*"

(To be continued.)

THE ALBERT MEMORIAL CHAPEL AT WINDSOR.

By Lady Blanche Murphy.

Some twelve years ago there stood, east of St. George's Chapel, at Windsor Castle, an ancient, dilapidated building called Wolsey's Tomb House, and separated from the chapel by a passage leading to the cloisters. It was of fine architectural proportions, and elaborately vaulted within, while the centre was occupied by a marble sarcophagus, now transferred to the crypt of St. Paul's, and containing the body of Admiral Nelson. Wolsey had intended it for his own.

This forlorn chapel was destined to wait three centuries for its restoration and adaptation to some end worthy of its beautiful proportions and historical associations. Shortly after Prince Albert's death, the Queen sent for Sir Gilbert Scott, and intrusted him with orders and means for restoring the chapel, as a memorial to the Prince.

The original building was first thoroughly restored, and then designs were prepared for decorating it in the most artistic and elaborate manner. Under his directions the roof was filled in with mosaics on a gold ground, from cartoons prepared by Clayton & Bell, and executed by Salviati, the Venetian artist in mosaics and glass; the windows were filled with rich medieval stained glass, by Clayton & Bell; the pavement was laid down with mosaics of colored marbles; the walls below the windows were enriched with pictures *etched upon marble* by Baron Triguetti; and, lastly, a rich and magnificent altar and reredos was erected. Round the walls, under the marble etchings, runs a bench of dark-green marble, divided into stalls. In the centre of the chapel stands an altar-tomb, busts by the late Miss Durant, and the angels by Baron Triguetti. The sculpture of the altar represents the Resurrection, also by Triguetti, inclosed by a border of rich mosaic work, and surmounted with canopy work carved in white alabaster.

Below the great blank window at the west end is the chief entrance, by an arched doorway, over which is a space for sculpture, and on either side two richly carved, canopied niches, empty as yet, but which will eventually contain statues of angels, each a typical representation, the one of Life and the other of Death.

The color and brilliancy of the magnificent glass which fills the windows vie with the ancient stained glass still preserved in many old English churches. The five windows in the apse contain a series of Scriptural subjects, and the eight in the nave (four on each side) the genealogy of the Prince Consort, represented by effigy figures and their historic bearings, in "full achievement."

Not one inch of this gorgeous chapel remains without its brilliant and costly ornament; every column, bas-relief, figure, etc., is a gem, and the effect is bewilderingly beautiful. The only fault one can find with this perfect work of art is its want of simplicity, the fault of the style of the original building itself, rather than of the taste of the restorers. It reminds one, in regard to its richness, of the Certosa, at Pavia, and the smaller but no less miraculously elaborate chapel of San Martino, in Naples; only that the two latter, artistically wonderful as they are, are almost utterly heathen in their details and general effect; whereas the style of the Albert is of various rich, dark-colored marbles, adorned with statues by Triguetti.

Upon the tomb is a reclining figure of the late Prince Consort, habited in a suit of armor of the fourteenth century. Two kneeling angels support his head, and his favorite hound lies at his feet. The chain and badge of the Order of the Garter are on his breast, and his right hand grasps a sword partly drawn from its scabbard. At the angles of the tomb are four angels in various attitudes, one with his hands clasped in prayer, one with his hands lifted over his head, supporting the slab, and two bearing shields. At the ends of the tomb, in elaborately carved niches, are weeping, kneeling figures. The inscription, gilded and cut on the chamfered edge of the slab on which the figure reclines, runs thus: "Albert, the Prince Consort, born August 6th, 1819; died, December 14th, 1861. Buried in the Royal Mausoleum. 'I have fought the good fight. I have finished my course.'" If the inscription was to be in the first person, one would have wished for some humbler and more Christian sentiment. The mosaics in the spandrils of the vaulting consist of ornamental scroll-work, while the shafts between the windows are supported by angels bearing shields. Those in the nave have heraldic devices relating to the Prince, but those in the apse mottos and devices of a symbolic, religious meaning. At the west end of the chapel is a large blank window, divided into three arches within a wide, depressed arch, and each arch into two "lights," but the style being what is known as the Perpendicular, the ramification and subdivisions are endless. They are filled with historical figures in mosaic work, kings, queens, bishops and warriors. The wall spaces under the side windows are occupied by scriptural subjects in inlaid marble; each of those at the east end being surmounted by a carved bust of an Evangelist, and having on either side a bust of an Apostle, while each of those in the nave have a bust of a member of the Royal family at the top and an angel on either side. Not the least beautiful bits of decorations are the mere "fillings-in," round the doorways and between large mosaics or sculptured spaces. Here may be seen bosses of delicate carved work, trefoil and quartrefoil medallions, lozenges, etc., with carved leaves and vines, and blossoms, miniature columns, slight tracery covering various colored bits of marble. In this direction the new Gothic of the English Restoration, seems to grow and improve every day. There is no carelessness, no dependence upon mere dazzling show, but a wonderful conscientiousness in finishing every smallest and most apparently insignificant detail of decoration. If anything can be said against this, it is only that there may come of it a danger of belittling art, and losing sight of grand and massive proportions in the very refinement of elaborate ornament.

ENGLAND'S PENSIONERS.

An official account, demanded by some inquisitive and dissatisfied members of Parliament, of the sums annually paid to the royal family and other public pensioners, has recently been published. The statement is for the year ending last March. The Queen, of course, heads the list, with £406,708 19s. 9d. This is a pretty salary for one year. While we are quarreling over our President's salary, and hesitating whether it shall be $25,000 or $50,000, England does not grumble at giving its sovereign $2,000,000! The President's salary is a good example to compare the others we shall mention with.

The Prince of Wales had $200,000, the Duke of Edinburgh $125,000, and the other two royal princes each

$75,000, the Duke of Cambridge $60,000, the Princess of Wales $50,000, the Princess Royal $40,000, her three sisters and the Duchess of Cambridge each $30,000, the Duchess of Teck $25,000, and the Duchess of Mecklenberg-Strelitz $15,000. So much for the royal family.

Among the public pensioners are a dozen or more retired diplomatists, with from $5,000 to $10,000 each, three retired Lord Chancellors each with $25,000, six ex-Judges with about $20,000 each, an ex-Speaker with the same, and three ex-Cabinet Ministers each with $10,000. Then come the Dukes of Marlborough and Wellington, each with $20,000, on account of Blenheim and Waterloo, and after them a curious lot, including old servants of George III. and Queen Charlotte, with pensions from $20,000 down to $200. Nelson's representative gets $17,500, and the heirs of the Quaker William Penn $20,000. These are big figures, and tend to bewilder one's brain.

THE MARY OAK, AT ALOUVILLE, IN NORMANDY.

THE MARY OAK, AT ALOUVILLE, IN NORMANDY.

Oak trees were an object of worship among the early inhabitants of France and the British Isles, and much of the Druidical worship is connected with the oak. When Christianity was introduced, the early heralds of truth turned these oaks into temples, and statues of Mary and Jesus showed their consecration to the new religion.

Mary oaks became often famous places of pilgrimage, and their renown remained attached to the stately Gothic churches reared on the spot. At Alouville, in Normandy, stands the last survivor of these chapel trees, which is sufficiently curious to merit description. It is 35 feet round the trunk. For hundreds of years have the snows of Winter covered its mighty branches, and successive Springs robed it with leaves and acorns.

Years and years ago, time hollowed it out; but the reverence felt for it as a shrine of Mary led the people to line its hollow trunk with white marble, and erect within this crypt an altar, surmounted by a beautiful marble Madonna, and in this tree-shrine service is actually performed. A flight of steps leads up to it, and above, amid its still brilliant foliage, towers an iron cross, surmounting a little hermitage, to which a winding stair encircling the tree, leads up.

This chapel, even in this shape, is so old as to be ancient; and the people cling to it so devotedly, that when, during the French Revolution, the envoys of the infidel government were sent to seize and destroy it, the people flew to arms, and presented so bold a defiance that the deputies of the National Assembly left them masters of the field, the only spot where the old faith was openly practiced, in the *Pays de Caux*, bearing on its portal, even amid those times of war, its long-honored title, "*Notre Dame de la Paix*"—Our Lady of Peace. So there it stands, a tree beneath whose shade William's troops are said to have encamped when on their way to meet Harold, at Hastings; and tradition tells how knights, returning from the first Crusade, here sang their exploits in the Holy Land.

A sublime example of impudence was afforded early in the last century by John Everett, a notorious robber and highwayman, who actually filed in the Court of Exchequer a bill against one of his partners in various robberies. The attorney who drew up this extraordinary document was sent to prison for contempt of court for six months, and the partners were both hanged, for capital offenses brought home to them, a year or two later.

"BETWEEN TWO STOOLS."

By the Author of "That Lass of Lowrie's."

Janie moved about the deserted schoolroom, pretending to be very busy setting things in order, and replacing the little Binnyfords' books and slates in their respective desks, but still feeling very conscious of the presence of her companion, and the attention he was bestowing upon her movements.

"Mrs. Binnyford," began said companion.

"You know Mrs. Binnyford would not like you to be here," protested Janie, with an effort at governess-like demeanor. "She will turn me away some day." Which latter clause was not governess-like at all.

"Then I will take you," answered Ralph Cuyler. "I wish Mrs. Binnyford would turn you away."

"Thank you," said Janie, searching diligently for nothing whatever in the desk, whose lid she held open. "That is kind, considering that I should starve to death if she did. I am not Miss Hurlburt, remember."

"No," said Ralph, regarding her small figure with an aspect of languid admiration. "You are something infinitely more charming than Miss Hurlburt."

"And something infinitely less comfortable." Janie retorted. "Miss Hurlburt is one of the lilies of the field, who toil not, neither do they spin. I wish I was a lily of the field, instead of Mrs. Binnyford's governess. It must be a pleasant state of affairs. When I see Miss Hurlburt in that rose-colored satin, I always think of Solomon, in all his glory, not being arrayed like one of these. You know, being a man, Solomon couldn't wear rose-colored satin."

"And rose-colored satin is the height of human ambition," suggested Ralph Cuyler. "Is that it?"

BETWEEN TWO STOOLS.—"'I WISH YOU WOULD ANSWER ME TWO QUESTIONS, LAURA,' SHE SAID."

She shut the desk, and came to the dying-out fire at which he stood. She was a little creature, by-the-way, with warm, soft color, and sweet, odd eyes, pellucid, and almond-shaped and gray.

"I said it must be pleasant to be rich enough to wear it," she said, looking up at him as he leaned against the mantel. "One must be happier when one looks so charming."

"But if one looks just as charming—far more charming in dun-colored merino"—glancing down at her dress, "what then?"

"That," said Janie, sententiously, "is nonsense." But her pellucid eyes drooped nevertheless.

"That," said Ralph Cuyler, in a low, tender voice, "is not nonsense. I find dun-colored merino becoming. It has seemed to me often enough that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

"Perhaps, upon the whole," was Janie's practical comment, "it was quite as well that Solomon wasn't."

Just at this interesting juncture they were broken in upon by a rush of little Binnyfords, who burst in with a message.

"Cousin Ralph," they all announced at once, "mamma wants you to come and sing that duet with Miss Hurlburt."

He looked at Janie, but Janie remained silent, and looked at the hearth.

"Won't you come too?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"No; I must look over Orgie's French exercise, and, besides, Mrs. Binnyford did not send for me."

"Confound Mrs. Binnyford," he muttered; but he went down-stairs, however, reluctantly.

He was not in the most amiable of moods when he entered the room where his cousin and her guest were awaiting him. He had been enjoying himself well enough with Janet Morrow to find disturbance a trifle irritating, but when he caught sight of Laura Hurlburt sitting on a low seat, with her idle, white hands clasped, in her graceful fashion, on her lap, and her handsome face turned upward to Mrs. Binnyford, his reluctance vanished all at once.

She was a different style of girl to the little governess upstairs, but her style was a very lovely one, and, even apart from this, she was a fascinating girl—witty, impulsive, and without any affectations.

She turned her head over her shoulder, and gave him a dazzling smile, and, when he advanced to where she sat, her face was raised to him instead of to Mrs. Binnyford.

"What about the duet?" she asked.

"He was talking to Miss Morrow in the schoolroom," broke in an irrepressibly explanatory little Binnyford.

"Miss Morrow?" said Laura Hurlburt, with a quiet glance at him; "that nice little creature, who teaches the cherubs French and arithmetic? Why is it she does not come down in the evenings? Why did you not bring her down, instead of leaving her in that deserted schoolroom, subjected to the depressing influences of uncarpeted floors and yellow maps and general bareness. Dear me! how cordially I do detest the memory of empty schoolrooms, with their usual accompaniment of neglected French verbs. Why not ask her to come down and help us to sing? She has a singing face."

"I did not think of it," answered Ralph, with gallant mendacity; "but, of course, I was excusable, with the duet in prospective."

Do not let us be as harsh upon him as he deserved. There are men in the world who have lived so easy and gallant a life, and followed their every careless impulse for so long a time, that at last they are led by fancy, as thistledown is blown by the wind. They are usually handsome men, and prepossessing in various ways; and, as a rule, they are self-possessed, cultivated and thoroughbred; in a sense, women are prone to be influenced by them, and men to admire them secretly in masculine style, and their greatest fault is that they are not to be depended upon.

Their fancies are dangerous to themselves and dangerous to others—particularly to women. A fair face enchants them, and ensnares them into indiscretions they imagine to be the natural result of such appreciation; but one fair face, being out of sight, is half forgotten, and gives way to any one of a hundred others.

Ralph Cuyler was such a man—popular, graceful and fascinating, and here, in spending a few weeks at the house of a relative, he found himself in the pleasant position of a man whose mind was equally divided between two attractions, whose effect, if they had been separated, might have proved ephemeral, or might not.

Janet Morrow, in dun merino, and without a friend in the world, was charming enough, surely—too charming for his peace of mind sometimes. He could no more resist the temptation of making tender, gallant speeches to her than he could have done anything else impossible. Her modest air and her loneliness touched him as much as her girlish beauty; her pretty, quick-witted way, and the mere fact of her position in the respectable household of Binnyford, made him quite enthusiastic at times.

And then again, Laura Hurlburt, arrayed like one of the typical lilies, and glowing with spirit and grace, and the unconscious ease good fortune brings—brilliant, handsome, all that a woman could be—Laura Hurlburt was a temptation too—a temptation to be gallant again and tender again, and so a temptation to be unsure again.

With Laura singing "Il bacio," and afterward resting on the piano, with lovely, upturned face, he, for the time, forgot Janet and her bright speeches; and, in doing so, delighted the estimable Mrs. Binnyford, who was deeply interested in his love affairs—principally, it must be supposed, because she had nothing at all to do with them, and had never been able to exert any influence over him during their prolonged acquaintance. Laura would be an excellent match for him, she thought; for even Mrs. Binnyford could see good qualities in a girl whom fortune had not spoiled. Accordingly, Mrs. Binnyford watched the two, with great complacency, as they amused themselves.

Between Janet Morrow and her employer's young guest there had existed from the first a silently-expressed friendliness. Laura Hurlburt had been charmed by the girl's pretty, quiet face and lovely, quiet ways, and Janet had felt grateful for her manifest sympathy. It was a slight thing, perhaps, for this young lady to greet her with frankness and ease of manner, but it was a delightfully unexpected thing to Janet, after a year's residence among the Binnyfords. Frankness and ease of manner set her on an equality with people, so she seldom met with either.

She was sitting alone in the schoolroom, correcting that exercise of Orgie's, when a rustle of silk skirts fluttered through the passage, and, after a light summons on the door, Laura Hurlburt broke in upon her, cheery and good-natured as usual.

"This is too bad!" she exclaimed. "Exercises after school hours—and French ones at that! You must lay them aside and come down-stairs. We want you—Mr. Cuyler and I."

Janet laughed, and shook her head.

"Impossible!" she answered. "But it is very kind of you to think about me. Thank you."

Two white hands fell lightly on her shoulders as Laura Hurlburt came behind her.

"Nonsense!" she said. "The idea of thanking us because

we cannot do without you! Come, Miss Morrow—Janie, as Mr. Cuyler calls you—I want you for a reason. Your coming may help me to solve a problem which I find it necessary to solve—necessary for my own peace of mind," with a half-confused laugh. "Come, for my sake."

Janie rose quietly, and began to lay her papers order.

"What sort of a problem?" she asked.

Laura Hurlburt laughed—a laugh that was not exactly joyous; rather a feverish sort of laugh, in fact.

"Some day I may tell you," she said—"or I may not. How bright your cheeks are!"

And so they were—bright rose-color, and warm.

It was rather a puzzle to Ralph Cuyler when the two came into the parlor together—Laura with her arm thrown, in a half-careless, half-shielding way, around Janet Morrow's waist. He had not known before why it was that his fair companion had left him so suddenly; and, pleasant as the sight of Janie could not fail to be, he could scarcely help thinking that it would be rather trying to be discreet in such a position as his present one.

Perhaps it might have been with other women, but these two were sensible and tasteful enough to avoid even the most delicate jar. Janet was even more amusing than usual, quietly as she carried herself; and being more amusing, she was more charming. Mrs. Binnyford herself was surprised at the aptness and ease of her serene speeches, though, of course, Mrs. Binnyford could not approve. When she sang, her voice was like a brown thrush's; and when she raised her odd, pellucid eyes, Ralph Cuyler found himself wavering again very much in her favor.

"This has been a happy evening to me," he managed to whisper to her before she went up-stairs. "Thank you for coming."

But, strange to say, Janie did not blush.

"Thank Laura Hurlburt for bringing me down," she said, complacently, as she lighted her candle.

They were in the hall when he spoke to her; he had contrived to encounter her there on his return from an imaginary errand that had taken him out of the room a few minutes before she left it, and when he went back he found Laura Hurlburt occupying her footstool again before the fire, and looking most tantalizingly handsome.

"What a nice little creature she is!" were her first words. "If I were a man——" And she stopped, with a tender sort of reflectiveness in her eyes.

"If you were a man?" he suggested.

"There is the little woman I should like to win and wear and shield from the harder side of life. She is worth the trouble—but it would not be trouble, for such a woman. Poor Janie!"

"Why poor Janie?" he asked, admiring her very much—as he never could help doing, indeed.

"To be doomed to the companionship of small Binnyfords and bad grammar, when she is twenty times brighter than the rest of us."

"Say 'than some of us.'"

She shrugged her shoulders in actual impatience.

"Twenty times brighter than any of us—a hundred times brighter than I ever hoped to be. You know that as well as I. What nonsense inferred compliments are!"

It was rather severe upon him, but perhaps she was somewhat tried; perhaps she had reasons for being tried, of which we know nothing. Certainly she ended with the ghost of a sigh. Then she rose and offered him her hand, with a curiously quiet expression of face—as if she meant more than might have been imagined.

"Good-night," she said.

Under the influence of her word, mood, and the subtle something in her manner which was incomprehensible to him, he was weak enough to succumb to a momentary impulse and bend to kiss her extended hand; but in a second it was withdrawn, almost coldly.

"This is a blunder," she said; and, turning away, walked out of the room, to his utter confusion. But she had quite recovered herself in the morning, and was as ready with her smiles as ever, which rather bewildered him. He did not see much of her, however; she was busy all morning writing letters, and in the evening her time was taken up by visitors.

They were old friends of hers, these visitors; and among them was an exasperatingly prepossessing individual, who seemed to be extremely popular, and who, when Laura sent for Janie, subsided into a chair at that young person's side, and appeared to enjoy himself with most trying zest. At any rate, he succeeded in making her laugh, and brought the light into her eyes more than once.

Singularly enough, she scarcely noticed Ralph's presence, though her manner, when she addressed him, was quite bright and good-natured. There might also have been some slight restraint upon her.

He had no opportunity of speaking to her alone until, when the guests had taken their departure, she was slipping back to the schoolroom, and he stopped her.

"What have I done?" he pleaded. "You have misunderstood me, Janie."

Her eyes met his quite serenely.

"In what?" she asked, simply.

"That is what I do not comprehend," was his reproachful answer. "I fancied——"

And, all at once, seeing that he had made a mistake, he hesitated.

"It was only fancy," she said, good-humoredly, "though you are rather indefinite. Now I must go back to the children. Mrs. Binnyford will be angry. They have been alone too long already; but I was enjoying myself so, and luckily Miss Hurlburt is privileged."

But when she ran up-stairs she paused on the threshold of the schoolroom for a moment, to brush away a little mist that blurred her sight.

The exasperatingly prepossessing individual, who was Miss Hurlburt's cousin, and whose name, by-the-way, was Dick Ashley, fell into a habit of calling rather frequently after this, and, as he never failed to ask for Laura's friend, it gradually began to appear that it was Janet whom he came to see, and in the end he was so assiduous that Ralph found himself comparatively thrown into the shade, though Janet was still cordial enough, in an unceremonious style.

The fact was that Dick Ashley was one of that genial, light-hearted class of young men who invariably make a favorable impression upon those whom they try to please—and the best of them is, that they try to please everybody. To employ the language of Mr. Edmund Sparkler, "there is no nonsense about them;" they know their own minds, and are frank enough to express themselves openly as to their good-natured likes and dislikes.

They are desperately fond of pretty or charming women, and no such women need ever hesitate in deciding as to what their opinions are.

Being one of this class, and admiring Mrs. Binnyford's young governess, Dick Ashley was very open about the matter. It never occurred to his honest mind for a moment that his position and that of Janet Morrow were widely different—he was too much like Laura for that. He found the girl witty, modest and pretty, and became enthusiastic concerning her at once, without the least reservation, and in true characteristic fashion he applied to his cousin.

"Is there any one else?" he asked, "any one whom she

A LADY'S DINNER-PARTY IN SIAM.— SEE PAGE 470.

ikes better than other people, I mean? If there is, I will keep out of the way; but if there is not——" And he stopped significantly.

Laura laughed and blushed slightly.

"Dick," she said, "that means you are falling in love with her, and want to marry her, doesn't it?"

"Exactly," Dick answered, concisely. "I never saw a little woman I liked so well, and as that is the case, of course I want to marry her."

Laura hesitated a moment, and perhaps colored slightly again, but at length came to a decision, it seemed.

"Well," she said, "I don't say there never was anybody—all women have fancies. I have had them myself; but our fancies are not loves, you know, and I think—yes, I really think I can say that I do not believe there *is* anybody now—in the sense you mean. At any rate, you need not be discouraged, for you are an honest man, Dick, and a faithful one."

And strangely enough her tone faltered a little, and something like moisture softened her eyes as she laid her hand on his shoulder and patted it once or twice.

Consequently Dick Ashley was not discouraged in the least by the fact that he did not at first make much progress, as progress is regarded from a standpoint of sentiment. He made his visits to the Binnyford establishment an unavoidable source of pleasure to Janie, through the simple influence of his cheerful spirit.

He was always amusing, and somehow he seemed to possess the fortunate talent for setting people at ease with one another, and rendering them good-natured. Every one liked him, and certainly Janie was not behind the rest in her appreciation of his genial gifts.

Only a month after his first appearance Ralph Cuyler met Laura Hurlburt on the staircase carrying a superb bouquet of hothouse flowers, which she held up for his admiration.

"Whose are they?" he asked, with an actual ache at his heart.

On the whole, perhaps, the truth was that it was Janie who had most nearly touched this heart of his, though Laura had so often made him waver.

"They were Dick's," was the answer; "they are Janie's now. He brought them for her a few minutes ago, and I am taking them to her, because she does not like to leave the children in the morning."

That afternoon, after her day's labor was ended and she had sent the children out of the schoolroom, Janie found herself sitting before the fire, talking to Laura as usual, and at last their conversation drifted, little by little, toward Ralph Cuyler.

"Do you remember the night you came up here and made me go down into the parlor?" said Janie, thoughtfully.

"Yes," Laura answered; "that is just a month ago."

Janie's eyes fell on her suddenly tinted cheeks with a searching glance.

"I wish you would answer me two questions, Laura," she said.

"What are they?"

"That night you said my going with you might help you to solve a problem. Did it?"

"Yes," quietly.

"What was the problem?"

One instant, and then both pairs of eyes met in a swift glance of recognition.

"Was it Ralph Cuyler?" asked Janie, straightforwardly.

"Yes," answered Laura, quite as honestly; "it was Ralph Cuyler. But I have lived over that very comfortably, even in a month. He never cared for *me*, Janie."

Janet bent down and kissed her impulsively.

"He never cared for me," she said, "and I have lived over it in just the same length of time. He never cared for either of us honestly, and my eyes were opened that very night."

"He is not like Dick."

And Janie, looking into the bed of red coals, answered, almost softly:

"No, he is not like Dick."

A week or so later came Mrs. Binnyford's annual juvenile party, whose celebration was a custom most religiously observed.

Among the preparations, Janet had her hands full of work, as may be imagined. Mrs. Binnyford made it a point never to dispense with her assistance when it could be employed in the service of economy, so, what with directing servants and arranging tables and dressing her pupils, she was rather worn out when Laura Hurlburt came in to bring her the fresh bouquet of flowers that had just arrived.

It was not to be wondered at that she brightened somewhat at the sight of the gift. She had been so tired, and there was such a dreary prospect before her in the work of the evening—the polkas and quadrilles she must play, one after the other, and the assistance she must render in a dozen places at once.

The mere sight of Dick's roses and heliotropes and carnations brought fresh color to her cheeks; and, indeed, they had needed it a few minutes before. When she bent over them to inhale their fragrance, the touch of their petals against her lips thrilled her as a caress might have done.

"Sit down and let me dress your hair for you," said Laura, good-naturedly. "You are worn out, Janie."

She gladly acquiesced, and was just seating herself before the mirror, when a summons at the door disturbed them.

It was a servant with another bouquet.

"With Mr. Cuyler's compliments," said the woman.

When she was gone, Janet set them on the dressing-table quietly, and took her seat again; but a queer little silence had fallen upon the two, which was not broken until Laura Hurlburt had finished her task, when she ended the pause by the simplest of questions.

"I want a white rose to fasten in the puffs," she said; "which bouquet shall I take it from?"

"Take it from Dick's," said Janie. And Laura took it.

When Ralph Cuyler entered the drawing-room, his first glance was turned to the piano, where Janet sat

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talking to Dick Ashley, with a white rose in her dark-brown hair, and a bouquet in her hand, at the sight of which he was conscious of a sharp pang.

It was not his bouquet.

He could scarcely find her at leisure for a moment. She was so busy among the children when she was not at the piano, and when she was at the piano Dick Ashley was always standing near her, trying to make her task an easier one than it would otherwise have been.

"Thank you for the flowers," she said, giving him a gay little nod in passing him once during the evening. "How beautiful they were, and how kind in you to think of sending them!"

"Still you did not care enough for them to carry them," he was sorely tempted to say; but experience had made him wiser than he had been a month ago, so he merely answered her gallantly, and tried to bear up against the sight of Dick Ashley following her into the supper-room, on pretense of helping her with the young Binnyfords and their rampant guests.

When he went into the supper-room himself, after the children had returned to the parlors, he found her standing under the chandelier, listening, with a soft, happy color in her cheeks, to her companion, who was talking to her eagerly and tenderly; and when he entered, Dick looked up and stopped.

It was more than Ralph Cuyler could bear. She had never been prone to blushes, but once or twice he had brought the blood to her cheeks himself, and the sight of her face now stung him beyond endurance. Mrs. Binnyford had sent him for Dick Ashley, and he determined to improve the opportunity his absence would give him.

"Ah! you are here, Ashley," he said; "Mrs. Binnyford commissioned me to say that she wished to see you for a moment."

For a second Dick very naturally hesitated, but Janet did not.

"Go," she said, quietly enough; "I will come into the parlor when I have given the servants their directions."

When he had obeyed her, Ralph Cuyler caught at his last straw at once.

"Will you come into the conservatory with me?" he said; "I have something to say to you, Janie."

"Say it here, if you please," she said, burying her little nose complacently in Dick's bouquet; "I have not time to go into the conservatory. The children want music now."

Then he could restrain himself no longer.

"You know what I have to say!" he exclaimed. "You know I would have spoken long ago, if you had not held me at arm's length. Surely you understood what the flowers meant. I love you——"

She stopped him there, as quietly as ever.

"Stop, if you please," she said; "there is no need of going any further. Just as you came in, Mr. Ashley asked me to marry him, and when I go into the drawing-room I am going with the intention of saying 'Yes.'"

In the bitterness of his disappointment he almost forgot himself. He saw where he had failed and lost her, and the knowledge was gall to him. For a minute he could scarcely speak, but at last he recovered himself.

"Thank you—for your frankness, at least," he said, bitterly, and, with a low bow, left her.

Strange as such a course might have been in a deeper-natured man, it was quite natural in his case that in the rebound he should turn to Laura Hurlburt, and even be madly unwise enough to try his fate with her, half in hope of gaining comfort, half by way of cooling the smart of his wounded pride.

But here he made a greater blunder than ever; for, when he had told his story as tenderly as his mood would let him, Laura Hurlburt read him through in an instant.

"You have been proposing to Janie, and she has refused you," she said, looking at him with clear, steadfast eyes; "and so you have come to me. I thank you."

He might have denied the accusation to another woman; but to her he could not, and so faltered wretchedly, and humiliated himself more bitterly than ever.

But she bore with him as few other women would have done—perhaps because the time had been when she had cared for him a little, perhaps because her nature was so frankly generous.

"Nay," she said, "there is no need of that. I am not angry. You have only made another mistake; you did not know yourself before, and you do not know me now. But before you give me your arm and take me back to the parlor, I have one thing to remind you of"—and her sweet voice was a trifle sad as she spoke, even though his day was so far past and gone—"it is a quaint old proverb which I should like you to remember: 'Between two stools, one is like to fall to the ground.'"

A LADY'S DINNER PARTY IN SIAM.

Siam is the country of all others in the Eastern lands where European civilization has made the greatest efforts; but from the picture of a lady's dinner party, our readers will think the efforts made to very little purpose.

Louis XIV. sent ambassadors to Siam, and received their envoys at his court.

Jesuits and other missionaries endeavored to introduce Christianity and the arts, and the result has been a certain progress, but no general reform. Unfortunately, as one monarch has been won to the cause of progress, a reaction takes place, and the old barbaric ideas resume their sway.

The present king speaks several European languages, and has in many points showed his love of progress; but his body-guard of women, dressed in the Highland Costume of the 79th, rather astonish us. As all the corps are dressed after various European military bodies, this fell to the lot of the women; but we do not think any lady in the land for a masquerade ball ever carried her ideas of travesty so far; still, should she wish to dress as an officer of the king of Siam's body-guard, we have given the hint.

The house in Siam shows in its interior the least progress. There is, literally speaking, no furniture. In ordinary houses the food is rice—the drink, tea. At a dinner of more potence, meats are set before the diners, but never with the luxuriance of our tables. The rice is put up in many forms, and served often in little baskets made of bamboo, and woven so closely and ingeniously as even to hold water. Knives, forks and spoons are generally discarded, the fingers taking the place of all, for the knife is needless, so small are all the morsels cut. The dress of the women is as simple as the furniture and the repast, and is not one that we recommend.

THE DOG AND THE MILK-CAN.

Our little friends are sometimes called upon by their parents to do little errands, and they do not always show by their cheerful looks and quick movements how happy they are to be able to repay, even by such trifling services, the care and anxiety bestowed night and day by an anxious mother during their hours of helpless infancy or sickness. Now, if children will not do little services, we must turn to the dogs, and the dogs will not only run errands, but, by

so doing, preach a good sermon to such unwilling children. The dog will not grumble, or refuse to leave his play. Here is a picture of a real incident, not made up as an example.

A gentleman at Bolton, England, trained his dog to become a useful and trusty servant. When the milk is wanted the money is put inside the tin can, and then the can is given to the dog. Away he then runs to the dairy. He never loiters, looking in at shop windows, like some little boys whom we could name. Whenever he finds the gate shut, he knocks with his paw, or barks until it is opened. The milkman knows his customer very well, and is very attentive to him. When the milk is put into the can, away the dog goes back, but so steadily does he carry his charge that he seldom wastes any of the milk.

Mr. Ray describes a dog he saw at Rome. It belonged to a blind beggar, and so faithfully served his master that he learned the houses where people were charitable, and always took his master to them, never passing one. He would lie down to rest while his master was begging, and when he saw him relieved or refused, went on.

If money was thrown from a window he always took it up and put it in his master's hat, and even when bread was thrown to himself he always took it to his master, as if to ask his leave to eat it; and we are afraid some little friends of ours are not always so careful to get permission to eat what they see, whether offered or not.

THE ELEPHANT.

Of a mild and peaceful disposition, the image of strength tempered by good nature, the elephant loves the shady forest and the secluded lake. Disliking the glare of the midday sun, he spends the day in the thickest woods, devoting the night to excursions and to the luxury of the bath, his great and innocent delight. Though the earth trembles under his strides, yet, like the whale, he is timid; but this timidity is accounted for by his small range of vision. Anything unusual strikes him with terror, and the most trivial objects and incidents, from being imperfectly discerned, excite his suspicion.

To this peculiarity an English officer, chased and seized by an elephant which he had slightly wounded, owed his almost miraculous escape. The animal had already raised his forefoot to trample him to death, when, its forehead being caught at the instant by the tendrils of a climbing plant which had suspended itself from the branches above, it suddenly turned and fled. An instinctive consciousness that his superior bulk exposes him to dangers from sources that might be harmless in the case of lighter animals, is probably the reason why the elephant displays a remarkable reluctance to face the slightest artificial obstruction on his passage. Even when enraged by a wound, he will hesitate to charge his assailant across an intervening hedge, suspecting it may conceal a snare or pitfall, but will hurry along it to seek for an opening.

Unlike the horse, he never gets accustomed to the report of firearms, and thus he never plays an active part in battle, but serves in a campaign only as a common beast of burden, or for the transport of heavy artillery.

To make up for his restricted vision, his neck being so formed as to render him incapable of directing the range of his eye much above the level of his head, he is endowed with a remarkable power of smell, and a delicate sense of hearing, which serve to apprise him of the approach of danger.

Although, from their huge bulk, the elephants might be supposed to prefer a level country, yet, in Asia at least, the regions where they most abound are all hilly and mountainous. In Ceylon, particularly, there is not a range so high as to be inaccessible to them, and so surefooted are they, that provided there be solidity to sustain their weight, they will climb rocks, and traverse ledges, where even a mule dare not venture.

The stomach of the elephant, like that of the camel or the llama, is provided with a cavity, serving most probably as a reservoir for water against the emergencies of thirst; but the most remarkable feature in the organization of the "Leviathan of the land" is his wonderful trunk, which, uniting the flexibility of the serpent with a giant's power, almost rivals the human hand by its manifold uses and exquisite delicacy of touch. "Nearly eight feet in length, and stout in proportion to the massive size of the whole animal, this miracle of nature," as it is well expressed by Mr. Broderip, "at the volition of the elephant will uproot trees or gather grass; raise a piece of artillery or pick up a comfit; kill a man or brush off a fly. It conveys the food to the mouth, and pumps up the enormous draughts of water, which, by its recurvature, are turned into and driven down the capacious throat, or showered over the body. Its length supplies the place of a long neck, which would have been incompatible with the support of the large head and weighty tusks."

A glance at the head of the elephant will show the thickness and strength of the trunk at its insertion; and the massy, arched bones of the face, and the thick, muscular neck are admirably adapted for supporting and working this incomparable instrument, which is at the same time the elephant's most formidable instrument of defense; for, first prostrating any minor assailant by means of his trunk, he then crushes him by the pressure of his enormous weight.

The use of the elephant's tusks is less clearly defined. Though they are frequently described as warding off the attacks of the tiger and rhinoceros, often securing the victory by one blow, which transfixes the assailant to the earth, it is perfectly obvious, both from their almost vertical position and the difficulty of raising the head above the level of the shoulder, that they were never designed for weapons of attack. No doubt they may prove of great assistance in digging up roots, but that they are far from indispensable, is proved by their being but rarely seen in the females, and by their almost constant absence in the Ceylon elephant, where they are generally found reduced to mere stunted processes.

The elephants live in herds, usually consisting of from ten to twenty individuals, and each herd is a family, not brought together by accident or attachment, but owning a common lineage and relationship.

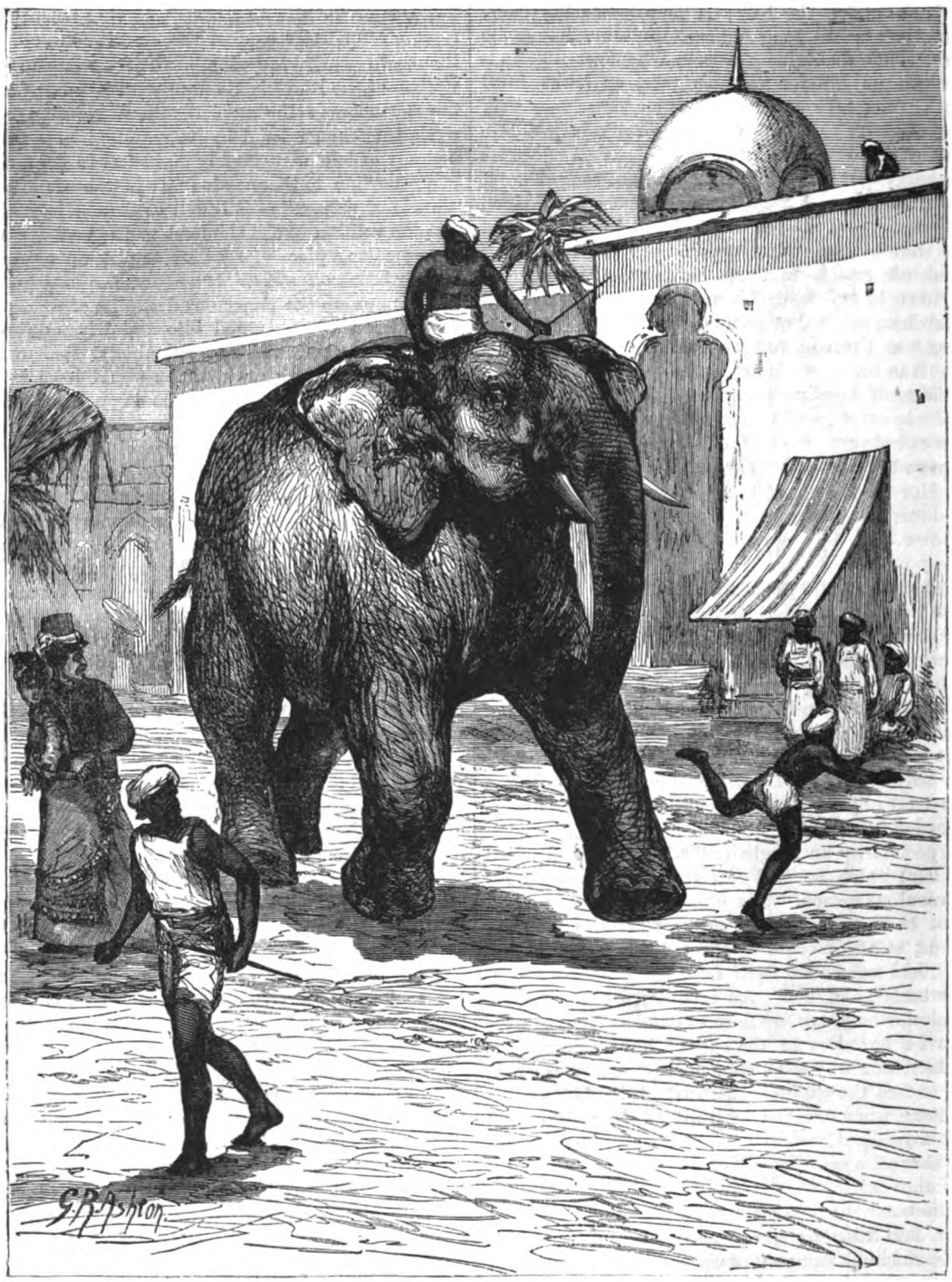
In the forest several herds will browse in close contiguity, and in their expeditions in search of water they may form a body of possibly one or two hundred, but on the slightest disturbance, each distinct herd hastens to re-form within its own particular circle, and to take measures on its own behalf for retreat or defense.

In no kind of labor does the elephant display a greater ingenuity than in dragging and piling felled timber, going on for hours disposing of log after log, almost without a hint or a direction of his attendant. In this manner two elephants, employed in piling ebony and satin wood in the yards attached to the commissariat stores at Colombo, were so accustomed to the work that they were enabled to accomplish it with equal precision and with greater rapidity than if it had been done by dock-laborers. When the pile attained a certain height which baffled their conjoint efforts to raise one of the heavy logs of ebony to the summit, they had been taught to lean two pieces against the heap, up the

inclined plane of which they gently rolled the remaining logs, and placed them trimly on the top.

Such is the earnestness and perseverance displayed by the sagacious creatures while accomplishing their task, that supervision might almost be thought superfluous, but as soon as the eye of the keeper is withdrawn, their innate love of ease displays itself, and away they stroll lazily to browse, or to enjoy the luxury of fanning themselves and blowing dust over their backs.

Anecdotes without end are recorded of the sagacity and intelligence of the elephant, and it seems readily to understand what is required of it, and piques itself on doing its duty well. Those trained as messenger elephants, seem to be conscious that speed is the great merit of their class, and nerve themselves to the work with all the dash of a race-horse.



THE ELEPHANT MESSENGER.—SEE PAGE 471.

He who goes through a land, and scatters blown roses, may be tracked next day by their withered petals that strew the ground; but he who goes through it, and scatters rose seed, a hundred years after leaves behind him a land full of fragrance and beauty for his monument, and as a heritage for his daughters and sons.

FIEND MARGARET.

By the Author of "That Husband of Mine."

"At Large!—A convict named Millicent Ward, *alias* 'Red Betty,' *alias* 'Pretty Moll'; is very young, not more than nineteen; has a pale, irregular scar on the left temple, running back under the hair; is very handsome; eyes dark-hazel; hair brown, long and curling; was convicted of murder in the first degree. Any person harboring or finding the said Millicent, shall ——" etc., etc.

We read this at our breakfast-table at Sidney.

"We" were my brother and myself, Lily Morris and her brother, and a pretty, modest girl, a distant relative of my portly uncle Joel, engaged to Philip Morris, the Adonis of the place. My brother was also engaged to Lily. I was the old-maid-sister, aunt, friend, and general confidant.

"I remember what a time that girl's sentence made," said uncle Joel.

"What did she do?" asked Lily Morris.

"Murder," replied her brother, twisting his napkin, and Lily gave a little shuddering cry.

"Yes," responded my uncle, "her beauty had the effect to soften her sentence, it is said, so she was transported here."

"Who did she kill?" queried Mariette, our little blonde.

"Her husband. It was said she was twice married and put both of them out of the way. The little devil has probably found her way back to England," said Uncle Joel, finishing his third cup of coffee.

Several months passed, and the advertisement was nearly forgotten.

We had our hands full; two brides on the carpet. I have said but little about them. Both were lovely: one blonde, one brunette.

"I had reached the old garden wall, when I was startled at sight of two figures, a man and a woman, the former gesticulating violently."

My brother's name was a homely one, just plain Tom Mortimer. Philip Morris and he were in almost everything opposites. Philip was impressible, headlong, and given to sudden impulses. Tom was cool-headed and reflective. The woman he chose was throned for life, and loved regally. Philip, on the contrary, though he might be constant, was too susceptible to the fascinations of the other sex. He could not always be depended upon—at least that was my estimation of his character.

"A seamstress must be found," said Aunt Joel, one morning. "Girls, what are you going to do? You must put these weddings off, and that will drive your uncle straight to distraction."

"Bob Ellis says they have a seamstress," said Philip, looking up from his paper. "He's a spoony fellow."

"I'll go down to the Ellises after dinner," I spoke up, "if one of you girls will go with me."

"I will," and Lily sprang from her seat. "Young man, go and order the horses."

"A fellow can't have a few moments to himself," said Phil, regretfully laying aside his paper; but he caught little Mariette's dark, dancing eyes and a smile brightened his own.

So it came that Bess and Macduff were saddled, and Phil and Mariette stood on the veranda to see us off. They kissed their hands to the last, as often as we turned, and I suppose they kissed each other between whiles—I don't know.

The ride was glorious. It was yet early, and the sun, though tolerably high, was not yet fervent. The white dwellings glittered, the trees were profuse of blossom, and the gardens luxuriant with the gorgeous flowers of the tropics.

We were not intimate with the Ellises, they lived too far off. They were wealthy, and a good deal talked about. Their habits were peculiar; they visited seldom; and it was

whispered, faintly, that old Ellis, or his brother, had been a convict years and years ago. Of three daughters, two were married and gone to England. Bob, a wild, unsettled fellow, considered fast, and Mary, a pretty, reserved girl, were all who remained in the home nest.

"Take the round path," said Lily, as we came up to a splendid avenue, lined on each side by grand old trees. "It is by the gardens, and there are no rarer flowers in the world, they say, than you can see there."

So we took the round path, and as we cantered quietly along our eyes were feasted. The richest *parterres* in leaf and bloom that I ever saw, graced these fine surroundings. No language can paint the exquisite colors that stretched away, almost as far as the eye could reach, bounded only by thick hedges of English roses and crimson cactus. Coming directly in rear of the house, we saw Bob Ellis gallantly kiss his hand to some one at an opposite window. Then he turned, and appeared more confused than the occasion demanded, I thought.

"Good-morning, ladies. An honor, I'm sure," he exclaimed. "Lovely, isn't it ?"

"Yes, indeed; you live in Paradise here," said Lily.

"Ah !—Paradise—yes ; I meant the day—so cool—breeze invigorating, you know."

There was no breeze.

"We're hunters, though not mighty ones," laughed I. "We're in search of a seamstress."

I thought his countenance fell.

"May you be successful, fair ladies. We have such an article in the house, I believe ; one of Molly's finding."

Then helping us to dismount, he ushered us into the parlor, where we sat while Bob went after his sister.

Presently she came in, pretty and demure, her robes of finest muslin swaying gracefully as she walked. To her we gave a pathetic account of our troubles, of our need of two smart hands, with a needle between them.

"We have an excellent seamstress," said Mary, "and we don't really need her after this week. She came with splendid recommendations, and appears to be a very nice, modest girl. But I give you fair warning, we shall only lend her to you, for she suits mamma, who is an invalid, you know."

She rang a tiny bell, and sent by the servant for Margaret.

Presently the girl came in, painfully shy. She was of medium height, beautifully formed, her complexion clear, with a rich tinge in her cheeks ; eyes dark, large, and languid in their movements ; her hair combed low on the forehead and tucked under a neat cap. Her glances were restless, and I, who am singularly sensitive, could not abide the contact of her eye.

It leaped to my lips to say, "We can get along without this woman ;" but unable to account for my prejudice, save on the score of impression, I said nothing, and Lily engaged her.

"Isn't she a handsome little thing ?" said Lily, after we had ridden from the house. "Miss Mary says she calls herself twenty-four, but I'm sure she looks younger. Why are you so quiet ?"

"I didn't fancy her," was all I could reply.

She laughed lightly.

"You are so notional ; but I wonder who Bob Ellis was kissing his hand to ?"

"To her."

"Don't be suspicious, dear ; it might have been his mother."

"Only his mother's rooms are at the southern entrance. I'm right. You'll find Bob Ellis is flirting with that girl."

"I can't believe it, dear," but her face flushed.

I did not say so aloud, but I thought, "And her coming bodes us no good."

Phil laughed when his sister told him who she had engaged—"ahemed" suspiciously. I saw a peculiar look in his face, but as I am considered something of a croaker, particularly if I croak the truth, I held my tongue. One day our new acquisition arrived, and was installed in the family sewing-room.

As Margaret behaved with a great deal of circumspection at first, I only contented myself with supplying her with work, and kept my impressions *incog.* I was curious to know where she walked every day, for she had bargained for an hour's exercise ; but that was none of my business.

One day I was called suddenly to the house of a poor working man. It was known that I had some skill in medicine, and our laboring families were not backward in availing themselves of my services. An hour afterward I started to return home. I scarcely knew why, but I chose another route back that carried me by a ruined estate, which had the reputation of being haunted. I had reached the old garden wall when I was startled at sight of two figures, a man and a woman, the former gesticulating violently. Hidden by trees I walked my horse, for I knew the woman's face, and, as I thought, it was Bob Ellis and Margaret.

He was pale, and all his gestures were passionate. She, with a quiet, unconcerned manner, stood smiling.

To me it looked like the smile of a fiend.

"Will rue the day."

It was all I heard, these four words, spoken with low, hissing accents. Who could rue the day, I wondered, and had I better tell what I had seen ?

I met my brother just after I returned.

"Tom, what do you think of that girl, Margaret ?" I asked.

"I don't know; don't think of her at all," he said, carelessly. "Why, have you had any of your forebodings ?"

"Yes," I replied.

Tom laughed, put on his hat, and went out.

By degrees our little drama changed. Margaret dropped caps and plain dresses, and demureness. Her hair hung in thick curls, the color on her cheeks grew deeper.

"Isn't she beautiful ?" said Lily. "The little minx heard me praise her hair, and takes advantage of it. I am quite getting in love with her, she has such pretty ways."

"Lily, don't be foolish," I said.

"You never liked her, you know," responded Lily, with an injured air. "Why can't you see good in somebody ? You never do."

I held my tongue.

One morning I came down late to breakfast. Margaret was there. She hated me, I saw it in her eyes. Her instinct was sure. I took my cup of coffee to the window. Presently Phil came in ; Margaret looked dangerous ; I saw her by some mesmeric inner sight.

"Sad news," he said.

"What, pray ?" I asked.

"Bob Ellis shot himself last night."

The cup almost fell from my hands ; I looked to see Margaret annihilated ; but no, she was quite pale, but seemed only surprised.

"Not dangerously, I hope," I said.

"Dead as a stone," replied Phil. "Poor Bob ! he was a weak fellow ; been gambling, I suppose."

"And you were walking with him yesterday ;" I turned upon her.

She looked up, all startled innocence.

"Me! oh, no; you are mistaken. I never walked with him."

"That is false," I said, deliberately.

The ready tears came to her eyes. She looked like a calumniated angel; her beautiful lips quivered.

"Cousin, you are too bad," said Phil, in a severe voice.

I turned, proudly, and left the room, but there was a burning word on my tongue, and that word was "Murderer!"

"Let them go on," I said to myself, sullenly; "she has infatuated them as she did him. Thank God that He has given me some discernment between good and evil. That girl is a splendid devil."

Poor Bob Ellis was buried, and his mother mourned herself to death in less than a week. Had that girl a conscience? She was gayer than ever.

A change was observable in our pleasant gatherings. Lily grew cold toward me; even Mariette seemed altered, and she was my pet of pets. Philip looked and acted strangely; even dear old Tom was not like himself. I moved and worked and thought like one in a dream.

One day my brother came home early. I was on the veranda.

"Dear, I want you," he said, hastily.

I followed him, and as I met him face to face in my own room, I saw that he was in deadly trouble. He was pale—his features looked rigid, his eyes flaming and sunken.

"Tom, are you sick?" I asked.

"No, not in body, but in soul. What has come over Lily? You are in her confidence, perhaps. Does she no longer love me?"

"Tom, have you lost your senses?"

"I know that we are engaged, that the wedding-day draws near, but there's a shadow between us. The whole house is going wrong, I think. There's Mariette—don't you see there's something amiss between her and Philip? And Phil is another fellow. Does he play deep? Are brother and sister treacherous?" Then he added, after a short pause: "Good heavens, Jennie, it would kill me to lose Lily."

"Don't look so wild, dear; ask her for an explanation," I counseled.

"I've tried, but if I find her down-stairs that girl is with her, and if I ask her to walk she has always an excuse."

"Leave it to me, Tom," I said, with a courage I did not feel. "I will try to solve the riddle. Don't think hard of Lily. I fear you wrong her."

"She is too dear for that," he said, sighing heavily, and left me.

I began to walk and think. Then I moved down the broad staircase slowly. The windows at the end of the hall were stained, so were those of the west parlor. The blended hues attracted my attention. Their splendor, prisoned by the glittering pendants of the chandelier, caught my eye, and I went to the threshold admiringly, then further and further, for on all the shining furniture, on the brightly-hued pattern of the carpet, on the draperies, gilding and marble, those strange, vivid lights struck out, enhanced in richness of color by the crimson curtains and deep scarlet of the western sky, now tinged with the last rays of the setting sun.

As I stood there, utterly forgetful of my trouble, lost in the strange beauty of the scene, I heard a voice that issued from some recess. In that moment I seemed all ears. Whose voice but Margaret's could so stir me to shuddering? I glided softly down the room, and there I saw, unobserved, Philip and that demon, and she was playing with his curls, and he was looking love.

I went back to my own room. My heart seemed bursting. I stood there like a statue, frozen into horror.

"Oh, darling, what is the matter?" cried a sweet voice; it was Mariette; she had been waiting for me. I shuddered at her touch, thinking of what I could tell her.

"I'm in trouble, dear," was all I said.

"Then I will leave you. I——"

"No, no, Mariette; *you* are pale, and I don't think you are happy."

She looked at me with tearful eyes, soft, luminous and full of regretful yearning.

"If this goes on, I cannot bear it; I must break the engagement."

"If what goes on, dear?"

"This sin and wickedness!" she cried. "I am almost wild about it! Philip loves me no longer!" and she fell, half fainting, into my arms.

What could I say? I led her into her own room, I tried to whisper consolation. I hated Philip; I dared not think of that girl, that wretched, woeful Margaret.

As soon as I left her I encountered Lily in the hall. Her hat was on, her vail in her hand. She was looking straight before her, like a person who saw nothing. I seized the moment, and said:

"Lily, are you offended with Tom?"

"Offended! Why should I be? I am engaged to him; that is enough."

I neither liked her words nor her manner.

"You estimate Tom's character very lightly if you think *that* is enough," I said, with spirit. "Nothing short of your entire love will satisfy Tom."

She made an impatient movement.

"Oh, Lily," and anguish went with the words, "what *has* altered you so?"

"How absurd!" she muttered, but her lip trembled. Presently she said:

"Your brother made a mistake."

"How?"

"In choosing me."

"Then you don't love him?"

"I did not say so," almost fiercely.

"What can you mean, Lily?"

"He should have chosen Mariette. Good-night."

I called her, but she would not stop. Here was a new bewilderment. Lily jealous of poor little Mariette!

Next morning I was suffering from headache. I was out of spirits, and almost ill. Lily came in and kissed me.

"I left you in temper last night, dear," she said; "I came to beg your pardon. I am going to write to Tom; don't let him"—she paused a moment—"you'll say nothing about last night," she added, hurriedly. "The engagement must be broken off. I will give him sufficient reasons."

"Some way you are wronging him, Lily," I said; "Tom is the soul of honor. It wouldn't be possible for him to do a mean action."

She held an envelope up. It was Tom's hand, and directed to Mariette.

"There's no need of further controversy," she said, shutting her eyes hard; "I've read the letter."

The words shot from my lips:

"It's that evil woman—it's Margaret!"

Lily looked contemptuous.

"How you hate that poor girl!" she said.

Then, in a low voice, I told her what I had witnessed on the day before.

"You *saw* this!" she cried, her face growing white. "She has fascinated him—me—all of us, but you. Oh, if I could only think—this letter is a forgery!"

Then I told her of my interview with Tom, of his anguish. Her face changed, and her eyes grew beautiful with love and hope.

"But my brother, poor Philip! Poor fool, little Mariette—it will kill the child."

MARY AND HER BULLFINCH.—SEE PAGE 478.

"We will do what we can," I said, "but great caution is necessary. Who knows what that dreadful woman might do? I dare not ask Aunt Joel to discharge her, even. She is capable of anything."

Perhaps after that Margaret suspected. She grew careful, more cunning, more guarded before me. "Trouble was in the air," as we say in Sydney. Others besides Lily and myself noticed Philip's infatuation; even Uncle Joel, immersed in business as he was, wondered once or twice, audibly, what made Phil so queer.

Meantime poor little Mariette was fading. Philip occasionally showed her little gleams of tenderness, which she accepted with mournful pleasure, flushed over, and then grew white again.

"What can be done?" I cried, day by day. "Disgrace will come next."

I went one morning into Mariette's room.

"How came she here?" I cried, seeing Margaret asleep on the lounge.

Mariette answered:

"She said her tooth ached, and she begged for some morphine. I gave it to her to drop, and she laughed and took it from the bottle."

"Perhaps she is trying to poison herself," I said, considerably frightened.

I turned to look at her. There was a lovely flush on her cheek, and in her anguish her hair had fallen from her temples. I stood looking at her for a moment, when a strange, sickening sensation came over me. At the roots of her hair the skin was of dazzling whiteness; this deep, rich complexion was, then, a stain of some sort. Besides, there was another revelation. I beckoned Mariette. She stood at my side.

"Do you see that white mark, a scar on the left temple, running under the hair?"

"Yes; but what of that?"

"Mariette, Philip is saved—we are all saved; this woman is a convict. Do you remember that advertisement?"

The girl trembled from head to foot, and there we stood looking at that dreadful scar.

"I've got the paper," whispered Mariette.

Just then the woman opened her eyes. There was no time to make our escape, and Mariette, in absolute terror, leaned heavily against me. Margaret gazed at us with a frightened look, put her hand up to her head and turned crimson.

"What have you been doing to my hair?" she cried, pulling the thick locks down. "It must have been a dream; I thought somebody was cutting it off."

We left her rearranging the shining tresses. Mariette found the paper: the description tallied exactly.

"We must tell uncle Joel," I said.

Little we dreamed that *she* had followed and heard all we said while discussing the various points of resemblance.

That night, when the house was wrapped in sleep, the cry of fire awoke me. I sprang from my bed, feeling the suffocation and the burning heat, and saw that the wing in which I slept was in flames. My brother, Mariette and the servants slept in the same wing, and my first thought was for them. I rushed to the door and unbolted it. *It was locked on the outside.* My apartment was surrounded by passages, and so cut off from the other rooms. I felt the full horror of the situation; Margaret had revenged herself upon me, and there was no escape. The smoke poured in; I was blinded and frenzied; my brain reeled. I only remember falling, falling, while the flames came rolling and roaring about me.

When consciousness came, I could neither speak nor move. I was in one of the main rooms, about which

MARRIAGE AMONG TUAREK ARABS.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

furniture was strewn confusedly. I heard a faint, rustling sound near my bed; some one bent over me; my heart gave a great throb—it was the sweet, pale face of Mariette. She saw that I recognized her.

"Oh, darling!" she cried, "I was afraid that you would *never* know me. I will answer everything. They all escaped without hurt but you, and they say you jumped about thirty feet. Philip was stunned; he learned all, and he has a fever, but to-day he is better."

I struggled to say: "And you?"

"I don't think I have loved him, dear, since I found it out; my heart feels dead." Her lips quivered; it seemed as if she grieved over the dead love and would have called it back if she could. "It was an awful night, darling. Of course she tried to destroy you." She shuddered. "They found it all out, and she ran off, but your uncle sent detectives and they caught the poor wretch. She will be hung, Uncle Joel thinks. But you did not know that she tried to kill herself—took poison twice; and I believe she would have taken the life of every member of the family if she had had time."

It was two months before I was able to sit up in my invalid's chair, but never had any solitary woman more loving attention than I.

Lily was telling me, one day after Phil had recovered, how terribly ashamed and self-convicted he felt.

"But what was the trouble between you and Tom?" I asked. She turned scarlet.

"Her doing, all of it. I am as humbled as Philip, that I should have taken her into my confidence, but I thought you were jealous of her—don't laugh—from the first, and had taken a spite against her; forgive me for it—I'm sorry, and so I tried to comfort her. You should have heard the sorrowful stories she told me; I was fool enough to weep over them, too. Finally she made me desperately jealous, and it was she wrote that letter in Tom's handwriting. How hard she must have worked, the poor, miserable creature!"

"What does Philip say now?"

Very little; he is mortified and wretched. I do not know what he will do; leave Sydney, perhaps. He says he would not lift his hand to save himself from the hangman."

"What! did he love her?"

"He says he hates her, and abhors her very memory. And Mariette despises him; though I think, since he has come to his senses, he really loves her as he should."

Yes, Mariette was quiet and cold; she confessed to me that she had lost both the respect and affection she had felt for Philip. But it seemed to me that she had reasoned herself into this belief, and if a hard stroke came to Philip she would feel the rushing back of the old love.

We all pitied him, miserably as he had sinned. I shall never forget how he looked on the night that Lily and Tom were married—that night which was to have brought the consummation of his own happiness. Poor fellow! he was so pale, so languid, and his eyes wandered more than once to Mariette, and then a dreadful anguish clouded his poor white face. The next day he took his leave of us all. For the first time I saw Mariette falter; it was a struggle for her to seem composed. I never thought the girl had so much firmness. His hand shook like a leaf, and it seemed as if he would bite his lip through, pressing his teeth upon it.

He was gone at last, and Mariette lay sobbing on my bosom.

"Why did you let him go?" I asked. "You could have kept him."

"I would not!" she cried, almost fiercely. "I hate him!"

And then she wept and sobbed, and I knew she did not hate him.

But she was overruled in spite of herself. An hour after Philip had left us his horse came home covered with foam, the reins dragging, the girths broken and hanging.

Mariette came to me, pale and tearless, her eyes full of horror, as she cried:

"They say I have killed Philip!"

I tried to soothe her, but she would not be comforted. Poor Philip was brought home dead, as we all thought; he had been unseated and thrown down a bank, very rocky, though not steep, and his wounds were frightful. For nearly a week he lay insensible; nobody looked for his restoration. Mariette was no longer indifferent. From the pale tinge of dawn till midnight she remained at his bedside. It seemed as if she longed to atone for her past indifference. Her hand smoothed his pillow and gave him all his medicines, and one day, weeks after, when I happened to go in, he sat bolstered up, an arm around her, while her face was hidden on his shoulder, and she was weeping.

I need scarcely say that Philip rose from his bed a chastened and a better man, nor need I tell that the heart of my pet was once more in his keeping. Philip never trod the earth with the mien of a prince again. One of his feet was so injured that a halting step was the consequence for life.

We are all very happy now, and know nothing of the real fate of the poor, wretched Margaret. I still live with Uncle Joel (who declares the house would not go on without me), and make long visits to my brother's and Philip's homes, where domestic happiness abides.

MARRIAGE AMONG TUAREK ARABS.

The Tuareks, a Mohammedan tribe, ruling over that part of the Great Desert lying between Morocco and Soudan, and extending westward from Fezzan to the Atlantic, have a simple and curious marriage rite. The Tuarek takes the woman whom he has chosen, places her before him on his fine steed, and, preceded by some of the musicians of the place, drum and rude fifes, with one bearing a spear adorned with plumes, he rides with her around the village, followed by the friends of both. This publicly taking her to be his wife stands in lieu of all more precise and formal ceremonies.

These people, thus simple in many of their ideas, evidently of Caucasian origin, claim descent from the land of Canaan, and are supposed by some to be descendants of the lost tribes, that being a way of accounting for estrays in all lands.

They are tall, handsome, bold, warlike and predatory, ruling over the negroes with a rod of iron.

MARY AND HER BULLFINCH.

Bullfinches, when trained, become beautiful singers, and warble seven or eight distinct melodies with an accuracy of intonation and a delicacy of taste bordering on the marvelous. If they are encouraged to sing by a curious method—namely, by your standing before them and nodding your head like a Chinese joss—you will see them swelling and expanding, and gently moving their head, opening wide their wings, and then, with half-closed eyes, running through the modulations of German songs and Tyrolese melodies with wonderful expertness.

They sing in this way throughout the Summer, and remain silent from the end of Autumn until the beginning of Spring. When earth's renewal-time approaches, you may hear them cackling in a low voice, and endeavoring to recall to memory the airs forgotten in the inaction of the Winter

season. They repeat them note by note, recommence them every time they make a mistake, never weary of their exercise, and devote themselves to it with a truly artistic perseverance until they reconquer their whole repertory. Once this success is obtained, nothing checks them, and nothing can silence them; they sing all day; they sing even during the night; and a month or two passes before they can temperately make use of their musical knowledge.

Every year a Tyrolean peasant brings to Paris half a hundred of these charming birds. Formerly he accomplished the journey on foot, his shoulders loaded with cages suspended to poles, each cage containing a bullfinch; to-day he travels by rail, and travels accompanied by a charming little blonde, his wife, who speaks French nearly as well as German, and whom you are sure to meet with three times a week at the opera, during the early part of May, hidden rather than seated in an armchair in the upper gallery. She yields herself up unreservedly to the emotions awakened by the music, and sometimes furtively presses her husband's hand to thank him for the pleasure she enjoys in listening to the melodies of "Guillaume Tell" or "Les Huguenots."

A curious accident made the fortune of this happy couple. Some twenty years ago, during a tour made by Baron Rothschild in the Tyrol, and while a fresh relay of horses was being put to his carriage, a young and well-favored peasant offered him a very ordinary-looking cage, containing a bird of somewhat dismal-looking plumage. The baron at first put aside with his hand an object so ill-adapted for conveyance in a traveling-carriage; but he quickly changed his intention when he heard the bullfinch begin to sing, without one false note or imperfect intonation, the "Cachucha," and then some German national airs.

"What do you want for this bird?" said he to the peasant.

"A florin, your Excellency."

"This will do better," answered the financier; and he placed in the peasant's hand, who opened his eyes as if in a dream, three or four pieces of gold.

"Have you any other bullfinches equal to this?" inquired Baron Rothschild, as he smiled at the poor lad's ecstacy.

"Sixty, your Excellency. I constantly rear them for sale to travelers, who, unfortunately, do not pay me so liberally as your Excellency. Otherwise I would marry Gretchen, whom I have loved for two years, and whose father refuses me because I have nothing in the world but a hut and my birds."

"I return to Paris in a month. Here is my address; come and call upon me."

And the postchaise went off at a rapid gallop, leaving the young peasant overwhelmed with emotion.

Exactly a month afterward our Tyrolese, with his sixty cages on his shoulders, arrived in the Rue Lafitte, entered, all dusty and travel-soiled, the hotel of M. de Rothschild, and asked to speak to the master of the house, whose card he showed.

While the man in waiting hesitated whether he should conduct so singular a visitor into the baron's presence, it chanced that the baron appeared at the window of his private room, and seeing the Tyrolese, whom he recognized by his cages, he ordered him to be admitted.

"Your Excellency," said the traveler, in German, "you invited me to come; and I am here. Permit me to offer you this bullfinch, which is much more learned than the bird you bought of me at home. He can sing twelve different airs."

And immediately he nodded his head before the bird, who began imperturbably his series of twelve songs, and adhered rigorously to the programme.

M. de Rothschild ordered the sum of $100 to be paid to the bird-trainer, and that he should be conducted to a small hotel in the neighborhood; adding that he undertook to discharge the expenses of his Tyrolean friend.

Soon all Paris was talking about the musical bullfinches. They were seen and heard and admired at the celebrated banker's, and everybody wished to procure the like, it mattered not at what cost. The Tyrolese soon started again for his mountains, still on foot, but without any cages, and carrying $1,200 hidden in his belt.

Twelve hundred dollars represent a large fortune in the Tyrol. Our bird-trainer speedily married his Gretchen; and as Gretchen attained her sixteenth year on her wedding-day—that is, in 1866—and as, both as mountain-born and blonde, she appeared even younger than she really was, you will easily understand how, at the opera, everybody turned to admire her luxuriant tresses, her delicate features, her coquettishly *retroussé* nose, her elegant figure and beautiful little hands.

FENELON.

THIS prelate was a tall, lean man, well-made, pale, with a large nose, eyes from which fire and genius flowed like a torrent, and a physiognomy such that I have never seen any that resembled it, and which could not be forgotten, though one should only have seen it once. It had something of everything in it, and the contraries were at war. It had gravity and gallantry, seriousness and gayety; smacked equally of the doctor, the bishop and the *grand seigneur*; that which was uppermost, as in the whole person, was *finesse*, genius, the graces, becomingness, and, above all, nobleness. It required an effort to cease looking at him.

All the portraits of him are speaking ones, without, however, having caught the justice of the harmony which was so striking in the original, and the delicacy of each character that this visage combined in itself. His manners answered to it in the same proportion, with an easiness which communicated itself to others and the air and the good taste derived from the best company and the great world, and which sheds itself over all his conversations. With that, a gentle, natural, beautiful eloquence—but a man who never wished to have more wit than those to whom he was speaking, who placed himself on everybody's level without letting them see it, who put them at their ease and seemed to enchant, so that people could not quit him, nor defend themselves from him, nor help seeking to meet him again.

It was this talent, so rare, and which he had to the last degree, that kept all his friends so entirely attached to him all his life, in spite of his fall, and that his removal brought them together to speak of him, to hold to him more and more, like the Jews to Jerusalem, and to sigh after his return, and to hope for it always, as that unhappy people waits and sighs after the Messias. By this prophetic authority that he had acquired over his followers, he had become accustomed to a dominion which, gentle as it was, did not like resistance. Thus he would not long have been suffered as a companion, if he had returned to the court, and entered in the council, which was always his great object.

DESTROYING WEEDS ON LAWNS.

A CORRESPONDENT gives the following practice as effectual in destroying plantain and other weeds on lawns. He says: A far more expeditious mode than digging out and salting the holes, is the application of oil of vitriol. It is also equally effectual, as it completely kills the plantains.

Take an old blacking-bottle, with a wire around it to carry it by, and a stick to dip with. The stick should not be pointed, but should be notched round for an inch or two at the end, the better to hold the liquid. Just one drop quite in the heart of the plantain is sufficient to cause death, and the notched stick will contain at one dip enough to destroy three or four plants.

If the acid is good (it varies in strength), the work of death can be both seen and heard, for the vitriol hisses, and it burns up the plantain in a moment. The remains of the burnt leaves can afterward be swept or raked up.

A row of plantains a foot wide sprang up on a lawn here, where an iron fence formerly ran. The owner, seeing at a place he visited the good effect of vitriol in ridding the lawn from weeds, put the hint in practice. The plantains were killed in an hour, and have never appeared again, and never will. It is three years ago, and it is impossible to recognize the line of the fence.

After the leaves were raked up, a little grass seed was sprinkled on the place, and in a few weeks it was green and like the rest of the lawn. I have examined the roots after the doctoring; it completely burns them out. I have tried it on large dandelions with the same result. One of the young gentlemen here amused himself by hunting out the longest thistles he could find to experiment on; the vitriol completely killed them by eating the root out.

Beginners are apt to err in using the vitriol too freely. Just one drop will do; and the stick must not be carelessly daubed on the grass, or it will leave its mark behind. Care is required that it does not touch the skin, boots or clothes; and on this account it is not safe in the hands of children, but a man or woman, with ten minutes' practice, can kill plantains much more quickly than any lad can eat gooseberries.

"NEAR BUT FAR."—SEE POEM ON PAGE 482.

"THE QUEEN'S HIGHWAY IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY."

To APPRECIATE rightly the illustration, we must refer to a quotation which the painter has appended to the title of the picture engraved. The quotation is taken from a letter of Maud Ufford to Margery Pennington in D'Eyncourt's "Memoirs of the Maids of Honor," and runs thus: "The journey was marvelous for ease and expedition, for, such is the perfect evenness of the new highway, her highness left the coach only once, whilst the hinds and folk of a base sort lifted it on with their poles."

So, then, to have the extremely rare luxury of vehicular conveyance—if, indeed, it were such before the invention of steel carriage springs, and some two centuries before Mr. M'Adam made, at Bristol, the first solid road since the time of the Romans—to have, we say, locomotive aid in the form of a coach, and to become firmly imbedded to the axletrees in mud "only once" on a short journey, was considered, in the "merrie England" of the days of "good Queen Bess," something so wonderful that the solitary mishap here represented seems to have been regarded rather as an *agrément de voyage* relieving its monotony; and the pool of mire anything but a Slough of Despond! The Queen has, we see, sprung over the ruts, and now trips forward, under a lowering, watery sky, nowise disconcerted, surprised or angry, followed by her laughing maids of honor, and leaving footmen, hinds and mounted attendants to extricate the coach.

To us, however, who have incontestably "mended our ways," at least as regards road and rail, what a number of reflections are awakened by this sixteenth century highway! Incontinently we exclaim, If this was a "new highway,"

THE QUEEN'S HIGHWAY IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

and considered "perfectly even," what must the old and uneven ones have been like?

As an illustration of the rate at which intelligence of public events traveled with the roads of the sixteenth century, it may be mentioned that the news of Queen Elizabeth's death was not known in some of the remote parishes of Devonshire until the courtiers of James had ceased to wear mourning for her. A history of roads would, in fact, be to a great extent a history of civilization itself.

There is another and peculiar interest in the passage quoted by the artist. It contains the first mention of Queen Elizabeth herself having used a coach. The coach, or close carriage, was a modern invention, and was just introduced into England. The pattern of the coach in this picture is, however, probably of a later date. The first British sovereign who had a state carriage was Charles I.

AN ECCENTRIC VERMONTER.

THE Hon. Elias Keyes, of Vermont, was for twelve years Presiding Judge of Windsor county, and served one term in Congress many years ago. He was a man of immense brain and great native talent, but wholly uncultivated. It was the privilege of the writer to know him personally, and to be cognizant of many incidents in his life which have never been published. The following will give a fair illustration of some of his quaint characteristics:

The old man was not particularly religious, but his wife (he had no children) was a devout and exemplary member of the Congregational Church. When the Judge was about eighty years old, he was laid up one Winter with lung fever.

It happened just at that time that the young men (the boys, as the Judge called them) had been for some days on the trail of a bear which had been seen devastating the sheepfolds of the farmers, and, in common with the good folks of the vicinity, the Judge felt no little interest in the bear hunt. His good wife (herself about fourscore years old) felt very anxious about the condition of the Judge, both physical and spiritual, and accordingly sent for her pastor to visit him.

The young pastor, Rev. Mr. H., was but recently graduated from the seminary at Andover, and knowing the peculiar characteristics of the Judge, invited an elderly member of his church to accompany him on the pastoral visit.

Arrived at the bedside of the old man the following conversation took place:

"Well, Judge, you are getting pretty old, and cannot expect to live much longer."

"Yes, pretty well along, but I guess I'll live about eighty years longer."

"But you are quite ill, and we all fear that you may not recover. In that case do you feel that you are prepared for the great change that awaits us all?"

"Yes, if any man on earth is, I am. Why, I built the first turnpike ever made over the Green Mountains. By the way, Mr. H., have you heerd whether the boys have ketched that bear yet?"

After partially recovering from the effect of this inquiry, Mr. H., asked the Judge if he would not like to have him pray with him.

"Oh, yes; I s'pose that is what Mrs. K sent for you for."

"Well Judge, have you any particular request which you wish to have preferred in our petition to the throne of Grace!"

"Oh, no; Mr. H., I think you are a very smart and promising young man, and I leave it altogether to your better judgment and ingenuity."

The effect can be better imagined than described.

"NEAR, BUT FAR!"

VAIN he sings; his voice melodious
Sweetly fills the vernal air;
Not a tone he gently utters
Doth she hear, that maiden fair!

Vain he plays; his zithern, tinkling,
Soundeth clearly o'er the vale;
Voice and zithern speak unto her,
Vain he singeth love's sweet tale!

Near she sits; his hand can touch her—
He can see her eyes' soft ray:
Near she sits, but yet how distant—
Her fond thoughts are far away!

And he woos her vainly, vainly,
As she were, indeed, a star;
She's so close, he hears her sighing:
Near, so near!—but, oh, so far!

HOLLAND HOUSE AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

BY A. H. GUERNSEY.

A COUPLE of miles or so westward from Hyde Park Corner, perhaps the gayest point in London, begins the village of Kensington, one of the still rural suburbs of the great metropolis. Beyond the village is the ugly palace of Kensington, with its fine gardens, comprising about 250 acres. The palace was purchased by William III., and here he lived and died. It was the residence of Queen Anne and of the first two Georges. George III. made Buckingham Palace, in the city, his principal abode, and Kensington Palace became a kind of hotel for the younger branches of the royal family, for whom an ungrateful country had failed to make adequate provision. The impecunious Dukes of Sussex and Kent had apartments here, and here Queen Victoria was born and lived in seclusion until her accession to the throne.

On the north side of the dusty Kensington Road one might pass, almost without noticing it, an unpretending gateway, through whose open-work doors he catches a glimpse of a noble avenue of elms, beyond which, through the dense foliage, is seen here and there a view of a quaint-looking old building of red brick, with ornaments of stone. This is Holland House, of which Macaulay says: "It can boast of a greater number of inmates distinguished in political and literary history than any other private dwelling in England: men who have guided the politics of Europe; who have moved great assemblies by reason and eloquence; who have put life into bronze and canvas; or who have left to posterity things so written as it shall not willingly let die."

The gates are closed to the public, but a half-crown judiciously administered to the porter will gain for us permission to walk through the 80 acres of ornamented grounds, where we can summon up before our mind's eye the forms of those who have paced there before us, and the dust of some of whom now rests in Westminster Abbey.

The history of the spot goes back to the Norman Conquest. When William overran England, he portioned out the fairest portions of the land among his followers. A

thousand acres or so, forming the Manor of Kensington, were allotted to the Norman Bishop of Coutances, from whom it was held in feudal tenure by the stout knight Aubrey de Vere. This Aubrey de Vere must have been a special favorite of William, for he received numerous manors in different parts of England, and was the progenitor of one of the noblest families in the kingdom. One of his grandchildren was created Earl of Oxford, and there were twenty of his descendants who bore this title, some of them playing distinguished parts in the history of their times. But the family fell into decay, the last earl dying in poverty during the reign of Queen Anne. The male line of that branch of the De Veres who held Kensington Manor became extinct at the death of "Little John de Vere of Chepstow," and the estate was inherited by his sisters, and passed to the various families into which they and their children intermarried. The manor finally became the property of Sir Walter Cope, who, in 1607, began the erection of a mansion which he called "Cope Castle." His daughter and heiress married Sir Henry Rich, the descendant of a wealthy London mercer, who completed the structure essentially as it now exists. He was made Earl of Holland, and the name of the mansion was changed to Holland House.

The first Earl of Holland was a thriving courtier and a noted dandy. King James I. employed him in the bootless negotiation to get the Infanta of Spain as a wife for his son Prince Charles; and afterward with Buckingham, in the successful wooing for the Prince of Henrietta Maria of France. He fitted up the gorgeous Gilt Room at Holland House, for a grand ball, which, however, did not take place, in honor of the Prince and his bride.

During the troubles which overshadowed the reign of Charles I., the Earl of Holland tried to carry water on both shoulders. At one time we find him acting with the Parliament and the army against the Crown; but in 1648 he went over to the royalists, was made prisoner, and sentenced to death, not long after Charles I. was beheaded. He went to the scaffold clad in a white satin waistcoat and white satin cap, trimmed with silver lace. As he laid his head upon the block he tossed ten pounds to the executioner as a ransom for his clothes, and specially directed him, when he held up the trunkless head, to be careful not to let the white satin cap fall off.

Holland House, being so convenient to London, became for a time headquarters of the Parliamentary generals. We catch glimpses here of Fairfax and Ireton and Cromwell; but it was in time restored to the widowed Countess, who not a little scandalized the rigid Puritans by having plays performed there, at a time when the theatre was under ban. After the Restoration, the house was rented to various persons. Most notable among the temporary occupants was the courtly Quaker, William Penn, when at the height of his favor with James II. He tells us how he could scarcely get down the broad stairs for the throng of suitors pressing there to beseech his great influence with the King in their behalf.

Robert Rich, the second Earl of Holland, succeeded his cousin as Earl of Warwick, and dropped the former title, but made Holland House his principal residence. His son and successor was that Earl of Warwick who died in 1701, leaving a graceless son, and a widow who fifteen years after bestowed her hand upon Joseph Addison.

Addison occupied a pretty cottage at Chelsea, whence it was a pleasant walk to Holland House, where he was a frequent visitor. Some say he acted as a tutor to the graceless young Earl of Warwick: at all events, he did his best to win him from his wicked ways, and fell in love with his handsome, middle-aged mother. The wooing was long and weary. The Countess blew alternately hot and cold; but at length Addison received a legacy from a brother, who had died Governor of Madras, which enabled him to set up as a country gentleman, and, moreover, it was whispered about that he was soon to be called to a seat in the Cabinet. The Countess became his wife. But, as has been quaintly said, "Holland House, though a large one, was not large enough to contain the Countess of Warwick, Mr. Addison, and one guest, Peace." He lived there but three years, during which he never found himself so happy as when he could slip away to some inn, where he could enjoy a bottle, a pipe, and a laugh, in the society of the friends of his happier days. Quite likely, as was the custom of very good men of his time, he drank much more than was for his good. Tradition says, that he was wont to pace up and down the long gallery, now the library, with a bottle of port on a table at one end and a bottle of claret at the other, to which in turn he paid his regular respects. Dr. Young says, that upon his death-bed he called his dissolute son-in-law, that he might "see how peacefully a Christian could die." Upon which Horace Walpole made the sneering comment, "He died of brandy."

The young Earl of Warwick died two years after Addison. The Countess took up her residence elsewhere, and Holland House passed into other hands. In 1657 it was hired, and eight years later purchased, by Henry Fox, who was subsequently created the first Baron Holland.

Thirty years before, when Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, stood highest in favor with King James I., Buckingham and Prince Charlie, there was in Salisbury Cathedral a choir-boy named Stephen Fox. Something in the lad attracted the notice of the bishop of the diocese, who secured for him a patron in the person of Lord Henry Percy.

When Charles I. lost his head, and his son went into exile, Stephen Fox became attached to the Court of the crownless monarch of Brussels. By some accident he was the first to receive the news of the death of Cromwell. He hurried to the tennis-court, where the merry monarch was at play with some Spanish grandees, and, upon bended knee, "begged to be the first to call him really King of Great Britain, since he that had caused him to be but titularly so was no longer to be numbered with the living."

The bearer of such welcome tidings could not fail of his guerdon. When Charles was recalled to England, Fox was made first clerk of the Green Cloth, and before long received the lucrative position of paymaster of the army, was knighted, and made a Commissioner of the Treasury. He acquired a great fortune, "honestly got," says Evelyn, "and unenvied, which is a miracle."

Sir Stephen sat in several Parliaments, held important offices under four successive sovereigns, and had the honor of being one of those whom James II., in 1792, expressly excepted from the general pardon offered to those of his rebellious subjects who would return to their allegiance. "In a word," says Evelyn, "never was a man more fortunate than Sir Stephen; he is a handsome person, virtuous, and very religious."

He was liberal in the use of his great fortune. To him, more than to any other man, is owing the foundation of the noble Chelsea Hospital; he not only took the oversight of its establishment, but contributed toward its erection the sum of £13,000—equivalent to more than a quarter of a million dollars in our day. He was twice married, and died at the age of eighty-nine, leaving nine children. Of his second marriage, when he was seventy-six, there is a pretty story: Among the visitors at his hospitable mansion was a pretty young lady, the daughter of a clergyman, and bearing that prettiest of names, "Christian Hope." One day a letter was brought in, directed to "Lady Fox."

"Lady Fox!" shouted the gay guests; "who can that mean?"

"I think the letter must be meant for me," said Miss Hope, demurely.

The jest became earnest. Sir Stephen took her at her word, and she soon became his wife. The stout old knight lived more than a dozen years, and begat two sons, both of whom came to be peers. His wife survived him only two years. Upon her deathbed she called for her two sons. "My dears, I am going to leave you. Will you be good? You, Stephen," she continued, to her eldest son, "are blessed with a good estate. Don't be a fop; don't be a rake. Mind on your name—*Stephen Fox*; that, I hope, will keep you from being wicked; 'twill fly in your face, and say, 'Did your father ever do so?'" To her younger son she said, "You, Harry, having less fortune, won't be subject to so many temptations, but withstand those you have when you grow up. Take care to avoid ill company. If you don't, you are gone. You'll learn to swear, to drink, to rake about, to game, and at last you'll be ruined."

Stephen was a discreet youth; he kept out of evil ways, took care of his great fortune, and added to it by marrying the heiress of the rich Mr. Strangways, whose name he assumed, and, while a young man, was created Earl of Ilchester.

Harry Fox was less prudent. He did most or all of the ill things from which his dying mother had so earnestly dissuaded him.

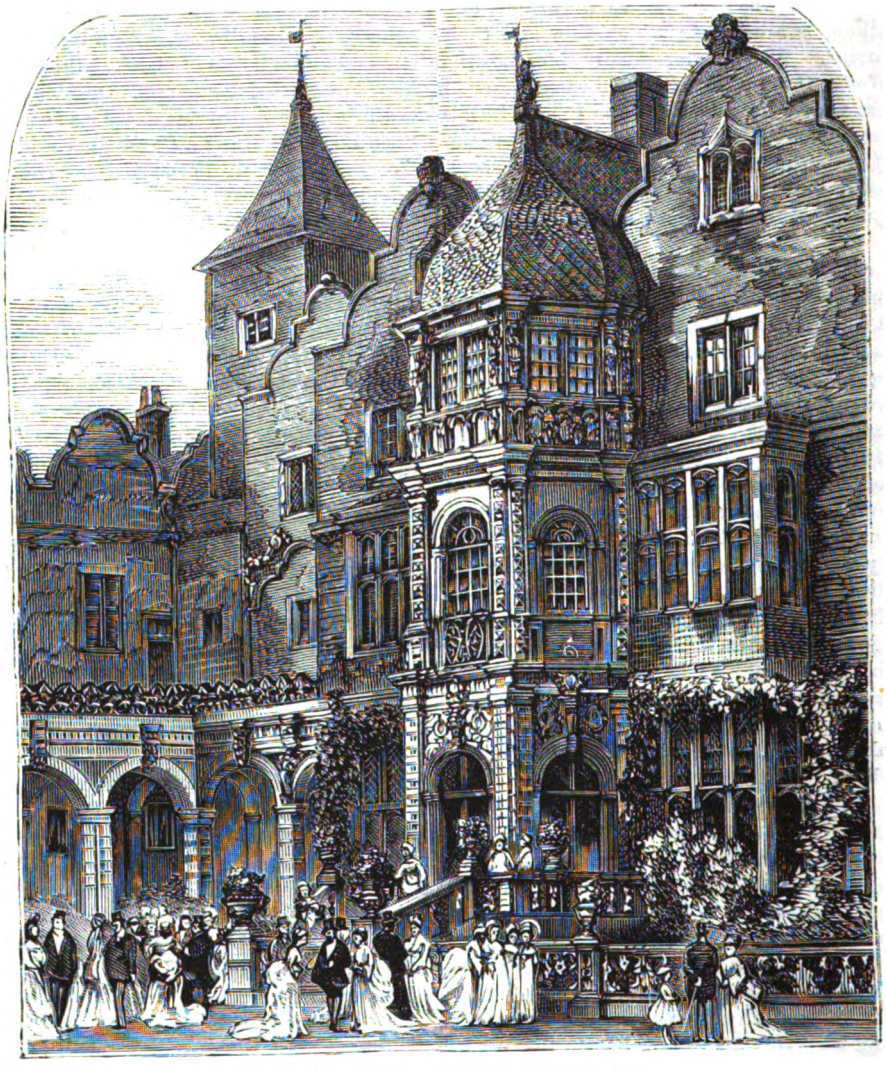
Of the bold, bad political career of Harry Fox, we shall not here speak. He entered Parliament a needy adventurer; became, perhaps, the ablest debater and parliamentary manager whom England has ever known; the most formidable rival of the elder Pitt, as his son was of the younger Pitt; and was noted for his insatiable greed. He became, as his father had been, paymaster of the army, and in a few years amassed a great fortune, no man believed honestly. When rich enough, he grew weary of the stormy House of Commons, and at a critical moment deserted his party and went over to the Government, upon promise of a peerage. When he had performed his work, he demanded an earldom, which had been promised. The Premier, Lord Bute, would concede only a baronage. He upbraided the minister for the breach of faith.

"It was only a pious fraud," said Lord Bute.

"I perceive the fraud, my lord," retorted Fox, "but not the piety."

He had before this become the master of Holland House, and was now made Baron Holland.

Many years before, when he was verging upon forty, and while his career was still dubious, an attachment had sprung up between Fox and Lady Caroline Lennox, the young daughter of the Duke of Richmond. The Duke opposed this, and proposed a more eligible match. To avoid meeting her new suitor the young lady made herself unpresentable by cutting off her eyebrows, and improved the period of seclusion by planning an elopement with Harry Fox. Great was the wrath of her parents. They retired in dudgeon to their country-seat, and gave out that no one who visited the errant couple should ever darken their doors. Their wrath smoldered four years, until a son was born to Fox, when the Duke relented, and offered, in a long, ill-spelled letter, to forgive his daughter and her husband.



HOLLAND HOUSE—THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE.

Among those most angry at the marriage was His Most Gracious Majesty George II., for the Duke of Richmond belonged, after a fashion, to the blood-royal. His father, the first Duke, was an illegitimate son of Charles II., his mother being the French adventuress whom he made Duchess of Portsmouth; but the English people would only call her "Madame Carwell," this being their way of pronouncing her real name, Louise de Querouailles. The merry monarch was especially liberal in bestowing peerages upon his various mistresses and their offspring. The

marriage of this second Duke of Richmond was an odd one. His father, the son of Madame Carwell, had lost heavily at play to Lord Cadogan. It was proposed to settle this by marrying Lord March, his son and heir, to the daughter of his creditor. The boy was brought from the schoolroom and the girl from the nursery; a clergyman was in attendance, and the children were told that they were to be made man and wife on the spot. The boy said, sulkily, "They are not, surely, going to marry me to that dowdy!" But the ceremony went on; and as soon as it was over the boy-husband was put in charge of a tutor and packed off on his travels on the continent, while the girl-wife was sent back to her mother. It was some years before Lord March returned to England. The first evening after reaching London he went to the theatre. His attention was attracted to a beautiful woman in one of the boxes. He asked who she was. "You must be a stranger in London," was the reply, "not to know the beautiful Lady March, the toast of the town." He hurried to the box and made himself known. Husband and wife fell in love with each other, and lived happily together for more than thirty years.

The pardon of Lady Caroline and her husband was granted not a whit too soon. In two or three years the Duke and Duchess both died, and their younger children were in time taken to Holland House, where their sister became almost a mother to them. One of these children was the beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox, whose romantic story is scarcely matched by anything in fiction. Once, when a child, she was taken to the gardens of Kensington Palace, to which the well-dressed public were admitted to see the royal family taking their promenade along the broad walks. The pretty child broke away from her nurse, ran up to the King, and accosted him in French, "Comment vous portez-vous, Monsieur le Roi? Vous-avez une grande et belle maison ici, n'est-ce pas." The old King was pleased with the child, and had her often brought to the palace. After a while she was sent to an elder sister in Ireland, where she remained till she had grown up to a tall, handsome girl of thirteen or so. When she came back to Holland House, the King sent for her to come to the palace, and began joking with her as of old. But she was confused and shy. "Pooh!" he exclaimed, scornfully, "she has grown quite stupid!"

But there was in the royal circle an ill-grown young man, with retreating forehead, goggle eyes and thick utterance, to whom the blushing girl appeared a vision of beauty. This was the Prince of Wales, soon to become King George III. In his heavy, loutish way, he fell in love with her on the spot. That she ever fell in love with him is quite unlikely; but she must have been flattered by his awkward attentions; and by-and-by it was noticed that the young Prince was in the habit of riding along a lane which skirted the grounds of Holland House, and that Lady Sarah was very apt to be on the lawn, making hay in the most bewitching manner.

MARRIAGE OF MISS FOX, OF HOLLAND HOUSE, TO PRINCE LEICHTENSTEIN.

George II. was gathered to his fathers, and the Prince of Wales reigned in his stead. Still he seemed to have no eyes except for the beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox. The royal dukes, his uncles, took the alarm; the ministers took the alarm. They remonstrated with the young King, and sent off messengers to all the Courts of Germany in search of a wife for him.

Once the poor, badgered King seemed to have made up his mind to balk them, and to follow the dictates of his own heart. Her bosom friend was Lady Susan Strangways, daughter of the Earl of Ilchester. At a Court ball, at which Lady Sarah was not present, he took Lady Susan aside, as if he had something on his mind which he wished to speak about. He asked how long she meant to stay in town. She said that she meant to stay for the Coronation.

"Oh," said he, "that will not take place at present. There will be no coronation until there is a queen; and,"

coming to the point, "I think your friend is the fittest person for it. Tell her so from me."

When Lady Sarah next came to Court, the King took her aside, and asked:

"Has your friend told you of my conversation with her?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what do you think of it?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing comes of nothing," he answered, turning away in a pet.

But not long after, she was hurt by the falling of her horse. He inquired so anxiously about her, that she was quite sure that he meant to speak out; and she evidently made up her mind that he should not be again rebuffed. But her dawning hopes were crushed in a few days. The ministers had got their own way, and it was announced that the plain little Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg was to be Queen of Great Britain. Lady Sarah wrote to her friend, Lady Susan: "—— is to be married to a princess of Mecklenburg. I shall take care not to show to anybody that I am mortified. I know you was more set upon it than I was. The thing that I am most angry about is looking so like a fool as I shall for having gone so often for nothing. But I don't much care. If he was to change his mind again (which he can't, though), and not give a very good reason for his conduct, I would not have him."

It was indeed too late for poor George to change his course. But at the royal marriage it was noticed that his goggle eyes were fixed, not upon the plain little Charlotte, but upon the beautiful Lady Sarah, who headed the line of bridesmaids. One poor, blind old nobleman, passing before the line of ladies, mistook the bridesmaid for the bride, and, plumping on his knees, took her hand to kiss. She withdrew it, saying, "I am not the Queen, sir." A few months after this marriage Lady Sarah became the wife of Sir Charles Bunbury, the "black-legged Bunbury" of the satirists. Being left a widow, she married George Napier, and became the mother of several distinguished men, notable among them of Charles James Napier, the hero of Scinde, and William Patrick Napier, author of the "History of the Peninsular War," in which he had borne no undistinguished part.

More than forty years after the marriage of George III. a sermon was preached by the eloquent Dean of Canterbury in behalf of an infirmary for the blind. The preacher drew an eloquent picture of the poor old blind monarch, and said that this institution had been established under the patronage of the King at the time when his own sight was beginning to fail. Among the auditors was an elderly lady, dressed in black, who seemed deeply affected. At the close of the services it was seen that she too was blind, and had to be led out of the church. This blind old woman was the once beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox.

The greatest man connected with Holland House was Charles James Fox—the second and favorite son of Henry Fox, first Baron Holland—the greatest statesman, Burke possibly excepted, whom England has produced. It was to make a great fortune for this son, whom he had done all that a parent could do to spoil, that, more than for anything else, Henry Fox dipped his hands in unlawful gain. The first law in the household was that the boy should be thwarted in nothing; from kitchen to drawing-room and cabinet his will was law. Once he took a whim to break his watch in pieces. "Well, if you must, you must, I suppose," said the fond father. A high wall in the grounds was to be pulled down. The boy had demanded that he should see it done. He happened to be absent at the time, and insisted that it should be rebuilt so that he might see it demolished. He was barely fourteen when his father took him to Paris and Spa, and introduced him to the mysteries of the gaming-table, where he acquired that fondness for high play which ruined his fortunes, and left him to die leaving his wife, whom he dearly loved, dependent upon public and private charity. At one time he played twenty-two hours at a sitting, and lost £11,000. At another time he was known to have won a large sum. One of his lawful creditors presented his bond and asked for payment. "I cannot pay this," said Fox; "I must first pay my debts of honor." The creditor persisted. "Well," said Fox, "give me the bond." He took it, tore it in pieces, saying, "Now yours is a debt of honor," and paid the amount.

Henry Fox was made Baron Holland in 1763, and died in 1774, his wife surviving him only three months. He was succeeded by his son Stephen, the second Baron, who lived to enjoy the title only six months, and was succeeded by his son, Henry Richard, an infant of thirteen months. This is the Lord Holland under whom Holland House became for forty years the favorite resort of statesmen and philosophers, of poets and wits, of painters and sculptors. During his long minority the house was leased, and the young Baron was brought up and trained to politics by his uncle, Charles James Fox. Of his public career, little except what is noble can be said. He ranks high for sagacity and wisdom, still higher for candor and uprightness. But a cloud hung over the noble mansion and its picturesque grounds, over its halls and apartments, with their busts and paintings, their quaint carving and grotesque gilding, over the venerable chamber "in which all the antique gravity of a college library was blended with all that female wit could devise to embellish a drawing-room."

The young lord had visited Paris in 1791, when he was but eighteen, and even then came in contact with many of the most distinguished personages of the French capital. Soon after he came of age he set out on a European tour, and late in 1795 found himself at Florence. Residing there were Sir Godfrey Webster, of Battle Abbey, in Sussex, with his wife, the daughter of Richard Vassall, the owner of rich sugar estates in Jamaica. Lord Holland was twenty-two; Lady Webster was several years his senior, had been a wife for six years, and was the mother of several children. She was beautiful and clever, and the young lord became an intimate visitor in the family. In the following February Sir Godfrey was recalled to England by the death of his father-in-law. His wife, being about to become a mother, remained behind. Let the rest be told as briefly as may be. An open *liaison* took place between her and Lord Holland. Together they made excursions to Vienna and elsewhere, and in June returned almost ostentatiously to England. She went first to her husband's residence in London, where she remained for a short time. Thence she went to furnished lodgings occupied by herself and Lord Holland. Here, in the brief language of the legal records of the day, she "was delivered of a male child who was acknowledged to be the son of Lord Holland, and was maintained by him." A suit was instituted by Sir Godfrey against the paramour of his wife. No defense was made; damages for £6,000 were awarded, and the marriage was annulled by an Act of Parliament; and, while the ink of the decree was scarcely dry, Lord Holland and Lady Webster were married. He discarded his honored name of Fox and took in its stead that borne by his wife before her day of shame, always signing himself "Vassall-Holland." This unfaithful wife of Sir Godfrey Webster is the Lady Holland, mistress of Holland House during the forty years of its glory, and philosophers and divines, statesmen and philanthropists, poets and painters became her constant guests. But only a few of them ever dreamed of taking their wives

and sisters there. We find among those occasionally seen at her table the names of women of rank, such as the Duchess of Devonshire and the Duchess of Richmond; but of not one woman whose rank was not high enough or whose reputation was not low enough to give them impunity in going anywhere where Talleyrand and the Prince Regent, Mackintosh and Tom Moore, Sydney Smith and Luttrell, Macaulay and Sam Rogers met on equal terms.

After traveling for some years, Lord and Lady Holland took up their abode at Holland House, which was exquisitely fitted up and adorned. It was, of course, no home for the child of their shame; but he was not abandoned. In due time he received a commission in the army, rose to the rank of colonel, and in 1824 was married to one of the illegitimate daughters of the Duke of Clarence, afterward King William IV.; and subsequently became aide-de-camp to Queen Victoria, who, in one way or another, did as much as she could for her numerous illegitimate cousins. When Lord Holland died he gave to this son the estate of Ampthill Park, which he had received from his maternal cousin, the Earl of Ossory.

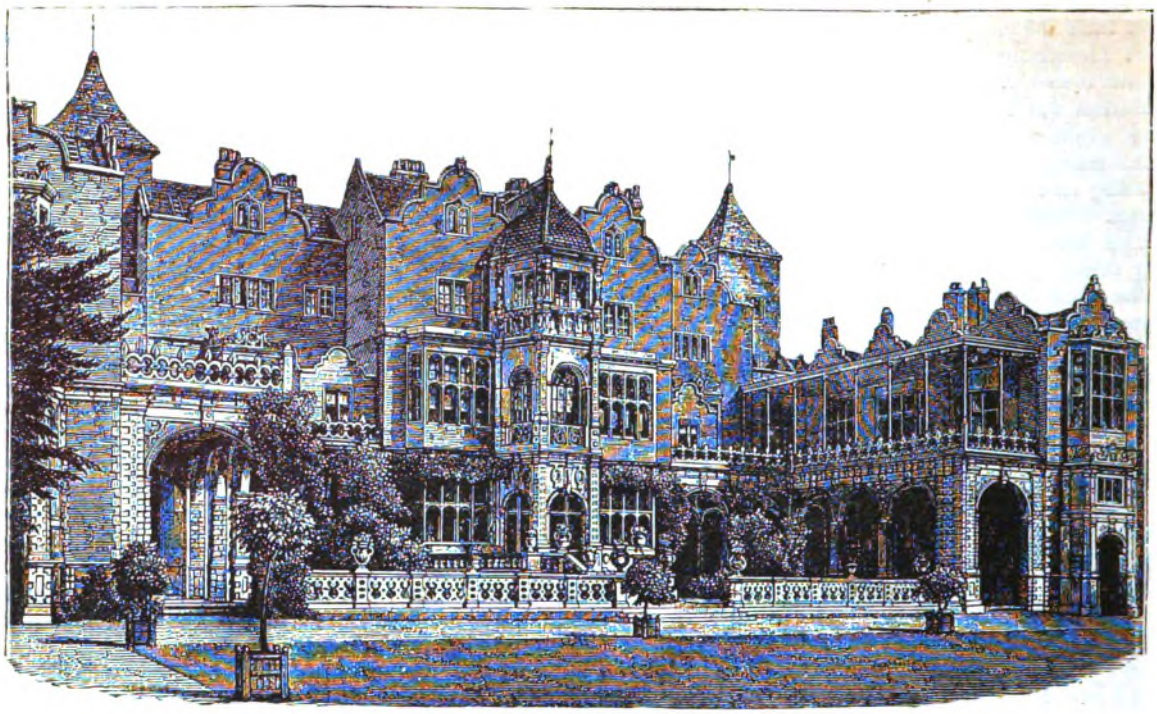
When the disgraced wife of Sir Godfrey Webster took up the position of Lady Holland, she could not have been wholly ignorant of what her social status would be. She accepted it for a time even haughtily. She said to Tom Moore: "I know perfectly well my station in the world, and I know all that can be said of me. As long as the few friends I am sure of speak well of me, all that the rest of the world can say is a matter of perfect indifference to me." But as years passed the iron began to sink into her soul. She grew peevish, ill-natured, and not seldom grossly insulting to the guests at her own table. It came to be a well understood thing with them that no one could be sure of civility from her, and we imagine that it required all the tact and amiability of Lord Holland, and all the delights of pleasant talk at table, to render palatable the dainty cheer of Holland House. "This 'Sheridan' of yours will, I fear, be a very dull book," she said to poor Tom Moore, who had been piping his gayest in her fine saloon. "I am sorry to hear that you are going to publish a poem," she remarked to Lord Portchester; "pray, can't you suppress it?" She tried her impertinence upon Sydney Smith, and got back quite as good as she gave. Macaulay, to whom she was generally as civil as she could be to anybody, and whom she once asked to make Holland House his home, treated her with cool indifference. In his glowing eulogy on Lord Holland he is careful not to speak of her. In his letters to his sisters he is frank enough. Here is his account of their first meeting, at a concert: "I was shaking hands with Sir James Macdonald, when I heard a command behind us, 'Sir James, introduce me to Mr. Macaulay.' We turned, and there sat a large, bold-looking woman, with the remains of a fine person and the air of a Queen Elizabeth. 'Mr. Macaulay,' said Sir James, 'let me present you to Lady Holland.' Then was her ladyship gracious beyond description, and asked me to dine and take a bed at Holland House next Tuesday. I accepted the dinner, but declined the bed." At the dinner he found Lord Holland all kindness. Of Lady Holland he says: "She is certainly a woman of considerable talents and great literary acquirements. To me she was excessively gracious; yet there was a haughtiness in her courtesy which, even after all that I had heard of her, surprised me. The centurion did not keep his soldiers in better order than she keeps her guests. It is to one, 'Go,' and he goeth; and to this, 'Do this,' and it is done; 'Ring the bell, Mr. Macaulay'; 'Lay down that screen, Lord Russell, you will spoil it'; 'Mr. Allen, take a candle and show Mr. Cradock the picture of Bonaparte.' The House certainly deserves its reputation for pleasantness, and her ladyship used me, I believe, as well as it is her way to use any one." He went again in a few days, and was shown over the house and grounds. "I saw," he says, "a portrait of Lady Holland, painted some thirty years ago. I could have cried at the change. She still looks, however, as if she had been a very handsome woman. Lord Holland is extremely kind; but that is of course. Her ladyship, too, which is by no means a matter of course, is all graciousness and civility." Not long after: "Her ladyship is all courtesy and kindness to me; but her demeanor to poor Allen* is such as quite pains me to witness. He is really treated like a negro slave. 'Mr. Allen, go into my room and bring me my reticule.' 'Mr. Allen, go and see what is the matter that they do not bring up dinner.' 'Mr. Allen, there is not enough turtle-soup for you; you must take gravy-soup or none.' Yet I can scarcely pity the man. He has an independent income, and if he can stoop to be ordered about like a footman, I cannot so much blame her for the contempt with which she treats him." Lady Holland, indeed, must have had a strong liking, and some little fear, of Macaulay. Speaking of her request that he would make Holland House his home, he says: "I am neither qualified nor inclined to succeed Allen at his post." But he was for some years a frequent guest at Holland House.

Of their last meeting but one, he says: "Lady Holland is in a most extraordinary state. She came to Rogers with Allen, in so bad a humor that we were all forced to rally and make common cause against her. There was not a person at table to whom she was not rude, and none of us were inclined to submit. Rogers sneered; Sydney made merciless sport of her; Tom Moore looked excessively impertinent; Bobus put her down with simple, straightforward rudeness, and I treated her with what I meant to be the coldest civility. Allen flew in a rage with us all, and especially with Sydney, whose guffaws were indeed tremendous. When she and all the rest were gone, Rogers made Tom Moore and me sit down with him for half an hour, and we coshered over the events of the evening. Rogers said that he thought Allen's firing up in defense of his patroness was the best thing he had ever seen in him. No sooner had Tom and I got into the street than he broke forth: 'That such an old stager as Rogers should talk such nonsense, and give Allen credit for attachment to anything but his dinner! Allen was bursting with envy to see us so free, while he was conscious of his own slavery.'"

Notwithstanding this little flare-up, in a day or two comes a note from Lady Holland: "Dear Mr. Macaulay—Pray wrap yourself very warm, and come to us on Wednesday." To which Macaulay writes, not to her, but to her sister, "No, my good lady. I am engaged on Wednesday to dine at the Albion Tavern with the directors of the East India Company—now my servants; next week, I hope, to be my masters"; for it was as good as decided that Macaulay was to receive an appointment in India, with a salary which would make him a rich man in four or five years, and enable him to provide for his sisters, who were "more to him than any sisters ever were to a brother," and who might otherwise "be forced to turn governesses or humble companions."

When Macaulay decided to go to India, Lady Holland acted more like a spoilt girl than a woman some years past sixty. Writing to his sister, he describes the last visit he ever paid to Holland House: "I had a most extraordinary scene with Lady Holland. If she had been as young and handsome as she was thirty years ago, she would have

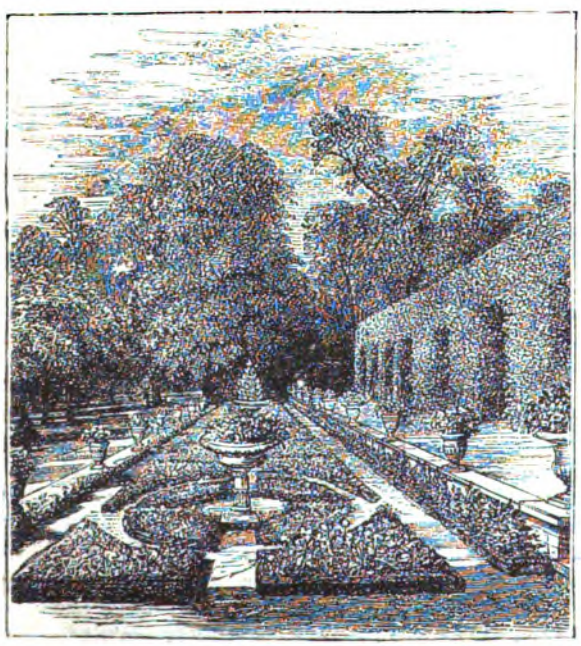
* John Allen was for more than forty years the physician of Lord Holland, and for forty years had handsome apartments at Holland House.



HOLLAND HOUSE—THE SOUTH FRONT.

turned my head. She was quite hysterical about my going —cried, raved, called me dear, dear Macaulay. 'You are sacrificed to your family. I see it all; you are too good to them; they are always making a tool of you. Last season it was about the slaves; and now sending you to India.' I always do my best to keep my temper with Lady Holland, for three reasons: because she is a woman; because she is very unhappy in her health and the circumstances of her position; and because she has a real kindness for me. But at last she said something about you. This was too much, and I was beginning to answer her in a voice trembling with anger, when she broke out again: 'I beg your pardon. I was very impertinent. I know you will forgive me. I am sure you will bear with my weakness. I shall never see you again. And she cried, and I cooled, for it would have been to very little purpose to get angry with her. I hear that it is not to me alone that she runs on in this way. She storms at the ministers for letting me go. I was told that at one dinner she became so violent that even Lord Holland could not contain himself, and broke out: 'Don't talk such nonsense, my lady! What the devil! Can we tell a gentleman that he must lose his only chance of getting an independence, in order that he may come and talk to you of an evening?'"

We suppose that Macaulay never again was at Holland House. He went to India in 1834, remaining there until 1838. Lord Holland died in 1840, and was succeeded by



HOLLAND HOUSE—THE DUTCH GARDEN.

HOLLAND HOUSE—BALLROOM IN THE DUTCH GARDEN.

his son Henry Richard, who discarded the smirched name of "Vassall," which had been borne by his mother before her time of shame, and had been so strangely assumed by his father, resuming the honored patronymic of Fox, which was his by right.

Of this fourth Baron Holland we know but little. He is never mentioned at Holland House during the life of his father; and seems to have lived abroad, "in Florence, encouraging arts and welcoming artists; in Paris, presiding over an intellectual circle," and after the death of his father, "at Holland House, preserving and improving the glorious old fabric. His hospitality," says our authority,* "to political exiles, is well known. Suffice it for all who had the happiness to know him, that they were ever received by him with courteous kindness when they were happy, with noble generosity and graceful delicacy when fortune did not favor them." He was born in 1802, and died childless in 1859, when the title of Baron Holland became extinct.

Of his widow, daughter of the Earl of Coventry, her adopted daughter writes: "We shall only say of the present mistress of Holland House, what so many know, that she presides there over a clever and pleasant *salon*, where Englishmen and foreigners assemble, certain to be received with equal grace and amiability. . . . . Macaulay, much in the same spirit that he speaks of the New Zealander taking his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's, writes of the possibility of Holland House disappearing beneath railways and squares. But, thank Heaven, such an eventuality is not likely during the term of its present mistress."

Lady Vassall-Holland, after the death of her husband, left Holland House, and took up her abode, in the city, accompanied by the much-abused, yet faithful, old Allen. She died in November, 1845, at the age of seventy-six, just half a century from the day of her fall. "This sad event," says the fashionable journal of the day, "has plunged many noble families in mourning. The body

A GARDEN PARTY AT HOLLAND HOUSE.

* The Princess Marie Leichtenstein, who has published a book upon Holland House. Of her we know little except what we find in the "Almanach de Gotha," where she is called "Mary Fox, fille adoptive du Lord et de Lady Holland"; born in 1850, and married in 1872 to Prince Alois Leichtenstein, Secretary of the Austrian Legation at London." She was known as Miss Fox, was received at Court, which is proof that she was not of base birth, and was supposed to be the daughter of a French officer. Her portrait at Holland House is described as that of the "Honorable Miss Fox"; and from her book we learn that this was her home from childhood.

was borne to Ampthill Park." This was the residence of the son of her shame, and his name is the only one of her immediate kindred which we find on the list of those who followed her body to the grave. She made a singular disposition of her fortune. "She left an estate of £1,500 a year to Lord John Russell for his life; and after his death £500 a year to his children; the remainder going to the children of her daughter, Lady Lilford. Her other children and grandchildren were slightly remembered, if at all. To her page she left £150 a year, besides £50 left him by her husband; to Mr. Macaulay, £100; to Mr. Luttrell, £300; and to the Queen a picture, 'if Her Majesty will deign to accept it.'"

Peace to her ashes; if she sinned much, she suffered much.

OPPRESSION OF CHRISTIANS THE CAUSE OF TURKEY'S FALL.

THOSE who affect to consider the Russo-Turkish war as a merely political game, played by ambition upon the one side and patriotism upon the other, take but a very superficial view of both the theatre and the actors in the bloody drama.

A glance at the map of Western Asia and Eastern Europe, ere a shot had been fired, will show that during the span of a century, the limbs and arms of Turkey have been lopped off, one by one, till nothing but the trunk remained. Egypt was virtually, Circassia really, gone; Greece was gone, Bessarabia was gone, Servia was gone, and Roumania virtually gone.

Let it be borne in mind that, although one-fifth of the human race are nominally or actually Mohammedan, there is no great Mohammedan power remaining but Turkey. Arabia, the home of the impostor, is now in the possession of a modern sect of Unitarians called Wahabees; the Druses have returned to their secret worship, the Persians to their Zend; the Hindoos always preferring Bramah to Mohammed. As to the Egyptians, Moors, and other Mohammedan States in Africa, there are none of them in any better internal condition than Turkey, without a tithe of her force, shortcoming as it is. Considered in this aspect, the present war rises into vast importance; it involves nothing less than the abolition of Mohammedanism as a power.

And if this is to come to pass, who will lament the outcome? Asia, that slew the prophets and crucified the Son of God, after having wallowed for a thousand years in its mud-bath of sensuality—Asia, which has gone back to the Sabian and Magian, and still worse mysteries—over the partition of this Asia, who is prepared to weep?

"The Turks, by the inherent and irreclaimable viciousness of their administration and of their habits, are incapable of governing their present territory in Europe and Asia, or either of them. They have depopulated other countries which owned their sway, and have destroyed themselves by the slow suicide of their Government. The Ottoman Empire is no empire at all; it is a mis-shapen agglomeration of different races, without cohesion between them, with mingled interests; without a language, without laws, without religion, without unity, or stability of power."

Thus has Lamartine expressed his views on the Turkish *régime*, in that most charming of charming books, "Travels in the East," and the words which were then spoken are bearing ripe but bitter fruit to the followers of the Crescent at the present hour.

To the inhuman treatment of its Christian subjects does the Porte owe its fall.

The day of retribution, so long deferred, has come at last, and the Turk, having been weighed in the balance, has been found wanting.

Guizot, in referring to the rottenness of Turkish rule, says: "Christian Europe has reason to desire that no private ambition may hasten the downfall of those dilapidated Mussulman States that are languishing and falling into ruins at her gates. Providence, however, has issued visible decrees, and we have a right to be pre-conscious of these, and to hold ourselves in readiness to acknowledge them. *The Turks will go out of Europe.* The Christian faith, and Christian civilization will not give up their expansive energy. It is an act of prudence as well as of moral sense, for all Christian States to pay great regard to this in their policy, and not to place themselves in direct and permanent conflict with facts which will infallibly one day come to pass, and which, when they do come to pass will be a triumph for humanity."

Turkish rule has proved disastrous. The provinces do not contain one-quarter of the population they are capable of supporting, and, unlike other countries, the plains are almost a desert, while the mountains and a few large cities contain the chief part of the inhabitants. Wherever there is a centre of Turkish authority established, a wilderness is at once created around. The greater proportion of the Bulgarian population is dispersed in villages far from the high roads, and wholesome terror is from time to time struck into them by the invasion of armed tax-gatherers. Nothing can be more melancholy than a journey southward from the Danube toward Constantinople. The Bulgarians are naturally a mild and a quiet people, but, as is well known, have been goaded by excessive oppression into rebellion. In traversing the Balkan range, and entering upon the vast plains of Thrace, the deserts become naturally more distinct than ever, especially as the Capital is approached. Adrianople is surrounded by vast expanses, covered with cemeteries, and the whole country between that city and Constantinople seems as if it had just been visited by a pestilence. It consists of a vast undulatory plain, entirely denuded of trees, and cut up by numerous streams of water which were once bordered by flourishing towns and fields. Now and then a miserable hamlet occurs; but there are plains in which during twelve hours of hard marching there was not a house visible, not a tree, not a shrub.

The Earl of Carlisle sums up a visit to Turkey in the following emphatic words: "When you leave the partial splendors of the capital, and the grand State establishments, what is it you find over this broad surface of land, which nature and climate have favored beyond all others, once the home of all art and all civilization? Look yourself—ask those who live there: deserted villages, uncultivated plains, banditti-haunted mountains, torpid laws, a corrupt administration, a disappearing people. To elevate the Christian to anything like a fair tolerance has never been permitted in Turkey; oppression and forced humiliation have been stamped on every follower of the Cross."

Now, perhaps, more than at any previous period of Turkish history, are the Christians placed in a humiliating and enthralled position which has no parallel in the world. The whole army, the whole executive administration, are of the dominant Mohammedan minority, while the Christian majority are entirely and without exception a subject-people.

The Bulgarians rose against the injustice, brutality and tyranny of the Turkish officials. All, from the governor-general to the dragoman, thought it right and just, when on a journey, to quarter themselves on the peasants, without ever thinking of paying, and at the same time demanding the services of their host and his family, and the best of

everything that was to be had. If they were in the line of march, the troops lived on them at free quarters, their carts and beasts were seized for transport services, and the women themselves forced to accompany them as drivers, being obliged to find food for themselves and fodder for the cattle, for all of which they received no recompense whatsoever. Woe to them if they resisted! They were Bulger dogs, and treated as such.

The rapacity of the tax-gatherers was simply appalling, the same taxes being collected three and four times. A village would occasionally band together to defend themselves from these extortioners. Thereupon the tithe-farmer applied to the civil powers, protesting that if he did not get the full amount from the village he would be unable in his turn to pay the Government. The zaptiehs, the factotums of the Turkish officials, were immediately quartered on the villagers, living on them, insulting their wives and ill-treating their children. With the aid of these myrmidons all kinds of personal tortures were applied to the recalcitrants. In the heat of Summer men were stripped naked and tied to a tree, smeared over with honey or other sweet stuff and left to the tender mercies of the insect world. For Winter extortion it was found convenient to bind people to stakes and leave them barefooted to be frost-bitten, or, at other times, to be shoved into a pig-sty and cold water poured over them. A favorite plan was to drive a party of rayahs up a tree or into a chamber, and then smoke them with the green wood. Instances are recorded of Bosniac peasants being buried up to their heads in earth and left to repent at leisure. The Princess Julia of Servia, authoress of "Servia and the Servians," relates the story of a poor woman who burst into the palace of the Princess at Belgrade in a condition of frantic grief. She had been assessed by the Turkish authorities of a village in Bosnia in a sum which she had no means of paying. *She was smoked.* This failed to extract the gold. She begged for remission, and stated her inability to pay. In answer, she was tossed into the river Drina, and after her were thrown her two infant children, one four years of age, the other two. Before her eyes, notwithstanding her superhuman efforts to save them, they perished.

When the Turks first swarmed over Asia Minor, Roumelia and Bulgaria, they seized on a country very populous and of enormous wealth. For three hundred and fifty years they kept on consuming that wealth and wearing out that population, and, having lived for three centuries and a half on their capital of things and men, and having reduced that rich and well-peopled country to a desert, they now find themselves poor.

The history of the great phase of the Eastern Question is so vivid that the merest recapitulation of events will more than suffice.

In January, 1875, a large number of the peasantry of Herzegovina, to escape from unjust exactions and imprisonment at the hands of the tithe-farmers, fled to Montenegro. At the request of the Prince of Montenegro, Dervish Pasha, the Governor of Herzegovina, agreed to let them come back, and offered them an amnesty. But they were stopped on the frontier by Turkish troops, and two of them were killed. Dervish explained that the troops had acted without orders; but after the people did return to their homes, they were exposed to brutal outrage and insult. Their houses were burnt, some of the inhabitants were beaten, and one was put to death. Resistance followed, and the month of June witnesseb the beginning of a desultory contest. According to the admission of the Turkish press, the value of plundered and destroyed property of the Bulgarians, in the district of Philippopolis alone, was $10,000,000. The total loss of the Christians in Turkey was $30,000,000.

The Herzegovinians complained that the so-called tithes had been advanced 12½ per cent., that the taxes had been collected with great unfairness, Christians were made to undergo forced labor on the public roads, that their horses were used for the service of the army, that the Agas were tyrannical, the courts corrupt, and property, life and honor insecure. The Christians added that they would prefer death to such slavery.

To this Servir Pasha, who could not deny the charges, promised various reforms, not one of which was ever carried out, and on December the 13th these reforms were set forth by an Imperial firman.

On December the 30th, 1875, appeared the famous Andrassy note. This note proposed that the revenue derived in Bosnia and Herzegovina from indirect taxation should be applied, as before, to the general purposes of the Ottoman Empire, while the income obtained from direct taxation should be spent in the province itself. Complete religious liberty should be established, the system of farming taxes abolished, and the execution of these reforms placed under the care of a special Commission, half the members of which should be Mussulmans and half Christians.

England alone, of all the nations interested, hesitated to accept the Andrassy note, and the Turks preferred to keep the Christians in poverty and misery, and beneath their heel, than to sell them the waste lands, electing to lose revenue to allowing those dogs of Christians to have possibility of prosperity.

The next event was the assassination, by the Turks of Salonica, of the French and German Consuls, and then came the Bulgarian insurrection, on the 20th of April, 1875, caused by the same tyranny, cruelty and oppression as in the case of Herzegovina and Bosnia. The insurrection wa at first suppressed, and the various Turkish Commissioners, in their report, affirmed that, though at Aviat Alan the insurgents seized about one hundred Mussulmans of all ranks, and "killed them one by one with the utmost refinement of cruelty," yet, when these very rebels capitulated, they did not lose a single man, and "have not had to suffer any bad treatment on the part of the soldiers."

A series of admirable letters in the *Daily News* now informed the world of the foul series of infamous atrocities perpetrated by these Turkish fiends, and of which the Turkish Commission had just given this false and fraudulent account, and on September 6th, Mr. Gladstone published his first pamphlet on the subject, which excited the horror and execration not only of England and Europe, but of the whole world.

Mr. Baring soon after published his report, in which he states that "no fewer than 12,000 persons perished in the Sadjak of Philippopolis alone," while he believed the whole number of Mussulmans killed by the Christians in this formidable rebellion was but 163.

It is most likely, that from 20,000 to 30,000 were massacred throughout the disturbed provinces, as the Sadjak of Philippopolis does not include more than a tenth of the population of the disturbed provinces. At Batak, on May 9th, the inhabitants having surrendered to Achmet Aga, under the solemn promise that "not a hair of their heads would be touched," were set upon by the Bashi-Bazouks, and slaughtered like sheep. A large number of people, about 1,200, took shelter in a church and churchyard, the latter being surrounded by a wall. The church itself is a solid building, and resisted all attempts to burn it from the outside, consequently the Bashi-Bazouks fired in through the windows, and climbing on the roof, tore off the tiles, and threw burning pieces of wood and rags dipped in petroleum among the mass of despairing beings inside. For this exploit, Achmet Pasha received the order of the Medjidie,

CHRISTIANS FLYING FROM THEIR VILLAGES AT THE APPROACH OF THE TURKISH ARMY.

and although subsequently sentenced to death, the sentence was never put into execution.

Mr. Schuyler states, "The inhabitants of some villages were massacred after exhibitions of the most ferocious cruelty. The crimes were committed by the regular troops as well as by the Bashi Bazouks. It is very difficult to estimate the number of Bulgarians who were killed during the few days that these disturbances lasted, but I am inclined to put 15,000 as the lowest for *the districts I have named.* From the numerous statements made to me, scarcely a woman in the town escaped outrage and brutal treatment. Old men had their eyes torn out and their limbs cut off, and were thus left to die, unless some more charitably disposed person gave them the final thrust. Pregnant women were ripped open, and the unborn babes carried triumphantly on the points of the bayonets and sabres, while little children were made to bear the dripping heads of their comrades. This scene of rapine, lust and murder continued for three days, when the survivors were made to bury the dead. Of the 8,000 inhabitants of Batak, but 2,000 are known to survive. Fully 5,000 perished here. Near was a house, the floor of which was white with ashes and charred bones of thirty persons, burned alive. Here was a spot where a village notable was spitted on a spike and then roasted. Here the schoolhouse, where 200 women and children who had taken refuge there, were buried alive."

BULGARIAN CHRISTIANS IN THE HANDS OF BASHI BAZOUKS.

WOMEN DRIVEN OFF AS PRISONERS BY TURKISH SOLDIERS.

On May 11th, Count Andrassy met Prince Bismarck in Berlin, and there was formed the "Berlin Memorandum." In brief and peremptory words it stated that, as the Sultan had given the Powers a pledge to execute the reforms specified in the Andrassy Note, he had at the same time given them a moral right to insist that he should keep his word. The Christians could not trust the promises of the Turk. "It is most essential, therefore," said the Note, "to establish certain guarantees, of a nature to insure, beyond a doubt, the legal and full

application of the measures agreed upon between the Powers and the Porte."

On the 20th of June, Servia threw her sword into the scale with Bosnia and Herzegovina, but, having sustained severe reverses, Prince Milan, on the 24th of July, intimated his willingness to accept the intervention of the Powers for the purpose of bringing about a cessation of hostilities.

On the first of September England proposed that there should be an armistice for a month, which the Porte declined to grant save upon such terms as were declared by the Powers to be inadmissible.

On September the 16th the Porte agreed to a suspension of hostilities till the 25th, and in the meantime Prince Milan was proclaimed King at Delijad. Nevertheless, Turkey agreed to prolong the truce till October 2nd; but as Servia considered a mere suspension injurious, hostilities were resumed, and Servia, in five days, was defeated by overwhelming forces and a superior artillery. Russia then demanded an armistice of six weeks.

On September 26th, Russia informed England that, in its opinion, force should be used to stop the war. This declaration was followed by a truce, the outcome of which was the celebrated Constantinople Conference. "England," says Sir Tollemache Sinclair, "was the sole cause of the failure of the Conference, by openly, unnecessarily and ostentatiously proclaiming that she would be no party to contingent coercion; and even if the English Cabinet thought coercion injudicious, they should have refrained from stating their views on that question till after the Conference."

The Conference having proved abortive, Russia asked the Powers what they proposed to do; but before they replied she invited them to wait for the consummation of a protocol which she was preparing. The protocol was signed by the ambassadors of all the Powers, except Lord Derby, who signed it reluctantly and ungraciously, and who added a declaration which rendered it abortive. On the 7th of April, 1877, was issued the famous dispatch of Prince Gortschakoff, and then came grim-visaged war.

Our frontispiece represents a number of beautiful Christian maidens being led into captivity worse than death, by the ruthless Bashi Bazouks. The blank look of despair in their lovely eyes, their attitude of dejection, their loathing for their captors, all bespeak their horror of the future that awaits them. Their once happy homes are desolate, their kindred murdered in cold blood—what of life is left for them? Hope, that springs eternal in the human breast, is dead; and joy, the heritage of youth and beauty, crushed out of their hearts. It is an awful picture to contemplate—awful in its grim reality.

YOUNG AND HANDSOME.

A FAIRY had a daughter. Her form was perfect symmetry. The fairy had named her Young and Handsome, and bestowed upon her the gift of ever remaining lovely. The fairy finally lost her husband, and, although he had been unfaithful to her, his death caused her such deep sorrow that she resolved to abandon the empire, and to retire to a castle which she had built in a country quite a desert, and surrounded by a great forest.

YOUNG AND HANDSOME.—"THE ZEPHYR VISITS YOUNG AND HANDSOME, AND ADDRESSES HER WITH ALL THE ELOQUENCE OF A CHARMING DIVINITY."

Young and Handsome did not wish to quit her mother; but the fairy peremptorily commanded her to remain; and before she returned to her wilderness, she assembled in the most beautiful palace in the world all the pleasures and sports she had long banished, and composed from them a court for Young and Handsome, who, in this agreeable company, gradually consoled herself for the absence of the fairy.

One day Young and Handsome, content with the prosperity and popularity of her reign, wandered into a pleasant wood, followed only by some of her nymphs, the better to enjoy the charm of solitude.

A young shepherd, stretched on the grass beside a rivulet, was calmly sleeping; his crook was leaning against a tree, and a pretty dog, which appeared to be more a favorite of its master than the guardian of his flock, lay close to the shepherd.

Young and Handsome approached the brook, and stood gazing at the youth. She felt her heart agitated by an emotion to which it had hitherto been a stranger, and it was no longer in her power to stir from the spot.

She rendered herself invisible, to enjoy the astonishment she was about to cause him.

Immediately arose a strain of enchanting music. The delicious sound awoke Alidor (such was the name of the

handsome shepherd), who for some moments imagined he was in an agreeable dream; but what was his surprise when, on rising from the grass on which he had been lying, he found himself attired in the most tasteful and magnificent fashion.

Delighted and astonished at his new attire, he gazed at himself reflected in the neighboring stream. Everything around him beamed in splendor and magnificence. He returned home and found his hut a beautiful mansion.

Alidor seated himself at the table, and made a tolerable supper for the hero of such adventures.

He threw himself on his bed, but it was some time before he could sleep, agitated as he was by his curiosity and his new-born passion.

The song of the birds awoke him at daybreak. He quitted his home, and led his pretty flock to the same spot where, the preceding day, his good fortune had commenced.

Here the young fairy, who had till now been invisible, assumed, with six of her nymphs, the prettiest shepherdesses' dresses that had ever been seen.

Alidor, the instant Young and Handsome appeared among them, flew toward her, and accosted her with:

"Come, beautiful shepherdess; come and occupy a place more worthy of you. So exquisite a person is too superior to all other beauties to remain mingled with them."

He offered his hand, and Young and Handsome, delighted with the sentiments which the sight of her had begun to awaken in the breast of her shepherd, allowed herself to be led by Alidor beneath the canopy which had been attached to the trees as soon as he had arrived at the spot that morning.

On the following morning the fairy, with the nymphs who had followed her all the day concealed in a cloud, were transported to the hut of the handsome shepherd. Everything in his cottage was as charming as when he had left it; but as, in musing, he cast his eyes upon the floor of his little chamber he perceived a change in it. In lieu of paintings from the stories of goddesses who had been in love with shepherds, he perceived the subjects were composed of terrible examples of unfortunate lovers who had proved unworthy the affection of those divinities.

"You are right!" exclaimed the handsome shepherd, on observing these little pictures; "you are right, goddess. I deserve your anger; but wherefore did you permit so lovely a shepherdess to present herself to my sight? Alas! what divinity could defend a heart from the effects of such charms?"

This ecstasy delighted Young and Handsome. Convinced of the love of Alidor, she returned to her palace. There the young fairy retired to rest as soon as she arrived. She had no other anxiety than the agreeable one arising from her impatience to see him again.

As to Alidor, he thought only of returning to the meadow; he hoped to see his shepherdess there during the day. It seemed to him that he could not get there soon enough.

He led his charming flock to the fortunate spot where he had seen Young and Handsome; his pretty dog took good care of it. The comely shepherd could think of nothing but his shepherdess.

There to him Young and Handsome appeared in the meadow, at a distance, with her nymphs all still attired as shepherdesses. Alidor recognized her a long way off. He ran—he flew to Young and Handsome, who received him with a smile so charming that it would have increased the felicity of the gods themselves.

He told his love to her with an ardor capable of persuading a heart less tenderly inclined toward him than that of the young fairy. He related to her all that happened to him the preceding evening, and offered a thousand times to follow her to the end of the world to fly from the love which a goddess or a fairy had unfortunately conceived for him.

"My loss would be too great, should you fly from that fairy," replied Young and Handsome, in her sweetest manner. "It is no longer necessary for me to disguise my sentiments from you, as I am convinced of the sincerity of yours. It is I, Alidor!" continued the charming fairy—"it is I who have given you these proofs of an affection which, if you continue faithful to me, will insure your happiness and mine for ever!"

The handsome shepherd, transported with love and joy, flung himself at her feet; his silence appeared more eloquent to the young fairy than the most finished oration. She bade him rise, and he found himself superbly attired. The fairy then touched the ground with her crook; there appeared a magnificent car, drawn by twelve white horses of surpassing beauty. They were harnessed four abreast. Young and Handsome stepped into the car, and caused the comely shepherd to take his seat beside her. Her nymphs found room in it also, and as soon as they had all taken their places the beautiful horses, who had no occasion for a driver to intimate to them the intentions of their mistress, swiftly conveyed the whole party to a favorite château belonging to the young fairy. She had adorned it with everything that her art could furnish her with in the way of wonders. It was called the Castle of Flowers, and was the most charming residence in the world.

She led the shepherd into the Myrtle Room. All the furniture was made of myrtles in continual blossom, interlaced with an art that displayed the power and good taste of the young fairy, even in the most simple things. All the rooms in the castle were furnished in the same manner, with flowers only. The air breathed in them was always fragrant and pure.

The bathing apartment was of white and blue porphyry, exquisitely sculptured; the baths being of the most curious and agreeable forms. That in which Young and Handsome bathed was made out of a single topaz, and placed on a platform in an alcove of porcelain. Four columns, composed of amethysts of the most perfect beauty, supported a canopy of magnificent yellow and silver brocade, embroidered with pearls.

Alidor, absorbed by the happiness of beholding the charming fairy and remarking her affection for him, scarcely noticed all these marvels.

A delightful and tender conversation detained these happy lovers for a long time in the Myrtle Room. A splendid supper was served in the Jonquil Saloon. An elegant entertainment followed. The nymphs acted to music the loves of Diana and Endymion.

Young and Handsome desired, that same evening, to return to her palace; but promised Alidor to come back to him the next day. Never has an absence of a few hours been honored by so many regrets. The handsome shepherd passionately desired to follow the young fairy, but she commanded him to remain in the Castle of Flowers.

Young and Handsome returned the next day, as she had promised, to her happy lover. What joy was theirs to behold each other again! All the power of the young fairy had never procured for her so much felicity.

But could so sweet a happiness last long untroubled? Another fairy besides Young and Handsome had seen the beautiful shepherd, and felt her heart also touched by his charms.

One evening that Young and Handsome had gone to show herself for a few moments to her court, Alidor, engrossed by his passion, sat deeply musing in the Jonquil Saloon, when his attention was awakened by a slight noise at one of

the windows, and on looking toward it he perceived a brilliant light, and the next moment he saw on a table near which he was seated a little creature about half a yard high, very old, with hair whiter than snow, a standing collar and an old-fashioned farthingale.

"I am the Fairy Mordicante," said she to the handsome shepherd, "and I come to announce to thee a much greater happiness than that of being beloved by Young and Handsome."

"What can that be ?" inquired Alidor, with a contemptuous air. "The gods have none more perfect for themselves !"

"It is that of pleasing me," replied the old fairy, haughtily. "I love thee, and my power is far greater than that of Young and Handsome, and almost equals that of the gods. Abandon the young fairy for me. I will revenge thee on thine enemies, and on all whom thou wouldst injure."

"Thy favors are useless to me," answered the young shepherd, with a smile ; "I have no enemies, and I would injure no one ; I am too well satisfied with my own lot ; and if the charming fairy I adore were but a simple shepherdess, I could be as happy with her in a cottage as I am now in the loveliest palace in the world."

At these words the wicked fairy suddenly became as tall and as large as she had hitherto been diminutive, and disappeared, making a horrible noise.

The next morning Young and Handsome returned to the Castle of Flowers.

Alidor related his adventure.

They both knew the Fairy Mordicante. She was very aged, had always been ugly, and exceedingly susceptible. Young and Handsome and her happy lover made a thousand jokes upon her passion, and never for a moment felt the least uneasiness as to the consequences of her fury.

A week afterward, Young and Handsome and the lovely shepherd took an excursion in a fine barge, gilt all over, on the beautiful river which encircled the Castle of Flowers, followed by all their little court in the prettiest boats in the world.

In the midst of their enjoyment they saw twelve Sirens rise out of the water, and a moment afterward twelve Tritons appeared, and joining the Sirens, encircled with them the little bark of Young and Handsome.

The Tritons played some extraordinary airs on their shells, and the Sirens sang some graceful melodies, which for a while entertained the young fairy and the beautiful shepherd. Young and Handsome, who was accustomed to wonders, imagined that it was some pageant which had been prepared by those whose duty it was to contribute to her pleasure by inventing new entertainments ; but suddenly these perfidious Tritons and Sirens, laying hold of the young fairy's boat, dragged it under water.

The only danger which Alidor feared was that which threatened the young fairy. He attempted to swim to her, but the Tritons carried him off, despite his resistance, and Young and Handsome, borne away by the Sirens in the meanwhile, was transported into her palace.

One fairy having no power over another, the jealous Mordicante was compelled to limit her vengeance to the making Young and Handsome endure all the misery so cruel a bereavement would necessarily occasion.

In the meanwhile, Alidor was conveyed by the Tritons to a terrible castle guarded by winged dragons. It was there that Mordicante had determined to make herself beloved by the beautiful shepherd, or to be revenged on him for his disdain.

He was placed in a very dark chamber.

Mordicante, blazing with the most beautiful jewels in the world, appeared to him, and professed her affection for him. The shepherd, exasperated at being torn from Young and Handsome, treated the wicked fairy with all the contempt she deserved.

Mordicante trusted, however, that the absence of Young and Handsome, the continual round of pleasure provided for Alidor's amusement, and the presence of so many charming women, would at length overcome the fidelity of the shepherd ; and her object in surrounding him with so many beautiful nymphs was but to take herself the figure of the one which might most attract his attention. With this view, she mingled amongst them in disguise, sometimes appearing as the most charming brunette, and at others as the fairest beauty in the universe.

One day without being seen, she was watching him in a beautiful gallery, the windows of which opened upon the sea ; Alidor, leaning over a balustrade, mused in silence for a considerable time. But, at length, after a heavy sigh, he uttered such tender and touching lamentations, depicting so vividly his passion for the young fairy, that Mordicante, transported with fury, appeared to him in her natural shape ; and, after having loaded him with reproaches, caused him to be carried back to his prison, and announced to him that in three days he should be sacrificed to her hatred, and that the most cruel tortures should avenge her slighted affection.

Alidor regretted not the loss of a life which had become insupportable to him, deprived of Young and Handsome ; and satisfied that he had nothing to fear on her account from the wrath of Mordicante, the power of the young Fairy being equal to hers, he calmly awaited the death he had been doomed to.

In the meanwhile, Young and Handsome, as faithful as her shepherd, mourned over his loss.

The Sirens who had wafted her back to the palace had disappeared as soon as their task was accomplished, and the young fairy was convinced that it was the cruel Mordicante who had bereft her of Alidor. The excess of her grief proclaimed at the same time to all her court, her love for the young shepherd, and her loss of him.

One day, as she was walking in her beautiful gardens, she heard the murmur of a gentle breeze that, agitating the flowers of this beautiful garden, arranged them instantaneously in various forms.

First, they represented the initials of Young and Handsome ; then those of another name, which she was not acquainted with ; and a moment afterward, they formed distinctly entire words, and Young and Handsome, astonished at this novelty, read these verses, written in so singular a fashion :

"Bid fond Zephyr tend thy bowers,
At his breath awake the flowers.
Thus for Flora, every morn,
Doth he mead and grove adorn.
How much more his pride 'twould be,
Fairer nymph, to sigh for thee !"

Young and Handsome was pondering on these verses, when she saw the deity named in them appear in the air, and hasten to declare his passion to her.

He was in a little car of roses, drawn by a hundred white canary birds, harnessed ten and ten, with strings of pearl. The car approached the earth, and Zephyr descended from it close to the young fairy.

He addressed her with all the eloquence of a very charming and very gallant divinity ; but the young fairy, in lieu of feeling flattered by so brilliant a conquest, replied to him like a faithful lover.

Zephyr was not disheartened by the coldness of Young and Handsome. He hoped to soften her by his attentions.

POLAR BEARS FEASTING ON A STRANDED WHALE.—SEE PAGE 493.

He paid his court to her most assiduously, and neglected nothing that he thought could please her.

The glory of Alidor was now complete. He had a god for his rival, and was preferred to him by Young and Handsome.

Nevertheless, this fortunate mortal was on the point of being destroyed by the fury of Mordicante.

A year had nearly elapsed since the young fairy and the beautiful shepherd had been torn from each other, when Zephyr, who had given up all hopes of shaking the constancy of Young and Handsome, and was moved by the tears which he saw her unceasingly shed for the loss of Alidor, exclaimed one day, on finding her more depressed than usual:

THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE IN INDIANA.—"WHEN THE GENTLEMEN APPEARED, THERE WAS NO CESSATION OF THE VOCAL EFFORT, BUT THERE WERE FRANTIC INCLINATION ON THE PART OF THOSE LADIES TO FALL INTO MALE ARMS."

"Since it is no longer possible for me to flatter myself, charming fairy, that I shall ever have the good fortune to gain your affection, I am desirous of contributing at least to your felicity. What can I do to make you happy?"

"To make me happy," replied Young and Handsome, with a look so full of tenderness that it was enough to revive all the love of Zephyr, "you must restore to me my Alidor. I am powerless against another fairy, but you, Zephyr, you are a god, and can destroy all the spells of my cruel rival."

"I will endeavor," rejoined Zephyr, "to subdue the tender sentiments you have inspired me with sufficiently to enable me to render you an agreeable service."

He flew to the horrible prison where the beautiful shepherd awaited nothing less than death.

An impetuous wind, swelled by six northern breezes, that had accompanied Zephyr, blew open in an instant the gates of the dungeon, and the beautiful shepherd, enveloped in a very brilliant cloud, was wafted to the Castle of Flowers.

Zephyr, after he had seen Alidor, was less surprised at the constancy of Young and Handsome; but he did not make himself visible to the shepherd until he had restored him to the charming fairy.

Who could describe the perfect joy of Alidor and Young and Handsome at seeing each other once more? How lovely each appeared, and how fondly was each beloved! What thanks did not these fortunate lovers render to the deity who had secured their happiness! He left them shortly afterward, to return to Flora.

Young and Handsome was very anxious that all her court should share in her felicity. They celebrated it by a thousand festivities throughout her empire, despite the vexation of the princes, her less fortunate lovers, who were the spectators of the triumph of the beautiful shepherd.

In order to have nothing more to fear for Alidor from the wrath of Mordicante, Young and Handsome taught him the fairy art, and presented him with the gift of continual youth.

Having thus provided for his happiness, she next considered his glory. She gave him the Castle of Flowers, and caused him to be acknowledged king of that beautiful country, over which his ancestors had formerly reigned. Alidor became the greatest monarch in the universe, on the same spot where he had been the most charming shepherd. He loaded all his old friends with favors; and, retaining for ever his charms, as well as Young and Handsome, we are assured that they loved each other eternally, and that Hymen would not disturb a passion which formed the happiness of their existence.

THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE IN INDIANA.

THE Silurian Period had been well prolonged when the Skaggs family moved to Posey County.

The Plesiosauri and Mosasauri had lived and died for generations, and the Archegosaurus had already appeared, before a keen interest was felt in scientific research in Posey.

Amos Skaggs was a believer in Darwin and the monkeys. Mrs. Amos was a believer in the natural depravity of man, and the entire innocence of Mother Eve and her daughters. This mixture of science and piety was productive of unpleasantness in the Skaggs' and other literary families of Posey.

When Amos argued and proved that the human race only a little while ago inhabited the primitive forests and wore caudal appendages, or, in plain words, tails, Mrs. Amos was indignant, and declared that not one of her ancestral family, the Bolivars, was ever guilty of such conduct.

It is not a pleasant thing to be told that your paternal ancestor was a monkey; yet science and fact require plain language, and only the next generation may call some of us donkeys, or, maybe, worse.

Hobbs was a learned man from Cincinnati. His forte was phrenology, but he knew a great deal of other things. He went about through Posey knocking the stones to pieces, searching for trilobites; whereupon Amos Skaggs and other scientific and geologistic gentlemen went hunting trilobites also.

The literary female part of Posey were properly indignant at such work. At a meeting, presided over by Mrs. Amos, it was unanimously resolved that "the ladies of Posey abhorred the knowledge of trilobites, and all other bites; and if Hobbs was a man of family, he might be better employed than in roaming over the country knocking stones to pieces to find something, when everybody of common sense knew that stones in Indiana were solid all the way through."

This expression of female sentiment did not put a stop to the progress of science in Posey—far from it. Trilobites were still searched for, and properly prized when found. They hoped to find traces of man-monkeys, but in this they were disappointed. Had such remains been discovered, it would have ended all nonsense on the part of Mrs. Amos and the other literary females.

Most married men confide in their wives, even in matters of science. The gentlemen of Posey were unwise enough to adopt the contrary course. Heretofore the gentlemen of Posey had been known to keep but one subject strictly confined to their own bosoms—that subject was the sum total of their gains and losses at draw-poker. The married ladies of Posey never recognized the propriety of that want of confidence, for two good and sufficent reasons.

First, because they were unjustly deprived of a fair share of the winnings; and, secondly, if their husbands lost money at draw-poker, they never told of it; hence they (the wives) had no chance to exercise their natural prerogative in such cases, and scold their husbands for being such fools as to play cards unless they could win.

The senior monkey of Barnum's great show contracted the chills on the Wabash. Quinine failed to cure, and the followers of Darwin found the body a most interesting subject for illustrating their discussions concerning the origin of the human species.

The fact of the senior monkey's death was not a secret; but the fact of his disinterment for scientific purposes was a secret, so far as the literary ladies of Posey were concerned.

The body was embalmed by the best talent in Posey, and the scientific outlook was gratifying.

A whole week of intellectual research and enjoyment followed the embalming of the senior monkey. Every night until twelve o'clock the gentlemen of Posey had listened and learned. They had discussed and compared all the points in common between men and monkeys. The only thing left for consideration now was that connecting link between man and beast—the monkey's tail.

Five nights of persistent absence and silence was enough to disturb the tranquillity of any wives, when such conduct on the part of husbands is seen in its proper light. The same whisky-barrel had been a constant attendant at all the scientific meetings, because that barrel of whisky contained the body of the late senior monkey.

The literary ladies of Posey hated that barrel of whisky. It was the disturber of their domestic happiness; and, although whisky had been an article of recognized usefulness in a thirsty community from time immemorial, yet this particular barrel was a sort of "skeleton in the closet" to all the literary females of Posey.

Sunday morning the gentlemen of Posey were sleeping late, and dreaming of their ancestors, who were happy in the enjoyment of luxuriant spinal continuations. The scientific work of the week just ended had been arduous, and they did well to sleep.

Had the ladies of Posey known the precise contents of that barrel, it is not unlikely they would have hesitated much at knocking the head in and letting the contents run into the creek.

It is only necessary to state that the dreams of the husbands, fathers and literary gentlemen, were rudely broken by a series of high-pitched, well-sustained screams.

Those screams brought the literary male part of Posey out in haste. They did not have time to consider the proprieties of dress, but came as they were. They found six ladies on the bank of the creek, grouped around an empty whisky-barrel, yelling and screaming with a power of lungs quite remarkable. Far away down the creek the late senior monkey was floating on toward tropical climes.

When the gentlemen appeared there was no cessation of the vocal effort, but there was a frantic inclination on the part of those ladies to fall into male arms. Some mistakes were made. One literary gentleman found himself the centre of a little group of four; but after a little they found their proper places.

After these ladies had exhausted their vocal powers, they suddenly became aware of the primitive costume of their respective husbands. Then there was another female commotion.

It was at a late hour in the morning that the literary society of Posey finally settled down into ordinary ways, took their proper doses of quinine, and ate their breakfasts.

Since that Sunday morning less interest has been manifested in the theories of Darwin; and a perfect skeleton of the Archegosaurus, or a bushel of trilobites, if now discovered in Posey, would be viewed with comparative indifference by the literary females of that region.

POLAR BEARS FEASTING ON A STRANDED WHALE.

The early voyagers to the icy North of America were struck with astonishment at the polar bear, which, in size, in snowy coat and fierceness, seemed a class by itself. Its half-amphibious character, too, made it a wonder, and gave rise to many a wonderful story. The early sailor who came back and told how he had seen a mass of ice floating on the sea, leagues away from any land, yet with a huge white bear upon it, was looked on as a sad deceiver, spinning a most outrageous yarn.

The seal, the whale and the walrus, that are the quarry of the Esquimaux, are also the prey of the white bear, and he not unfrequently comes upon the incautious hunter, whom he attacks as a poacher on his preserves. When a whale, struck by a harpoon, escapes to die and float near shore, amid ice-floes, the scent lures the bears from far and near, and a scene ensues such as our artist depicts in the land of desolation. The green sea seen in spots; the ice in all its fantastic forms; the dark skin of the luckless giant of mammals; the greed of the voracious, shaggy creatures who, looking on the providential provender only in the light of supplies, make merry over it, form a picture well worthy of the pencil

THE BRAVE WOMEN OF LOWENBERG.

It was in the year 1631, in the midst of the long Thirty Years' War between Roman Catholics and Protestants, which finally decided that each State should have its own

religion, Lowenberg, a city in Silesia, originally Protestant, had passed into the hands of the Emperor's Roman Catholic party.

The poor Lowenbergers had been greatly misused: their Lutheran pastors had been expelled; all the superior citizens had either fled or been imprisoned; 250 families spent the Summer in the woods, and of those who remained in the city, the men had for the most part outwardly conformed to the Roman Catholic Church. Most of these were of course indifferent at heart, and they had found places in the town council which had formerly been filled by more respectable men. However, the wives had almost all remained stanch to their Lutheran confession; they had followed their pastors, weeping, to the gates of the city, loading them with gifts, and they hastened at every opportunity to hear their preachings, or to obtain baptism for their children at the Lutheran churches in the neighborhood.

The person who had the upper hand in the council was one Julius, who had been a Francisian friar, but was a desperate, unscrupulous fellow, not at all like a monk. Finding that it was considered as a reproach that the churches of Lowenberg were empty, he called the whole council together on the 9th of April, 1631, and informed them that the women must be brought to conformity, or else there were towers and prisons for them.

But presently up came tidings that not merely these few dames, whom they might have hoped to overawe, were on their way, but that the Judge's wife and the Burgomaster's were the first pair in a procession of full five hundred housewives, who were walking sedately up the stairs to the council hall below the chamber where the dignitaries were assembled.

His honor the Town Clerk was much affrighted, and went hastily back, reporting that the council was in no small danger, since each housewife had her bunch of keys at her side! These keys were the badge of a wife's dignity and authority, and moreover they were such ponderous articles that they sometimes served as weapons; and many of the women actually carried swords, etc. Dr. Melchior Hubner, who had been a miller's man, ordered a hundred musketeers to mow them down, and the priest now tried getting the three chief ladies alone together, and most politely begged them to conform; but, instead of arguing, they simply answered: "No; we were otherwise instructed by our parents and former preachers."

Then he begged them at least to tell the other women that they had asked for fourteen days for consideration.

"No, dear sir," they replied; "we were not taught by our parents to tell falsehoods, and we will not learn it from you."

Thereupon he gave way, the ladies went quietly home, and their stout champions laid aside their bundles and keys, not out of reach, however, in case of another summons.

However, the priest was obliged, next year, to leave Lowenberg in disgrace, for he was a man of notoriously bad character; and Dr. Melchior became a soldier, and was hanged at Prague.

After all, such a confession as this is a mere trifle, not only compared with martyrdoms of old, but with the constancy with which, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the Huguenots endured persecution—as, for instance, the large number of women who were imprisoned for thirty-eight years at Aigues Mortes; or, again, with the steady resolution of the persecuted nuns of Port Royal against signing the condemnation of the works of Jansen.

Yet, in its own way, the feminine resistance of these good citizens' wives, without being equally high-toned, is worthy of record, and far too full of character to be passed over.

THE LARGEST SASSAFRAS TREE.

Referring to our note on page 355 of the present volume, Mr. John S. Isett, of Spruce Creek, Pa., says:

"The largest sassafras that I have any knowledge of is in sight from my dwelling. In July, 1875, we were talking about the size of it, and my son John and I took a tape-measure and measured it. I made a record of it as follows: 'Large sassafras near the sawmill on Spruce Creek, measured by John D. Isett, July 25th, 1875. It girths 10 feet 5 inches six inches above ground, and divides into two branches. Where the largest branch would be cut off it girths 6 feet 11 inches, and the smaller branch 5 feet 2 inches.' Since then the smaller branch has been cut and sawed, making a log of 16 feet. The other branch is yet standing, and would make a saw-log of from 16 to 18 feet long.

"The tree stands about fifty yards from the north bank of the Juniata River, on high, limestone land, a short distance below the mouth of Spruce Creek, and can be seen from the Pennsylvania Railroad station of that name."

WEBSTER'S ANECDOTES OF BENTON.

Mr. Webster continued: "Colonel Benton afterward came to me and said: 'Webster, that (procuring the reconciliation of Benton and John Wilson) was the kindest thing you ever did. God bless you for sending John Wilson to me! That was kind, Webster. Let us get these things off our minds as fast as we can; we have not much longer to stay—we have got pretty near the end; we want to go into the presence of our Maker with as little enmity in our hearts as possible.'

"I told him how much pleasure it gave me to reconcile persons who had been alienated. It was better than a great Senatorial triumph.

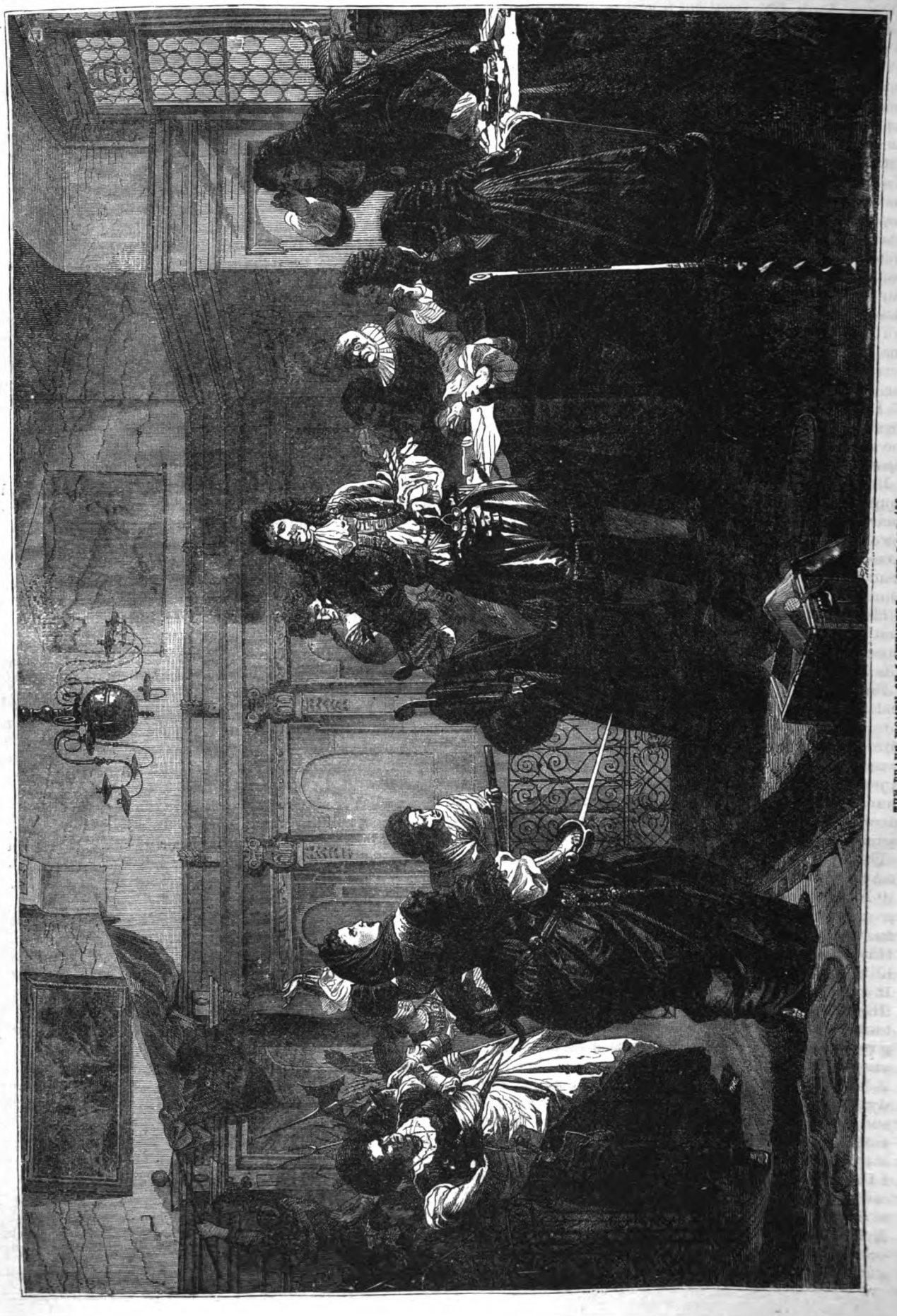
"'And now,' I added, 'I have another thing in my heart, and I am determined to bring it to pass. We have talked these matters over—of how little consequence are all these personal bickerings and strifes to a man when he gets near the end of life! What are all these honors and contests to a man when the interests of the future life begin to magnify in his eyes, and those of this life to dwindle away? Now, Colonel, look at me. You have been a great many years in the United States Senate, and your relations to Mr. Calhoun are not friendly. I want to reconcile you and Mr. Calhoun, and then I shall be content!'

"'Webster,' he replied, curtly, 'don't you mention that to me! Anybody else—anybody; you may tell me to go and ask the pardon of a negro in jail, and I will go and do it. But I won't be reconciled to Calhoun—I won't, sir! Calhoun is a humbug! I won't have anything to do with him—I won't, sir! My mind is made up. Anybody else, but not Calhoun. He is a humbug, and I won't do it, sir!'"

Mr. Webster said that when Mr. Calhoun's lifeless body was brought into the Senate, the Committee of Arrangements, who had charge of such matters, of course selected from the contemporaries of Mr. Calhoun such gentlemen as they thought would esteem it a privilege to speak.

"I never in my life," said Mr. Webster, "performed a more pleasing duty at a service of that kind—solemn and touching; for I had a very great respect for Mr. Calhoun. He was a man of great worth, most sincere, upright, and with all the qualities, not only of a very great man, but a very estimable one."

The Committee invited Colonel Benton to speak, not with the expectation that he would do so, but because they thought that it was due to his age that he should have an



THE BRAVE WOMEN OF LOWENBERG.—SEE PAGE 493.

opportunity at such an hour, when everything should be banished from the heart but kindness, to say a word. But he declined without comment. Mr. Webster said:

"His seat was directly opposite mine, and while I was making a few remarks which the state of feeling would allow, I looked across and saw that Benton had his back turned to the Senate, and was twirling his spectacles inattentively. So strong was the feeling of dislike which he entertained for Mr. Calhoun."

Mr. Benton had all sorts of knowledge, and seemed to have acquired more political facts than any other man Mr. Webster had ever met—even more than John Quincy Adams. He had a wonderful memory, and read everything, and gave his whole time and attention to politics, never practicing his profession. During the discussion on the Oregon Bill, Mr. Benton made a speech, as did many other members, and near the close of the debate Mr. Webster was about to speak, and wanted to get a book of which he had some indistinct recollection, for some geographical fact to illustrate a point in his remarks. It was something that he had seen a great many years before in a book which was probably now out of print. He only knew the name of its author, but he set to work to find it. He asked Peter Force, who had collected a great political library at Washington, but Mr. Force could not find it. He then got the Librarian of Congress to hunt for it, but he also had no success. Mr. Webster was about giving it up in despair, when it occurred to him to speak to Benton. He went to him and said: "You know everything, Colonel, and where everything is. Have you any recollection or knowledge of a geography, such a book or such an author?"

The Colonel stopped a moment to think, and then replied:

"I know what you want, and I'll see if I can find it."

An hour afterward Mr. Webster, having left the Senate, returned to his seat, and, as he said to me, "There, lying on my desk, was an immense book, with a leaf turned down to the place that I wanted to find, although I had not said a word as to what particular *part* of the book I wanted to consult. Without any suggestion of mine, Mr. Benton had guessed at what I wanted, and turned down the leaf. I looked up from my desk to his, and there he was bowing to me, as if to say, 'That's it.' I do not suppose there was another man who could have found that book for me."

THE TELEGRAPH NUISANCE.

MR. SMUGG (excitedly to his loved one)—"*Oh, dearest, I have longed for this opportunity see you alone, and——*" (Tableau.)

NAMING A NOVEL. — Mr. Wilkie Collins is reported to have written one-third of his story of "The Woman in White," before he could get a title for the work. After cudgeling his brains in vain, he betook himself in despair to Broadstairs. He walked and smoked for hours on the cliffs, but no title came. At last, as the sun went down, he threw himself on the grass, and looked crossly at the North Foreland Lighthouse. Savagely biting the end of his last cigar, he said aloud to the building, standing stiffly and coldly in the evening light, "You are ugly and stiff and awkward, you know you are; as stiff and weird as my white woman—white woman!—Woman in White! The title, by Jove!" and the book was named.

SINGLE WOMEN.—Why are single women called spinsters? Formerly women could not legally marry until they had spun a complete set of bed furniture, hence the term spinster, which is still in legal use.

THE APPLICATION OF HEAT TO THE WARMING OF PUBLIC AND PRIVATE BUILDINGS.

Tripods, Chimneys, Furnaces, Stoves, Steam, Gas, Oil, and the Sun.

By Professor Charles A. Joy, Ph. D.

The first acquaintance of mankind with the uses of fire for warming dwellings and cooking food must date from the appearance of the *genus homo* on our earth. The believers in the evolution hypothesis might say that the monkey became a man the moment he kindled a fire to cook his food or warm his abode.

Whenever facts are wanting in tracing the history of any custom, resort is always had to mythology to furnish the explanation ; and in the matter of fire there is no exception. It is related of Prometheus, brother of Atlas, that he secretly climbed the heavens, and, aided by Minerva, stole fire from the chariot of the sun. For this audacious conduct, and for sundry tricks played upon Jupiter, he was condemned to thirty thousand years of solitary confinement on Mount Caucasus, with a big vulture constantly gnawing at his liver. From this awkward position he was ultimately released by Hercules. The story serves to show how fire was originally brought down to the earth, and will prove satisfactory to all who accept mythology in the light of history.

Whatever may have been the facts of the case with reference to the early introduction of fire, there is no doubt that the chimney is an invention of the Middle Ages. The earliest inhabitants known to history were confined to regions of country in Asia, on the shores of the Mediterranean, where the mild climate rendered complicated means of warming unnecessary. The Greeks and Romans were fond of the open air, and rich and poor, patrician and plebeian, were in the habit of assembling at the forum for social intercourse. This open space was provided with a colonnade to serve as a shelter in wet weather, and a temporary covering was drawn over portions of it in the Winter. Whenever it became necessary to warm an apartment, the Greeks had recourse to a tripod and the Romans to a *foculus*. Both of these utensils had metallic basins, made light and shallow so that they could easily be transported from one apartment to another. The heat was furnished by prepared charcoal concealed under the ashes so as to consume gradually. Sometimes these heaters were made in elegant design, to serve as ornaments as well as for warmth. This method of heating a house was certainly attended with great danger, as the products of combustion were not carried off, but were permitted to diffuse themselves in the room, and thus charge the atmosphere with carbonic oxide and carbonic acid gases, both of them highly detrimental to health. It is difficult to conceive how the ancients were able to breathe such an atmosphere without pains in the head and other symptoms that are known to be produced at the present day.

The most convincing proof that the Romans had no chimneys is shown in the excavations at Pompeii, where nothing of the kind has been found, but where bronze brasiers of elegant workmanship prove that they were the only heaters known to the people two thousand years ago. The Pompeian houses were built with two courts, open to the sky and surrounded on each side by the apartments of the family. If it became necessary to warm any of the rooms, the *foculus* or brasier was brought, and left for a sufficient time to satisfy the wants of the occasion. It is somewhat remarkable that the absence of chimneys noticeable at Pompeii is also true of modern Naples. The older dwellings of Naples are poorly provided with heating apparatus—a discovery which many an unfortunate traveler has made to his cost when sojourning in that city in the month of February. Instead of the tripod, the modern Italian uses a portable kettle which he calls a *bocone ;* and the same utensil is extensively employed in Spain and Southern France. It is, in fact, a brasier, and open to all of the objections urged against the ancient *foculus*.

As the arts of civilization traveled further north, the rigor of the climate compelled the inhabitants, if they wished to escape suffocation, to offer some method of egress to the asphyxiating gases. The most simple way of accomplishing this result was to leave a hole in the centre of the roof, out of which the smoke and gas could escape. The cabins were built round, as facilitating this arrangement. Such structures are common among the mountains of Switzerland and with savage tribes even at the present day, and are resorted to by all the pioneers in back-wood settlements of the western part of the United States.

In the course of time, and as civilization progressed, something better than a hole in the roof was deemed desirable for the escape of the products of combustion. According to Viollet-le-duc, the eminent French architect, the fireplace and chimney disposed in the interior of houses did not make their appearance until the twelfth century. By what steps the builders of houses arrived at this arrangement is not apparent. Primitive chimneys are found in the fortresses and castles of Great Britain at an early period. The kitchen department of these castles could scarcely be said to possess a chimney, as the whole structure itself was an immense stack, very much as the campanile, or tower, was formerly built detached from the church for carrying the bell. Some of the ancient kitchens resembled the lime-kilns or glass manufactories of the present day. It was soon found that the large openings were not favorable to the draft, and the passage for the smoke was carried through the walls to the roof. In this way a *chemin*, or road, was opened for the gases, which was called a *cheminée*, or chimney.

The round fireplace was abandoned, and a square one substituted, and the latter is the shape observed in many ancient buildings of Europe. The experiments of Otto von Guericke, Torricelli and Pascal, proving that the air had weight and that the higher we ascend the less the pressure, exerted a great influence on the question of the form and height to be given to chimneys. Other researches relating to the radiation of heat, and its properties, were of equal influence in aiding the invention of furnaces and stoves.

In 1619 a valuable work on stoves (*Holz-sparkunst*), by Keslar, appeared in Germany. It is remarkable to find in this work the leading principles of the construction of stoves, as now understood, theoretically and practically set forth. The model of a stove as proposed by Keslar has been followed ever since in Germany, and down to the present day, in many parts of the country, few modifications have been made. He provided for the introduction of air and for the necessary draft.

A great improvement in the construction of fireplaces was suggested in 1745 by Benjamin Franklin. He introduced the downward draft, or what is now called the base-burner system, and there was certainly great economy of fuel and gain in heat by the arrangement. The Pennsylvania fireplace has become world-renowned, and has been introduced into many countries.

But the most complete investigations in the matter of chimneys were made by another American—Benjamin Thompson, better known as Count Rumford. He made an exhaustive study of this subject, and contributed more than

any other philosopher to correct the popular errors about the origin of smoke and the necessity for draughts. The principle of the draught of chimneys he explained to be that a column of heated air is lighter than a column of cool air of the same height, and the greater the height of the heated column, the greater the difference of weight between the column of air within or without the flue. This is one reason why the chimneys of furnaces and mills are made so high, since a powerful draft can thus be easily maintained. It is also important to have the flue vertical, so as to prevent the friction of the air and the loss of heat which a long passage causes. The precise amount of heat to be derived from a given combustible was also carefully studied by Rumford, and it was found that the quantity of heat radiated by the best constructed fireplace was scarcely more than twelve or fourteen per cent. of the actual amount developed. This confirmed the saying of Franklin that the open fire was the best possible invention for obtaining the least heat from the most fuel. Stoves, on the contrary, only admit the air necessary to combustion, and if the flues are sufficiently long the gas and smoke make their exit nearly cold.

Notwithstanding the acknowledged disadvantages arising from using the open fireplace, all nations will be loath to give it up, as the sight of the fire is always a pleasant object, and to dream in the chimney corner must remain the privilege of the poet. The hanging of the crane is the poetical idea of domestic happiness, and it will require more than the wisdom of Franklin or Rumford to exterminate the open chimney designed for its use.

In more recent times a celebrated French chemist, Péclet, has devoted much time to the study of heat in all of its relations to the arts and domestic economy. He published a work on the subject which must always be regarded as one of the best that has appeared in any language. The French Government, as early as 1712, undertook to regulate by law the size of chimneys in private residences, and the habit thus acquired of interfering in the interior construction of houses continues to the present day, so that the danger from imperfect flues is very slight in Paris, where each building and house is obliged to conform to the prescribed size and thickness of wall. The law of 1712 is amusing, as the size of the flue is so great that it would occupy a very undue proportion of the wall space and chamber room allotted to the dwelling. A great majority of the apartments in Paris, even at the present day, have the fireplace according to Rumford's pattern, and, to an American accustomed to a much more practical arrangement, it must be confessed that very little can be said in favor of our countryman's pattern. The addition of a movable blower was a great improvement on the original construction.

Following closely in the train of research upon chimneys arose the important question of ventilation. The great mistake made in many systems of heating and ventilation is the attempt to perform two things together that should always be done separately. To heat a room is one thing, to ventilate it is another. These things should be kept independent of each other, and means of controlling each without interference with the other should be provided. For example, in heating a room with hot air, as much cold air must issue from the room as there is hot air admitted. The amount of ventilation is, therefore, proportioned to the amount of heating. It is often necessary to heat a public room in advance of the entrance of the audience. In such a case it is not necessary to waste the hot air by allowing it to escape through the ventilating flues. At this stage of the proceeding the ventilators can be closed, but as soon as the room is occupied they ought to be opened; hence the necessity of keeping each apparatus distinct. To provide for ventilation, pipes have been inserted in the same flues that were intended to carry off the smoke. They have no connection with the smoke-flues, but open into the occupied rooms, and as they become warm an upward draft is created, which carries off the noxious fumes. Such an arrangement was proposed by Douglas Galton, and was for a long time greatly prized in England, and is highly commended by Péclet. It was found by practical experiment that the volume of air carried off by ventilation was the same as that required for the draught in the chimney, and that 35 per cent. of the heat developed by the fuel was economized. The trouble usually is, with all of these contrivances, that the persons in charge neglect to use them, and the occupants of the apartments are left to suffocate.

Having sketched the history of the open fire, which will always be retained by the rich, we can pass to the method of heating by stoves, which, owing to its greater economy, must always be regarded as the heritage of the poor. Stoves were invented in Germany, in 1619, by Keslar, as we have already mentioned. It is difficult to say by what process of experiment the northern races arrived at the construction of a heating apparatus totally unknown to the Romans. We can conceive of the gradual adoption of the open fireplace, and, as wood began to grow scarce, of the contrivance of some form of box for holding the fuel. Some such box is described by Alberti as having been in use in 1533. This gave place to the more practical invention of Keslar, nearly a century later.

It is somewhat remarkable that the stoves of Keslar, so generally adopted in Germany and Russia, were entirely rejected in France, although not unknown to the best architects as being really very valuable. The Russian and German stoves have for a long time been built of refractory bricks, ornamented with glazed tiles. They are generally of large size, so as to afford as much radiating surface as possible. The doors for feeding these monstrous ovens, as they might properly be called, are often in the hall or adjoining apartment, so that the fire can be laid and the heating kept up without disturbing the privacy of the family. These stoves sometimes ascend to the ceiling and occupy a large share of one side of the room, so that foreigners have frequently written home that they had spent the Winter in a stove—a statement somewhat difficult to understand when one has not seen the peculiar construction and arrangement of the enormous German stove.

While the Germans retained for a long time the porcelain stoves described above, the French nation began to adopt cast-iron stoves. No sooner were these introduced than much opposition was raised against them as being the source of great danger. So many persons were taken ill in families where such stoves were in use that the physicians came to the conclusion that cast-iron had the property of allowing carbonic oxide gas to pass through its pores, and, in fact, that red-hot iron could decompose carbonic acid and convert it into the much more dangerous carbonic oxide. The Academy of Science, of Paris, appointed a Commission to investigate the subject, and, after numerous experiments, this Commission confirmed all the evil reports that had been raised against the use of cast-iron for heating purposes, and pronounced a unanimous verdict against it. The researches of Deville and Graham on the dissociation of gases show conclusively that carbonic oxide can pass through the pores of cast-iron if the latter be raised to a red heat; and the warning uttered by these scientists ought to have been more heeded than it has been. In France due attention has been given to the warning, and iron stoves are either lined with bricks or are altogether condemned.

Heating and warming by means of stoves suggests a topic which is practically inexhaustible. It would be a hopeless

THE GERMAN STOVE.

task to undertake to describe all the inventions in this line that have been made during the last few years. The United States has been particularly prolific in contriving a vast variety of modifications, and the number of patents that have been taken out for improvements exceeds nearly every other department of industry. It would scarcely be proper, however, in this connection, to omit to mention the important services rendered by the late Dr. Nott, President of Union College, New York, by the invention of a stove which admitted of the burning of anthracite coal, and thus brought into use a fuel which up to that time had been practically worthless. It would be difficult to overestimate the value of such an invention. When we consider what a vast number of industries rest upon the use of anthracite coal, we can form some just notion of the value of the simple grate which Dr. Nott first introduced in this country. The Nott stove is even now used in many places, but, generally speaking, it has been superseded by more modern forms. The self-feeding base-burner is so much more complete than any other form of stove that further improvements scarcely seem possible.

Heating houses by means of hot-air furnaces has, unfortunately, obtained a great ascendancy in all large cities in the United States. As these furnaces are generally made of cast-iron, the whole question of the danger from carbonic oxide is revived whenever their use is mentioned. The unwholesomeness of furnace-heated houses is admitted on all sides; but the convenience of the arrangement and the tyranny of builders imposes this method on the community, and it is difficult to predict when any relief can be afforded. Foreigners complain bitterly against the conversion of a whole house into an oven, and it is one of the first things noted by travelers. The air from the furnaces is almost invariably contaminated with carbonic oxide gas. As I have been in the habit for many years of experimenting with this gas, its odor is very familiar to me, and I must say that I rarely enter a house heated by a furnace without immediately detecting it. Carbonic acid gas is very poisonous, but carbonic oxide is one hundred times more dangerous, and too much stress cannot be laid upon the importance of taking every precaution to exclude it from our dwelling-houses.

So much has been said about the danger to be feared from hot-air furnaces, that a good substitute has long been considered desirable. Such a substitute has been found in steam. Warming buildings by steam is now fully established, and the scientific principles upon which the practice rests are well worthy of study. The latent heat of watery vapor, or steam, is what is here employed. While in the system of heating buildings with hot air every room requires separate flues of considerable dimensions to carry the air, in the case of steam a single small tube is all that is requisite. The tube is usually wound in a coil, in which the steam condenses, leaving its latent heat behind, and running back as water to the boilers to be used over again. A cubic inch of water, when converted into steam, occupies the space of a cubic foot—that is, 1 pound, or 27 cubic inches of water, produces 27 cubic feet of steam, and in this transformation 962 units of heat are made latent, and are retained by the steam as long as it remains in the condition of steam. These 962 units of heat are only set free or given out at the time and place where the steam is condensed or reconverted into water—that is, in the various rooms where the pipes are laid.

THE KANGRI, OR PORTABLE STOVE OF THIBET.

HOW WOMEN WARM THEMSELVES IN SPAIN.

The enormous latent heat of steam gives it a great advantage over air as a source of warmth. It does not take long to discharge 27 cubic feet of steam through a 1½ inch tube, and it is necessary to provide a simple stop-cock for turning off the steam from the coil whenever the heat of a room is found to be sufficient.

The amount of heating surface of the steam-coils has been shown by experience to be most appropriate when taking one square foot for every 100 cubic feet of air in the room; but this proportion may vary, according to climate, local circumstances and the steam pressure used. It is also well to have a small stopcock attached to the steam-coil, so as to blow, from time to time, a little vapor into the room, for obtaining a more wholesome degree of atmospheric moisture, which, by continual heating, becomes deficient.

It is almost superfluous to add that, where steam heat is employed, care must be taken to provide proper ventilation. The coils heat the air of the room just as it is, good or bad, but no fresh air is admitted by them. This is almost as bad as introducing the scorched and noxious air of the furnaces, and to obviate the evil the steam-coils are sometimes placed under the windows, so as to be able to heat fresh air when admitted in the room, or openings are made behind the coils connecting with the outside of the building.

When we consider the enormous advantage of steam heat over any other known method of warming, it is amazing to see how slow our people have been to adopt it. If we take a block of the most costly and elegant houses in the city of New York, and study all of the so-called modern improvements in the light of the scientific knowledge of the present

day, it is difficult to reconcile the gross defects in ventilation, heating and drainage with the boasted civilization of the present day. A suitable boiler-house at one end of the block could supply every dwelling with all the warming necessary, the same coils could heat the ventilating flues and induce all the circulation of fresh air required. As for the drainage, that is too great a topic to be treated in a postscript, and I leave it for some other occasion.

It is gratifying to learn that in the western part of New York numerous houses in a block have been heated by a single steam apparatus, and that the method has been found to be practicable and economical. It is possible that after the villages have shown the way, the large cities may have the good sense to follow.

Warming by circulation of hot water has been introduced on numerous occasions, and the method is not without its advocates, but the weight of testimony is against it for general application. In countries where there are boiling springs and geysers, pipes have been laid, and churches and public buildings have been warmed by the waste water. The church at Baden-Baden, in Germany, is heated in this way. It is only in the Summer that the water is required for the invalids who use the baths, and there is, therefore, a sufficient supply for the purposes of heating in Winter. At Buda-Pesth, an artesian well has been sunk to a great depth, and the water obtained from it is so hot that it can be used for cooking as well as heating. In cases where nature has been thus provident, nothing can be said against the economy of hot water as a means of warmth for dwellings.

The question is often asked, why is gas not used for heating and cooking, and it must be confessed that a satisfactory answer is not ready to find. As long as gas is sold at its present high price, it is easy to see that mechanics are afraid to touch it; but when the cost comes down to the limits of a fair competition with other fuel, it is probable that we shall not have long to wait for the requisite inventions for turning it to practical account.

It is scarcely necessary to compare a coal-stove or furnace with the gas-burner, so far as cleanliness and convenience are concerned; for nearly every one must at once accord to the gas-burner its positive superiority. By employing gas, we do away with dust, smoke, ashes, cinders, kindling material and labor, and save time. The heat is so arranged as to be used only when desired for active work, and employed no longer than is necessary, and thus we avoid over-heating our houses in Summer, and at the same time accomplish a saving of fuel.

The sanitary advantages of gas over coal and furnace heat are considerable, as the noxious carbonic oxide fumes can be avoided. Even at the present high cost, gas would appear to be more economical in Summer than coal; but when the heat is to be continuous the coal-stove has the advantage, so far as cost is concerned. It has been suggested to the companies to set a special metre, connected with the heating and cooking apparatus, and sell the gas for these purposes at half price. The distributing expenses would be the same, and the extra low rate and increased consumption would demonstrate the utility of gas for fuel, and open up a new field for enterprising gas companies. On many accounts it would be a positive gain if illuminating gas could be confined to heating and cooking, under circumstances where a suitable arrangement is made to carry off the products of combustion.

The London *Lancet* dwells with emphasis upon the dangerous luxury of gas. To have our rooms pleasantly illuminated with gas is to undergo a process of slow poisoning, the more disastrous because, instead of directly producing the characteristic symptoms of blood oxygenation, the gas-polluted atmosphere insidiously lowers the tone of vitality and establishes a condition favorable to disease. It would be difficult to overrate the importance of this household peril. Pictures are spoilt by gas, gilt moldings are tarnished, the colors of decorated walls and ceilings fade, books are destroyed, and men and women of delicate organization are enfeebled and injured by the foul air in which gas is discharged and suffered to burn incessantly. The extent to which this evil works in cities in long evenings is not adequately appreciated. The injury to the eyesight from the unsteady flickering of the gas flame is another reason why a more steady source of light is desirable, and we are willing to have gas put down as a fuel.

A great variety of gas-stoves has been invented, but it is questionable whether any of them come up to the requirements of the occasion. The odor from them is often intolerable, and the gases of combustion contaminate the air of apartments worse than the burners used for illumination—and that is saying a great deal. The design and shape of many of the gas-stoves are also so ungraceful and inelegant as to repel many persons from attempting to use them. Some of the best patterns I have seen were of French and Austrian make, but even these were not up to the artistic standard of those two nations. It is to be hoped that under this group something satisfactory will be shown at the Paris Exhibition of 1878.

Since the discovery of great quantities of petroleum, and the universal introduction of that oil for illuminating purposes, much attention has been bestowed upon the feasibility of employing it as a fuel. Such a consummation is certainly very desirable, and when we examine the various inventions brought forward in this country and Europe, a practical result would appear to have been attained. It is possible that petroleum as fuel may prove to be more economical than gas, and thus postpone the introduction of the latter for another term of years.

Very convenient portable apparatus for cooking and heating has been invented, and is now widely scattered over our country. As kerosene is to be found in every town and village, the petroleum cooking-stoves can be introduced everywhere.

Extensive experiments were instituted by Henry St. Claire Deville to determine the heating power of mineral oil. Samples from all parts of the world were tested, including a great variety of petroleums from Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia. The heating effect was estimated according to the number of kilogrammes of water that could be raised from zero to one degree centigrade by the heat developed in burning one kilogramme of oil. From this series of experiments we learn that the oil of greatest heating power is one from Java, while next to it comes the heavy oil from Pennsylvania. The same chemist experimented on the heating of steam boilers and locomotives by mineral oils. His results, as far as explained, were highly satisfactory. The trial was made by Deville upon locomotive engines of the ordinary pattern, several having been so arranged as to permit the use of liquid fuel, and these engines were found to be able to discharge their regular duty with the other stock of the road, producing steam in abundance, completely consuming the smoke and being free from any cinder or ash. One of the engines consumed about thirteen pounds of oil for every eleven hundred yards of distance, while the coal-burning engines of the same class required for the same work more than twenty pounds of solid fuel, the consumption of oil being only sixty-five per cent. of the other fuel. It was thought that with locomotives built expressly for burning oil a still better result could be obtained.

A furnace for burning petroleum has been invented by Wiesnegg, of Paris. He claims to be able to consume crude

petroleum as fuel economically. The appliance for distributing the oil consists of a pipe with branches, and of a grooved grate along which the oil flows after dropping from these tubes. A wrought-iron cistern contains the supply of petroleum, and is connected to the distributor by an india-rubber tube. The grate is placed vertically; the air passing between its bars supplies the oxygen for the combustion of the petroleum vaporized by the heat of the fire. The petroleum is supplied to the grate a little in excess of the requirements of the furnace, and the surplus drops into a receiver and is volatilized by the heat of the furnace, and the vapor consumed. The flame is described by the inventor as being of great intensity, a temperature being reached higher than can be attained with coal alone.

Another great step in the way of using petroleum as fuel has been made by Lowe in his gas process. His method consists in producing from anthracite coal and steam a gas of very high heating power, and then, when the product is intended for illuminating purposes, enriching it by means of petroleum. The anthracite is charged in a small cupola of, say, 3½ feet diameter, the bed of coal being kept from 3 to 4 feet deep. When fairly ignited, the base is closed, and superheated steam is admitted through tuyères a short distance above the grate bars. The steam, in its passage through the burning coal, is decomposed, producing a mixture of hydrogen and carbonic oxide. In this condition the product is well adapted for domestic uses. It is destitute of illuminating properties, and the cost of its production is very small. To render the gas fit for illuminating purposes, a small jet of crude petroleum is directed on to the surface of the coal. The water, gas and petroleum vapor are thus mingled at the instant of their formation, and in order that the resulting product shall possess the permanent qualities of coal-gas, it is passed through a chamber of fire-brick heated to a high temperature. The volume of gas produced is affirmed to be enormous, and its cost, as compared with common coal-gas, very low. Several cities have adopted the process for making illuminating gas, and metallurgical establishments employ it in their operations.

A petroleum iron process, of which a very high authority, Professor Wurtz, of Hoboken, speaks approvingly, has been invented by Dr. C. J. Eames. It will thus appear that the destiny of petroleum as a heat-giver is fully determined, and that we shall witness its extensive use for this purpose before the lapse of many years.

Ten years ago Mr. John Johnson, of Saco, Me., invented a heater which bid fair to banish from dwellings the fire-pots of the ancients, the coal-hods, ash-boxes, pokers, steam pipes and registers of modern times. It is worthy of mention, as something similar to it has been re-discovered in France, has been described with suitable wood-cuts in Abbé Moigna's *Les Mondes*, and has been introduced in several churches and public buildings in Paris. The American invention appears to have been forgotten, but the French one will no doubt attract much notice in Europe.

Mr. Johnson's heater consisted of an air-tight, sheet-iron cylinder, with a cluster of tubes running through it from top to bottom, and which are open at both ends. The bottom of this heater is cup-shaped in the centre and holds a little water, and just below it is a gas-burner or lamp. Anything simpler in construction it would be difficult to find. The water put into the cup at the bottom is just sufficient to fill the inner space of the cylinder with steam at ordinary atmospheric pressure; in the smallest size heater this generally amounts to little more than a table-spoonful. The water is sealed up hermetically when the cylinder is made, and nothing remains for the owner to do but to light the gas or lamp under it. Soon the steam rises in the cylinder, heating all the radiating surface, and the excess passing into the condenser at the top, is reconverted into water and runs back into the cup. Thus goes on, self-regulating, a process as simple as the operation of solar heat. If the hand is placed over the apertures at the top, distinct currents of warm air will be felt issuing from the tubes, caused by the heat of the surrounding vapor. If the hand be held at a distance of a foot from the exterior jacket, a pleasant, radiant heat will be felt. It is found that one foot of radiating surface will warm fully 100 cubic feet of space in a room; therefore, a room 10 feet square and 10 feet high will be warmed to a pleasant temperature by a heater of 10 feet radiatory surface.

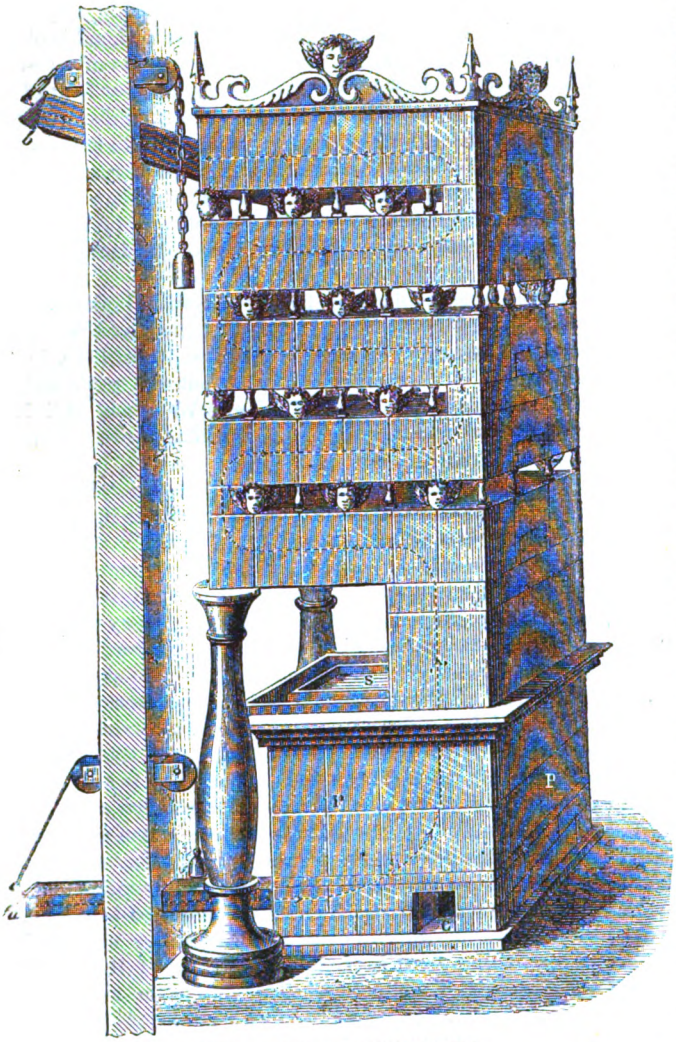
Mr. Johnson's plan was to dispense with boilers, economize fuel, render the apparatus portable, and save water and labor. The same idea was first hinted at in 1740, by Sir Hugh Platt, subsequently improved, but not perfected, by Colonel William Cook and Mr. James Watt, and still later by Wakefield and Rumford, all of whom were working in this direction.

Mr. Johnson's invention was called the "Equalizing Heater." A company was formed to introduce it, but of late years it appears to have passed out of notice.

The production of heat by friction has recently received much attention in France, the experiments being the same as those conducted by Count Rumford many years ago. Rumford constructed a hollow cylinder of iron, into which he fitted a solid plunger, which was made to press against the bottom of the opening. The cylinder was placed in a box containing water at sixty degrees Fahrenheit, and was turned by horse-power. Two hours and thirty minutes after the friction had commenced, the water boiled. In the present French experiments a copper cylinder and plunger are used, and the proposition is made to warm railroad carriages by the hot water produced by attaching the plunger to the wheels and placing the copper globe under the car. It is claimed that the additional fuel required to get up the extra steam, in order to overcome the friction and produce heat, is not so great as would be necessary if the cars were warmed in the usual way. This invention might be set down as truly "heat considered as a mode of motion," but it is exceedingly doubtful whether any method of producing heat by friction can be pronounced economical. A clear elucidation of the science of the subject has been given by Tyndall in his admirable work, and everybody would do well to consult this authority before investing too largely in any modern inventions.

According to Claude Bernard, when heat attains too high a degree it acts like a poison, and destroys feeling and motion. It seems to act directly on the muscles, and the loss of muscular power necessarily produces death, by arresting the action of the heart. The degree of heat which must not be exceeded for cold-blooded animals is from 115 to 120 degrees Fah.; for mammalia, 128 to 131 degrees Fah.; for birds, 140 to 145 degrees Fah. In each case the maximum differs by a few degrees only from the animal's normal temperature. The precise action of heat upon the blood is thus stated by Monsieur Bernard: The blood of an animal killed by heat becomes black, the oxygen it contains is rapidly transformed into carbonic acid, and finally disappears. This is not a true toxical action, but rather an excitement of the vital and normal properties of the red particles. Heat, above a certain degree, kills the muscles without killing the blood. The chemical character of this poisoning of the muscles by heat is the most obscure part of this subject, and can only yield to further careful experiments.

An extraordinary method of obtaining heat on an extensive scale has been proposed by Mr. Cowan, a Scottish gentleman, which consists in economizing the waste heat of limekilns. His suggestion has been put into practice with



HOUSEWARMING—KESLAR'S STOVE.

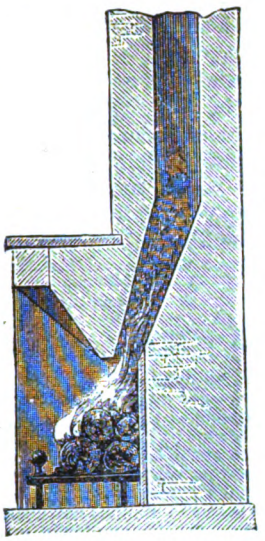
entire success at the Garston Vineyard, near Liverpool, England. Although the limestone has to come by rail, and costs about $2.00 per ton, the vineyard is heated nearly free of cost, the lime sold paying the expenses. Gas is furnished at the same establishment by placing the retorts over the kilns, and thus manufacturing it on the spot. A writer in the *English Farmer* states that the limekilns at Garston gave out a steady heat, warming the pipes easily to temperatures ranging from 100 to 140 degrees Fah., according to the distance from the kilns. These temperatures are quite sufficient for horticultural purposes. It is only needful to charge the kiln once in twelve or twenty-four hours, and the joint combustion of the limestone and fuel will maintain the temperature steadily, without varying five degrees. Besides affording heat and enabling the owner to manufacture his own gas for light, a further refinement of the process has been successfully tried in France, namely, the carbonic acid gas from the mouth of the kiln was applied to the manufacture of white lead and of bicarbonate of soda; thus there was the least possible waste. It has been proposed to heat and light large factories and small towns by the limekiln process, and the plan has some show of reason in it.

Some years ago a company was organized in New York for the sake of the limekiln patent. They proposed to heat entire blocks of houses with warm water, and also to construct and sell small kilns, suitable for introduction into private dwellings. There may be some question whether the system would work in cities, but for small towns it is worthy of consideration. Several gentlemen, who have had it in operation for two years, declare that the entire cost of the fuel was defrayed by the lime sold.

In the country it might be possible for several owners of villas to club together and have a common kiln erected, and heat and gas conveyed to all who wanted them, at a remunerative rate. Where gas is made and chemical manufacture is combined with the operation, the coke would help largely toward the fuel, and there would be the lime and white lead, or carbonate of soda, to be sold; they would probably bring considerably more than the cost of fuel, so that heat and light would cost nothing.

If any one can show that he has carried out this theory in practice, he would be entitled to the highest reward for having contributed a most important invention for ameliorating the condition of mankind. A very large number of those who use stoves, furnaces, steam-apparatus, and other contrivances for purposes of household warmth, do not obtain satisfactory results because of the want of a little skill in their management. In arguing questions with very obtuse persons, we are sometimes compelled to say that it is impossible to furnish arguments and brains at the same time: so the inventors of heating apparatus might say that it is impossible to furnish heat and common sense at the same time. Some people suppose, when they procure a new stove or furnace, that all they have to do is to light the fire and let the thing take care of itself. They forget that they are living in wooden houses, about as open as sieves, in a climate the most changeable in the world—a climate where the thermometer rises or falls through a range of 40 deg. or 50 deg. in a dozen hours. There has never been, and there never can be, devised any house-heating apparatus that will in practical working overcome these sudden changes of temperature.

BENJAMIN COUNT RUMFORD.



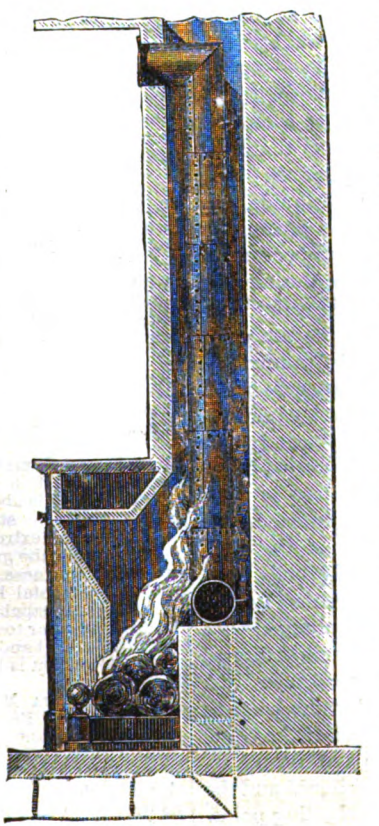
HOUSEWARMING—RUMFORD'S CHIMNEY.

Cold, windy weather brings more discomfort than any other. Furnaces and steam apparatus at such times try the patience to a large extent, as it often happens that the strong wind blows the warm air in wooden houses from the rooms exposed to the blasts to others upon the opposite side, or expels it from the house altogether. In some instances a reversal of the current happens in furnaces, and the heated air is drawn down and expelled to the outside through the cold-air box. In such cases the cold-air conduit must be closed, and the valve connecting with the cellar or basement opened. Eternal vigilance is the price of comfort in our climate.

One of the most interesting sources of heat afforded by nature—the very fountain of life and health—the sun itself, remains to be drawn upon to supply the daily wants of man. From the most ancient times, efforts have been made to inaugurate the industrial application of solar heat. The enormous expenditure of coal points to a time when this fuel may be exhausted; and it is not to be wondered at that some of the most thoughtful mechanics of the day have turned their attention to the subject.

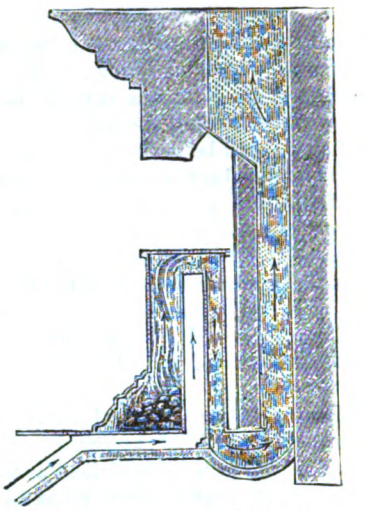
In this connection no name stands higher than that of Ericsson. A Swede by birth, a mechanic by instinct and genius, he has contributed some of the most remarkable inventions of the present day. In an essay on solar heat, addressed to the National Academy of Sciences, he says that he has, for a long time, been engaged on experiments to ascertain if solar heat can be rendered available as a motive power, and that he has constructed several solar engines, some of which have attained a high rate of speed, fully establishing the practicability of the scheme.

In France, M. Mouchet, professor of mathematics in the Lycée of Alençon, has been engaged since 1860 in experiments in the same direction. His first experiments were made with a vertical copper boiler, blackened externally, so as to absorb the incident rays, protected by three concentric bell-glasses, and resting on a badly conducting surface, such as sand, brick or wood. Throwing on this boiler the rays from a metallic reflector, M. Mouchet found that he could dispense with two bell-glasses. He succeeded in vaporizing water and in fusing sulphur, which latter requires a temperature of 240 deg. Fah., and at the end of twenty minutes of exposure he raised the temperature of his boiler, when empty, to 392 deg. Fah. He subsequently fused tin in two minutes, lead in five, and zinc in six. The first practical use made by M. Mouchet of his rediscovery, or rather reapplication, of a force that Archimedes had rendered avaliable as a military engine of offense during the siege of Syracuse, was in the humble but important department of cookery.



HOUSEWARMING—VENTILATING CHIMNEY.

His "Marmite Solaire" was a glass jar, in which he placed a cylinder of copper or wrought-iron, blackened without, and resting on the bottom of the jar. The whole was closed by a glass lid. A cylindrical reflector, plated with silver, cast the concentrated rays of the sun on this apparatus, in which an excellent soup was made in four hours, perfectly cooked; an unusually fine flavor being attributed to the regularity of the heat. This solar soup-kettle has been simplified into a plain glass vessel, placed in the focus of a conical mirror of plated brass, in which vessel all kinds of viands—meat, vegetables, or fruits—are cooked by the direct action of the sun. Tea, coffee, or any other infusion, may thus be readily prepared in a glass flask. By substituting a box of wrought-iron for the glass jar, a solar oven is formed, in which two pounds of bread can be baked in less than three hours.



HOUSEWARMING—CHIMNEY WITH REVERSED DRAFT.

Roasting does not require so fierce a heat as either of the former processes. It is sufficient to suspend the meat to be roasted in the focus of the reflector without interposing any other vessel, either of glass or of metal. In less than an hour, a joint, a fowl, or a piece of game, is well roasted. It is necessary to avoid the use of butter for basting, as the chemical rays of the sun convert this substance into butyric acid, which imparts an abominable taste to the roast; but, by interposing a yellow or red glass, the chemical rays are arrested.

In 1866 M. Mouchet completed his first mechanical solar engine. A conical silvered reflector, 2.6 metres diameter at the base, 1 metre at the apex, and 8 centimetres high, exposes 4 square metres of reflecting surface. The angle of the inclination of the sides of the cone to the axis is 45 deg. The boiler, placed in the focus of this hollow cone, is double, being, in fact, a mere shell. A bell-glass, 5 millimetres thick (3-16th inch), is constructed so as to surround the boiler concentrically at a distance of 5 centimetres (two inches). The object of this transparent envelope is to allow the free passage of the visible rays of light and heat that come from the surface of the reflector, and to arrest the invisible thermic rays that radiate from the blackened surface of the boiler. The latter is thus surrounded with a cushion of heated air,

excepting at the foot, where it is joined to the reflector. A clock-work apparatus is attached, by means of which the axis of the apparatus is kept continually directed toward the sun. The performance of this apparatus when the weather was clear was entirely satisfactory. If there was any way of storing the heat against a rainy day, it would be all that could be desired. Cooking by means of the heat of the sun has been successfully accomplished by Mr. Adams, in India, in a modification of Mouchet's apparatus, described elsewhere under notes on science. There are obvious reasons why such an invention should be tried in tropical countries, where the sun shines the greater part of the year, and it is not unreasonable to expect that heat, for mechanical purposes and domestic use, will at no distant day, in these regions of the globe, be derived from the great luminary.

Having disposed of the leading inventions devised for the comfort of mankind, we can conclude our article by citing some of the principles of heat as understood at the present time. Heat travels from point to point in space in three ways: First, by conduction; second, by convection; and third by radiation. It moves by conduction when the body which receives it does not move as a whole, but allows the heat to travel through it. Heat moves by convection when a hot body moves. It moves by radiation when a hot body gives off heat into empty space or into some medium which does not intercept it. The gradual heating from end to end of a poker in a fire illustrates the first of these methods, the flight of a red-hot cannon-ball through the air the second, and the roasting of meat or the solar heat the third. Metals conduct heat better than any other class of bodies. Hence, when both are above blood-heat, metals feel hotter than wood; when below, they feel colder. So that paper is scorched when heated in contact with wood, but not so easily when in contact with copper. Hence, also, lead may be melted in paper. Among the metals, silver and copper are pre-eminent. That copper conducts heat further than iron, is shown by heating rods of these metals at one extremity, and noting the melting of fragments of wax arranged along them.

The great conducting power of metals is shown by the cooling effect they have upon the mixed gases of a burning body. The metal withdraws so much heat from the gas in its neighborhood that combustion is impossible. The miners' lamp is based upon this principle. Liquids conduct heat, as a class, worse than solids. The conducting power of liquids is measured by heating the upper surface of a film of liquid and noting the expansion of the air in a chamber upon whose upper side the liquid film rests. The more complex the composition of a liquid is, the more opposition does it present to the passage of heat by conduction. Chlorine, iodine and bromine are especially strong in resisting heat conduction. Water is by far the best conductor among non-metallic liquids. Gases are far worse conductors than liquids, and the imperfect conduction of many solids is due to the gases, generally air, which they inclose in their pores or between their fibres. The air space between double windows retains the warmth of the dwelling, as the air is such a poor conductor. Clothing protects the body from loss of heat in cold weather, and from the scorching heat of the sun in hot weather. The hand may be plunged with impunity in molten lead, or even iron, if it be first dipped in water, so as to retain air-bubbles on its surface. "A watched kettle never boils," for the reason that the haste to make the fire converts the liquid at the bottom of the vessel into the spheroidal state, in which condition a non-conducting space intervenes between the supernatant liquid and the bottom, and the liquid cannot be raised to the boiling point. A red-hot ball may be carried in the hand, if a mass of asbestos, which incloses the air, is interposed. Hydrogen conducts heat far better than other gases, and accordingly cools bodies in contact with it with great rapidity.

The beautiful researches of Tyndall upon heat go to show that the same laws obtain in this department of physics that have been elucidated in reference to sound and light, and it is only by the careful study of those principles that we can expect to attain the best results in the application of heat to the warming of our public buildings and the rendering comfortable our private dwellings.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE HUMAN VOICE.—Dr. Stein, of Frankfort, has succeeded in converting speech into a wavy line. A membrane, very much like the head of a drum, is stretched before the mouth of the speaker, so as to vibrate quickly or slowly, according as his tones are shrill or bass. A metal band is at the back of the drum, and vibrates also. This band is in connection with an electric battery, and as it vibrates it makes and breaks contact with another metal band, to which it communicates a series of electric currents. These electric currents are communicated rapidly or slowly, according as the vibrations are rapid or slow, or, in other words, as the tones uttered are high or low. These electric currents pass to an electro-magnet, which sets in motion a little metal bar, attracting and repelling the same as rapidly as the vibrations pass. The reader must now imagine, perched upon this bar, a little screen or diaphragm, having a little hole in its centre. Through this hole shines a light, the light making a tiny image upon a sensitive plate in a camera opposite. This sensitive plate keeps gradually moving in a horizontal direction, and the consequence is, that the up and down stroke made by the light point partakes of the form of a curved line. The instrument is essentially a telephone with a photographic camera attached.

CHEMICAL AGENDA.—Under this title Hachette, in Paris, has published a small 18mo. volume of 262 pages, destined to render important service to chemists and to persons engaged in technical operations. It contains a great quantity of facts patiently extracted from voluminous works, separate memoirs, and condensed into 168 tables. The conversion of weights and measures, the reduction of thermometric scales, the coefficients of expansion, the tension of vapors, the conversion of gas volumes, occupy the first division of the work. The second division is occupied with pure chemistry. It contains a list of elementary bodies; directions for qualitative and quantitative analysis; spectrum analysis; a *résumé* of the physical properties of a large number of mineral and organic compounds. The third division gives information relative to industrial chemistry—examination of waters, preparation of *titred* solutions, the usual alcalimetrical and mineral assays, glass, porcelain, explosives, sugar, starch, alcohol, wine, vingar, coloring matters, etc. It is a collective production of anonymous authors, but has an editorial preface by the eminent chemist, M. Wurtz, who does not hesitate to announce its great practical value, and to strongly recommend it to all concerned.

DISCOVERY OF A NEW METAL CALLED DAVYUM.—An engineer of St. Petersburg, M de Kern, announces the discovery of a new metal which he calls Davyum. It is found in the residues got from the extraction of platinum. To isolate the element, it is necessary, after having precipitated the ruthenium, to treat the mother liquor with nitrate of ammonia. A red precipitate is produced, which, on calcination, yields Davyum. The new metal is easily attacked by aqua regia and much less by boiling sulphuric acid; potash precipitates it in a yellow state, and sulphureted hydrogen in a brown, passing into black, through desiccation. With sulphocyanide of potassium, the chloride of Davyum gives a red coloration. Davyum is considered to rank between molybdenum and ruthenium. Its general properties have not been thoroughly studied, and it is not known to what practical uses it can be applied.

A LIVING GORILLA.—During last Summer the Berlin gorilla has been exhibited in London, in company with a chimpanzee. The gorilla, which is about three years old, appears in excellent health, and differs most strikingly from the chimpanzee, in the blackness of its face and extremities, the smallness of its ears, the shortness of its muzzle, the great development and breadth of the alæ of its nose, the shortness and softness of its thick-set body hair, the presence of a frontal hair-tuft, the breadth and flatness of its back, which is also capable of greater backward bending, the smallness of the four outer toes, which are free for but a short distance, the breadth of its hands and the massiveness of the nape of the neck. The conjunctiva is black and the eye intelligent.

WHITE AQUA MARINE.—A wonderful white aqua marine has been found in Perthshire, which, when cut, has produced one of the most brilliant gems ever seen. It is said by many competent judges to be equal to the celebrated Koh-i-noor in the possession of the Queen of England, its refraction being very great, both by day and night. It is of a pure, pellucid, liquid white, and is known as the Scotch Koh-i-noor. Its hardness is 8.0 (diamond being 10), and specific gravity 2.76. Mr. Bryce M. Wright is the fortunate owner.

ACTION OF ORGANIC ACIDS ON MINERALS.—Dr. H. Carrington Bolton, of Columbia College, having experienced considerable difficulty in carrying such acids as oil of vitriol, aqua fortis or muriatic acid into the field for the purpose of testing for carbonates, has hit upon the expedient of employing solid, crystalline organic acids, which are easy of transportation, and can be dissolved in water when required for tests. Citric acid acts most rapidly and satisfactorily; next to this is tartaric acid; oxalic acid acts in a similar manner. Citric and tartaric acids also dissolve iron, and citric acid can be substituted for sulphuric acid for the evolution of hydrogen from zinc and water. When sulphides are subjected to the action of citric acid, sulphureted hydrogen is evolved; carbonates yield carbonic acid. The researches of Dr. Bolton are important, as offering new methods for the attack and decomposition of many minerals, and will prove of value in blow-pipe testing, and in qualitative and quantitative analysis.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.—Instances of combustion and conflagration take place, which are sometimes erroneously attributed to malice. If the circumstances were to be examined, it might be found that the fire was due to natural causes. Recently M. Gastard, of Paris, had placed a number of cartridges on a table. Some solar rays having been concentrated by an "eye" in the glass of a window, a terrific explosion took place. Similar catastrophes are more common than is generally supposed in Summer, the windows of railway-carriages igniting sometimes over-dried plants, or even leaves fallen on railway embankments. It is known that fires sometimes occur in Algerian forests through drops of water suspended to the leaves and forming lenses. Glass flasks and fish globes of water, standing on tables near windows, have been known to concentrate the rays of the sun sufficiently to set fire to the woodwork of the room.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—Lighting experiments with the gramme machines are being tried daily at the Palace of Industry, in Paris. The area of the building is 2½ acres, the elevation of roof 95 feet. This immense space has been lighted as clear as day with two electric lustres, each composed of six electric lamps. The motive power required is 50-horse power, and the results are very satisfactory, although it has not been stated whether they are superior to the Jablochkoff electric candle. The Great Northern Railway Company regularly use electric lamps for their luggage-room. The Paris-Lyons Railway is preparing an apparatus for the illumination of the whole of its extensive Paris station. All their experiments are conducted with the intention of testing several electric systems, in order to obtain an immense lighting power for the International Exhibition of 1878.

NEWTON'S PHOTOGRAPHIC PROCESS.—Mr. H. J. Newton, President of the American Photographic Society, has invented an emulsion process which has the double advantage of being worked either wet or dry. The nitrate of silver is introduced in the collodion emulsion, and the plates are flowed in the usual way. They can then be exposed and developed at once, or they can be dried in the dark and exposed when required, and subsequently developed. For day plates, the emulsion process is said to have advantages over the tannin plates so long in use. Full details of the strength of the emulsion, and the proper development, have not yet been published.

EXPLOSION OF NAPHTHA.—Naphtha partakes very much of the nature of ether. It is highly volatile, and when mixed with air is very explosive. A short time since a cargo of it exploded near a frequented wharf in New York, causing the death of several persons. The boatmen were discharging barrels of it into hogsheads, preparatory to its being pumped into a large tank, and it is probable that some one incautiously lighted a match. Most of the explosions of kerosene lamps are due to the presence of too much naphtha in the oil.

WELDON'S CHLORINE PROCESS.—Mr. Walter Weldon has just received the Lavoisier medal for important improvements in the manufacture of chlorine. By his process, the manganese used for the decomposition of the muriatic acid, is recovered in the form of oxide, and can be used over again an indefinite number of times. This has effected a saving of thirty per cent. in the cost of chlorine, and its influence is felt in every industry where bleaching-powders are required.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A ROUND OF AMUSEMENTS.—The circus.

ARBOR VITÆ.—Free translation—Harbor of refuge.

VEHICULAR BIPEDS.—Drawers of legal conveyances.

WHY is a five-dollar bill better than five silver dollars? Because is easily doubled.

FROSTY REMINDER.—If you do not know that there is ice in the streets, you will soon tumble to it.

CON. BY A COCKNEY.—When is a walk on the Thames Embankment good for weak sight? When it is 'igh water.

A NEW MILFORD (Conn.) maiden, who found herself in unpleasant company, after accepting an invitation to take a sleigh-ride with a young man, dropped her handkerchief on the road, and, when he got out to pick it up, applied the whip and drove home without him.

A MAN in the pork "line" quotes an old proverb thus: "What can't be cured must be disposed of in a fresh condition."

BUT WHAT IF THE DONEE BE BALD?—An advertisement informs us that "the most suitable New Year's gift" is a bottle of hair-oil!

WAS IT BECAUSE ONE QUILL MADE EQUAL?—A Dutchman repeated the adage, "Birds of a feather flock together," thusly: "Birds mit one fedder goes mit demselves."

"ALWAYS try to hit the nail on the head, my boy," said an uncle to his nephew; but the nephew's little cousin whispered to him, "Don't hit the nail on your finger, for it harts awful."

EARLY in the present century, an actor said to a Quaker, "Do you think I am a good actor?" "Certainly, thou be'est," answered the Friend. He was at once requested to choose his weapons.

CHARLES KINGSLEY said he did not see why we should not be as just to an ant as to a human being. Human beings don't get up your trousers' leg when you are at a picnic, and scare you within two feet of eternity.

ENGLISH ATROCITIES THIS TIME.—This is from an English newspaper: "*Court-Martial.*—Gunner James Norris has been fried by court-martial on the charge of permitting a man named Peter Scott to sleep in his master's quarters."

"NOT FOR LONG.—"Would you believe," said a thriftless young man to a friend, "that I had a fortune in my grasp last evening?" "How so?" asked the friend. "I shook hands with a girl whose fingers were covered with diamonds."

THERE was company to tea; the table was set out splendidly, and all were enjoying themselves exceedingly, when the pet of the household unfortunately and loudly whispered: "Ma, why don't you have such a tea when there isn't any company?"

"MRS. HOPKINS, why don't you sprinkle ashes on your icy path like Mrs. Bedun, your opposite neighbor, for the benefit of passers-by, and so imitate the good Samaritan?" "Let the passers-by imitate the priest and Levite, and pass by on the other side."

IN a suburban school a teacher gave out the word "psalter" to a class in spelling. It was a "poser" to all till it reached the foot of the class, when a curly-headed little fellow spelled it correctly, and, on being asked to define it, shouted out, "More salt!"

"ONE more question, Mr Parker. You have known the defendant a long time; what are his habits—loose, or otherwise?" "The one he's got on now I think is rather tight under the arms, and too short-waisted for the fashion." "You can stand down, Mr. Parker."

"LEAVE the table and go to your room, sir," exclaimed a parent to his incorrigible son, "and I'll come up and attend to your case after supper." "Father," replied the youthful statesman, "it is absurd to fix a date without making the necessary preparations."

A GILT-EDGE and superfine young man stepped into a barber's shop the other day, to get shaved. The knight of the razor eyed him quizzically for a moment, and then remarked: "You must either take down that shirt collar, or wait for a shave till I can borrow a step-ladder!"

WHEN at college, Surtees was waiting on the Dean on business, and, feeling cold, stirred the fire. "Pray, Mr. Surtees," said the great man, "do you think that any other undergraduate in this college would have taken that liberty?" "Yes, Mr. Dean," was the reply—"any one as cool as I am!"

A YOUNG man of East Fryeburg, Me., over whose head twenty Summers have passed, recently married a woman of forty. A leading man of business, upon being informed of this fact exclaimed: "How ridiculous! Just think of it! Why, when he is forty, just in the prime of life, she will be an old woman of eighty!"

"SAMBO," asked one darkey of another, "can you tell me which am wurf de most, de bride or de bridegroom?" "Why, de bride, of course." "Go away, you nigger; you don't know nuffin'. I am de bridegroom." "Why so, Sambo?" "Because, you see, when dey gits married de bride am given away, but de bridegroom am *sold!*"

REV. DR. STEPHEN H. TYNG, Jr., is credited with telling the following story at his own expense: While studying in Virginia, he was in the habit of holding service at a neighboring chapel. A friendly old darky used to pass his church, and trudge a mile beyond to a Methodist meeting-house. When asked why he did not go to hear Massa Ting, he made this shrewd reply: "Ah, no; don't catch dis nigger lettin' de students practice on him."

AN amusing anecdote is told of the present fashion of preferring beauty of design to comfort in our houses. A country gentleman wished to rebuild his residence, and he thought himself very lucky in securing as his architect a young man who had just received the prize medal at Rome. The house was built, and the owner came to see it. The style was very pure and the decorations were charming, but the staircase was dark, and the architect had separated the dining-room from the kitchen by a long, cellar-like passage. On the gentleman complaining, the young architect shrugged his shoulders and said: "I never thought that you would prefer comfort to correct style."

LITTLE LOVES.—DRAWN BY KATE GREENAWAY.

A CLUTCH FOR DEAR LIFE. SEE PAGE 575.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

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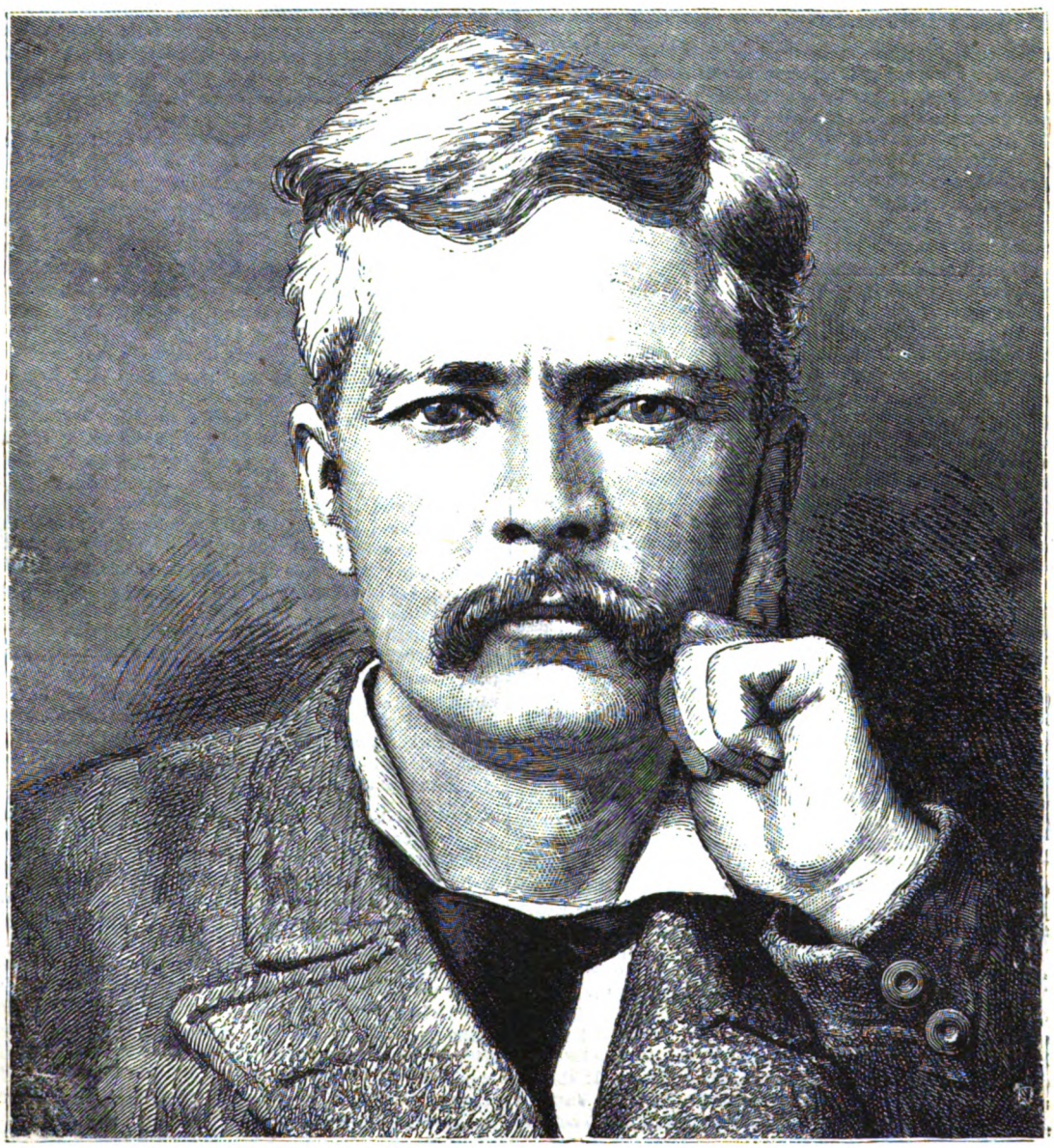


STANLEY'S EXPLORATION OF THE CONGO.— PORTRAIT OF HENRY M. STANLEY.

AFRICA.

STANLEY'S EXPLORATION OF THE CONGO.

By the Hon. Charles P. Daly, President of the American Geographical Society.*

The result of Stanley's expedition, starting from Zanzibar and tracing the Congo River so as to show it to be the outlet of some of the great interior lakes, is of the utmost importance.†

Mr. Stanley, after exploring the west and southwestern shores of Lake Ukerewe (Victoria Nyanza), started from Dumo on its western shore and crossed the country of Unyoro to the Mwutan Nzigi (Albert Nyanza), and reached that lake at a point where a deep gulf (Beatrice Gulf), formed by a promontory called Unsongora, runs out for thirty miles in a southwesterly direction. In his journey Stanley saw a mountain southeast of the Mwutan Nzigi, which was reported to be from 13,000 to 15,000 feet high, called Gamboragarè, on the peak of which snow is frequently found. The exact position of his camp on the lake, as given by him, is 31° 24′ 30″ E. long., and 0° 25′ 0″ N. lat.

The country of Unyoro, he says, extends along the whole eastern shore. The country on the south shore is called Ruanda. On its western shore, opposite Gulf Beatrice, is Ukonju, said to be peopled by cannibals, and that its further western shore to the north is the country of Ulegga. Stanley learned that the people in the south and southwestern shores were very hostile, and abandoned all attempt to explore the lake in that direction. Retracing his steps, he entered the Kitangule River, the main feeder of Lake Ukerewe, and following up the course of that river, he circumnavigated the lake named by Speke Lake Windermere, and after three days' journey reached another lake, nine miles long by one mile wide, which may be but a temporary enlargement of the river, as he was traveling in the rainy season; and afterward, on the frontiers of Karawega, he found Lake Akengara, noted on Speke's map.

When Mr. Stanley had finished his expedition of Lake Akengara, southwest of Lake Ukerewe, he proceeded to Lake Tanganika to explore the country south of the Mwutan Nzigi and northwest of that lake, in the hope of reaching the Mombutto country at the north, so as to connect his own discoveries with those of Schweinfurth, across the equator.

It will be remembered that Lieutenant Cameron circumnavigated Lake Tanganika‡ and concluded, from his

* From his annual address, 1877-8.

† Of our series of pictures are several depicting incidents in the long and toilsome travels of Mr. Henry M. Stanley in the heart of Africa, from the Great Lakes to the Lualaba or Livingstone and Congo, and down the Congo to the West Coast. When one considers the inclement climate of Central Africa, the fierce nature of the native tribes through whom the hardy American passed, and their hostility to strangers, the wonder increases that any members of the expedition survived to tell the story of their adventures. A type of the ferocity of the native Africans is seen in the illustration of the great war canoe. According to Mr. Stanley, "there are enormous trees on the Livingstone River, more especially under the equator, and out of these trees the natives cut, with infinite labor and patience, their war and trade canoes. The war canoes are generally made of the teak wood, and they vary in size from 50 feet long to 90 feet, carved out of a single tree. The beam is in proportion: one of 50 feet long would have from 2 feet 2 inches beam to 3½ feet; that of 90 feet would be between 4 feet and 5 feet. As may be imagined, one of the latter size would carry a very large force of warriors." One of the white companions of Stanley, Edward Pocock, an Englishman, succumbed to the fatigues of the journey and the inhospitality of the climate, and was buried in Turu, at a critical juncture, when the expedition was in the midst of hostile and turbulent negroes. His place of burial, at the foot of an acacia, was about twenty-five miles north from the extreme southern source of the Nile, and just 400 miles distant from the east coast of Africa. In Bumbireh, an island in Lake Victoria, the Stanley exploration seemed, for a while, likely to be suddenly terminated. The exhausted travelers put in to the shore in quest of food, and were immediately surrounded by a turbulent crowd of negroes, who laid hold of the boat, with Stanley and party still in it, and drew her up by main force over the hard, rocky shore, until she was high and dry on the land. "Then," says Stanley, "began a scene almost indescribable. Twelve captives, including myself, were in their power to wreak their worst passions upon, and how we escaped death, when every bow was drawn to its utmost, and every spear quivered in the hand, as though in the act to launch, and clubs were whirled menacingly round their heads, is more than I can say. We were in it fairly, and our lives were not worth a moment's purchase." The enemy continued to increase in numbers as well as in ferocity, and nearly the entire day had passed when it became evident to Stanley that it was their intention to murder his whole party, and that only an immediate bold stroke could save them. By a slight ruse the enemy's attention was distracted, and with a sudden concerted movement the canoe was pushed quickly into the water. The enraged negroes pursued in canoes, but the revolvers and rifles of the whites quickly drove them back with great loss, leaving the explorers to continue on their way in an exhausted condition. Another picture represents a great naval battle between the Waganda and the Wavuma tribes of Central Africa. It shows, to resume Mr. Stanley's own language, "the Wavuma dashing upon the Waganda fleet (nearly 800 canoes are engaged in action) with a hate approaching the sublime. The island is situated midway in the channel separating Uvuma from Uganda. Of course a great many unfortunates were lost in this war, as in other wars. I finally stopped it, that I might prosecute my researches on Lake Albert, by a stratgem which brought peace to Uvuma, honor and glory to the Waganda, and aid to myself." Another one of our series of pictures illustrates the manner of Stanley's reception in Uganda by the body-guard of the Emperor Mtesa, his Prime Minister and chiefs, which was the beginning of an introduction to a despotic monarch who distinguished himself by an unusual number of capital punishments. The Emperor has arrived at the lake with unusual state. About 300 of his body-guards are drawn in three rows, flanking a road leading to the Prime Minister, in whose rear are the great chiefs and warriors of state. On either side, near the lake, crowding in great numbers, are the robed warriors waiting to see the owner of the exploring boat *Lady Alice* and his crew. "At the time I visited Mtagata," says Mr. Stanley, "there were a number of invalids enjoying the delights of a hot bath, free of charge, and secure from criticism. Some of the men, with their heads resting on the warm banks, were up to their chins in the pool, while one arm held the pipe with which they indulged themselves in a state of dreamy serenity very seducing. Others sat on the root of a tree which grew above them to the height of 150 feet and more, and let their feet be parboiled. Others again, almost raw, sweltered and stewed and perspired, with only the face exposed, over which the steam settled in a thin cloud. Women and children, in the *abandon* of unfettered nature, asserted their rights to a share of the divine privileges of freedom and liberty, and, with their bodies unvailed, prepared to descend into the pools, while many a loud scream of laughter at the feminine affectations they displayed were heard as they slowly put their feet in to test the temperature. Bold youths prepared to spring in with a loud splash, as arrogant vigor and immodest young age always behave in other lands, and guffawed recklessly and noisily at their own audacity; so that when I came in view of this extraordinary and novel scene deep buried in the wooded gorge, I was quite impressed with its wildness and utter disregard of proprieties."

‡ "The lake was becalmed and the sun was about setting, suffusing Kabogo and M'sehazy Hills, and our camp on the Point, with a half-roseate, half-purplish hue, as the bugle sounded 'Hoist sail and away.' We had waited for this hour throughout the lazy, flagging day, to leave the melancholy harbor and its melancholy river to the silence which fittingly harmonizes with the leafless trees and the burnt grass of a late August season. We had watched the wild waves subsiding slowly, and had listened to the moanings of the storm that, in the early morning, had lashed the lake's face into foam. In the afternoon, when certain that we should have a quiet night to cross the lake, we began to pack up and load the boats with the numerous paraphernalia of exploration, and, after great trouble and excitement, managed to place the riding asses in them. About 5:30 we hoisted sail, and manned the oars to the tune of a boat-song sung lustily by the crews."

own observation, that he had discovered the outlet of the lake in the River Lukuga, flowing from it on the western side. An ordinary traveler would have been satisfied with Cameron's survey, and his conclusion as to the outlet; but Stanley, in the true character of a geographical explorer, determined to go round the southern part of the lake himself, and the result of his doing so was that he ascertained, by a detailed survey and careful soundings, that the River Lukuga, instead of flowing out of the lake, flowed into it; that it was, in fact, an affluent, and that that lake had no outlet unless a temporary one should occur, as Burton had already suggested, by a rise in the elevation of the lake in seasons of great rain; Cameron, in his observation, having probably been deceived by the influence of the wind on the surface of the Lukuga, which gave the river the appearance of flowing into the lake. Stanley also found that the lake was steadily rising, as the beach, where Cameron drew up his canoe, was then five feet under water.

After completing this work, Stanley started with a force of 140 porters for Nyangwa, the furthest northern point attained by Livingstone or Cameron, carrying his boat, the *Lady Alice*, with him in sections. This point Stanley reached in November, 1876, after a journey of about 350 miles, in forty days—in itself, a remarkable geographical feat. Nyangwa, which he ascertained by observation to be 4° 15′ 45″ south latitude, and 26° 5′ east longitude, is situated on the Lualaba of Livingstone, the river there having a width, in the rainy season, of about two miles, with a volume of water of 240,000 cubic feet.

Here he learned that Cameron had been there, and being unable to ascend the Lualaba in its northerly course, had started upon his remarkable journey for the Atlantic coast. Not believing, as Livingstone did, that the Lualaba was the remote southern branch of the Nile, but having the same conviction as Cameron that it was connected with the Congo, and was the eastern part of that river, and having, what Livingstone and Cameron had not, an ample force and sufficient supplies, he determined to follow the Lualaba, and ascertain whither it led. He met with the same difficulty that Livingstone and Cameron had encountered in the unwillingness of the people to supply canoes. They informed him, as they had the two previous explorers, that the tribes dwelling to the north on the Lualaba were fierce and warlike cannibals, who would suffer no one to enter their territories, as the Arab traders had frequently found to their cost. That between Nyangwa and the cannibal region the natives were treacherous, and that the river ran through dreadful forests, through which he would have to make his way—information which afterward proved to be true. He nevertheless resolved to go; but it was not easily accomplished, as the people of Nyangwa filled his followers with terror by the accounts they gave of the ferocious cannibals, the dwarfs with poisoned arrows who dwelt near the river, and the terrible character of the country through which they would have to pass; which had such a disheartening effect upon them that difficulties arose which would have been insurmountable to any one but a man of Stanley's indomitable perseverance, sagacity and tact. He overcame all obstacles; succeeded in getting canoes, and in engaging an Arab chief and his followers to accompany him a certain distance; an increase of his force which gave confidence to his own people.

Those who are acquainted with the dangers and difficulties of African exploration and who know how frequently the most sagacious conclusions, founded upon what seemed to be reliable information, have not only been attended by failure, but with the most disastrous results, can alone fully appreciate what Stanley undertook, and the hazard which he ran in determining to follow the river in its northerly course. The river ran to the north, apparently in the direction of the sources of the Nile. He had Livingstone's conviction that it was the remote source of that river. He knew nothing of the fact that the southern part of the Mwutan Nzige (Albert Nyanza) had been explored by Gessi, and that no large river flowed into it. The theory, moreover, that he had formed of the course of the Lualaba was different from that of Cameron, Cameron's conclusion being that a little above Nyangwa it turned to the west and flowed into the Atlantic coast; whereas Stanley's conviction was, as subsequently proved to be the fact, that it flowed on to the north, beyond the equator, and then turned to the west as part of the Congo. To follow the river, however, in its northerly course, might lead him, if his theory should not be verified, into the interior of northern Africa, where he would be, with a large body of followers, without supplies, and in a state of utter destitution.

He fully appreciated the great risk he ran. It was to him a matter of painful and anxious thought, but, after fully considering it in all its bearings, he came to the bold and fixed determination to follow up his theory; and in this he exhibited the same geographical instinct which he has referred to as such a remarkable faculty in Captain Speke, the discoverer of Lake Ukerewe. Writing from Nyangwa, he says: "I am determined to stick to the Lualaba, come fair or foul, fortune or misfortune. I have supplies for six months; beyond that, Heaven knows what will become of us if we should find the Lualaba running into some unknown river, with not a single bead or cowrie with which to buy food."

He accordingly started to follow the river to the north. The first three weeks of the journey was disheartening, confirming all that they had heard of the difficulty of passing northward along the river—so much so, that they had to abandon it and make their way through dense and gloomy forests, which, at last, had such an effect upon his followers that they began to talk of returning.* This disposition becoming general, he resolved to try the river; and, after much persuasion, argument and deliberation, his proposal was acceded to, and they reached it at a point 3° 33′ 17″ south latitude, being 41 geographical miles north of Nyangwa. Here his little vessel, the *Lady Alice*, was put together, and then he says: "I formed the resolution never to abandon the Lualaba until I learned its destination."

He made an encouraging speech to his men, telling them that they had promised at Zanzibar to follow him for three years wherever he might want to go, and that there was still one year left. "I will not," he said, "leave this river until I reach the sea, and I promise you that we shall reach it before the year is out. All I ask of you is to follow me in the name of God;" upon which fifty of the youngest

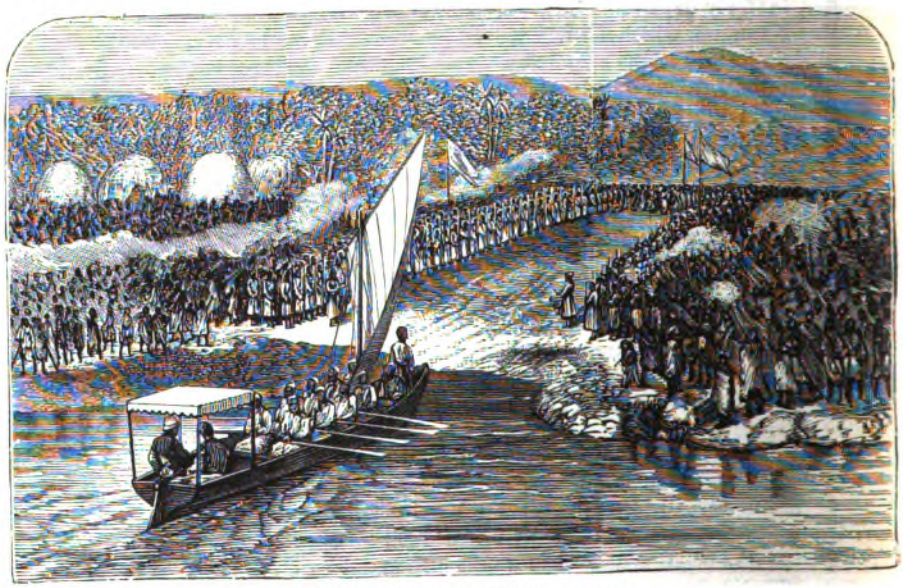
* "It will give an idea of a short hour we lived through while hauling our canoes past one of the cataracts under the equator. By night a road had been cut, about 500 yards in length, through a thick forest and thicker undergrowth, and what we have clipped out of the woods we have arranged on the ground, over which, at sunrise, a working party has been detailed to haul the canoes. The women, children and goods, before dawn, under an escort, have been taken to the new camp, with its impenetrable stockade. At the old camp are a dozen sharpshooters lying in wait outside in the jungle. Along the flank on the forest side are the sharpshooters which have been detailed for the defense of the working party in the new camp. Frank and a dozen good men are sent to defend it. It is an hour that no one must be idle in, for it is absolutely necessary that the early daylight should be spent in moving from one camp to the other, before the cannibals have gathered in the woods in force, as they have been accustomed to. For we have found that the night hours are the best to work in, the cannibals having a horror of the dark, dread wood, with its weird noises and startling interruptions."—*Stanley's Narrative.*

SOME MEMBERS OF STANLEY'S EXPEDITION.

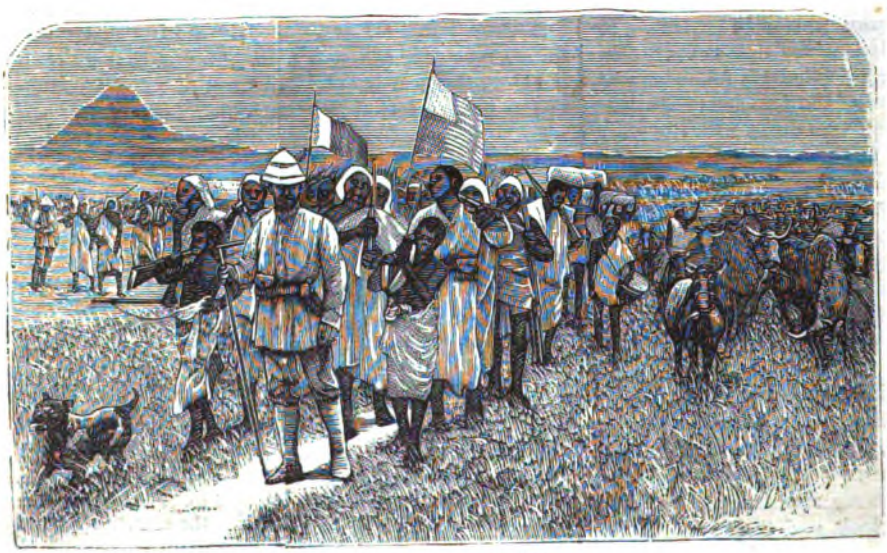
stepped forward and shouted: "In the name of God, then, master, we will follow you."

Their first attempt to navigate the river verified what they had heard of the treacherous character of the natives. They invited the white man to what is known in Africa as blood-brotherhood, and after Pocock, Stanley's associate, had gone with ten men to an island to undergo this rite, Stanley ascertained that the intention of the natives was hostile; having discovered thirty armed canoes proceeding in the direction of the island and sounding the war-cry. He was enabled, however, by a vigorous movement, to reach the island, to rescue Pocock, and to get safely down the river, as his force of 500 men, armed as they were, was too powerful for the assailants.

They now passed along the river in two divisions—one by land, along the left bank, and one by water. The land party was vigorously attacked, but succeeded in defending themselves until the water division approached, when the natives retired. They now reached a part of the river where it is obstructed by a long succession of cataracts, which Stanley calls the Falls of Ukassa. Their progress was again disputed by a body of armed natives, but they succeeded in passing down the river without loss. As they continued to descend they were constantly met with hostile demonstrations and attacks throughout their course. All their attempts at friendly intercourse were met by showers of poisoned arrows, and the land party was again attacked. To add to their trials, the smallpox broke out among the Arab escort, and there were eighteen deaths in three days; whilst others of the party were attacked by dysentery, and ulcers appeared upon the limbs of many in consequence of their severe marching; so that when they had reached the distance of 125 geographical miles north of Nyangwa, their boats, in Stanley's language, "were little less than floating hospitals." Seventy-two died with the smallpox alone.



RECEPTION BY KING MTEZA'S BODY-GUARD.



THE DASH ACROSS UNYORO.

THE STANLEY EXPEDITION FORCING ITS WAY THROUGH A FOREST AT A RAPID ON THE EQUATOR.

While in this condition they were again attacked by the natives in continual assaults for two days and two nights, both by land and by water, the whole country being up in arms against them. So constant were these attacks that they were unable to bury their dead, or attend to those who, having been wounded with the poisoned arrows, had become delirious from the poison.

Having passed this peril, their Arab escort resolved to leave them, and Stanley feared that his own followers would also return; but at this critical moment, he says, they stood firmly by him. He had taken them, they said, through much trouble, and, please God, they would take him to his white brothers on the sea. As they had been faithful to the white man Livingstone, so would they be faithful to him. His own force consisted now of 146 persons, but the departure of the Arab escort was a moment of great trial. When his people heard the farewell song of the escort, as it came, in Stanley's language, "in wild and weird-like tones over the water," they wept as though their hearts would break. "It was," he says, "the saddest day I ever passed in Africa."

On January 4th, 1877, they approached a long series of cataracts, or, more properly, falls, and entered the dreaded cannibal regions. Here, he states, they were hunted, night and day, like game; breaking four times through lines of hostile canoes, brought together to obstruct their passage down the river; and they continued under these incessant attacks until they reached what he calls Baswa Falls, which is close to the Equator, 0° 32′ 36″ S. lat.

Return was now impossible, as they could not pull their vessels up against the stream, with the additional impediment of the constant attacks of the natives. For twenty-four days they had, he says, fearful work in repelling these constant attacks, and in searching for food. In getting over a distance of forty-two geographical miles, they had to go round six falls, to drag their canoes more than thirty miles by land, and to cut a track of thirteen miles through a dense forest, to transport the Lady Alice around the cataracts. After passing the cataracts, they had a short period of rest, after which the voyage upon the river was resumed, and was found safer, though the tribes on both sides still continued hostile.

At this point, which was beyond the equator, in 0° 14′ 52″ N. lat., the Congo gradually widened until it became a noble river, and when they had reached between the 24th and 25th degrees of North longitude, they came to a magnificent tributary flowing into the river, with a width of 2,000 feet, which Stanley supposed might be the Welle of Schweinfurth, or else a river from the estuary he had discovered, south of the Mwutan, Nziji, which he named Beatrice Gulf. But this tributary, which is called the Aruwema, is probably, as Dr. Petermann has suggested, the great river in the central part of North Africa, known to Barth as the Kubanda, and to Nachigall as the Dahar-Kuta, running south of Darfour and Wadai, in the vicinity of 4° N. lat., which is reported, upon Arabian information, to have a width in different parts of from two to ten miles.

As they approached the mouth of the large affluent which flowed into the river, they were suddenly attacked by a force of fifty-four armed canoes, that rushed down upon them with such fury that four of their canoes became panic-stricken. One of these hostile canoes was of great size, being propelled by about eighty paddles, and was guided by eight steersmen, with a planking in front holding about ten men, armed with spears, and a planking along its sides traversed by armed men.

"In a second, almost," says Stanley, "we were surrounded, and clouds of arrows were darted upon us for ten minutes;" but after a very severe contest, which at times was somewhat doubtful, these formidable assailants were repulsed, and the explorers proceeded in safety down the river.

He was now, however, in doubt what to do—whether to go up the great tributary which they had found—the Aruwema, which at one time, Stanley thought might be the Congo. The whole river, to increase their embarrassment, widened out at this point, and was filled with many islands; and as a passage through these islands formed an easy means of escaping, he determined to take that course, "for nature," he says, "could not sustain such a strain as we had undergone."

On reaching very near the second parallel of N. lat., the river made a great curve to the west, and then flowed southwesterly with a width varying from two to ten miles, and was filled with islands, between which he was enabled to pass with less danger. Here a new trial awaited him. All attempts to communicate with the natives had proved fruitless, and they had now before them the peril of starvation, having passed three days without food.

In this state of desperation they determined, whatever might be the consequences, to go to a village which they saw on the left bank, which they did, and where, to their great joy, they found natives who were friendly, having had some intercourse with the Atlantic coast. He asked the aged chief of this friendly people what was the name of this river. The old man answered, "Akuta-ya *Kongo*." The great problem was solved; the Lualaba of Livingstone and the Congo proved to be the same river.

They were, yet, however, 850 miles from the Atlantic coast, having come, thus far, 900 miles along the river from Nyangwa. After a needful period of rest, and obtaining supplies, they again set forth, supposing that all their perils were now passed; but in three days afterward, on entering the dominions of a powerful chief, fifty-four canoes, more formidable than any which they had yet encountered—for they were armed with muskets*—came and attacked the nineteen canoes of the expedition; upon which a desperate running fight took place, the result of which was several times very doubtful, and was continued for the long space of twelve miles down the river; this being the last of thirty-two separate attacks that had been made upon them since leaving Nyangwa.

Their further course down the river was attended by no more hostile assaults from the natives; but a peril of a different character now awaited them. After they had passed a distance of about 1,480 miles, the river straightened and became narrow, between close-meeting cliffs of naked, craggy rock; and its further course was obstructed for a considerable distance by a succession of cataracts and whirlpools. Being deceived, Stanley says, but in which he is certainly mistaken, by Captain Tuckey's map, who, in 1816, had explored the Congo from its mouth to a point somewhat below these cataracts, they proceeded confidently along this part of the river, which has thirty falls and rapids, in descending which Pocock, Stanley's white companion, and the ten natives who were with him, lost their lives, having been carried over the cataract; and Stanley, in the *Lady Alice*, and those who were with him, escaped the like fate

* On the 14th of February, 1877, Mr. Stanley arrived among the tribe of Bangala or Mangala negroes, who live on the right bank of the Livingstone River in latitude 1 deg. 16 min. 50 sec. Sixty-three canoes met the hardy explorers in the stream, and, without warning, attacked them with muskets and missiles. Stanley immediately returned the fire, allowing his boat to float with the current. The battle lasted from noon to sunset, when, after a floating fight of ten miles, the fierce assailants drew off. This was the thirty-first fight of the expedition, and the last but one.

almost by a miracle. After getting through all this, they were again brought to the very verge of destruction for the want of food; but fortunately a messenger whom they had sent in advance to Embomo, a trading place situated on the river below the cataracts, reached the agency of some Liverpool merchants, who promptly sent abundant supplies, which reached the explorers when they were on the very verge of famine, and thoroughly broken down by exhaustion, fatigue, and the want of food. They finally reached Embomo, from which communication with the Atlantic coast is easy, and which they reached in August, 1877, having made a journey from Nyangwa down the river to its mouth, of about 1,800 miles, and passed fifty-seven cataracts.

Stanley's own words will best describe their condition through the principal portion of this terrible journey. "On all sides," he says, "death stared us in the face; cruel eyes watched us by day and by night, and a thousand bloody hands were ready to take advantage of the least opportunity. We defended ourselves like men who knew that pusillanimity would be our ruin among savages to whom mercy is a thing unknown. I wished, naturally, that it might have been otherwise, and looked anxiously and keenly for any sign of forbearance or peace. My anxiety throughout was so constant, and the effects of it, physically and otherwise, have been such, that I now find myself an old man at thirty-five."

It will be remembered that, when we saw Mr. Stanley here in the Society, his hair was black; it is now said to be nearly white. Of the 350 men with whom he left Zanzibar, in 1874, but 115 reached the Atlantic coast, and 60 of those, when at the journey's end, were suffering from dysentery, scurvy and dropsy. He was on the Congo from November 1st, 1876, to August 11th, 1877—a period of over nine months; so that his promise to the native followers was fulfilled, that he would reach the sea before the close of the year.*

It remains but to refer to the geographical knowledge which has been obtained by this remarkable exploration. The entire area drained by this great African river, Stanley computes at 860,000 square miles, 450,000 square miles of which is taken up by the great basin and the maritime regions of the west. The source of the Congo, as now ascertained, is in the high plateau south of Lake Tanganika, in a country commonly called Bisa, or Ubisa. It issues from Lake Bembo, called by Livingstone, who discovered it, Bangwelo. This lake is a large body of shallow water, and is the residuum, as Stanley thinks, of an enormous lake that existed there at a former period. After issuing from Lake Bembo, the river is known by the name of the Luapula, which, after a course of nearly 200 miles, empties into Lake Moero, which is a body of water of about 2,800 square miles. Issuing from this latter lake, it takes the name of Lualaba, and has an important tributary called the Kamalonda. Under the name of the Lualaba, the river flows in a direction north by west, with a breadth of about 1,400 yards at Nyangwa. Stanley computes its distance, from its extreme source in Eastern Bisa to Nyangwa, at 1,100 miles, and its course from there to the Atlantic at 1,800 miles, or, in all, 2,900 miles; showing it to be among the largest rivers of the world. A short distance north of Nyangwa the river inclines east of north, and has many impediments, such as high spurs from the hills along its banks, and wild places of foaming water. Here, along the river banks, fishermen dwell, called Wagenya, a crafty, treacherous, cowardly tribe, inaccessible to any gentle influence. Beyond them there is a large, courageous tribe, called the Warongora, who inhabit a considerable extent of the river on the right bank. As the river inclines to the west beyond the equator, in 27° E. long., are the cannibals, or warlike Bakasu, upon whom he says a congress of bishops and missionaries could produce no effect. At 26° E. long. the river begins to receive great affluents, and there are many smaller streams constantly visible in descending. In his opinion it drains the entire western portion of the lake regions as far as 4° N. lat. He thinks, from the great width of the Aruwimi, that that river will prove of immense value hereafter, as it is open to any vessel on the Upper Congo. He thinks they may have passed many other important tributaries in the region of the equator, as the Congo spreads out there to an enormous breadth, having sometimes a dozen channels, and which, at first, he mistook for distinct rivers. The resistance he met with he attributes to the fact that no tribe penetrates beyond its own limits, trading being conducted from tribe to tribe, the balance of power being pretty evenly maintained between them.

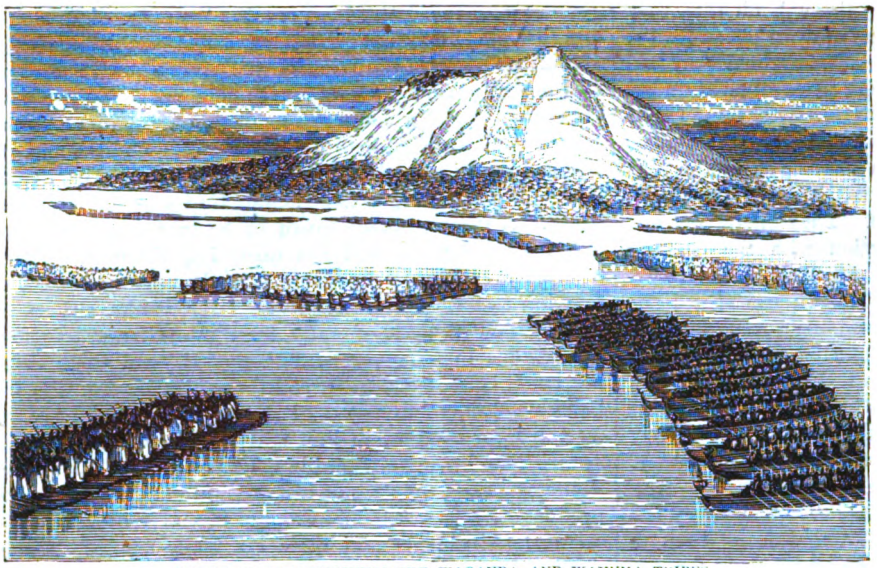
On the left bank of the river, in about 20° E. long., the Ikelemba flows in from the south, which, he says, is the greatest affluent of the Congo, and which he thinks is the Kasai, which Livingstone crossed in his journey in 1854.†

The water of this great southern tributary, which is of a tea color, does not mingle with the silvery color of the Congo until after a distance of 130 miles from its mouth; and it is, he says, the union of these two rivers which gives to the lower Congo its light brown color. After passing 18° E. long., they came to a stream 500 yards wide, called by the natives Nakutu, but which he thinks is the Kwango of Cameron. As they descended beyond 17° E. long., the Congo spreads out into an enormous breadth and then slowly contracts between hills, when it thunders down,

* Among the incidents connected with Stanley's second expedition, is the loss of his attendant, Kalulu, whom he purchased at Unyanyembe, and placed at school in England. He was a bright boy, thoroughly devoted to the explorer, and of great assistance to him. Mr. Stanley thus describes his fate: "I led the way down the river, and in five minutes was in a new camp in a charming cove, with the cataract roaring loudly about 500 yards below us. A canoe came in soon after with a gleeful crew, and a second one also arrived safe, and I was about congratulating myself for having done a good day's work, when the long canoe which Kalulu had ventured in was seen in mid-river, rushing with the speed of a flying spear toward destruction. A groan of horror burst from us as we rushed to the rocky point which shut the cove from view of the river. When we had reached the point, the canoe was half-way over the first break of the cataract, and was then just beginning that fatal circling in the whirlpool below. We saw them signaling to us for help; but, alas! what could we do there, with a cataract between us? We never saw them more. A paddle was picked up about forty miles below, which we identified as belonging to the unfortunate coxswain, and that was all."

† Before Stanley had reached the Atlantic coast, intelligence was received by the Lisbon Geographical Society that a Portuguese merchant had found the source of the Congo, in a river which takes its rise in a spring, twenty days' march in an easterly direction from Melange, on leaving which, according to his information, the river flows to the north, and is then called by the natives Kassi, until it crosses the territory of Lunda, when it takes the name of Nzare, very like the Congo's ancient name of Zaire. This is evidently the river which Livingstone crossed, and considered a branch of the Congo, and which Cameron found in about 11 deg. 12 min. south latitude, and 21 deg. 10 min. east longitude, in crossing the water-shed where rise the sources of the Liambai, an upper branch of the Zambesi, and which river he represents conjecturally upon his map as rising in about 12 deg. south latitude, and 19 deg. east longitude; and thence running north with many affluents, to what he marks as the position of Lake Sankorra, in 5 deg. south latitude, and 22 deg. east longitude, which lake, he supposed, was connected with the Congo.

The course of the Portuguese traveler eastward is difficult to trace in the imperfect account given of it; but what he probably met with was one of the sources of this river, which would seem to run somewhere near the position where Stanley found the Ikelemba flowing into the Congo.



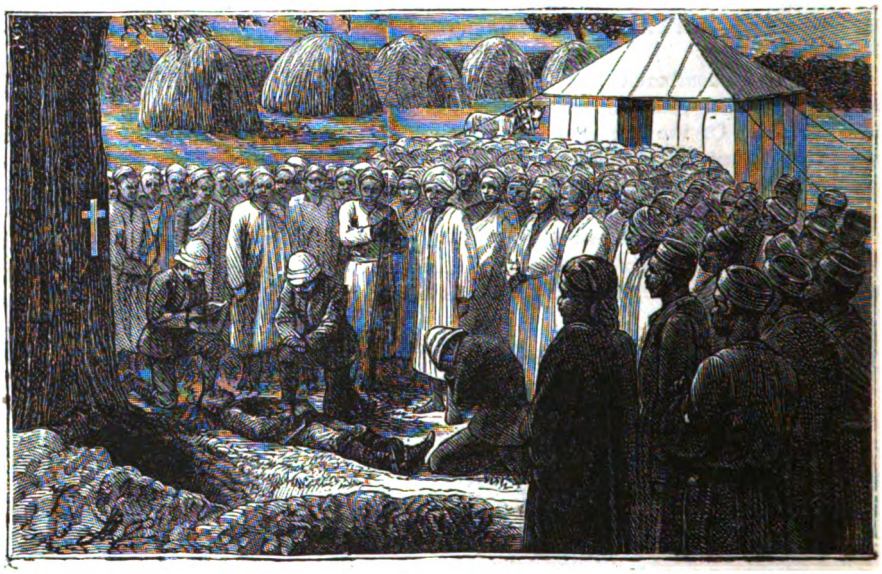
NAVAL BATTLE BETWEEN THE WAGANDA AND WAYUMA TRIBES.

steep after steep, for 180 miles, and then flows as the majestic and calm lower Congo. In this 180 miles it has a fall of 585 feet.

He found the people in this region very friendly. It is navigable for 110 miles from its mouth to the first rapids and beyond them for 835 miles; while the great affluents he estimates which flow into it from the north and south would give 1,200 miles, and perhaps more. He estimates its greatest affluent, the Ikelemba, to be over 1,000 miles in length, the Nukutu or Kwango to be over 500 miles; while there are four or five others which, from their breadth, he thinks, should be navigable for great distances.

The Nile, he says, has greater length than the Congo, but that the Congo could furnish water for three Niles, and that it is a much more valuable river for commerce than the Nile, as the Congo has its rapids concentrated in two places, and is not, therefore, like the Nile, frequently interrupted by rapids. The upper rapids, where all navigation westward on the Upper Congo terminates, has six great falls, while the lower series has sixty-two important falls and rapids, with many minor ones.

Once above the lower cataracts, he says, we have the half of Africa before us, with no interruption, like the desert regions of the Nile, but one vast, populous plain; no part of Africa with which he is acquainted being so thickly inhabited.



THE BURIAL OF EDWARD POCOCK IN HOSTILE TURU.

THE GREAT WAR CANOE ON THE CONGO RIVER.

The term villages, he says can scarcely be applied, for it is a collection of dwellings; an there are towns in some places two miles long, with one or more broad streets, and rows of neat and well-built houses, superior to anything to be found in Eastern Africa.

Fault has been found with Mr. Stanley, especially in England, for the warlike contests and destruction of savage life that attended his exploration, which it has been said will make it difficult for any future explorer to follow in the same direction; and which the objectors attribute to a too ready

SUMBIREH HOSPITALITY—THE NEGROES PULLING STANLEY'S CANOE ASHORE.

disposition on his part to employ fire-arms, instead of trying conciliatory measures. In this respect an unfavorable comparison has been made between his journey across Central Africa and that of Lieutenant Cameron, in whose track any one may hereafter peacefully follow. But the conditions in the two cases were not the same, and this condemnation of Mr. Stanley is, in my judgment, very unreasonable.

What Stanley encountered in the regions traversed was what the people of Nyangwa told both Livingstone and Cameron they must expect to find if they attempted to follow the Lualaba in its course to the north, and that it should be so in the vicinity of the equator was to be expected, independent of their information. For a century at least, and probably long before, Arab slave-traders have harried and desolated the interior of Central Africa, north and south of the equator, in the prosecution of their cruel and infamous traffic, but have never been able in their slave raids to penetrate the region in the vicinity of the equator, either from the north or from the south, even with the advantage of fire-arms; having always been resisted by the warlike people who dwell there.

Strange, moreover, as it may appear, the cannibal tribes of Africa, as we know from the journeys both of Du Chaillu and Schweinfurth, are highly intelligent, brave and honest; and when Stanley, a white man with a body of followers, entered their country, the conclusion on their part was a most natural one—that he and his party were slave-traders, whose attempt to get into the country was to be resisted by every means within their power. He was therefore attacked in the beginning and continued to be attacked until he came to that part of the river where natives dwelt who had intercourse with the Atlantic coast, and as he has stated, and as there is every reason to believe, he acted throughout entirely on the defensive.

In no other way would it have been possible for him to have followed the river as he did for 1,800 miles, and none but a man of his indomitable perseverance, courage, sagacity and tact could have carried through such an exploration, which is one of the most remarkable on record. When his exploration of the Congo is taken in connection with what he previously did in tracing the far southern sources of the Nile, in the river Shimeeya, that flows into the southern part of Lake Ukerewe (Victoria Nyanza), and the tributaries of that river; his successful circumnavigation of Lake Ukerewe; the investigation of its tributaries, especially the Kitangule, or Kagera, and what he ascertained in respect to Lake Tanganika, both on his first and his last examination of it, it may be truthfully said that no one man has ever, in explorations upon the land, done so much for the acquisition of geographical information. In respect to the great water-system of Africa, in its connection with the mystery of the Nile and the mystery of the Congo, he has solved an enigma that has engaged the attention of the world for ages, and fixed his name in the foremost rank of geographers, explorers and travelers.

"As we look over the muster-roll," says Sir Rutherford Alcock, "and those who formed this heroic band pass one by one before the mental vision, headed by the veteran martyr and missionary, Livingstone himself, and in the foremost rank Burton, Speke, and Grant, by whom the great lakes and 'the mystic fountains of the Nile' were unvailed; Baker and Gordon following close, with the White Nile and Albert Nyanza emblazoned as the trophies of their prowess; Cameron, who spanned Africa in his stride; and Stanley, with the tribute of the Congo in its vast sweep to the Atlantic in his hand—it seems more like a dream than sober reality that such achievements have been crowded into a quarter of a century, and are the work of a single generation.

"Yet so it is; and if a feeling of doubt or incredulity should arise in any mind as to the vastness of the labor bestowed, and the distances traversed through previously unknown regions, both north and south of the equator, within that brief period, by adventurous explorers at the hazard of their lives, a glance at the map recently issued by the Exploration Committee of the Royal Geographical Society will suffice to dispel any lingering skepticism.

On this sketch-map all the various routes taken by African travelers, singly or in expeditions, have been carefully marked in broad red lines. The effect is rather that of a railway-map of a civilized country in Europe, with its many intersecting lines proceeding from every point of the compass, than the itinerary of routes taken by hardy explorers across vast regions of that *terra incognita* of which Dean Swift wrote in the last century

> "Geographers in Afric map
> With savage pictures fill their gaps,
> And o'er uninhabitable downs
> Place elephants for want of towns."

Nor was the accusation wholly unfounded. The ancients apparently knew little or nothing of Equatorial and Central Africa beyond some reports and traditions of great inland lakes, recorded by Ptolemy in the second century.

In the days of the Pharaohs, we know from Herodotus that the rulers of Egypt and Ethiopia desired in vain to discover the sources of the Nile. The secretary of Minerva in the city of Saïs had merely a fable to relate about "two hills with conical tops, Crophi and Mophi, between which," he said, "are the fountains of the Nile—fountains which it is impossible to fathom. Half the water runs northward into Egypt, half to the south toward Ethiopia."

Diodorus Siculus, much later, could 'get no better information from the learned priests at Memphis. Neither Phœnicians, Greeks, nor Romans, when the latter held sway in Egypt, knew anything of the interior of Africa beyond a few unreliable reports of slaves, brought from unknown regions. Nero sent an exploring expedition up the Nile, which got no further than Khartoum.

It was not until the Arabs, and after them the Turks, came upon the scene, and the introduction of the camel enabled the Arab traders to traverse the Great Sahara and penetrate to the Soudan with their caravans, that more positive knowledge was obtained. Some settled on the Niger, others wandered from kingdom to kingdom, while adventurers among them often established their rule over native tribes and their chiefs,

Down the eastern coast as far as Zanzibar they found royal dynasties still extant. They no doubt penetrated to the very centre of Africa and along the two coasts, as far as Senegal and Gambia on the west, and to Sofala on the east, and planted colonies at Mombas, Melinda, and other places. It was from the Arab sources of information, and from the Portuguese at a later date on the west coast —*teste* Duarte Lopez's map in Pigafelta's "*Congo*"—that Europe derived all her information as to the interior and great inland lakes, some of which found a place in the maps of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. But even this was lost in the succeeding ages, and it was not until the great maritime discoveries of the Portuguese in the fifteenth century, that Africa beyond the Mediterranean littoral assumed any importance.

When it ceased to be the granary of Italy, and was covered by the Pashaliks of Turkey, it lost all its value. But

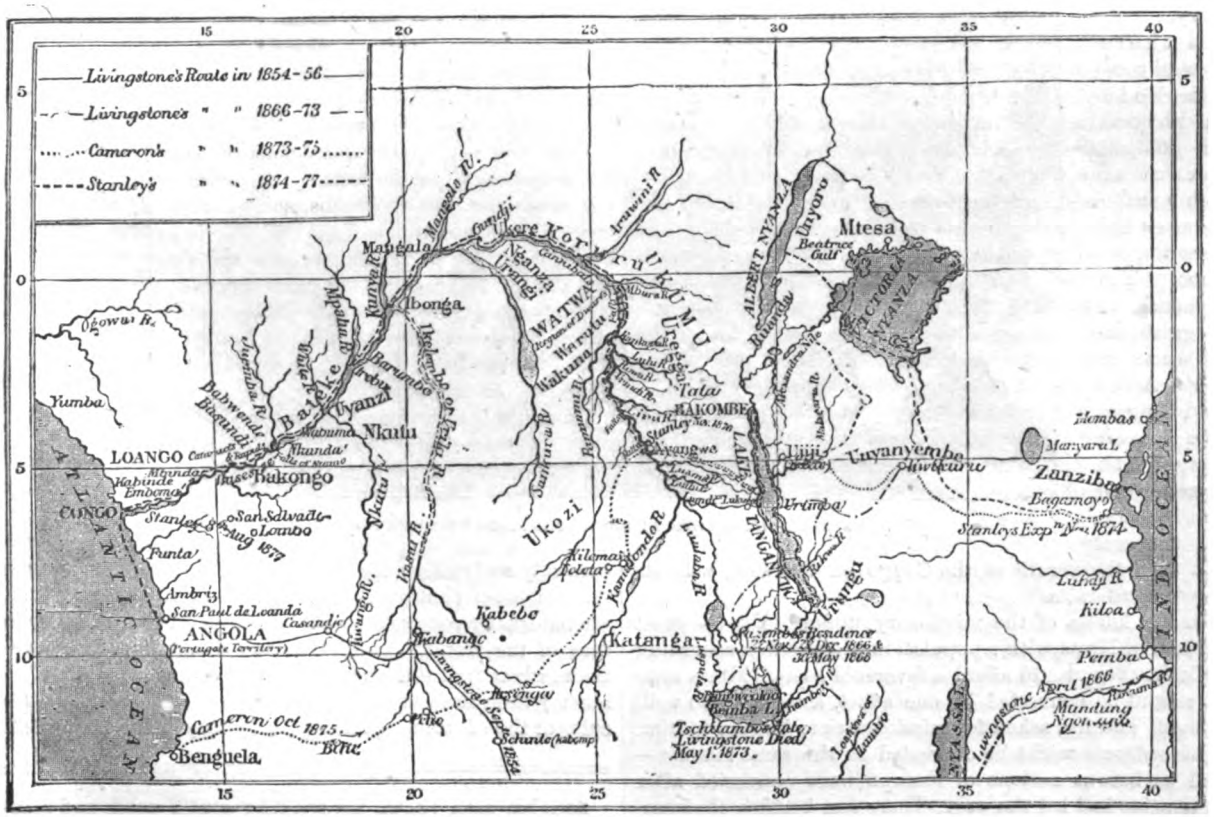
the discoveries of the Portuguese along the west coast, under Prince Henry, first led to the importation of slaves to Europe, and subsequently, after the discovery of the New World and the West Indies, to the slave-trade on a vast scale for the labor market there.

One of the objects which Mr. Stanley's brilliant exploit in tracing the Congo will do much to advance, is a continuous line of communication between the east and the west coast of the continent, south of the equator, with Nyassa or Tanganika, midway, as central depots and connecting-links. Subsidiary lines through the lake regions, which would connect the trunk road with the Nile Basin—the lower course of the Congo to the north and the Zambesi country to the south—might debouch at convenient points on the seacoast.

Whether this great trunk road should be maintained by the establishment of a series of permanent posts under European superintendency, or whether it might be sufficient —at any rate as a commencement—to appoint native agencies at certain intermediate points, and to rely on the efforts of individual travelers and the influence of local traffic to keep up a regular communication along the line, would depend on the degree of public support accorded to the undertaking by Great Britain alone, or several countries in conjunction.

From $25,000 to $50,000 spent annually for the next few years, in surveying and exploration, it is estimated, would go a long way, if not entirely suffice, to open one or more direct and practicable roads from the east coast to the lakes, and a trunk-line across the continent—1,400 miles of which might be by steam navigation on the river Congo, as we now know. Of course, the first cost of steamers and road-making would have to be provided in addition. What means might be required to connect the Congo and the Zambesi, or their tributaries, it would be premature yet to say. Cameron has spoken of a short canal; possibly a railroad might be practicable in parts. In any case, there is but this missing link to be filled up to establish direct, though interrupted, water communication (on account of the number of cataracts and necessary portages) across the continent. From the mouth of the Zambesi, on the eastern coast, to the mouth of the Congo, on the western, the greater part may be traversed by navigable rivers. The lakes would, in such a system, become subsidiary, and stretch the lines of commerce from the Zambesi and Congo northward to the Nile and the Mediterranean, and thus put the three oceans—the Atlantic, the Indian and the Mediterranean—in connection the whole length and breadth of the continent. Can this be? it will be asked; and is it possible such vast results might be effected in the next few years, and at an outlay of less than one-tenth of the sum this country has continued spending annually for more than fifty years, and for the attainment of only one of the objects here contemplated? Many sober-minded people will probably ask this question with more or less of incredulity. Yet not only is this possible, but railroads and telegraphic lines would follow quickly on the steps of the pioneers who should make practicable wagon-tracks, though of course at a greater expenditure of capital. The trade that must spring up would, however, readily supply what might be needed.

No doubt there are some who will be disposed to treat all such forecasts of a possible future for Africa as purely visionary, or little better than the hallucinations of enthusiasm and a lively imagination. Mr. Stanley speaks with the advantage, which can scarcely be too highly estimated, of personal observation and great experience as a traveler through Central Africa, from sea to sea, and in many regions never before trodden by the foot of a white man. His opinions, therefore, are deserving of great consideration, and can only be called in question with some diffidence. He expresses, however, a very decided opinion against attempting



MAP OF THE REGION EXPLORED BY MR. STANLEY.

to push trade from the east coast, based upon the condition of the tribes on the two sides of the continent. Gathered into large kingdoms, governed despotically, and subject to the rule of one chief, in east Central Africa, and infinitely subdivided in the west, from Lake Tanganika to the mouth of the Congo River, he says: "The people are gathered in small, insignificant districts, towns or villages, each governed by its respective chief, all animated by an intense thirst for trade; but equally distinguished for their idolatry, hostility to each other, and foolish pride." From these relative conditions of the eastern and western populations, Mr. Stanley arrives at the conclusion that the two sides of the African continent should be acted on by two different influences. The missionary would be the more powerful agent, and by his labors afford the most fitting means of approach, on the eastern side; while on the western side the trader should precede the missionary.

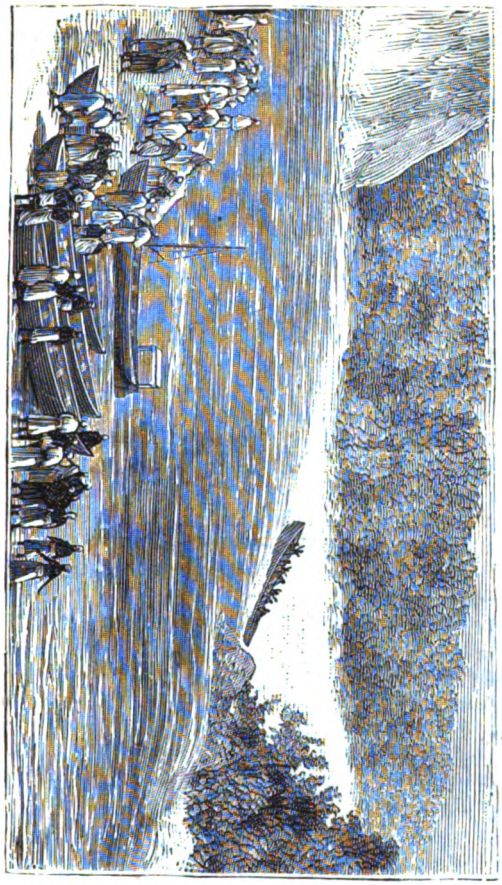
But there are other conditions, both of a physical and political character, which point to a somewhat different conclusion. The approach to the great inland seas of Central Africa would appear to be much easier, both for trader and missionary, from the east coast than the mouth of the Congo on the west, with its numerous cataracts.

THE STANLEY EXPEDITION AT THE HOT SPRINGS OF MTAGATA.

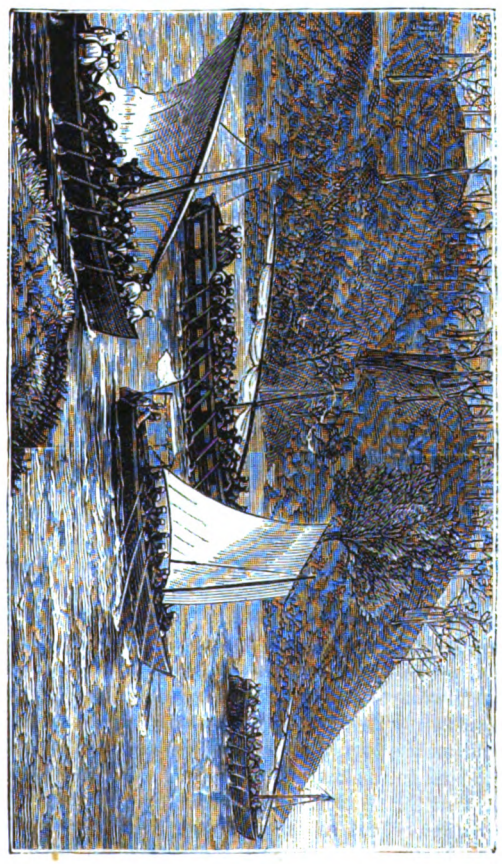
For the labors of the missionary, undoubtedly the great kingdom of Mtesa, with a population of 5,000,000, according to Mr. Stanley, would afford a favorable basis. Mtesa himself might be converted by one effort, since he is so well-disposed, and has asked for missionaries to be sent to him. All his subjects might be converted in the same manner—as all barbarous nations of Europe were converted after Constantine had led the way. There are, besides, the kingdoms of Ruanda, with a like population; of Urundi, with 3,000,000; Asagara, and many others. By all means let missionaries hasten to prosecute their labors in these several territories. They can have no similar prospects in western Central Africa. In the first place, there are well-beaten trade-routes approaching the lakes in several directions from the coast opposite Zanzibar. A bullock-wagon road has already been formed by the Rev. Mr. Rogers, and is being rendered practicable. Facilities for a barter trade have existed from old date in this direction, which can scarcely be found on the western side. The many subdivisions of the land among a thousand small tribes and petty chiefs, some ruling over "a hundred-acre field," and hostile to each other, must go far to make any combinations for a large trade or security impracticable. The first condition of such a trade is a free transit, or the power of entering into valid engagements with those in possession of the land for a secure passage, with regulated rates or duties of transit. This would seem to render the approach from the mouth of the Congo to the point where the uninterrupted navigation of steamers might begin, a slow operation, and one which for a long time must be of doubtful issue.

I would say in conclusion, that whoever earnestly and truly desires to benefit the millions of this slave-haunted continent, where all laws, human and divine, are habitually outraged—whoever hopes to heal this "open sore of the world," as Livingstone designated the slave-trade, where "all the land is foul with monstrous wrong"—must join in the prayer that whatever be the cost or difficulty of the efforts now making, they may prove successful.

An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.



DEATH OF KALULU WHILE DESCENDING A RAPID.



CROSSING LAKE TANGANIKA.

THE STANLEY EXPEDITION'S THIRTY-FIRST FIGHT—OBSTINATE ENGAGEMENT WITH THE BANGALA NEGROES IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE GARDENER BIRD.

In a recent number of the *Gardener's Chronicle*, a very curious account is translated for that journal, and illustrated with engravings by a traveler in New Guinea—Signor Odoardo Beccari—of a new species of Bower Bird, very similar in its habits to the Australian Bower Birds of which Mr. Darwin gives so striking an account in the second volume of his "Descent of Man."

This new Papuan variety is called the *Amblyornis inornata*, and is, in fact, a bird of Paradise in plain clothes, without the gorgeous costume that is usually associated with that name.

"It is," says Signor Beccari, "about the size of the ordinary turtle-dove, and both the male and the female appear to have a plumage of the most unostentatious description—their feathers only show a few different varieties of brown. But it would be a very mistaken inference to suppose that bright coloring is not enjoyed and valued by these birds. They appear, indeed, to be birds of great capacity for the plastic arts. They are wonderful actors—in the sense of presenting accurately the voices and notes of a great variety of other birds, so as to deceive completely those who are in search of them.

"It is a clever bird," says Signor Beccari, "called by the inhabitants *Buruk Gurea*—Master Bird—since it imitates the songs and screamings of numerous birds so well, that it brought my hunters to despair, who were but too often misled by the bird. Another name of the bird is *Tukan Robon*, which means 'a gardener,' and in fact, the chief peculiarity of the bird is its great taste for landscape gardening, in which art it seems to excel almost all the Bower Birds." Signor Beccari apparently regards the bower he describes as the bird's "nest," but unless the New Guinea variety differs in this respect from the other kinds of birds of this description, he was probably mistaken in this. Mr. Darwin says, distinctly, "The bowers, which, as we shall hereafter see, are highly decorated with feathers, shells, bones, and leaves, are built on the ground for the sole purpose of courtship, *for their nests are formed in trees.*"

We should think it most likely that this is the case also with the New Guinea species. And if so, the beautiful arbors described and illustrated by Signor Beccari are mere places of social resort, like our marquees or tents for picnics; and though so much more beautiful, are much more endurable also; for Signor Beccari says that the Amblyornis bowers last for three or four years, which our marquees, even in that climate, scarcely would. And the beauty of the structure shows how far superior these birds are to human beings in their æsthetic architecture.

They select for their bowers a flat space round a small tree, the stem of which is not thicker than a walking-stick, and clear of branches near the ground. Round this they build a cone of moss of the size of a man's hand, the object of which does not seem to be explained, but may be perhaps merely to make a soft cushion round the tree in parts where the birds are most likely to strike against it. At a little height above this moss cushion, and about two feet from the ground, they attach to the tree twigs of a particular orchid (*Dendrobium*), which grows in large tufts on the trunks and branches of trees, its twigs being very pliant, and weave them together, fastening them to the ground at a distance of about eighteen inches from the tree all round; leaving, of course, an opening, by which the birds can enter the arbor. Thus they make a conical arbor of some two feet in height, and three feet (on the ground) in diameter; with a wide ring round the moss cushion for promenading; and here they are sheltered from the elements, and have a pavilion of the most delicate materials. They appear to select this particular orchid for their building, because, besides the extreme pliancy, the stalks and leaves live long after they are detached from the plant on which they grow. Both leaves and stalks remain fresh and beautiful, says Signor Beccari, for a very long period after they have been plaited in this way into the roofing of the arbor.

But all birds are great architects, and the only peculiarity in this respect of the Bower Bird is that it builds separate structures for domestic life and for social amusement;—that its house is not its pavilion for pleasure, but a different kind of structure altogether. The Bower Birds, however, are still more remarkable for laying out pleasaunces round their pavilions, than even for building these special resorts for social amusement. The Satin Bower Bird, says Mr. Darwin, "collects gayly colored articles, such as the blue tail-feathers of parakeets, bleached bones and shells, which it sticks between the twigs or arranges at the entrance. Mr. Gould found in one bower a neatly worked stone tomahawk and a slip of blue cotton, evidently procured from a native encampment. These objects are continually rearranged and carried about by the birds whilst at play. The bower of the Spotted Bower Bird is 'beautifully lined with tall grasses, so disposed that the heads nearly meet, and the decorations are very profuse.' Round stones are used to keep the grass-stems in their proper places, and to make divergent paths leading to the bower. The stones and shells are often brought from a great distance. The Regent Bird, as described by Mr. Ramsay, ornaments its short bower with bleached land-shells belonging to five or six species, and with 'berries of various colors, blue, red and black, which give it, when fresh, a very pretty appearance. Besides these, there were several newly picked leaves and young shoots of a pinkish color, the whole showing a decided taste for the beautiful.'"

And now to this description is to be added Signor Beccari's description of the greatest of landscape-gardeners amongst birds, who makes himself first a lawn of moss before the bower—the Papuan grass, like all tropical grass, is probably of the poorest and coarsest kind, and quite incapable of anything like the velvet smoothness of an English lawn—and then strews this mossy lawn with the most beautiful flowers and fruits it can find, so arranged as to produce the same effect as the flower-bed of an English garden, or, more exactly, perhaps, the flower-strewn turf of an English churchyard. The Gardener Bird is very careful to keep its lawn free from any disfigurement, and, though it does not seem to have invented a garden-roller, the moss, probably, is a material which does not need such an instrument. This is what Signor Beccari says:

"Before the cottage there is a meadow of moss. This is brought to the spot, and kept free from grass, stones, or anything which would offend the eye. On this green turf, flowers and fruits of pretty color are placed, so as to form an elegant little garden. The greater part of the decoration is collected round the entrance to the nest, and it would appear that the husband offers there his daily gifts to his wife. The objects are very various, but always of vivid color. There were some fruits of a Garcinia, like a small-sized apple. Others were the fruits of Gardenias, of a deep-yellow color in the interior. I saw, also, small, rosy fruits, probably of a Scitaminaceous plant, and beautiful, rosy flowers of a splendid new Vaccinium (*Agapetes amblyornidis*). There were also fungi and mottled insects placed on the turf. As soon as the objects are faded, they are moved to the back of the hut."

So that the Gardener Bird carefully renews the beauty of his garden. Just as the gardener takes away the flowers whose bloom is over, and replaces them with new ones

whose beauty is still fresh, so the Amblyornis removes to the back of its pavilion all the faded flowers and fruits, and renews the coloring on its lawn by a fresh supply. Thus at least three of the plastic arts are pursued by this remarkable bird, and all of them, apparently, from artistic feeling, rather than from any domestic want. As we have seen, it is a great actor, deceiving the most experienced ear by rendering in turn the songs and screams of all its various companions. It is a great architect; and this, again—if the analogy of the other Bower Birds may be trusted—not in the interest of family life, but of the lighter social amusements of its tribe. And it is a great gardener, making artificially for itself a lawn of moss, and disposing on this lawn all the beautiful coloring with which the blossoms and fruits of the neighborhood supply it. Signor Beccari contrasts its habits in this way with those of the human inhabitants of the neighborhood. "I discovered," he says, "that the inhabitants of Arfak did not follow the example of the Amblyornis. Their houses are quite inaccessible from dirt."

Indeed, the sense of beauty and of art which these Bower Birds seem to possess is so great, that we may well imagine it possible that they may, to some extent, generalize upon the principles of art, and that amongst these plain, brown-clad Birds of Paradise there may be some germinal Burkes, or even rudimentary Ruskins. If such there be, what, we wonder, are the principles of beauty which recommend themselves to these winged devotees of the plastic arts? Do they, perhaps, believe, as our theorists upon art do, that there is no true art in imitation—nor, indeed, without an expression of the mind of the artist? Would they not maintain, perhaps—if they could expressly maintain anything—that the key to a true picture consists in the bird-thought—the "aviary element"—which gives it unity; that the secret of beauty in their bowers and mossy lawns, and in the flowers and fruits of various colors strewn thereupon, is never in the mere form and color, but rather in the explicit reference to the feelings of the brown birds which thus lay down their offerings, and the other brown birds to whose affections and hopes these offerings appeal? Our own artists assure us that landscape, however beautiful, is naught without the "human element" to give it meaning. Do the Birds of Paradise think the same—substituting, of course, the "aviary" for the "human" element? When he looks at the Papuan forests and fruits, does the Amblyornis think of them merely with a view to the nests or the bowers and gardens for which they are available? If he could picture nature as delicately as he can build, and as he can arrange color, would he find fault with any landscape in which there was nothing better than a human interest, unless, indeed, that human interest happened also to involve an "aviary" interest?—in other words, unless the men concerned were intending to bring about tragedies among the birds? Certainly, if the great artistic teachers of our own society are right, this should be so; and Art should have a different meaning for each species of creature capable of conceiving in any degree what Art means. Yet, so far as we can see, the ideas of beauty and art entertained by the Bower Birds, though very rudimentary indeed, are entirely of one piece and one origin with the more developed ideas of the human race.

TRAITS OF DOGS.

A VESSEL was driven by a storm on the beach of Lydd, in Kent. The surf was rolling furiously. Eight men were calling for help, but not a boat could be got off to their assistance. At length a gentleman came on the beach, accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the attention of the noble animal to the vessel, and put a short stick into his mouth. The intelligent and courageous dog at once understood his meaning, and sprang into the sea, fighting his way through the foaming waves. He could not, however, get close enough to the vessel to deliver that with which he was charged; but the crew joyfully made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it toward him. The sagacious dog knew the whole business in an instant. He dropped his own piece, and immediately seized that which had been cast to him; and then, with a degree of strength and determination almost incredible, he dragged it through the surge and delivered it to his master. By this means a line of communication was formed and every man on board saved.

Mr. Jesse says: "An intelligent correspondent, to whom I am indebted for some sensible remarks on the faculties of dogs, remarked that large-headed dogs are generally possessed with superior faculties to others. The fact favors the phrenological opinion that size of brain is evidence of superior power. He has a dog possessing a remarkably large head, and few dogs can match him in intelligence. Besides his cleverness in the field as a retriever, he shows his sagacity at home in the performance of several useful feats. One consists in carrying messages. If a neighbor is to be communicated with, the dog is always ready to be the bearer of a letter. He will take orders to the workmen who reside at a short distance from the house, and will scratch impatiently at the door when so employed, although at other times, desirous of sharing the warmth of their kitchen fire, he would wait patiently, and then, entering with a seriousness befitting the imagined importance of his mission, would carefully deliver the note, never returning without having discharged his trust. His usefulness in recovering articles accidentally lost has often been proved. As he is not always allowed to be present at dinner, he will bring a hat, book, or anything he can find, and hold it in his mouth as a sort of apology for his intrusion. He seems pleased to lead his master's horse to the stable."

EARRINGS.

THE oldest earrings now known to be in existence are those taken from the pyramids, or tombs of the Egyptian kings. Some of these may be seen in the collections of the New York Historical Society.

These ornaments were used among savage peoples before the earliest civilization. The beginnings of literature contain allusions to them, and fragments of sculpture, older than literature, depict them. They have usually been made of gold or silver, but occasionally, among Oriental nations, of agate, chalcedony, onyx, coral and pearls. The finest are said to be the Turkish and Persian. Except among the Hebrews, both sexes wore them in Eastern countries; and this custom exists in some parts of America.

The original form of earring seems to have been a simple circlet passed through a hole bored in the soft and partly insensible cartilaginous lobe at the lower end of the ear. These hoops of gold were sometimes three inches in diameter. Oftener they were jeweled drops, or pendants, hung from a hook passed through the ear. Much ingenuity has been spent in fashioning these drops into the forms of flowers, leaves, snakes, birds, portraits, etc.

A variety of views exist as to their use. Some regard the piercing of the ear as a relic of barbarism, unhealthy and dangerous; while many men in France and Italy, and boys in Germany, wear them, believing that they save the eyes from weakness.

BELOW THE SURFACE.—"'WAS HE NOT YOUR OLD LOVER? TELL THE TRUTH, NOW.' 'HE WAS NOT MY LOVER,' HELEN SAYS."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

BELOW THE SURFACE

By Amanda M. Douglas.

"BUT I am not sure. That is the trouble."

A proud, high-bred face this is, turned toward Hubert Mallory—a grave and noble face, rather than strictly beautiful.

There is something about her unlike any woman he has ever met; an undefinable charm that makes him wish to possess this slender, fair woman, who looks as if you might twist her around your finger—whose small, dimpled mouth seems formed for kisses — whose voice has an unconsciously caressing tone in it; and yet she is steel and coldness.

"Yet you might *try*, Helen;" and a peculiar earnestness lights up his face. "Have you ever tried to love any man?"

"No, I have not," she answers, frankly; and then a rift of color steals over her fair cheek, and a soft, luminous light shadows her eyes.

"I think," she says, a moment later, as if correcting herself, "that a woman's love ought to be spontaneous. Perhaps I have too much romance—expect too complete a state of satisfaction. It seems to me that I want something more than mere liking and approval. It may be that I am not formed for love, and, Mr. Mallory, nothing could be more bitter for a woman, for *me*, at least, than to find that she had made a fearful mistake, and given esteem merely, when she was capable of a deep and passionate regard."

"I think you are a little morbid. These fiery loves burn out sooner than you are aware. I am quite willing to take your esteem for a foundation, and build on that. I am quite sure that I can make you happy. When you come to have an active interest in another person, and feel that your sympathetic presence, your strength, tenderness and affection are helping him to a higher and better life, you will cease to torment yourself with these idle scruples and fancies."

He turns then, takes both her hands in his, and, for a moment, his face makes her waver.

"Do you love any one else?"

"No," she says, with a little hesitating softness and downcast eyes, wondering if she is telling the exact truth now. If Hubert Mallory could have waited a month longer, or if she had the courage to confess that foolish old affair!

He sees that there *is* some old affair. His eyes are very keen. They had both in their talks gone down to the very depths of things, and he had been made more critical by her delicate discrimination. The charm that has drawn him so near this woman rebuffs him now. She has something to conceal, and his wife must keep nothing from him.

"Very well," he makes answer, in a dry tone. "I have offered you the love of a good and honorable man. I think you could have made yourself happy with me, but you know best, doubtless——"

"That is the bell for supper," she says, quickly, remarking the difference in his voice, and glad of an interruption; then, in a sudden, hurried fashion, "You have done me a great deal of honor, Mr. Mallory. I tried—I mean, I did not want you to——"

"Yes, I understand," bowing politely. "A strange sort of blindness seizes us men sometimes. I hope you will be happy, wherever your lot is cast,"

"And you have my best, my most fervent wishes for your happiness."

Some men would not have gone in to supper—not have chatted the half-hour afterward. His masterly command over himself raised him greatly in Helen's estimation, though he did not need that alone.

So he said good-night and good-by. He would not be back to Elwood before October.

Helen Rossiter went to her room very much dissatisfied.

Her life went on quietly enough until the last week of July, when a letter came from Aunt Vane. I must tell you that Helen was an orphan, with a fair fortune of her own. Last Summer Aunt Vane had tried to marry her to a wealthy Englishman, and failing, had "washed her hands of her."

They had taken a Summer cottage at Crofton Springs, the letter ran, and were in the midst of a charming circle. Nelly was engaged, and would be married early in the Fall. They counted on her for first bridesmaid. "And I shall be so lonesome after that, I shall want you the whole Winter. We shall expect you now on Thursday. I shall never forgive you if you disappoint us."

She decided that she would go. At twenty-three one doesn't lose all relish for gayety simply because one has declined an offer of marriage.

So Helen Rossiter, after a day's journey, reached Crofton, was met most cordially by Aunt Vane, driven homeward, and there, on the vine-covered porch, Nelly Vane kissed her rapturously, and, turning to a gentleman sitting in a shady corner, said:

"Hubert, this is my cousin, Miss Rossiter. Mr. Mallory, Helen."

"Miss Rossiter and I are old friends," was the cordial reply; "I met her at Elwood in the Spring, when I was settling my uncle's estate."

"How odd!"

Then Helen is led to her room, pretty and dainty, and Aunt Vane explains it all.

"Nelly is going to do splendidly. He belongs to the Mallorys of West Haven, the large manufacturers, you know. Perhaps you have heard? His father was worth several millions, and there are two old-maid aunts with immense fortunes. I never managed anything so nicely in my life. Why, it is only five weeks since they first met! One of the aunts is staying here. He came down first to get her comfortably settled, and he took a wonderful fancy to Nelly. She thinks him *rather* romantic"—and Aunt Vane shrugged her shoulders—"but I tell her not to trouble herself—husbands get over all that soon enough. And I've planned for them to be married soon. I don't believe in long engagements. Nelly *is* a little inclined to flirt;" and Aunt Vane glanced sharply at her niece, as if the fault was part hers. "Did you like him?" she asks, suddenly.

"Oh, yes. Oddly enough, he is an old friend of grandmother's."

"And, of course, he used to call?" Aunt Vane says, wondering if she has been wise in inviting Helen. But, then, Nelly is so much handsomer and brighter and younger, and she can easily stamp out the first sign of interference.

"I hope you will find everything comfortable. I'll send Cathy to help you unpack. Dinner is at six—will half an hour do, or shall I delay it?"

"No, I can be ready, with Cathy's help."

"It was real good of you to obey so promptly, Helen," she says, with another kiss—she is a rather effusive woman when she has a point to gain. "You need not dress much; there will only be Mr. Mallory to dinner, and afterward he and Nelly are to go to some *tableaux*. We'll have a nice, quiet evening by ourselves."

Helen Rossiter wonders at dinner, and all the evening, in fact, how Mr. Mallory became engaged to her cousin. Nelly is a girl of no depth and but little heart, and quite deficient in the traits he used to admire most in her.

In three days' time they are domesticated and at ease. Aunt Vane cannot detect the slightest clandestine sympathy between her niece and her son-in-law-elect, and settles to a worldly-wise content.

Helen will share other honors with Nelly—that is, keep the little side-flirtations from being so evident.

It is natural that a handsome young girl like Nelly should be fond of admiration. The mother is really proud of the daughter's belleship, yet a trifle afraid of it.

But Mr. Mallory cannot spend a whole month dancing attendance on his fair betrothed; for, being one of an eminent law firm, his presence is required occasionally on matters of importance. He wants to get away, too; this cool, calm woman, with her pansy-purple gray eyes and smooth, entrancing voice, stirs a feeling in his heart that he must fight against.

He knew, now, what had drawn him to Miss Vane. Both girls had the same slender, graceful figures, a curious likeness in voice and expression, or, at least, certain phases of expression. Miss Vane was a pure blonde, a very handsome girl; Miss Rossiter was palely fair, with less of the pink; her hair was a soft brown, her eyes that peculiar, soulful tint which seems to comprehend gray, blue and black. Yes, he understood now, and a pang of regret left him stunned with pain and ice cold.

But he was a man of the strictest honor. He would never rest until he had uprooted the old love, aware that it was much stronger than he had imagined.

"If I have been foolish, I must suffer," he said. "And since Helen Rossiter did not love me, my task will be the easier."

One evening, amid the light and brilliancy of the ball-room, as the two cousins are standing together, some one introduces a very handsome gentleman, who bows low to Miss Vane, takes a second look at Miss Rossiter, and cries, quickly:

"Why, I am delighted! You surely have not forgotten me? I claim an old friend's right!" And he takes her hand.

"I think you must have known everybody from Adam down," says Nelly, with captivating petulance. "You do nothing but meet old friends."

"But I do not date further back than the flood, Miss Vane, and you must allow that I am tolerably well-preserved at that, considering the length of the shower. Like the Irishman—the Templetons had a boat of their own;" and he bowed again, this time laughingly.

"I knew Mr. Templeton six years ago," Helen says, composedly, although her heart beats with a quick throb.

This man has been her hero for five years. If he had asked her to marry him the morning he came to say good-by to her at her guardian's home, she would have gone to the ends of the earth with him.

And this flippant, selfish man—she understands intuitively that he is all that and more—is the being by whom she has measured other men, her youth's sweet ideal. Ah, how wild—how foolish she has been! Hubert Mallory, too!

Her hand is claimed for the Lancers, and she goes through the figures mechanically. Then a waltz, and in its swift, dizzying whirl she sees Nelly and Templeton. What a strange, bewildering picture they make! He, with his raven hair and beard, his clear skin that suggests fine bronze, his elegant, supple figure, the affluence and power in every line. And this lovely Psyche, in her pure blonde tints! The melody was an inspiration to both. Never did twinkling feet translate it more exquisitely.

It is long past midnight; Nelly is pirouetting round her cousin's room.

"It was heavenly! I never waltzed with any one who had attained that perfection before. It was passion and delicacy combined. Do tell me all you know about him! Why, you are as dull as can be! Are you sleepy?"

"A little tired, I must confess."

"And you want me to go! but I won't stir a step until you answer every question. Did you ask him to call? No! I'll never forgive you, Helen Rossiter. But you need not be so afraid, I can ask him myself. Was he your old lover? Tell me the truth, now!"

"He was not my lover," Helen says, almost crossly; for that cruel temptation is still whirling through her brain. "We were boy and girl friends, I suppose—I mean that I was a girl, and was fond of dancing in those days. And that is all."

"Then, Miss Helen Rossiter, I believe you are jealous now—jealous of *me!*" And she shakes the flood of ripe-wheat hair until you fancy the sun is shining in the room. "You foolish Helen! don't you know I am engaged? There, good-night; I have tormented you enough." And she spins away, humming the most beguiling strain of the whole waltz.

Mrs. Vane is enchanted with Mr. Templeton also. When she observes Helen's little hoar-frost of distance, she asks her plainly if he has been among her rejected lovers.

"He never asked me to marry him, or even said that he loved me," Helen replies, with dignity.

"But he admires you now, that is evident. And, Helen, when a girl nears twenty-five, her best chances are over. You don't look old, fortunately, but people remember how long you have been in society. Do take my advice, dear, and be suited before you are called an old maid. The men of this year are as good as the men of any time."

Helen drew a long breath when September came—in the city matters would be different.

To the city they went. Mrs. Vane used her motherly arts to bring about a wedding-day, and it was set down for Christmas Eve. Then Mr. Mallory had to go to Baltimore on some urgent business. They are very gay at Mrs. Vane's. Nelly is bridesmaid for a friend, and must spend a week in a great house up the Hudson, and Templeton manages to be invited. He and Nelly find out then that they are madly in love.

Templeton meets Nelly at picture-galleries, parties and the like, but asks at the hall-door if Miss Rossiter is in.

"Helen," her aunt says to the latter, one day, "what *are* you going to do about Mr. Templeton? People will begin to talk presently. If you mean to marry him finally, why make such a mystery of it?"

"I do not mean to marry him. Even my vanity would not allow me to think he wanted me."

"Why does he come, then, so persistently?"

"I have never asked him to call on me. In fact, I have gone out some evenings to avoid him."

"I would make him understand, then——"

"But he never says anything to me. Indeed, I wish he would not come," she answers, earnestly, glancing at Nelly.

"Very well. I am glad to have the matter understood. Nelly, I want *you* to be a little particular, also."

"I?"—with a foolish little laugh. "Why, mamma, I was thinking, as he was Helen's friend, he might like—to stand with her. They would make such a splendid-looking couple!"

"I do not want to stand with him—indeed, I will not!" And Helen leaves the room abruptly.

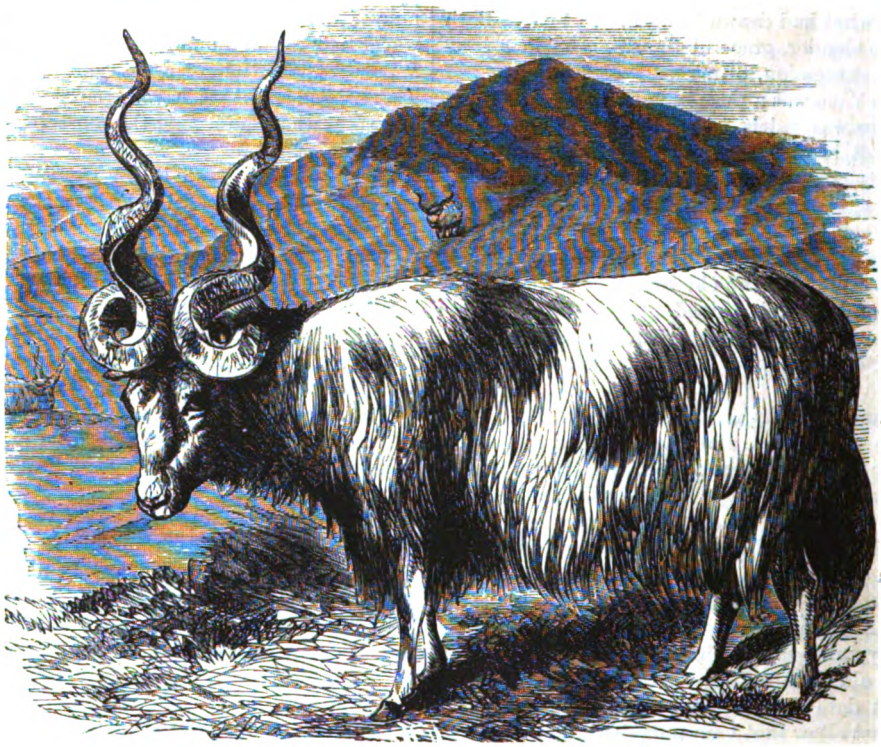
"How queer Helen has grown! Mamma, do you know that I sometimes think Helen does care a great deal for Mr. Templeton, and is—well, the least bit vexed that he doesn't love her."

The suggestion quenched Mrs. Vane's late suspicions. It may be. She fancies Nelly could not deceive *her*.

So they come to a night in November. Mrs. Vane is at her second daughter's, who has been taken suddenly ill. There is to be a grand affair at Mrs. Hardenbrook's—the first ball of the season—and she cannot get home to attend. The girls will need no chaperon there, however.

The spacious rooms in the Hardenbrook mansion have all the glitter and glow of a palace, and the queens of wealth and society are gathered there. Knots of politicians discuss new measures, new railroads, new grants. Elder women in diamonds, satin and velvet, talk scandal; the younger generation dance and flirt. Nelly is quite wild, and looks entrancingly beautiful, dancing like a Greek nymph. Helen is listening to two old dowagers who are talking of some gentleman.

"But I *know* it," says one. "She was a pretty, young German girl, who had a rich old uncle. The marriage was private. Margaret is teaching in a German-English school, and heard all the talk. The uncle died and left his money to a hospital or something, and then he would not own her. There's no question but that she is his wife. I mean to write to Margaret. Such a thing ought to be made public."



CRETAN OR WALLACHIAN SHEEP.—SEE PAGE 535.

"No daughter of mine should flirt so with him. It is shameful."

"I wonder that Mallory endures it. Miss Mallory was saying—— Ah, Mr. Kingsland!"

There was no more gossip. Helen moved away. For Mr. Mallory's sake, it must be ended. The woman he loved must be saved.

The waltz is over, and she goes in search of Nelly. She is thinking of making an appeal to Dick Templeton, for she has courage enough for anything now. But the jam increases—it is really frightful, and the silver-tongued French clocks ring out a peal for midnight. Here is Mrs. Hardenbrook, weighted with diamonds and point-lace.

"Have you seen Nelly?" Helen asks, eagerly.

"Nelly? Oh, she has gone home. She was taken suddenly ill, but she did not want you to be disturbed, so I sent my Fanchon with her. And, to tell the truth, I did not like the way she and that Templeton were going on. It won't do for her to throw over Mr. Mallory. What a crowd this is! I told Mr. Hardenbrook that we might better give two balls——"

Helen sees Templeton, and a great throb of relief runs through her soul. She tries to get to him. Is he eluding her? Then he disappears, and she orders the carriage.

Nelly has come home and gone to her room. The door is locked. Helen can get no response. Then she bethinks herself of the passage through the pantries, and hurries through.

It is as she has half suspected. There is no Nelly. A wraith-like pink silk lies on the bed, and a tumbled mass of flowers and lace. The drawers are open. She has picked up a few articles and taken her jewelry. A bit of folded paper lies here on the floor, and Helen picks it up.

"Up-train leaves at 1.20. Wait in depot for me. Fourth Avenue entrance, ladies' room."

Shall she go and save her, or presently win back the man she loves with a strength that frightens herself? Nelly is not worthy of him. But the scandal, the disgrace, the secret *she* knows, that Templeton may have a wife! That decides her. She will keep her own soul pure and clean.

She orders the carriage again with all haste, and tearing off her party dress, robes plainly, throwing her blue waterproof over all, and taking a thick vail. It seems an age to her, and she thinks it must be almost morning. The streets are still and deserted, there is little life about the great Station, and the lights are few. Her first search is unsuccessful, and she tries another ladies' room. That, too, is solitary—no, there is a figure huddled in one corner, and she flies to it.

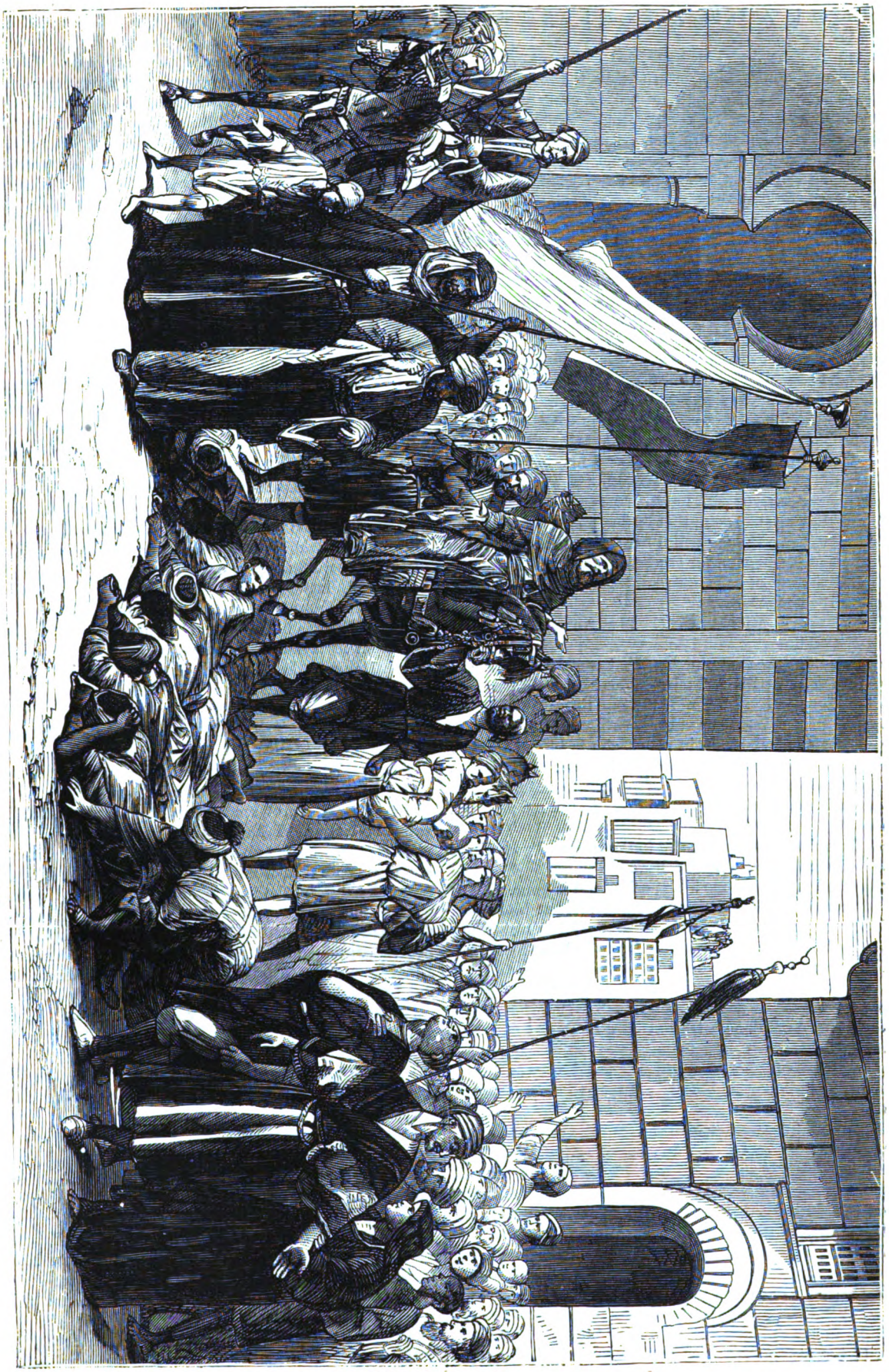
"Nelly! Nelly!"

"You are mistaken," says a constrained voice.

"No, I am not. Nelly, I have come to save you!" and she seizes the hands. "I know you mean to elope with Mr. Templeton. Nelly, I heard this very evening that he had a wife in Germany—Mrs. Judge Berdan told it. Think——"

"It is a lie!" cries Nelly. "Go and leave me. He is coming soon. I will not have you here interfering!" and the heavenly-blue eyes flash with fury, the innocent face is distorted with rage.

"I will not leave you! Think of your mother—of Mr. Mallory, to whom you have given your most solemn promise——"



THE CEREMONY OF THE DOSSEH, AT CAIRO, EGYPT.—SEE PAGE 535.

"An old stick that I hate! The idea of marrying him drives me wild. And I love Dick madly! I don't care who knows it!"

"Then, Nelly, marry him honorably, if he *can* marry you. Think what it would be to learn, six months from this, that you were no wife! You will be lost to everything. You never could regain any sort of position. And he may not be rich enough to give you the luxuries you want. You like gayety, society, dancing, amusement; what could you do, living out of the world, shunned by everybody? Think, Nelly, before you cast away your whole life!"

She might have appealed to honor and virtue and truth until morning, and not have touched Nelly's heart, as she knew full well.

A white, scared look came into the young girl's face.

"Do you suppose it is true?" she asks, gaspingly

"Some 'Margaret' that Mrs. Berdan spoke of, knew the girl. Wait and learn, Nelly. Ask him."

"No, I shouldn't like to be disgraced, and poor, and—— *Could* I get home, Helen, without any one knowing it? It was foolish, I suppose; but he is so handsome, and he coaxed so. Then he does make love so splendidly! I never thought much about his money. Oh, Helen, I can't see him again—I can't say No; manage for me, that's a dear, good cousin!" and she glanced up with the pleading eyes that played such havoc with men's hearts.

"Go in the private room, there; don't speak a word. I will see him;" and Helen pushes her in, and hurries out to the general waiting-room, for she hears a hoarse whistle and a confused ringing of bells. In her hurry she has left her vail up, and some one says:

"Good heavens, Miss Rossiter! Is any one ill?"

It is Mr. Mallory.

For an instant she is stunned. What can she do? If she could drop dead at his feet; but a healthy young woman does not die so easily. There is but one thing.

"Mr. Mallory"—and her voice trembles with intense excitement at the cruel strait in which she is placed—"Mr. Mallory, I make a woman's appeal to you. No one is ill. I came here on a matter of a private nature. The kindest and noblest thing you can do is to ask me no questions——"

Dick Templeton enters, muffled to the ears, and goes direct to the ladies' room; she must follow.

"Oh, think no evil of me!" she cries, and is gone.

She has a stormy time with Dick Templeton: he fancies that Nelly is gone, and that Hubert Mallory has something to do with it, and, with an oath, he turns to leave her.

"I'll have my revenge, you may depend upon that!"

She does not deign to answer him, but, when he is gone, drops into a seat, more dead than alive. But she knows the work is not all done. She must go out and face Mr. Mallory.

He is watching for her, very much puzzled, very curious.

She opens the door, and casts a furtive glance around. Can she go on?

Her suppliant figure touches him, and he crosses to her.

"Miss Rossiter, can I not do something for you? Oh, Helen," and there is a strain of agony in his voice, "may I not take the liberty of a friend, of a dear brother, and beg of you to break with that man? Handsome, evilly fascinating he is, but you do not know all. A gambler, a——"

"Mr. Mallory, we shall probably not speak after to-night. I ask you to forget that you have a woman's secret."

"I promise. But can I not be of some assistance? My train was belated, or I should have been in nearly two hours ago, and gone to the ball. Is Miss Vane there?"

"It is not worth while for you to go now," she says, evasively. "My carriage is here. Good-night."

"But allow me——"

It kills her to stand and talk. She feels as if she would faint with every word.

"As a favor, Mr. Mallory, I ask you to go. I have a—a maid with me," and she gasps. "Forgive me for all that seems strange. In the sight of God I have done no wrong. Oh, go!" and the anguish in her tone he never forgets.

Then the two steal out and enter the carriage. She swears the coachman to secrecy. Nelly never says a word until she is safe in her own room, when she cries hysterically, bewails the course of true love, beseeches Helen to keep her secret, and is glad that she wasn't such a fool as to throw away the Mallory diamonds and the Mallory fortune.

And this is the woman Hubert Mallory is going to marry in six weeks' time. This is the girl the world calls sweet, frank to thoughtlessness, angelic, lovely in temper, because she has an innocent, baby-face and a beguiling voice.

Helen Rossiter is quite ill for the next few days, but Mrs. Vane comes home, and she insists upon going to grandmother's for a fortnight. The quiet is such an inexpressible comfort. The clear, wholesome moral atmosphere strengthens her. She keeps away from thoughts of Hubert Mallory. Aunt Vane writes her an odd, incoherent letter, saying nothing about the marriage or her return. One snowy December day she comes to her twenty-fourth birthday, and she feels that she ought to be seventy, at least. So she puts on a black dress and a white, crimped ruff, which makes her look saintly as a nun.

"Mr. Mallory is in the parlor, my dear," says Aunt Jane. "He wants to see you on some important business."

Mr. Mallory is looking as pale and worn as she. A great confusion is visible in his face, and he comes awkwardly forward, pauses, holds out his hands, and says:

"You have been ill!"

"Yes."

"Miss Rossiter, first of all I must make an apology. I cannot remember what I did or said that night at the depot. I was absolutely dumbfounded at your appearance there and your mystery. God knows I would have kept and guarded your secret sacredly to my life's end, but it is a secret no longer. I know now that you went there to save your cousin. Your nobleness and delicacy are so far above any commendation of mine that I will not attempt it. Yesterday I gathered the tangled ends of the story together and confronted your cousin with them. Your similarity of Christian names enabled her to carry on her duplicity; but it is all explained now. Our engagement has been canceled. I had been going through a slow process of disenchantment; but I should have kept faith at any cost, except for this."

She drops into a chair. Her face is crimson. There is a world of entreaty in the slender figure, in the pansy eyes, the quivering lips, even in the clasped hands.

"I want to beg your pardon for any unjust thought. I want to thank you for saving her from that fatal folly. I want to ask you——"

She covers her face with her hands, and her very breath forgets to come.

"Helen!" he cries, folding his arms about her, "what is there standing between us? I never shall love any woman as I do you. Your cousin caught me by that very fancy, the little tint of resemblance between you. But I think now that I loved you all the while. My pride has been sorely punished. I am not worthy of you, but—" and he gently removes the hands—"can you not love me a little?—or, at least, can you not tell me why?"

He does not need any words to answer him.

When the first rapture is ended—it may have been hours for aught they knew—he says:

"Will you tell me now why you could not love me last Spring? You could trust me with a murder if you had committed it!" and he smiled.

"I will tell you," she answers, in a soft, tremulous voice. "When I was sixteen, I had nearly a year's acquaintance with Mr. Templeton. I *was* fascinated. Ah, you may frown and scold if you like. My guardian's wife stood between me and harm, for which I thank her now. Then he went abroad. I suppose I idealized him. I used to measure other men by what I fancied he was. I think it is not my nature to love easily, and yet I was almost won last Spring. I hated to tell you so foolish a story; I could not take your trust and love without it. I was not sure of myself. Fate sent him back to cross my path in a strange fashion. At the first interview I stood convicted of folly in my own sight. But it was too late."

He drew her closer, with a fond pressure.

"And you saved *her* for my sake!"

"Ah, you can never know what a horrible temptation it was to let her go!" and she shivered. "Let me tell you the whole truth. I am not as noble as you think."

But she reads her commendation in his eyes.

"Are you quite sure now?" he asks, with a good-night kiss. "I cannot afford to find *my* ideal common clay."

"Let all the years to come convince you," she answers, with solemn tenderness.

But she will not hear of any speedy marriage, out of delicacy. So there is no end of business at Elwood.

CRETAN OR WALLACHIAN SHEEP.

One of the most important of the ovine group is the Cretan or Wallachian Sheep, remarkable for the enormous development and magnificent formation of its horns.

This splendid animal is a native of Western Asia and the adjacent portions of Europe, and is very common in Crete, Wallachia and Hungary. The horns of the Wallachian sheep are strikingly like those of the koodoo, or the addax, their dimensions being proportionately large, and their form very similar. The first spiral turn is always the largest, and the horns are not precisely the same in every specimen. As a general rule, they rise boldly upward from the skull, being almost perpendicularly set upon the head; but in others, there is considerable variety in the formation of the spirals and the direction of the tips. In one specimen which was preserved in the gardens of the Zoological Society, the first spiral of the horns was curved downward, and their tips were directed toward the ground.

The fleece of this animal is composed of a soft woolly undercoat, covered with and protected by long, drooping hairs. The wool is extremely fine in quality, and is employed in the manufacture of warm cloaks, which are largely used by the peasantry, and which are so thick and warm that they defend the wearer against the bitterest cold. Even in the depth of winter the shepherd can safely lie on the ground wrapped in his sheepskin mantle. For this purpose, the skin is dressed without removing the wool.

In a state of nature, all sheep are furnished with a pair of horns, but in the cultivated races these ornaments generally become obliterated. A curious exception to this principle occurs in the many-horned varieties which are found in several parts of Asia, and which sometimes possess as many as three distinct pairs of horns. The additional or accessory appendages are slighter in their make than the true horns, and are generally placed on the upper parts of the head. Their tips almost invariably take an upward direction, while the true horns generally curl downward, and retain a portion of the tendency to a spiral form.

THE CEREMONY OF THE DOSSEH AT CAIRO.

One of the strangest Mohammedan ceremonies, and no less revolting than strange, is that of the Dosseh, at Cairo, during the ten days' annual celebration of the birth of Mohammed.

The sheikh of the Saadiyeh Dervishes, who is the khatib, or preacher, of the mosque of Haasaneyn, rides from that mosque to the house of El Bekri, superior of all the Egyptian Dervishes.

When he appears a strange scene occurs, which Alexander Bida, the French painter of Oriental life, has so strikingly depicted. A recent traveler thus describes it:

"Mighty is the shouting, thundering applause, as the chief Imaun, white-bearded, on his white Arab steed, makes his way carefully down the citadel hill; and, as he draws near the foot of the hill and directs his course toward the narrow lanes leading to the mosque of Kaloum, the faithful in attendance, men, women and children, who have assembled from all parts of Egypt to take their part in this religious drama, prostrate themselves on their faces on the road. Closely packed, side by side, all lying still now, the whole street covered, they await the prancing steed and his very venerable or right reverend rider, and the holy carpet.

"The wild Arab horse prances over the prostrate forms, ever becoming more and more restive as he proceeds, his iron hoof here crunching down on a hard Egyptian skull, and there sinking into the yielding side of some graceful girl. On, ever faster and faster, the chief Imaun urges his steed, for the more rapidly the ride is concluded the less injury will be done. No cry of pain is heard from the sufferers; for, as the horse pushes on, the crowd behind rise and shout with all their might.

"Some are hurt, one or two may be killed, for the road all the way to the mosque of Kaloum is thus paved with human beings; but their friends and relatives believe they go straight to Paradise, if killed outright; and as to the wounded, they will go to Paradise too, some day, when fate so wills it, and in the meantime let those who ought look to them.

"'Are we not all in the hands of fate?' Such is the simple creed of the Moslem. It is all fate—life and death, and wounds and healing; all is fate."

The following observations of Madame Olympe Andouard, in her "Mystères de l'Egypte," on this ceremony, are so true and so much to the purpose, that with them I conclude:

"The present viceroy, Ismail Pasha, was brought up in Paris. He is considered civilized, and he has certainly done much already to light the lamp of civilization in Egypt. I am astonished that he does not abolish—that he does not forbid this cruel custom. It were an act of humanity to do him honor, did he forbid it; and it would be all the easier since it is not enjoined in the Koran. It only obtains in Egypt. It is a barbarous custom, not an ordinance of religion.

"It is true that the Egyptians, particularly the fanatics, pretend that the horse of the chief Imaun has the miraculous power not to wound or to kill any one. On this account they lift up the injured and force them to walk all the same; and as to the dead, they carry them off, saying the chief Imaun will cure them. If a European were to interfere, he would be abused. He could not be injured by the horse, for the honor of paving the road for that horse is reserved for true believers, and is not for a dog of a Christian."

Bida is a pupil of Eugene Delacroix, and was born in 1823. Long residence and travel in Mohammedan countries has given his pictures the utmost truthfulness.

DARK GORDON'S BRIDE.

By D. S. Montgomery.

Young Helen has heard the fatal order,
Her English lover must banish'd be;
For Gordon, chief on the Scottish border,
Comes hither to bend the wooer's knee.

She wildly vows to the heavens above her
She'll wed young Nevill, whate'er betide;
But her father has banish'd her landless lover,
And the haughty chieftain claims his bride.

In after days they have met: far better
That parted lovers should meet no more,
When one is bound by that golden fetter,
With the love still warm at each true heart's core.

She felt the clasp of his hand so tender,
One kiss he press'd on her cheek so fair—
Hark to that curse! May heaven defend her!
Dark Gordon is standing before the pair!

Proudly he lifted his Scottish bonnet,
Oh, but his smile was dark to see;
"What ho! Sir Nevill, my life upon it,
Thou comest to win my bride from me!"

Now foot to foot, as the sun was setting,
Both lover and husband frowning stood;
The fiery chieftain's blade is drinking
The brave young Nevill's knightly blood.

So sadly he touch'd her lily finger,
Weeping she look'd on her ring of gold;
Ah, fatal thus by his side to linger!
Fatal to sigh for the days of old

"I saw thee kneeling before the altar,
My haughty rival was by thy side;
But I could not hear thy dear voice falter,
When vowing to be his faithful bride!"

"What, Nevill! can'st thou be cruel-hearted?
A father's blessing I could not win,
Unless we two for aye were parted—
But oh, I have wept for that deadly sin!

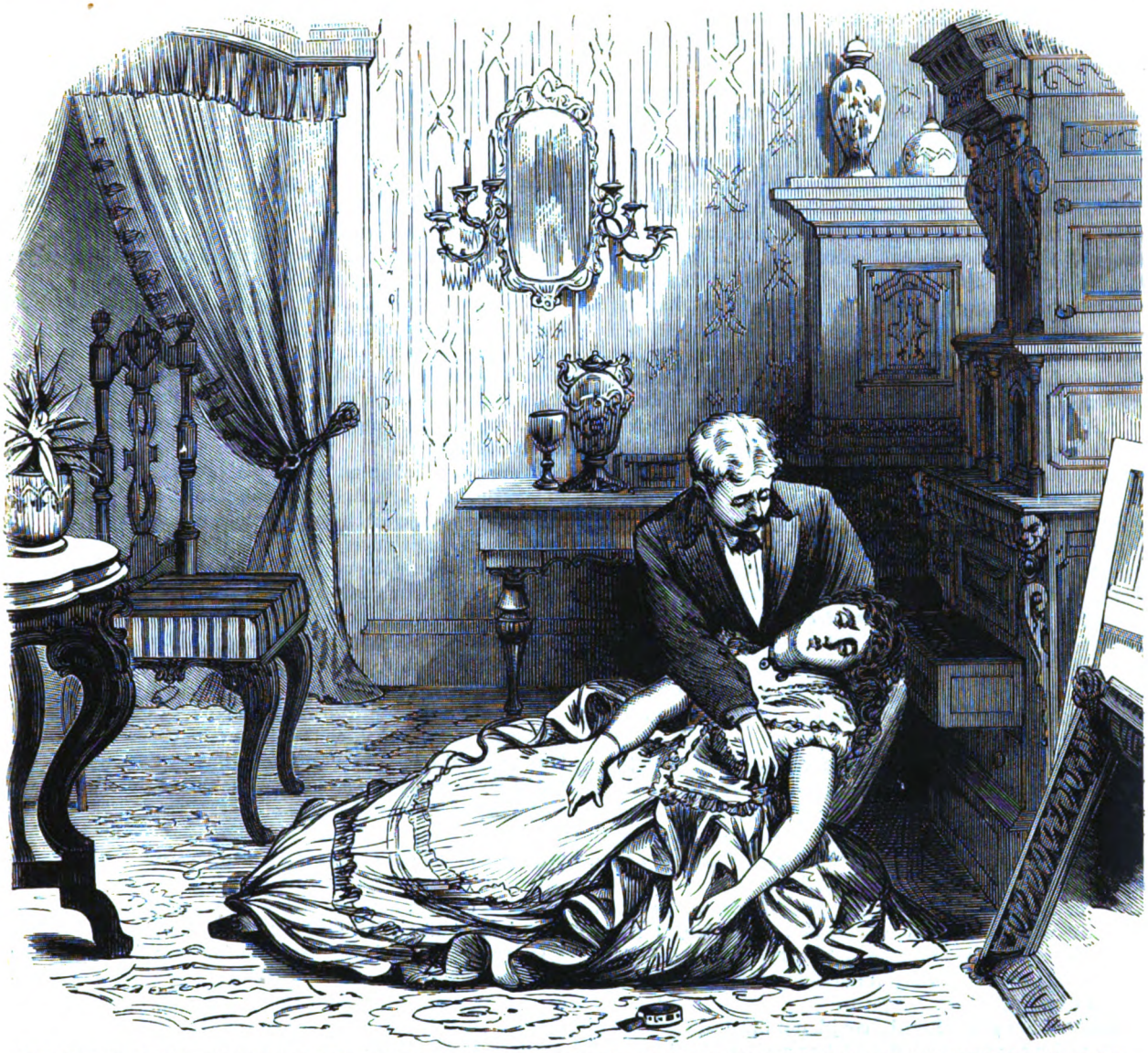
"Vowing to honor, I scorned and hated,
Dreaming on all I had loved and lost;
But, ah! more bitter, more darkly fated,
That ever again our paths have cross'd!"

She tore the ring from her lily finger,
With "Nevill, beloved, I come to thee!
In the Gordon's halls no more I linger,
If this weak hand can set me free!"

She pluck'd the dirk from her bleeding lover,
She buried it deep in her breast so white—
With, "Nevill, beloved, our woes are over—
To the Gordon's thrall a glad good-night!"

The chief look'd down on the hapless lovers—
Oh, but his frown was dark to see;
"I would give the best of my lands, proud Nevill,
To hold the heart thou hast lured from me!"

He knelt him down as her life was ebbing,
On the trampled heather he bent the knee;
"I would pluck the heart from my breast, false Ellen,
For one soft smile of love from thee!"



THE OPAL BRACELET.—"A LOW CRY LEFT HIS LIPS AS HE BEHELD THE FORM OF LETITIA PRONE IN FRONT OF A MASSIVE, OLD-FASHIONED CABINET, ONE OF WHOSE DRAWERS WAS WIDE OPEN."

THE OPAL BRACELET.

"WHAT an odd idea, Florence—a bracelet instead of an engagement-ring! Was it Victor's idea, or your own?"

"My own, mamma."

Florence Atherton turned from the window out of which she had been gazing, and drew near her mother's side. Even in the vague twilight glimmer that filled, just then, the sitting-room at Eightelms, it was easy to see what an exquisite softness of expression the young girl's face wore, framed in fleecy affluence of pale-golden hair, and lighted with deep-blue, earnest eyes.

"You know, mamma, that most of my ideas are odd," Florence went on, presently, in mild, meditative tones. "I have a fancy that something which merely clasps the finger is not half so strong a love-bond as something which clasps the arm. However this may be, Victor has yielded to my wish, and has promised that I shall have the bracelet by to-night."

"Victor would give you his head, Florence, if you were only to put the request persuasively enough!" a voice in the doorway now exclaimed; and Letitia Atherton entered the room a moment later.

She was, perhaps, two years the junior of her sister Florence, and, though belonging to a wholly opposite type of beauty, was yet very fair to look upon. Her eyes and hair were of Oriental darkness; her figure, though yet scarcely developed to its utmost, prophetic of faultless symmetry and ripeness; and the *abandon* of her graceful carriage and gestures would have been sufficient to fascinate many a male heart, even if their accompanying charms had not existed.

"You are sure, Florence," asked Mrs. Atherton, "that Victor will arrive from the city this evening?"

"So he assured me," was the answer. "I always believe Victor's promises, mamma."

Later that evening, Florence's lover made his appearance at Eightelms, bringing with him the bracelet (an exquisite shackle-shaped piece of Etruscan gold, studded with fine opals), which, as we know, his *fiancée* had considered preferable to the more conventional engagement-ring.

This Victor Buchanan was a fine, manly-looking fellow, whom Florence had met, several months previously, while on a visit to some relatives in New York; and the acquaintance then formed between herself and her present lover had rather speedily ripened into an attachment. The match

was a brilliant one for Florence, as Victor Buchanan was already the possessor of a large fortune, inherited from his deceased parents.

A month after the evening on which Florence's singular love-gage was brought to her, she became the wife of Victor Buchanan, and bade her mother and sister farewell for what promised to be at least a year's absence among the sights and diversions of a European tour.

The young bride was so perfectly happy at the thought of being finally united to one whom she almost worshiped as a god, that in her farewells there was little evidence of actual sorrow, while Mrs. Atherton bore up with admirable self-control in saying adieu to her first-born and best-loved daughter. Letitia, however, wept very bitterly.

"I am the most miserable creature in all Christendom," she wailed, on the afternoon of the day which had witnessed Florence's departure. "I don't care to live an hour longer."

"Nonsense, Lettie," said her mother, very reprovingly. "I am afraid, darling, that your sorrow springs more from envy of your sister's happiness than regret for her absence."

"Perhaps you're right," murmured the newly created Miss Atherton. "I suppose I shall have to mope here at dismal old Eightelms all the rest of my days. Why can't Auntie Wilkinson invite me to go and visit her in New York, and at least run the chance of catching a splendid husband, like Florence? But of course she won't do it. It isn't my luck that she should."

Nor did she. And a very dreary, society-less year passed over the head of our despondent Letitia. At the end of that time a fearful blow was dealt her, in the shape of her mother's sudden death.

"Auntie Wilkinson" made up for all past neglect then, by offering the poor, friendless orphan a home in her handsome Madison Avenue mansion. There the first month that followed Letitia's bereavement was passed, when, with the same suddenness that had attended her first affliction, she was called upon to bear a second.

Victor Buchanan wrote to her, from Paris, a letter filled with the wildest expressions of grief, and telling that his beloved Florence was no more. She had left a little boy, but the infant had survived its mother's death by not longer than a day.

Amid all her grief, Letitia could not but feel consoled at the intelligence which Victor's letter contained, of his purposed immediate return to New York. His face and character were more familiar than those of the comparative strangers by whom she was now surrounded, and it would be an inexpressible pleasure to meet him once more, and to hear from his lips the details of Florence's dying moments.

Auntie Wilkinson, an elderly lady, of rather strict social ideas, stood by when Victor and his young sister-in-law met; and it is safe to say that she felt immensely shocked at the affectionate fervor with which Mr. Buchanan was embraced and kissed by the beautiful young creature who seemed so overwhelmed with joy to see him.

Victor, in spite of his recent widowerhood, was but a man; and it was hard, during the long interview that followed between himself and Letitia Atherton, to shut his eyes to the fact of how a year had ripened her charms into an *ensemble* of such wondrous womanly loveliness as her sombre costume could in no ways conceal. Perhaps it was because she reminded him of the Florence whom he had adored so passionately that he now admired her with such depth of ill-concealed admiration.

Their interview, however, was of a mournful character. He described to Letitia the deathbed of his wife, and told how peacefully and resignedly her pure spirit had passed away. Her last words had concerned the opal bracelet given her on the day that their betrothal was sealed.

"Promise me, Victor," she had said, "that you will guard it sacredly, as a memory of our life together, whatever changes the years may hereafter bring to you. Promise me that no arm save mine shall ever wear it, whatever new love time may console you with."

And Victor had solemnly promised.

The young widower's visits were quite frequent at Mrs. Wilkinson's house during a space of fully four months, and the uninterrupted interviews between himself and Letitia very frequent likewise.

To Mrs. Wilkinson, nothing seemed more natural than that such visits and interviews should take place.

It was almost like the bursting of a bombshell when Victor Buchanan announced to her, one evening, that he had asked for the hand of her niece, and had received an affirmative answer.

Braving comment, they were married about three weeks later, and Letitia found herself the proud sharer of Victor's name and fortune.

It was not till after marriage, perhaps, that she confessed to herself the real truth concerning how she had loved Victor at a time when such love seemed capable of resulting in nothing except misery; nor was it till then, either, that a full realization of how perfectly her latent, though intense ambition had been gratified, made itself clear to her.

Not long after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan were installed in a superb residence, and living at a rate of expenditure that, to say the least of it, harmonized perfectly with Mr. Buchanan's liberal income.

"Recent bereavements in the family," as Letitia euphemistically expressed it, "would prevent them from entertaining for at least a year to come; but at the end of that time they hoped to do so in a manner consistent with their wealth and social standing."

And at the end of a year Mrs. Buchanan so far kept her word as to send out cards for a grand ball. For many days before it was to happen, this ball formed the subject of countless *on dits*, and was universally prophesied to be the most important similar affair of the season.

On the evening when Letitia Buchanan, robed in a dress whose richness of lace and needlework seemed wholly unsurpassable, swept through the yet vacant, but brilliantly lighted drawing-rooms of her splendid mansion, pride lent a richer color to the complexion for which many a woman would have spent thousands, and gave, perhaps, a more voluptuous swell to the superb bust, whose whiteness gleamed under sparkling diamonds and mist-like *point de Venise*.

"He loves me thoroughly," she murmured, in low, scarcely audible tones. "He has forgotten Florence's love, as though it had been the merest unsubstantial dream. I possess him utterly as my own."

Then her lips were silent for a second or two, growing a trifle firmer as they continued:

"And yet, for all that I am certain of his affection's entirely, I still mean to test it. I shall never rest until I receive *that one proof!*"

She was knocking at the door of her husband's dressing-room, presently:

"May I come in, Victor? You're dreadfully late."

He opened the door, and stood, dressed in full evening costume, before her.

"I am lost in admiration, Letitia," he murmured. "No houri was ever lovelier than you are now."

"And yet, Victor, I have a fancy that my costume needs one thing to complete it."

"What is that?"

She held up an arm, faultless enough for the Greek Phryne of old, saying:

"This needs an ornament of some kind, Victor."

"Pshaw! you're joking, love. You can count your bracelets by the score."

"I know it. But—" her beautiful lips were very close to his ear now, and those marvelous arms of hers were wreathing his neck—"there is one bracelet, Victor, that you will not give me. I mean an opal bracelet, which you keep up-stairs, in that great, old-fashioned cabinet. Shall I tell you why you will not give me this?"

"I am amazed, Letitia. You know well that it is because ——"

"Because you loved Florence better in the old days than you love me now! Don't deny it. I *know* it, Victor!"

She had turned away from him, and had buried her face in her hands.

Victor Buchanan's face was very pale, as he presently said:

"Surely, Letitia, you have not forgotten how Florence, on her dying bed——"

She interrupted him in tremulous tones at this point, revealing her face again, which looked agitated and pain-wrung. Criticised as mere skillful acting, her behavior certainly deserves praise.

"*You* have forgotten nothing about Florence. You never will forget. Oh, no, Victor! I cannot believe that you love me as I wish to be loved, until I receive this proof of it."

"You mean that I must let you wear the opal bracelet to-night?"

"Yes."

The monosyllable was pleadingly spoken, as, with a childish, impulsive gesture, she placed both hands upon his arm, and let the dark glory of her questioning eyes fall full upon his face.

He met the look with one that was restless, anxious, uneasy—the sort of glance by which a man says with all the distinctness of spoken words: "Do not implore me, or I must yield!"

"Consent, Victor—*please* consent. I only ask the favor of you for this single night. Afterward, I will return the bracelet to the cabinet, and let it remain there as long as you choose. Consider, it will be like sealing our love with a new and beautiful seal!"

She could scarcely disguise the smile of feminine triumph that rose to her lips when, after a moment or two of hesitation, he murmured:

"You know, Letitia, that I can refuse you nothing. Get the bracelet, since you are bent upon wearing it."

Leaving an eagerly-given kiss upon his lips, she hurried up-stairs as fast as her voluminous draperies would permit.

"Victory! victory!" a voice was whispering in her ears. "He loves you as though Florence had never been. He is all your own, while life lasts; and even in Heaven, after this proof of his devotion, Florence will scarcely dare to claim him!"

Meanwhile, Victor passed into his dressing-room and began pacing the floor with restless steps. He was acting faithlessly, treacherously, to the dead. He was insulting poor Florence's memory. He had even dealt his own self-respect an almost mortal blow. And yet——

At this point his meditations were sharply broken by the sound as of some falling body, on the floor directly above his chamber. He paused in the centre of the floor, and turned white, as a strange presentiment of unknown evil flashed, lightning-like, through his mind.

An instant later he was standing at the foot of the staircase up which his wife had hurried, and was calling "Letitia! Letitia!" in somewhat unsteady tones.

No answer. Rapidly, and impelled by a now growing sense of alarm, he ascended the stairs.

A quick passage through the brilliantly lighted upper hall brought him to the door of the room into which he knew that his wife had but recently entered.

A low cry left his lips as he beheld the form of Letitia prone in front of a massive, old-fashioned cabinet, one of whose drawers was wide open.

"Letitia, for God's sake, what has happened?"

He was kneeling at her side now, and had placed one of her hands between both his own. But while in the act of doing this, something had dropped, with a faint sound, from his wife's effortless fingers. It was the opal bracelet.

A second cry, far louder than the first, left his white lips. With trembling hands he raised the beautiful, fallen head, and saw upon one of its pearly, blue-veined temples a deep-purple mark, as of some heavy blow. Then he felt for her heart, and presently knew that it had ceased to beat.

Had the dead Florence dealt vengeance from beyond her grave?

Victor Buchanan believes so to this day, though friend after friend has tried to persuade him of the folly of so believing, and has pointed to one of the sharp oaken abutments at the foot of the cabinet, saying that his wife, in returning to close the cabinet-drawer, had tripped, and struck her head in falling.

He will not believe this explanation. His friends call him a monomaniac. Does he deserve the name?"

A RELIC OF SLAVERY IN JAMAICA.

In the Museum of the Society of Arts in Kingston is a terrible memento of the severity of the slave code there in bygone days. It is a cage in which, at the time of a slave insurrection in 1760, one of the convicted conspirators was hung up alive.

Round the knees, hips and waist, under the arms and around the neck, iron hoops were riveted close about the different parts of the body. Iron braces crossed these again, from the hips right over the centre of the head. Iron bars and plates encircled and supported the legs, and at the lower extremities were fixed plates of iron like old-fashioned stirrups, in which the feet might have found rest, had not a finish to the torture, compared to which crucifixion itself must have been mild, been contrived by fixing in each stirrup three sharp-pointed spikes to pierce the soles of the victim's feet. The only support the body could receive, while strength remained or life endured, was given by a narrow hoop passing from one end of the waist-bar in front between the legs to the bar at the back. Attached to the circular band under the arms, stood out a pair of handcuffs, which prevented the slightest motion in the hands; and on the crossing of the hoops over the head was a strong hook, by which the whole fabric, with the sufferer inclosed, was suspended.

Quivering in agony, there she swung, the blazing sun striking fiercely on her nakedness, quickly causing a terrible thirst to rage throughout the frame, and, while yet life was strong, the fevered blood to course madly through the swollen veins. Not long before the ants, pondering over the drops of blood which fell from her spike-pierced feet, would climb in countless myriads up the old tamarind-tree, across the branches, and down over the iron bars to the fountain of this horrid feast; while mosquitoes and sand-flies disputed with these and many other parasites which should suck fastest at the life and strength of a poor human creature, hung up to be eaten thus alive.

A spectator of the scene has left this on record:

"The two that were hung up alive were indulged, at their own request, with a hearty meal immediately before

A SAKARRAN GIRL IN HOLIDAY COSTUME.

they were suspended on the gibbet, which was erected on the parade in the town of Kingston. From that time until they expired they never uttered the least complaint, except only of cold in the night, but diverted themselves all day long in discourse with their countrymen, who were permitted, very improperly, to surround the gibbet.

"On the seventh day a notion prevailed among the spectators that one of them wished to communicate an important secret to his master, my near relation, and as he was in St. Mary's, the commanding officer sent for me. I endeavored, by means of an interpreter, to let him know I was present, but I could not understand what he said in return. I remember that both he and his fellow-sufferer laughed immoderately at something that occurred—I know not what. The next morning, the eighth, one of them silently expired, as did the other on the morning of the ninth day."

A SAKARRAN GIRL IN HOLIDAY COSTUME.

THE Sakarrans are a tribe of Dyaks in Borneo, and that their women are beautiful the illustration proves beyond the power of words. Boyle, who best studied the race and country, thus describes the town:

"The town of Sakarran is situated at the junction of that river with Batang Lupar. The country immediately around is flat, but here and there a solitary hill arises from the midst of the plain, and lofty mountains encircle it at a distance. The fort is a large and handsome building, surrounded by a formidable *chevaux-de-frise*, composed of ironwood stakes. At high tide, the building is partially insulated by a broad moat, over which a drawbridge is thrown; but the Tuan Mudah has planted its banks and the neighboring ground with flowers and shrubs, which remove the air of barrenness usual among the out-stations of Sarawak. The interior is pleasantly furnished, and boasts a good library; the fortmen are numerous, and their quarters large and airy, and the number of guns and rifles stored in the armory would equip a considerable force."

The eyes of a noble Sakarran girl are large and beautiful, her nose finely cut, her mouth small and expressive. The teeth are, unfortunately, dyed black, but in shape and regularity leave nothing to desire. Long, black hair and tiny feet and hands are her crowning attractions.

Her dress is rich and simple. A jacket, with a bedang or short petticoat, a golden cincture, and bracelets and anklets of golden rings—these, with flowers, render a Sakarran girl a most winning creature; her artlessness being heightened by a sort of melancholy cast.

ALLAN GREY'S MISTAKE.

"AND so you could not marry a poor man, Meta?"

"No, indeed, I couldn't! Why, Allan, what on earth should I do as a poor man's wife? I have never been used to work, you know; and all poor men's wives have to work, don't they?"

"Not always, dear. I did not mean such poverty as that, exactly. But I suppose they have to be a little self-denying, and do without a great many pretty things that you might think indispensable to your comfort."

"Yes, I know; and they can't go to the opera, or buy a new dress when they want one; but when they pass a shop-window shut up their purses ever so tight, and hurry on. That's what Annie Harris does, for she told me so herself; and Annie does her own cooking, and minds her own children and sews for Mr. Harris, and them, and herself; and she couldn't even afford to subscribe this year to the circulating library, and she hasn't bought a new bonnet for a year."

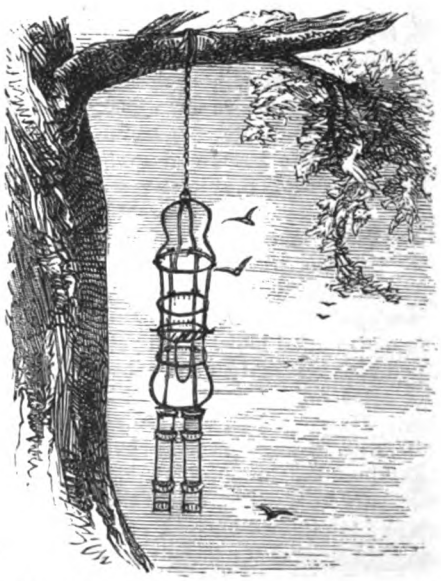
Meta Harding opened her pretty blue eyes very wide as she reached the culminating point of her distressing statement, and raised them to Allan Grey's face to meet the answering expression of horrified pity she expected to find there.

But Allan only smiled down at her a little gravely, in return.

"And yet Mrs. Harris appears to me to be one of the most cheerful, contented persons I know," he rejoined.

"Why, of course she is. It's wonderful to see how she bears up. But, then, she's a real love—there are few people like her."

"You talk as if she had great misfortunes to bear up under, Meta. It seems to me that my friend Harris has a very cozy, well-appointed little home. I never see any evidences of discomfort or neglect when I go there."



A RELIC OF SLAVERY IN JAMAICA.—SEE PAGE 539

"Oh, Allan, everything is *very* plain. Why, they haven't even got a Brussels carpet in the parlor!"

"Haven't they? I am sure I did not know it. I saw pretty, bright colors on the floor, and thought it looked very nice."

"Only three-ply, I assure you. And everything is plain and cheap all over the house. I do like nice furniture, don't you?"

"Most people do, dear; but I don't think handsome furniture, and Brussels carpets, and silk dresses, and theatre-going, and new bonnets, are *absolutely* indispensable to one's happiness—do you?

"I suppose you are laughing at me, you bad man! But if I *do* like pretty things, I am not a bit extravagant, and you know it."

"Not a bit—you never indulge in such costly trifles as this, for instance!" and he held up the dainty wrist encircled by a glittering bracelet, which cost a hundred dollars, and which Meta, seeing in a jeweler's window the day before, had taken a fancy to and bought, because "it was such a love," though her jewel-box was stored with more of such ornaments than she knew what to do with. But, then, those were "old," and she was tired of them; and this was something unique, and quite in a new style, as the jeweler had assured her; and her friend, Cora Lyle, who was shopping with her, had exclaimed: "Oh, Meta, buy it! It is charmingly pretty and *recherche;*" and so without much ado the bauble was purchased, and the bill sent in to papa.

ALLAN GREY'S MISTAKE.—"'YOU NEVER INDULGE IN SUCH COSTLY TRIFLES AS THIS, FOR INSTANCE!' AND HE HELD UP THE WRIST ENCIRCLED BY A GLITTERING BRACELET."

"Papa," was a wealthy merchant, who thought his daughter the dearest little girl in the world, and forgave her all her extravagancies, because he loved her so much that he could not deny her anything she wanted, or fancied she wanted, which came to pretty much the same thing.

Ever since her mother's death, which had occurred when she was a baby, he had devoted himself to petting and pleasing her, in consequence of which Meta thought, very naturally, that self-indulgence was the most harmless thing in the world, and that it would be very dreadful indeed not to have at least six new dresses every season, and as much pinmoney as would supply the wants of some careful housewives for a year.

Allan Grey, too, thought Meta "the dearest little girl in the world," which accounts for his having asked her, about a month previous to the time of which I am writing, to become his wife at some future day.

And Meta had accepted him, not altogether because he was rich and handsome, and admired by all the girls she knew, but also because somewhere down in the recesses of her foolish little heart there lurked a fund of warm, earnest affection and a true appreciation of her lover's intrinsic worth.

It is only justice to her to say that she could have married a much wealthier man than Allan, had she chosen to do so, for everybody knew that Will Sandford had been over head and ears in love with her for the last eighteen months, and had repeatedly laid his heart and fortune at her feet—said fortune consisting of a clear half-million in his own right, besides expectations of nobody could tell how much more when Sandford, senior—who was in the decline of life—should bid adieu to this mundane sphere.

But Meta was proof against the half-million and the great expectations, and people thought it very much to her credit that she should accept Allan Grey instead.

It has been clearly demonstrated, however, that, had he been a poor man, she could not have made up her mind so to do; nor is it likely that he would have given her an opportunity, for he was far too proud to run the risk of being considered a fortune-hunter.

Allan, dearly as he loved his little *fiancée*, was not quite blind to her vanities and weaknesses, and occasionally took her somewhat to task for them, as on the present occasion, when the display of her elegant but unnecessary purchase had led to a slight disquisition, on his part, on the folly and uselessness of such unprofitable extravagance.

Meta, half smiling and half pouting, listened to his lecture with a very good grace, partly because it was so novel to her, and partly because, as she said, "it was so funny to hear him scold."

"But, my darling, I am not dreaming of scolding you,"

he replied. "I have scarcely a right to do that yet, and certainly not in the present case. But I only want you to acknowledge that this pretty toy, which you will soon get tired of, was rather a useless thing to throw away a hundred dollars on, when you could have spent the money so much more wisely in some other way."

"On poor people, do you mean?" she asked. "Papa does all that, you know; he gives a great deal in charity, though, of course I wouldn't speak of it to anybody but you. And I would not be so wicked as to refuse anybody in distress, if I knew about them—I hope you don't think I would, Allan? I am not quite as bad as that."

"I am sure of it, love," Allan answered, thinking how charming she looked with the tears starting into her childlike blue eyes, and that wistful, half-aggrieved expression on her face as she made the appeal; and his little lecture was quite over for that evening, nor did the occasion of it recur again to his mind.

But that night, as he walked home under the stars, their conversation came back to his memory, and he was conscious of a vague feeling of dissatisfaction, a longing for something he was not quite sure of having obtained.

He had been brought up with very prudent, sensible ideas in regard to money, and though he was the most generous-hearted man in the world when occasion required, he never indulged in willful waste, or threw away a dollar simply for the pleasure of throwing it away.

But it was not the knowledge of the difference of Meta's ideas on the subject, or the thought that she might expect too much from him when they were married, that troubled him now.

He knew he had ample means of satisfying her wants, and was not afraid of ever giving her cause to reproach him for depriving her of anything to which she had heretofore been accustomed.

But her answer to his question, "And so you could not marry a poor man?" recurred to him perpetually, with a sense of pain, for it seemed somehow to lessen the value of his love for her, and to put it aside, as of minor importance in comparison with his wealth. It was true, he had not asked her, "Would you have been willing to marry *me* if I had been a poor man?" but would not her answer in that case have been just the same? Was her affection for him as pure, as deep, as his for her; or was her gay heart more shallow and frivolous than he liked to think? Could he look forward to having her a true, womanly helpmeet to journey with him through life, or was she a mere brilliant butterfly, fitted only for sunshine and Summer hours?

Musing thus, in not a very cheerful frame of mind, he arrived at last at his lodgings.

On a table in his room he found a note, containing only the following brief notice:

"You are wanted at the office without delay. News of importance to communicate."

Marveling much at this summons, which was from one of his partners in business, Allan immediately repaired to his office, where news of a most distressing character awaited him.

Intelligence had been received of the failure of a large speculation; a bubble had burst, and the firm of which he was a member, among several others, was totally ruined. Even his own private fortune would probably be swallowed up in assisting to pay the claims against them.

The blow was almost too stunning a one for him to realize at first.

After a long and perplexed consultation, he hastened home in the chill, gray dawn of morning, a haggard-looking and miserable man.

It was not for himself he grieved; he could have borne the blow bravely, for he was young and strong, full of energy and hope, and in a few years at most he knew he could again work his way up. But Meta—his betrothed! How could he expect her to wait for him so long? He felt too surely that all must now be at an end between them; every sentiment of duty and honor required that he should at once release her from her promise, and bring their engagement to a close.

How dark the future looked, when all had been so bright a few hours before.

He reached his home, and, throwing himself on a sofa, buried his face in his hands.

Long he brooded over his sorrow, powerless to act in any way.

At last, with a great effort, he roused himself.

"This is mere folly!" he exclaimed. "What is the use of delaying what has to be done? Let me be a man! I cannot see Meta—I could not bear it just yet; but I can write, and I'll do it at once."

He drew a little table, with pen, ink and paper, toward him, and, after some deliberation, wrote the following lines:

"My Own Meta—For I must call you so once more, though for the last time—when we parted last night I was a rich and prosperous man; to-day I am ruined. Our firm has failed, and I have nothing in the world that I can call my own.

"Under these circumstances, there is but one course left me to pursue, and that is to give you up. I well know that you could not share a life of poverty and toil—indeed, I would not ask it. It nearly breaks my heart to write these words. I love you more than I can express—more, perhaps, than you will ever realize—but enough of this; all must be at an end now, and why dwell on thoughts like these? Our brief engagement is at an end, but you will still permit me—will you not?—to cherish its memory as a bright and beautiful dream, which shed over my life a halo of the purest happiness I have ever enjoyed.

"Farewell, and God bless you, my lost love! May you be happy and blest in whatever path of life you are called to pursue, is the fervent, heartfelt prayer of one who can now only sign himself,

"Your friend, A. C. G."

Allan read this note over, and was not satisfied with it; it seemed too flowery, too elaborate. He had meant to be calm and concise, keeping his own feelings in the background, instead of obtruding them selfishly upon her. But as it was written he would let it stand. He had a wretched headache, and a second attempt would probably be worse than the first. So he carried it to the nearest letter-box, dropped it in with a feeling as if he were burying a friend, and then returned home to indulge at leisure in his melancholy reflections, for he really felt too ill to make the exertion of going down to the office, before the afternoon, at any rate.

How changed everything seemed! A dull, dead blank was around him, a weight on his heart that felt as if it could never be lifted again; all was dark where it had been sunshine a few hours before. A few hours!—it seemed as though years had elapsed since last night.

How little had he thought, as he lingered with Meta on the moonlit porch to say his reluctant good-night, that it was for the last time—that those little hands would never again be placed confidingly in his; that gentle voice murmur his name, giving it the sweetest sound it had ever borne on mortal lips, no more!

How fleeting had been his dream of happiness and love! How dreary and tasteless seemed his life when robbed of its grace and glory!

The weary morning wore away, and the hour of noon rang out from the turret close by. He rose impatiently from the sofa, rang for coffee and some biscuit, but could not taste them when they came; he had eaten no breakfast, and felt

faint and weary from excitement and fatigue, but loathed the sight of food.

His landlady, a kind-hearted Western woman, quite compassionated his fevered and haggard appearance.

"Dear Mr. Gray, but you do look bad!" she exclaimed. "You had better let me send for a doctor right away."

Allan smiled faintly, and assured the benevolent lady that it was only a nervous headache, which would wear off after a while.

He was, indeed, suffering from extreme nervousness; his pulse throbbed, and his blood coursed through his veins with painful rapidity. He tried to compose himself to sleep, but the attempt was vain.

Late in the afternoon, as he was sitting in an armchair near the window, he heard the sound of footsteps on the stairs leading to his rooms.

"Nobody coming to see me, I devoutly hope," was his thought.

The hope was a vain one, for the next minute there was a tap at his door, and in answer to his resigned "Come in!" his landlady flung it open, and with a beaming face ushered in—who?"

A little lady in a blue silk dress, and a hat with a most bewitching feather in it, who, without the least show of bashfulness or timidity, ran up to him and clasped her arms about his neck.

"Oh, Allan, how could you—how could you write me such a note! I'll never—never forgive you!"

She was sobbing on his shoulder.

"Meta—Meta! my love, my darling girl! What is this? What does it mean?" said Allan, too bewildered to comprehend how this state of affairs could possibly have come about.

"It means this: that you are a bad, bad, good-for-nothing person, who wants to get rid of me, and I won't be got rid of—do you hear? *Now* do you understand, ungrateful man?"

"No, I don't understand, Meta; I am afraid there is some great mistake!"

"Yes, there is a great mistake; the greatest you ever made in your life. I dare say it was my own fault" (sob.) "I made you think me a mean, selfish, heartless, mercenary little wretch" (sob), "and it was shameful in you to believe me, and I never thought you would have acted so" (sob, sob); "but I'll show you that I am just as good and forgiving as I can be—and I've a great mind never to forgive you or love you any more!" With which very lucid and consistent speech, Miss Harding hid her face and cried more than ever.

"But Meta, my dear, dear girl! do you know that I'm a ruined man?"

"Of course I know it! Papa knows it (see papa there; you didn't think I would be so improper as to come to a gentleman's room without him, did you, sir?) and he says it's all the same; and you are just as silly as can be."

"Pardon me, my dear Meta," blandly interposed Mr. Harding, of whose presence Allan had been in total unconsciousness; "that was by no means my expression; I only said——"

What he said, and what Allan said in return, is too long to be repeated here. Suffice it to say, that Allan, in the strength of his newly restored love, felt equal to making a dozen new fortunes; but as one will be sufficient for his needs, let us hope that it will not be long before he succeeds in attaining it.

He is already on the road to renewed prosperity. He has been married now for over a year, and in all the Queen City of the West there is not a happier couple than Mr. and Mrs. Allan Gray.

THE GORILLA AND OTHER APES.

By Richard A. Proctor.

About twenty-five centuries ago, a voyager called Hanno is said to have sailed from Carthage, between the Pillars of Hercules—that is, through the Straits of Gibraltar—along the shores of Africa. "Passing the Streams of Fire," says the narrator, "we came to a bay called the Horn of the South. In the recess there was an island, like the first, having a lake, and in this there was another island full of wild men. But much the greater part of them were women, with hairy bodies, whom the interpreters called "Gorillas." But, pursuing them, we were not able to take the men; they all escaped, being able to climb the precipices; and defended themselves with pieces of rock. But three women, who bit and scratched those who led them, were not willing to follow. However, having killed them, we flayed them, and conveyed the skins to Carthage; for we did not sail any further, as provisions began to fail."

In the opinion of many naturalists, the wild men of this story were the anthropoid or man-like apes which are now called gorillas, rediscovered recently by Du Chaillu. The region inhabited by the gorillas is a well-wooded country, "extending about a thousand miles from the Gulf of Guinea southward," says Gosse; "and as the gorilla is not found beyond these limits, so we may pretty conclusively infer that the extreme point of Hanno was somewhere in this region." I must confess these inferences seem to me somewhat open to question, and the account of Hanno's voyage only interesting in its relation to the gorilla, as having suggested the name now given to this race of apes. It is not probable that Hanno sailed much further than Sierra Leone; according to Rennell, the island where the "wild men" were seen was the small island lying cloe by Sherbro, some seventy miles south of Sierra Leone. To have reached the gorilla district after doubling Cape Verd, which is itself a point considerably south of the most southerly city founded by Hanno, he would have had to voyage a distance exceeding that of Cape Verd from Carthage. Nothing in the account suggests that the portion of the voyage after the colonizing was completed had so great a range. The behavior of the "wild men," again, does not correspond with the known habits of the gorilla. The idea suggested is that of a species of anthropoid ape far inferior to the gorilla in strength, courage and ferocity.

The next accounts which have been regarded as relating to the gorilla are those given by Portuguese voyagers. These narratives have been received with considerable doubt, because in some parts they seem manifestly fabulous. Thus, the pictures representing apes show also huge flying dragons with a crocodile's head; and we have no reason for believing that bat-like creatures like the pterodactyls of the green sand existed in Africa or elsewhere so late as the time of the Portuguese voyages of discovery.

Purchas, in his history of Andrew Battell, speaks of "a kinde of great apes, if they might so bee termed, of the height of a man, but twice as bigge in feature of their limmes, with strength proportionable, hairie all over, otherwise altogether like men and women in their whole bodily shape, except that their legges had no calves." This description accords well with the peculiarities of gorillas, and may be regarded as the first genuine account of these animals. Battell's contemporaries called the apes so described Pongoes. It is probable that in selecting the name Pongo for the young female gorilla lately at the Westminster Aquarium, the proprietors of this interesting creature showed a more accurate judgment of the meaning of Purchas's narrative than Du Chaillu showed of Hanno's account, in

calling the great anthropoid ape of the Gulf of Guinea a gorilla.

I propose here briefly to sketch the peculiarities of the four apes which approach nearest in form to man—the gorilla, the chimpanzee, the orang-outang and the gibbon; and then, though not dealing generally with the question of our relationship to these non-speaking (and, in some respects, perhaps, "unspeakable") animals, to touch on some points connected with this question, and to point out some errors which are very commonly entertained on the subject.

It may be well, in the first place, to point out that the terms "ape," "baboon" and "monkey" are no longer used as they were by the older naturalists. Formerly the term "ape" was limited to tailless simians having no cheek-pouches, and the same number of teeth as man; the term "baboon" to short-tailed simians with dog-shaped heads; and the term "monkey," unless used generically, to the

GORILLAS WITH THEIR YOUNG ONE.

long-tailed species. This was the usage suggested by Ray and adopted systematically thirty or forty years ago; but it is no longer followed, though no uniform classification has been substituted for the old arrangement. Thus Mivart divides the apes into two classes: calling the first the *Simiadæ*, or Old World apes, and the second the *Cebidæ*, or New World apes. He subdivides the *Simiadæ* into (1) the *Siminæ*, including the gorilla, chimpanzee, orang and gibbon; (2) the *Semnopithecinæ;* and (3) the *Cynopithecinæ;* neither of which subdivisions will occupy much of our attention here, save as respects the third subdivision of the Cynopithecæ, viz., the *Cynocephali*, which includes the baboons. The other great division, the Cebidæ, or New World apes, are for the most part very unlike the Old World apes. None of them approach the gorilla or orang-outang in size; most of them are long-tailed; and the number and arrangement of the teeth are different. The feature, however, which most naturalists have selected as the characteristic distinction between the apes of the Old World and of the New World is the position of the nostrils. The former are called Catarhine, a word signifying that the nostrils are directed downward; the latter are called Platyrhine, or broad-nosed. The nostrils of all the Old World apes are separated by a narrow cartilaginous plate or septum, whereas the septum of the New World apes is broad. After the apes come, according to Mivart's classification, the half-apes or Lemuroids.

THE GORILLAS DISCOVERED BY HANNO, THE CARTHAGINIAN.

I ought, perhaps, to have mentioned that Mivart, in describing the Lemuroids as the second sub-order of a great order of animals—the Primates—speaks of man as (zoologically speaking) belonging to the first sub-order. So that, in point of fact, the two sub-orders are the Anthropoids, including the Anthropos (man), and the Lemuroids, including the lemur.

The classification here indicated will serve our present purpose very well. But the reader is reminded that, as already mentioned, naturalists do not adopt at present any uniform system of classification. Moreover, the term *Simiadæ* is usually employed, and will be employed here, to represent the entire simian race, *i. e.*, both the Simiadæ and the Cebidæ of Mivart's classification.

And now, turning to the Anthropoid apes, we find ourselves at the outset confronted by the

CAPTURE OF A GORILLA.

question, Which of the four apes, the gorilla, the orang-outang, the chimpanzee, or the gibbon, is to be regarded as nearest to man in intelligence? So far as bodily configuration is concerned, our opinion would vary according to the particular feature which we selected for consideration; but it will probably be admitted that intelligence should be the characteristic by which our opinions should be guided.

The gibbon may be dismissed at once, though, as will presently appear, there are some features in which this ape resembles man more closely than either the gorilla, the orang-outang, or the chimpanzee.

The gorilla must, I fear, be summarily ejected from the position of honor. Though he is a much larger animal than the chimpanzee, his brain barely equals the chimpanzee's in mass. It is also less fully developed in front. In fact, Gratiolet asserts that the orang's brain is the culminating form of the gibbon type, and the chimpanzee's the culminating form of the macaque type. This does not dispose of the difficulty very satisfactorily, however, because it remains to be shown whether the gibbon type and the macaque type are superior as types to the baboon types. But the baboons are all brutal and ferocious, whereas the gibbons are comparatively gentle, and the macaques docile and even playful.

Still, it seems tolerably clear that the choice as to the race of apes which must be regarded as first in intelligence, and therefore as on the whole the most manlike, rests between the orang-outang and the chimpanzee. "In the world of science, as in that of politics," said Professor Rolleston, in 1862, "France and England have occasionally differed as to their choice between rival candidates for royalty. If either hereditary claims or personal merits affect at all the right of succession, beyond a question the gorilla is but a pretender, and one or other of the two (other) candidates the true prince. There is a graceful as well as an ungraceful way of withdrawing from a false position, and the British public will adopt the graceful course by accepting forthwith and henceforth the French candidate"—the orang-outang. If this was intended as prophecy it has not been fulfilled by the event, for the gorilla is still regarded by most British naturalists as the ape which comes on the whole nearest to man; but probably, in saying "the British public will adopt the graceful course" in accepting the orang-outang as "the king of the Simiadæ," Professor Rolleston meant only that that course would be graceful if adopted.

Before the discovery of the gorilla, the chimpanzee was usually regarded as next to man in the scale of the animal creation. It was Cuvier who first maintained the claim of the orang-outang to this position. Cuvier's opinion was based on the greater development of the orang-outang's brain, and the height of its forehead. But these marks of superiority belong to the orang only when young. The adult orang seems to be inferior, or at least not superior, to the chimpanzee as respects cerebral formation, and in other respects seems less to resemble man. The proportions of his body, his long arms, high shoulders, deformed neck and imperfect ears are opposed to its claims to be regarded as manlike. In all these respects, save one, the chimpanzee seems to be greatly its superior. (The ear of the chimpanzee is large, and not placed as with us; that of the gorilla is much more like man's.)

As to the intelligence exhibited in the conduct of the chimpanzee and orang-outang, various opinions may be formed according to the various circumstances under which the animals are observed. The following has been quoted in evidence of the superiority of the chimpanzee in this respect: "About fifty years ago a young chimpanzee and an orang-outang of about the same age were exhibited together at the Egyptian Hall. The chimpanzee, though in a declining state of health, and rendered peevish and irritable by bodily suffering, exhibited much superior marks of intelligence to his companion; he was active, quick, and observant of everything that passed around him; no new visitor entered the apartment in which he was kept, and no one left it, without attracting his attention. The orang-outang, on the contrary, exhibited a melancholy and a disregard of passing occurences almost amounting to apathy; and, though in the enjoyment of better health, was evidently much inferior to his companion in quickness and observation. On one occasion, when the animals were dining on potatoes and boiled chicken, and surrounded as usual with a large party of visitors, the orang-outang allowed her plate to be taken without exhibiting the least apparent concern; not so, however, the chimpanzee. We took advantage of an opportunity when his head was turned to observe a person coming in, to secrete his plate also. For a few seconds he looked round to see what had become of it, but, not finding it, began to pout and fret exactly like a spoiled child, and, perceiving a young lady, who happened to be standing near him, laughing, perhaps suspecting her to be the delinquent, he flew at her in the greatest rage, and would probably have bitten her had she not got beyond his reach. Upon having his plate restored, he took care to prevent the repetition of the joke by holding it firmly with one hand, while he fed himself with the other."

Perhaps the soundest opinion respecting the relative position of the gorilla, chimpanzee, and orang-outang with reference to man, is that which places the gorilla nearest to the lower tribes of man now inhabiting Africa; the chimpanzee approximating, but not so closely, to higher African tribes, and the orang-outang approximating, but still less closely, to Asian tribes. It appears to me that no one who takes a *general* view of these three races of anthropoid apes can hesitate to regard the gorilla as that which, on the whole, approaches nearest to man; but it is to a much lower race of man that the gorilla approximates, so that the chimpanzee and the orang-outang may fairly be regarded as higher in the scale of animal life.

If we consider young specimens of the three animals, we are unmistakably led, in my judgment, to such a conclusion. I have seen three or four young chimpanzees, two young orangs and the young gorilla lately exhibited, and I cannot hesitate to pronounce Pongo altogether the most human of the three.

A young chimpanzee reminds one rather of an old man than of a child, and the same may be said of young orangs; but the young gorilla unmistakably reminds one of the young negro. Repeatedly, while watching Pongo, I was reminded of the looks and behavior of young negroes, though not able in every case to fix definitely on the feature of resemblance which recalled the negro to my mind. One circumstance may be specially noted, not only as frequently recurring, but as illustrating the traits on which the resemblance of the gorilla (when young, at any rate) to the negro depends. A negro turns his eyes where a Caucasian would turn his head. The peculiarity is probably a relic of savage life; for the savage, whether engaged in war or in the chase, avoids, as far as possible, every movement of body or limb. Pongo looks in this way. When she thus cast her black eyes sideways at an object, I found myself reminded irresistibly of the ways of watchful negro waiters.

The four anthropoid apes, full-grown and in their native wilds, differ greatly from each other in character.

The gorilla occupies a well-wooded country extending along the coast of Africa from the Gulf of Guinea southward across the equator. When full-grown he is equal to a man in height, but much more powerfully built. The largest male

seems to have been at least six feet two in height; so that, making allowance for the shortness of the lower limbs, the dimensions of a full-grown male may be said to equal those of a man of eight or nine feet high, and it is only in their length that the lower limbs are disproportionate to the gigantic trunk. In the thickness and solidity of their bones, and in the strength of their muscles, these limbs are quite in keeping with the rest of the body. When upright, the gorilla's arms reach to his knees; the hind hands are wide, and of amazing size and power; the great toe, or thumb, measures six inches in circumference; the palms and soles, and the naked part of the face, are of an intense black color, as is also the breast. The other parts are thickly clothed with hair of an iron-gray, except the head, on which it is reddish-brown, and the arms, where it is long and nearly black. The female is wholly tinged with red.

Du Chaillu gives the following account of the aspect of the gorilla in his native woods: "Suddenly, as we were yet creeping along in a silence which made even a heavy breath seem loud and distinct, the woods were at once filled with a tremendous barking roar; then the underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently stood before us an immense gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on all-fours; but when he saw our party he erected himself and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think I shall never forget. Nearly six feet high (he proved four inches shorter), with immense body, huge chest, and great, muscular arms, with fiercely glaring, large, deep-gray eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me some nightmare vision; thus stood before us the king of the African forest. He was not afraid of us; he stood there and beat his breast with his large fists till it resounded like an immense bass drum (which is their mode of bidding defiance), meantime giving vent to roar after roar."

The gorilla is a fruit-eater, but as fierce as the most carnivorous animals. He is said to show an enraged enmity against men, probably because he has found them not only hostile to himself, but successful in securing the fruits which the gorilla loves; for he shows a similar hatred to the elephant, which also seeks these fruits.

We are told that when the gorilla "sees the elephant busy with his trunk among the twigs, he instantly regards this as an infraction of the laws of property, and, dropping silently down to the bough, he suddenly brings his club smartly down on the elephant's proboscis, and drives off the alarmed animal trumpeting shrilly with rage and pain."

His enmity to man is more terribly manifested. He does not, like the lion, sullenly retreat, but swings himself rapidly down to the lower branches, courting a conflict, and clutches the nearest of his enemies. The hideous aspect of his visage (his green eyes flashing with rage) is heightened by the thick and prominent brows being drawn spasmodically up and down, with the hair erect, causing a horrible and fiendish scowl. Weapons are torn from their possessor's grasp, gun-barrels bent and crushed in by the powerful hands and vice-like teeth of the enraged brute. More horrid still, however, is the sudden and unexpected fate which is often inflicted by him. Two negroes will be walking through one of the woodland paths, unsuspicious of evil, when in an instant one misses his companion, or turns to see him drawn up in the air with a convulsed, choking cry, and in a few minutes dropped to the ground, a strangled corpse. The terrified survivor gazes up, and meet the grin and glare of the fiendish giant, who, watching his opportunity, had suddenly put down his immense hind hand, caught the wretch by the neck with resistless power, and dropped him only when he ceased to struggle."

The chimpanzee inhabits the region from Sierra Leone to the southern confines of Angola, possibly as far as Cape Negro; so that his domain includes within it that of the gorilla. He attains almost the same height as the gorilla when full grown, but is far less powerfully built. In fact, in general proportions the chimpanzee approaches man more nearly than does any other animal. His body is covered with long black, coarse hair, thickest on the head, shoulders, and back, and rather thin on the breast and belly. The face is dark brown, and naked, as are the ears, except that long, black whiskers adorn the animal's cheeks. The hair on the forearms is directed toward the elbows, as is the case with all the anthropoid apes, and with man himself. This hair forms, where it meets the hair from the upper arm, a small ruff about the elbow-joint. The chimpanzees live in society in the woods, constructing huts from the branches and foliage of trees to protect themselves against the sun and heavy rains.

They arm themselves with clubs, and unite to defend themselves against the attacks of wild beasts. It is dangerous for men to enter their forests, unless in companies and well armed; women in particular are often said to be carried away by these animals, and one negress is reported to have lived among them for three years, during which time they treated her with uniform kindness, but always prevented any attempt on her part to escape. When the negroes leave a fire in the woods, it is said that the chimpanzees will gather round and warm themselves at the blaze, but they have not sufficient intelligence to keep it alive by fresh supplies of fuel.

The orang-outang inhabits Borneo, Java, Sumatra, and other islands of the Indian coast. He attains a greater height than the gorilla, but, though very powerful and active, would probably not be a match for the gorilla in a single combat. His arms are by comparison as well as actually much longer. Whereas the gorilla's reach only to the knees, the arms of the orang-outang almost reach the ground. The orang seldom attempts to walk on the hind feet alone, and when it does the hands are invariably employed for the purpose of steadying its tottering equilibrium, touching the ground lightly on each side as it proceeds."

The gorilla can scarcely be said to walk on all-fours, because he does not place the inside of the hand on the ground, but walks on the knuckles.

"The muzzle is somewhat long, the mouth ill-shaped, the lips thin and protuberant; the ears are very small, the chin scarcely recognizable, and the nose only to be recognized by the nostrils. The face, ears, and inside of the hands of the orang are naked and of a brick-red color; the foreparts are also but thinly covered with hair; but the head, shoulders, back, and extremities are thickly clothed with long hair of dark, wine-red color, directed forward on the crown of the head and upward toward the elbows on the forearms."

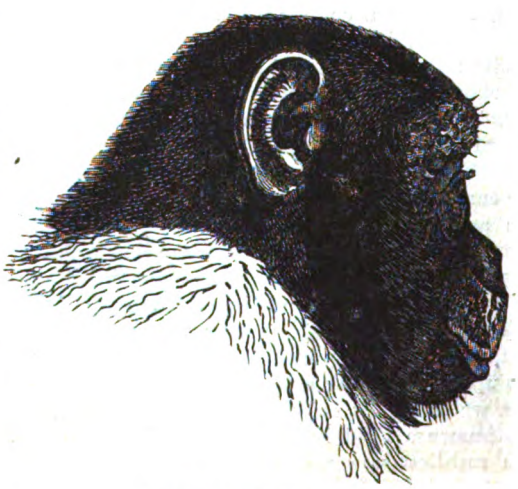
The orang-outang changes remarkably in character and appearance as he approaches full growth. "Though exhibiting in early youth a rotundity of the cranium and a height of forehead altogether peculiar, and accompanied at the same time with a gentleness of disposition and a gravity of manners which contrast strongly with the petulant and irascible temper of the lower orders of quadrumanous mammals, the orang-outang, in its adult state, is even remarkable for the flatness of its retiring forehead, the great development of the super-orbital and occipital crests, the prominence of its jaws, the remarkable size of its canine teeth, and the whole form of the skull, which, from the globular shape of the human head, as in the young specimen, assumes all the forms and characters belonging to that of a large carnivorous animal."

Unlike the gorilla and chimpanzee, the orang, even in its adult state, seems not to be dangerous unless attacked. Even then he does not always show great ferocity. The two following anecdotes illustrate well its character.

THE SPOOR OF THE GORILLA.

An orang-outang fully seven feet high was discovered by the company of a merchant ship, at a place called Ramboon, on the northwest coast of Sumatra, on a spot where there were few trees and little cultivated ground. "It was evident that he had come from a distance, for his legs were covered with mud up to his knees, and the natives were unacquainted with him. On the approach of the boat's crew he came down from the tree in which he was discovered, and made for a clump at some distance; exhibiting, as he moved, the appearance of a tall, man-like figure, covered with shining brown hair, walking erect, with a waddling gait, but sometimes accelerating his motion with his hands, and occasionally impelling himself forward with the bough of a tree. His motion on the ground was evidently not his natural mode of progression, for, even when assisted by his hands and the bough, it was slow and vacillating; it was necessary to see him among the trees to estimate his strength and agility. On being driven to a small clump, he gained by one spring a very lofty branch, and bounded from one branch to another with the swiftness of a common monkey; his progress being as rapid as that of a swift horse. After receiving five balls his exertions relaxed, and, reclining exhausted against a branch, he vomited a quantity of blood. The ammunition of the hunters being by this time exhausted, they were obliged to fell the tree in order to obtain him; but what was their surprise to see him, as the tree was falling, effect his retreat to another, with seemingly undiminished vigor! In fact, they were obliged to cut down all the trees before they could force him to combat his enemies on the ground, and when finally overpowered by numbers, and nearly in a dying state, he seized a spear made of supple wood, which would have withstood the strength of the stoutest man, and broke it like a reed. It was stated, by those who aided in his death, that the human-like expression of his countenance, and his piteous manner of placing his hands on his wounds, distressed their feelings so as almost to make them question the nature of the act they were committing. He was seven feet high, with a broad, expanded chest and narrow waist. His chin was fringed with a beard that curled on each side, and formed an ornamental rather than a frightful appendage to his visage. His arms were long, even in proportion to his height, but his legs were much shorter. Upon the whole, he was a wonderful beast to behold, and there was more about him to excite amazement than fear. His hair was smooth and glossy, and his whole appearance showed him to be in the full vigor of his youth and strength."

The other story also presents man as at least as brutal as the orang concerned in the event. "A few miles down the river," says Wallace, "there is a Dyak house, and the inhabitants saw a large orang feeding on the young shoots of a palm by the river side. On being alarmed he retreated toward the jungle, which was close by, and a number of the men, armed with spears and choppers, ran out to intercept him. The man who was in front tried to run his spear through the animal's body; but the orang seized it in his hands, and in an instant got hold of the man's arm, which he seized in his mouth, making his teeth meet in the flesh above the elbow, which he tore and lacerated in a dreadful manner. Had not the others been close behind, the man would have been more seriously injured, if not killed, as he was quite powerless; but they soon destroyed the creature with their spears and choppers. The man remained ill for a long time, and never fully recovered the use of his arm."



HEAD OF THE CHIMPANZEE.

The term gibbon includes several varieties of tailless, long-armed, catarhine apes. The largest variety, called the siamang, need alone be described here.

A DYAK OF BORNEO ATTACKED BY AN ORANG-OUTANG.

The siamang inhabits Sumatra. It presents several points of resemblance to the orang-outang, but is also in several respects strongly distinguished from that animal. The arms are longer even than the orang's, and the peculiar use which the orang makes of his long arms is more strikingly shown in the progression of the long-armed siamang; for the body inclining slightly forward, when the animal is on level ground the long arms are used somewhat like crutches, and they advance by jerks resembling the hobbling of a lame man whom fear compels to make an extraordinary effort. The skull is small, and much more depressed than that of the orang or chimpanzee. The face is naked and black, straggling red hairs marking the eyebrows. The eyes are deeply sunk, a peculiarity which, by-the-way, seems characteristic of arboreal creatures generally; the nose broad and flat, with wide-open nostrils; the cheeks sunk under high cheek-bones; the chin almost rudimentary. "The hair over the whole body is thick, long, and of a glossy black color, much closer on the shoulders, back, and limbs, than on the belly, which, particularly in the females, is nearly naked. The ears are entirely concealed by the hair of the head; they are naked, and, like all the other naked parts, of a deep black color. Beneath the chin there is a large, bare sack, of a lax and oily appearance, which is distended with air when the animal cries, and in that state resembles an enormous goître. It is similar to that possessed by the orang-outang, and undoubtedly assists in swelling the volume of the voice, and producing those astounding cries which, according to Duvancelle's account, may be heard at the distance of several miles."

This, however, may be doubted; for M. Duvancelle himself remarks of the wouwou, that, "though deprived of the guttural sack so remarkable in the siamang, its cry is very nearly the same; so that it would appear that this organ does not produce the effect of increasing the sound usually attributed to it, or else that it must be replaced in the wouwou by some analogous formation."

The habits of the siamang are interesting, especially in their bearing on the relationship between the various orders of anthropoid apes and man; for, though the gibbon is unquestionably the lowest of the four orders of the anthropoid apes in intelligence, it possesses some characteristics which bring it nearer to man (so far as they are concerned) than any of its congeners.

The siamangs generally assemble in large troops "conducted," it is said, "by a chief, whom the Malays believe to be invulnerable, probably because he is more agile, powerful, and difficult to capture than the rest." "Thus united, the siamangs salute the rising and setting sun with the most terrific cries" (like sun-worshipers), "which may be heard at the distance of many miles, and which, when near, stun when they do not frighten. By way of compensation, the siamangs keep a profound silence during the day. They are slow and heavy in their gait, wanting confidence when they climb, and agility when they leap, so that they may be easily caught when they can be surprised. But nature, in depriving them of the means of readily escaping danger, has endowed them with a vigilance which rarely fails them; and if they hear a noise which is unusual to them, even at the distance of a mile, fright seizes them and they immediately take flight. When surprised on the ground, however, they may be captured without resistance, either overwhelmed with fear or conscious of their weakness and the impossibility of escaping. At first, indeed, they endeavor to avoid their pursuers by flight, and it is then that their want of skill in this exercise becomes apparent.

"However numerous the troop may be, if one is wounded it is immediately abandoned by the rest, unless, indeed, it happen to be a young one. Then the mother, who either carries it or follows close behind, stops, falls with it, and, uttering the most frightful cries, precipitates herself upon the common enemy with open mouth and arms extended. But it is manifest that these animals are not made for combat; they neither know how to deal nor to shun a blow.

"Nor is their maternal affection displayed only in moments of danger. The care which the females bestow upon their offspring is so tender and even refined, that one would be almost tempted to attribute the sentiment to a rational rather than an instinctive process. It is a curious and interesting spectacle, which a little precaution has sometimes enabled me to witness, to see these females carry their young to the river, wash their faces in spite of their outcries, wipe and dry them, and altogether bestow upon their cleanliness a time and attention that, in many cases, the children of our own species might well envy.

"I have also been assured that these animals frequently become the prey of the tiger, from the same species of fascination which serpents are said to exercise over birds, squirrels and other small animals. Servitude, however long, seems to have no effect in modifying the characteristic defects of this ape—his stupidity, sluggishness and awkwardness. It is true that a few days suffice to make him as gentle and contented as he was before wild and distrustful; but, constitutionally timid, he never acquires the familiarity of other apes, and even his submission appears to be rather the result of extreme apathy than of any degree of confidence or affection. He is almost equally insensible to good or bad treatment: gratitude or revenge are equally strange to him."

We have next to consider certain points connected with the theory of the relationship between man and the anthropoid apes. It is scarcely necessary for me to say, perhaps, that in thus dealing with a subject requiring for its independent investigation the lifelong study of departments of science which are outside those in which I have taken special interest, I am not pretending to advance my opinion as of weight in matters as yet undetermined by zoologists. But it has always seemed to me, that when those who have made special study of a subject collect and publish the result of their researches, and a body of evidence is thus made available to the general body scientific, the facts can be advantageously considered by students of other branches of science, so only that, in leaving for a while their own subject, they do not depart from the true scientific method, and that they are specially careful to distinguish what has been really ascertained from what is only surmised with a greater or less degree of probability.

In the first place, then, I would call attention to some very common mistakes respecting the Darwinian theory of the Descent of Man. I do not refer here to ordinary misconceptions respecting the theory of natural selection. To say the truth, those who have not passed beyond *this* stage of error, those who still confound the theory of natural selection with the Lamarckian and other theories (or, rather, hypotheses) of evolution, are not, as yet, in a position to deal with our present subject, and may be left out of consideration.

The errors to which I refer are, in the main, included in the following statement: It is supposed by many, perhaps by most, that, according to Darwin, man is descended from one or other of the races of anthropoid apes; and that the various orders and sub-orders of apes and monkeys at present existing can be arranged in a series gradually approaching more and more nearly to man, and indicating the various steps (or some of them, for gaps exist in the series) by which man was developed.

Nothing can be plainer, however, than Darwin's contradiction of this genealogy for the human races.

does he not for a moment countenance the belief that the present races of monkeys and apes can be arranged in a series gradually approximating more and more nearly to man; not only does he reject the belief that man is descended from any present existing anthropoid ape, but he even denies that the progenitor of man resembled any known ape. "We must not fall into the error of supposing," he says, "that the early progenitor of the whole simian stock, including man, was identical with, or even closely resembled, any existing ape or monkey."

It appears to me, though it may seem somewhat bold to express this opinion of the views of a naturalist so deservedly eminent as Mr. Mivart, that in his interesting little treatise, "Man and Apes"—a treatise which may be described as specially opposed to Darwin's views but not generally opposed to the theory of evolution—he misapprehends Darwin's position in this respect. For he arrives at the conclusion that if the Darwinian theory is sound, then "low down" (*i. e.* far remote) "in the scale of Primates" (tri-syllabic) "was an ancestral form so like man that it might well be called an *homunculus;* and we have the virtual pre-existence of man's body supposed, in order to account for the actual first appearance of that body as we know it —a supposition manifestly absurd if put forward as an explanation."

How, then, according to the Darwinian theory, is man related to the monkey? The answer to this question is simply that the relationship is the same in kind, though not the same in degree, as that by which the most perfect Caucasian race is related to the lowest race of Australian, or Papuan, or Bosjesman savages.

No one supposes that one of these races of savages could by any process of evolution, however long-continued, be developed into a race resembling the Caucasian in bodily and mental attributes. Nor does any one suppose that the savage progenitor of the Caucasian races was identical with, or even closely resembled, any existing race of savages. Yet we recognize in the lowest forms of savage man our blood relations.

In other words, it is generally believed that if our genealogy, and that of any existing race of savages, could be traced back through all its reticulations, we should at length reach a race whose blood we share with that race. It is also generally believed (though, for my own part, I think the logical consequences of the principle underlying all theories of evolution is in reality opposed to the belief) that, by tracing the genealogical reticulations still further back, we should at length arrive at a single race from which all the present races of man and no other animals have descended.

The Darwinian faith with respect to men and monkeys is precisely analogous. It is believed that the genealogy of every existent race of monkeys, if traced back, would lead us to a race whose blood we share with that race of monkeys; and—which is at once a wider and a more precise proposition—that, as Darwin puts it, "the two main divisions of the Simiadæ, namely the catarhine and platyrhine monkeys, with their sub-groups, have all proceeded from some one extremely ancient progenitor."

This proposition is manifestly wider. I call it also more precise, because it implies, and is evidently intended by Darwin to signify, that from that extremely ancient progenitor no race outside the two great orders of Simiadæ have even partially *descended*, though other races share with the Simiadæ descent from some still more remote race of progenitors.

This latter point, however, is not related specially to the common errors respecting the Darwinian theory which I have indicated above, except in so far as it is a detail of the actual Darwinian theory. I would, in passing, point out that, like the detail referred to in connection with the relationship of the various races of man, this one is not logically deducible from the theory of evolution. In fact, I have sometimes thought that the principal difficulties of that theory arise from this unnecessary and not logically sound doctrine.

The analogy between the descent of races and the descent of individual members of any race requires us rather to believe that the remote progenitor of the human race and the Simiadæ has had its share—though a less share—in the generation of other races related to these in more or less remote degrees.

Let us take two persons, brother and sister (whom let us call the pair A) as analogous of the human race. Then these two have four great-grandparents on the father's side, and four on the mother's side. All these may be regarded as equally related to the pair A. Now, let us suppose that the descendants of the four families of great-grandparents intermarry, no marriages being in any case made outside these families, and that the descendants in the same generation as the pair A are regarded as corresponding to the entire order of the *Simiadæ*, the pair A representing, as already agreed, the race of man, and all families outside the descendants of the four great-grandparental families corresponding to orders of animals more distantly related than the Simiadæ to man. Then we have what corresponds (so far as our illustration is concerned) to Darwin's views respecting man and the Simiadæ, and animals lower in the scale of life. The first cousins of the pair A may be taken as representing the anthropoid apes; the second cousins as representing the lemurs or half apes; the third cousins as representing the platyrhine or American apes. The entire family, including the pair A, representing man, is descended also, in accordance with the Darwinian view, from a simple family of progenitors, no outside families sharing *descent*, though all share *blood*, with that family.

But, manifestly, this is an entirely artificial and improbable arrangement in the case of families. The eight grandparents *might* be so removed in circumstances from surrounding families—so much superior to them, let us say, that neither they nor any of their descendants would intermarry with these inferior families. And thus none of their great-grandchildren would share descent from some other stock contemporary with the great-grandparents, or—which is the same thing, but seen in another light—none of the contemporaries of the great-grandchildren would share descent from the eight grandparents.

But so complete a separation of the family from surrounding families would be altogether exceptional and unlikely. For, even assuming the eight families to be originally very markedly distinguished from all surrounding families, yet families rise and fall, marry unequally, and within the range of a few generations, a wide disparity of blood and condition appears among the descendants of any group of families. So that, in point of fact, the relations assumed to subsist between man, the Simiadæ, and lower animal forms correspond to an unusual and improbable set of relations among families of several persons.

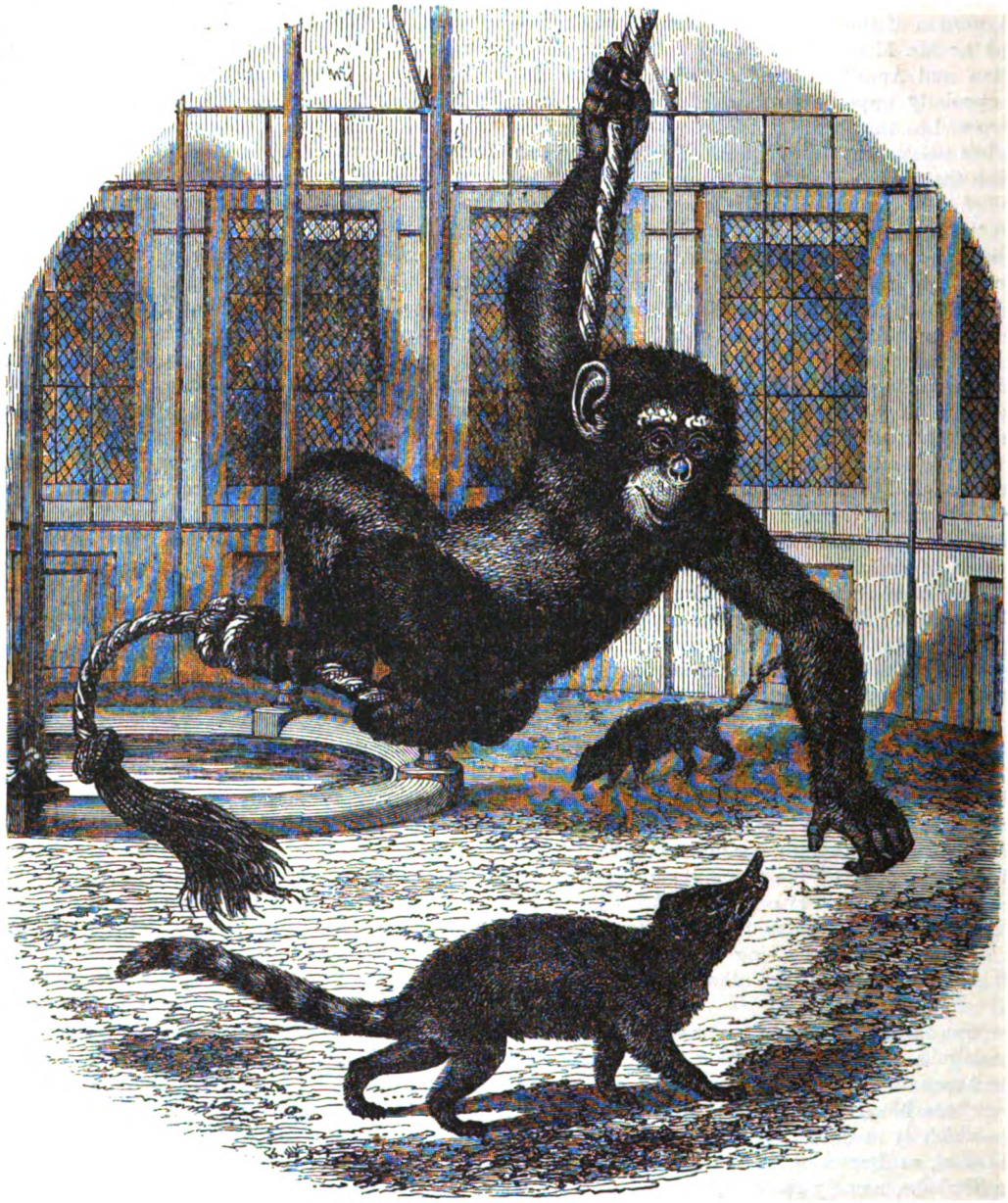
Either, then, the relations of families must be regarded as not truly analogous to the relations of races, which no evolutionist would assert, or else we must adopt a somewhat different view of the relationship between man, the Simiadæ, and inferior animals.

One other illustration may serve not only to make my argument clearer, but also, by presenting an actual case, to enforce the conclusion to which it points.

We know that the various races of man are related together, more or less closely; that some are purer than

others, and that one or two claim almost absolute purity. Now, if we take one of these last, as, for instance, the Jewish race, and trace the race backward to its origin, we find it, according to tradition, carried back to twelve families, the twelve sons of Jacob and their respective wives. (We cannot go further back, because the wives of Jacob's sons must be taken into account, and they were not descended from Abraham or Isaac and their wives only—in fact, could not have been.) If the descendants of those twelve families had never intermarried with outside families in such sort that the descendants of such mixed families came to be regarded as true Hebrews, we should have in the Hebrews a race corresponding to the Simiadæ as regarded by Darwin, *i. e.*, a race entirely descended from one set of families, and so constituting, in fact, a single family. But we know that, despite the objections entertained by the Hebrews against the intermixture of their races with other races, this did not happen. Not only did many of those regarded as true Hebrews share descent from nations outside their own, but many of those regarded as truly belonging to nations outside the Jewish shared descent from the twelve sons of Jacob.

The case corresponding, then, to that of the purest of all human races, and the case, therefore, most favorable to the view presented by Darwin (though very far from essential to the Darwinian theory), is simply this, that, in the first place, many animals regarded as truly Simiadæ share descent from animals outside that family which Darwin regards as the ape-progenitor of man; and, in the second place, many animals regarded as outside the Simiadæ share descent from that ape-like progenitor. This involves the important inference that the ape-like progenitor of man was not so markedly differentiated from other families of animals then existing that fertile intercourse was impossible. A little consideration will show that this inference accords well with, if it might not almost have been directly deduced from, the Darwinian doctrine that all orders of mammals were, in turn, descended from a still more remote progenitor-race. The same considerations may manifestly be applied also to that more remote race, to the still more



CHIMPANZEE AND COATIS.

remote race from which all the vertebrates have descended, and so on to the source itself from which all forms of living creatures are supposed to have descended. A difficulty meets us at that remotest end of the chain analogous to the difficulty of understanding how life began at all; but we should profit little by extending the inquiry to these difficulties, which remain, and are likely long to remain, insuperable.

So far, however, are the considerations above urged from introducing any new or insuperable objection to the Darwinian theory, that, rightly understood, they indicate the true answer to an objection which has been urged by Mivart and others against the belief that man has descended from some apelike progenitor.

Mivart shows that no existing ape or monkey approaches man more nearly in all respects than other races, but that one resembles man most closely in some respects, another in others, a third in yet others, and so forth. "The ear lobule of the gorilla makes him our cousin," he says, "but his tongue is eloquent in his own dispraise." If the "bridging convolutions of the orang ['s brain] go to sustain his claim to supremacy, they also go far to sustain a similar claim on the part of the long-tailed thumbless spider-monkeys. If the obliquely-ridged teeth of *Simia* and *Troglodytes* (the chimpanzee) point to community of origin, how can we deny a similar community of origin, as thus estimated, to the howling monkeys and galagos? The liver of the gibbons proclaims them almost human; that of the gorilla declares him comparatively brutal. The lower American apes meet us with what seems the 'front of Jove himself,' compared with the gigantic but low-browed denizens of tropical Western Africa."

He concludes that the existence of these wide-spread signs of affinity, and the associated signs of divergence, disprove the theory that the structural characters existing in the human frame have had their origin in the influence of inheritance and "natural selection." "In the words of the illustrious Dutch naturalists, Messrs. Schroeder, Van der Kolk and Vrolik," he says, "the lines of affinity existing between different Primates construct rather a network than a ladder. It is indeed a tangled web, the meshes of which no naturalist has as yet unraveled by the aid of natural selection. Nay, more, these complex affinities form such a net for the use of the telological *retiarius* as it will be difficult for his Lucretian antagonist to evade, even with the countless turns and doublings of Darwinian evolutions."

THE ANDAMAN APE.

It appears to me that when we observe the analogy between the relationships of individuals, families, and races of man, and the relationships of the various species of animals, the difficulty indicated by Mr. Mivart disappears. Take for instance the case of the eight allied families above considered. Suppose, instead of the continual intermarriages before imagined—an exceptional order of events, be it remembered—that the more usual order of things takes place, viz., that alliances take place with other families. For simplicity, however, imagine that each married pair has two children, male and female, and that each person marries once and only once. Then it will be found that the pair A have ten families of cousins, two first-cousin families, and eight second-cousin families; these are all the families which share descent from the eight great-grandparents of the pair. (To have third-cousin families we should have to go back to the fourth generation.) Thus there are eleven families in all. Now, in the case first imagined of constant intermarrying, there would still have been eleven families, but they would all have descended from eight great-grandparents, and we should then expect to find among the eleven families various combinations, so to speak, of the special characteristics of the eight families

from which they had descended. On the other hand, eleven families, in no way connected, have descended from eighty-eight great-grandparents, and would present a corresponding variety of characteristics. But in the case actually supposed, in which the eleven families are so related that each one (for what applies to the pair A applies to the others) has two first-cousin families, and eight second-cousin families, it will be found that instead of eighty-eight they have only fifty-six great-grandparents, or ancestors, in the third generation above them. The two families related as first cousins to the pair A have, like these, eight great-grandparents, four out of these eight for one family, being the four grandparents of the father of the pair A, the other four being outsiders; while four of the eight great-grandparents of the other family of first cousins are the four grandparents of the mother of the pair A, the other four being outsiders. The other eight families each have eight great-grandparents; two of the families having among their great-grandparents the parents of one of the grandfathers of the pair A, but no other great-grandparent in common with the pair A; other two of the eight families having among their great-grandparents the parents of the other grandfather of the pair A; other two having among their great-grandparents the parents of one of the grandmothers of the pair A; the remaining two families having among their great-grandparents the parents of the other grandmother of the pair A: while in all cases the six remaining great-grandparents of each family are outsiders, in no way related, on our assumption, either to the eight great-grandparents of the pair A or to each other, except as connected in pairs by marriage.

Now manifestly in such a case, which—save for the symmetry introduced to simplify its details, represents fairly the usual relationships between any family, its first cousins and its second cousins—we should not expect to find any one of the ten other families resembling the pair A more closely in *all* respects than would any other of the ten. The two first-cousin families would *on the whole* resemble the pair A more nearly than would any of the other eight, but we should expect to find *some* features or circumstances in which one or other or all of the second-cousin families would show a closer resemblance to one or other or both of the pair A.

This is found often, perhaps generally, to be the case, even as respects the ordinary characteristics in which resemblance is looked for, as complexion, height, features, manner, disposition, and so forth. Much more would it be recognized, if such close investigation could be made among the various families as the naturalist can make into the characteristics of men and animals.

The fact, then, that features of resemblance to man are found, not all in one order of the Simiadæ, but scattered among the various orders, is perfectly analogous with the laws of resemblance recognized among the various members of more or less closely related families.

The same result follows if we consider the analogy between various different species of animals on the one hand and between various races of the human family on the other. No one thinks of urging against the ordinary theory that men form only a single species, the objection that none of the other families of the human race can be regarded as the progenitor of the Caucasian family, seeing that though the Mongolian type is nearer in some respects, the Ethiopian is nearer in others, the American in others, the Malay in yet others.

We find in this the perfect analogue of what is required in the relationships between families all belonging to one nation, or even to one small branch of a nation.

Is it not reasonable, then, to find in the corresponding features of scattered resemblance observed among the various branches of the great Simian family, not the objection which Mivart finds against the theory of relationship, but rather what should be expected if that theory is sound, and therefore, *pro tanto*, a confirmation of the theory.

But now, in conclusion, let us briefly consider the great difficulty of the theory that man is descended from some ape-like, arboreal, speechless animal—the difficulty of building over the wide gap which confessedly separates the lowest race of savages from the highest existing race of apes.

After all that has been done to diminish the difficulty, it remains a very great one.

It is quite true that what is going on at this present time shows how the gap has been widened, and therefore indicates how it may once have been comparatively small. The more savage races of man are gradually disappearing on the one hand, the most man-like apes are being destroyed on the other—so that on both sides of the great gap a widening process is at work.

Ten thousand years hence the least civilized human race will probably be little inferior to the average Caucasian races of the present day, the most civilized being far in advance of the most advanced European races of our time. On the other hand, the gorilla, the chimpanzee, the orang-outang, and the gibbon will probably be extinct, or nearly so. True, the men of those days will probably have very exact records of the characteristics not only of the present savage races of man, but of the present races of apes. Nay, they will probably know of intermediate races, long since extinct even now, whose fossil remains geologists hope to discover before long as they have already discovered the remains of an ape as large as man (the *Dryopithecus*) which existed in Europe during the Myocene period; * and more recently the remains of a race of monkeys akin to Macacus, which once inhabited Attica.

But, although our remote descendants will thus possess means which we do not possess of bridging the gap between the highest races of apes and the lowest races of man, the gap will nevertheless be wider in their time. And tracing backward the process, which thus traced forward shows a widened gap, we see that once the gap must have been much narrower than it is.

Lower races of man than any now known once existed on the earth, and also races of apes nearer akin to man than any now existing, even if the present races of apes are not the degraded descendants of races which, living under more favorable conditions, were better developed after their kind than the gorilla, chimpanzee, orang, and gibbon of the present time.

It may be, indeed, that in the consideration last suggested we may find some assistance in dealing with our difficult problem. It is commonly assumed that the man-like apes are the most advanced members of the Simian family save man alone, and so far as their present condition is concerned, this may be true. But it is not necessarily the case that the anthropoid apes have advanced to their present condition.

Judging from the appearance of the young of these races, we may infer with some degree of probability that these apes are the degraded representatives of more intelligent and less savage races. Whereas the young of man is decidedly more savage in character than the well-nurtured and

* The Middle Tertiary period—the Tertiary, which includes the Eocene, Miocene and Pliocene periods, being the latest of the three great periods recognized by geologists as preceding the present era, which includes the entire history of man as at present known geologically.

carefully trained adult, the young of apes are decidedly less savage than the adult.

The same reasoning which leads us to regard the wildness, the natural cruelty, the destructiveness, the love of noise, and many other little ways of young children, as reminders of a more or less remote savage ancestry, should lead us to regard the comparative tameness and quiet of the young gorilla, for example, as evidence that in remote times the progenitors of the race were not so wild and fierce as the present race of gorillas.

But even when all such considerations, whether based on the known or the possible, have been taken into account, the gap between the lowest savage and the highest ape is not easily bridged.

It is easier to see how man *may* have developed from an arboreal, unspeaking animal to his present state, than to ascertain how any part of the development was actually effected; in other words, it is easier to suggest a general hypothesis than to establish an even partial theory.

That the progenitor of man was arboreal in his habits seems altogether probable. Darwin recognizes in the arrangement of the hair on the human fore-arm the strongest evidence on this point, so far as the actual body of man is concerned; the remaining and, perhaps, stronger evidence being derived from appearances recognized in the unborn child. He, who usually seems as though he could overlook nothing, appears to have overlooked a peculiarity which is even more strikingly suggestive of original arboreal habits.

There is one set of muscles, and, so far as I know, one only, which the infant uses freely, while the adult scarcely uses them at all. I mean the muscles which separate the toes, and those, especially, which work the big toe. Very young children not only move the toes apart, so that the great toe and the little toe will be inclined to each other (in the plane of the sole) nearly ninety degrees, but also distinctly clutch with the toes. The habit has no relation to the child's actual means of satisfying its wants. I have often thought that the child's manner of clutching with its fingers is indicative of the former arboreal habits of the race, but it is not difficult to explain the action otherwise.

The clutching movement of the toes, however, cannot be so explained. The child can neither bring food to its mouth in this way, nor save itself from falling; and as the adult does not use the toes in this way the habit cannot be regarded as the first imperfect effort toward movements subsequently useful. In fact, the very circumstance that the movement is gradually disused shows that it is useless to the human child in the present condition of the race. In the very young gorilla, the clutching motion of the toes is scarcely more marked than it is in a very young child; only in the gorilla the movement, being of use, is continued by the young, and is developed into that effective clutch with the feet which has been already described. Here we have another illustration of that divergency which, rather than either simple descent or ascent, characterizes the relationship between man and the anthropoid ape. In the growing gorilla a habit is more and more freely used, which is more and more completely given up by the child as he progresses toward maturity.

Probably the arboreal progenitor of man was originally compelled to abandon his arboreal habits by some slow change in the flora of his habitat, resulting in the diminution and eventual disappearance of trees suited for his movements. He would thus be compelled to adopt, at first, some such course as the chimpanzee—making huts of such branches and foliage as he could conveniently use for the purpose.

The habit of living in large companies would (as in the case of the chimpanzee) become before long necessary, especially if the race or races thus driven from their former abode in the trees were, like the gibbons, unapt when alone, both in attack and in defense.

One can imagine how the use of vocal signals of various kinds would be of service to the members of these troops, not only in their excursions, but during the work of erecting huts or defenses against their enemies. If in two generations the silent wild dog acquires, when brought into the company of domestic dogs, no less than five distinct barking signals, we can well believe that a race much superior in intelligence, and forced by necessity to associate in large bodies, would—in many hundreds of generations, perhaps—acquire a great number of vocal symbols. These, at first, would express various emotions, as of affection, fear, anxiety, sympathy and so forth. Other signals would be used to indicate the approach of enemies, or as battle-cries. I can see no reason why gradually the use of particular vocal signs to indicate various objects, animate or inanimate, and various actions, should not follow after a while. And though the possession and use of many, even of many hundreds, of such signs, would be very far from even the most imperfect of the languages now employed by savage races, one can perceive the possibility—which is all that at present we can expect to recognize—that out of such systems of vocal signaling a form of language might arise which, undergoing slow and gradual development, should, in the course of many generations, approach in character the language of the lowest savage races.

That from such a beginning, language should attain its higher and highest development, is not more wonderful in kind, though much more wonderful, perhaps, in degree, than than that from the first imperfect methods of printing should have been attained the highest known developments of the typographic art. The real difficulty lies in conceiving how mere vocal signaling became developed into what can properly be regarded as spoken language.

Of the difficulties related to the origin of, or, rather, the development of, man's moral consciousness, space will not permit me to speak, even though there were much to be said beyond the admission that these difficulties have not as yet been overcome. It must be remembered, however, that races of men still exist whose moral consciousness can scarcely be regarded as very fully developed. Not only so, but, through a form of reversion to savage types, the highest and most cultivated races of man bring forth from time to time (as our police reports too plainly testify) beings utterly savage, brutal, and even ("which is else") bestial. Nay, the man is fortunate who has never had occasion to control innate tendencies to evil, which are at least strongly significant of the origin of our race.

To most minds it must be pleasanter, as certainly it seems more reasonable, to believe that the evil tendencies of our race are manifestations of qualities undergoing gradual extinction, than to regard them as the consequences of one past offense, and so to have no reason for trusting in their gradual eradication hereafter. But, as Darwin says, in the true scientific spirit, "We are not here concerned with hopes or fears, only with the truth as far as our reason allows us to discover it. We must acknowledge that man, with all his noble qualities, with sympathy which feels for the most debased, with benevolence which extends not only to other men, but to the humblest living creature, with his God-like intellect which has penetrated into the movements and constitution of the solar system—with all these exalted powers, man still bears in his bodily frame the indelible stamp of his lowly origin."

As it seems to me, man's moral nature teaches the same lesson with equal, if not greater, significance.

DICK PROSSER'S CRIME.—"WHAT HE SAW, HOWEVER, THROUGH THE BROKEN AND UNCURTAINED WINDOW, WAS OF A NATURE MORE TO VEX THAN ALARM HIM."

DICK PROSSER'S CRIME.

ONE chilly night in October a man was traversing with hasty strides a dreary moorland track, known as Cumberstone Common, on the north borders of Westmoreland, in England. A rather short, but strongly-built man, bull-necked and brawny-limbed, in whose lowering brow and quick, stealthy eye was something which instinctively reminded the beholder of a half-tamed wild beast. Nor was the association inappropriate, for Dick Prosser was known as a sullen and ferocious fellow, always picking quarrels with his companions and misusing his family, even little blue-eyed Hetty, whom no one else could have found it in his heart to be unkind to.

He was by trade a carpenter, and had formerly earned good wages in Westham, the little village whose lights he now beheld dimly across the broad moor.

But a few years since strange rumors and suspicions had arisen, tending materially to the damage of both his character and his trade. It was known that of four houses which had been burglariously entered and robbed within a past twelvemonth, Dick Prosser had been employed at work on three, no great time previous to the outrage, and though no proof could be brought against him, he had yet lost the confidence and the patronage of the people, nor did his subsequent manner of life tend to regain them. He became a drunken loafer, occasionally resorting to odd jobs as a show of gaining what he called "an honest livelihood," but frequently absenting himself from home for days and even weeks, and returning flush of money, and boasting what "good turns o' work" he could get away from home.

Recently he had removed to a lonely stone cottage on the moor, about midway between the village and Cumberstone Hall, and most people thought it a happy riddance for them. In these, however, were not included the two keepers of Sir John Keighly, who since this removal had found it necessary to redouble their vigilance over their employer's hares and partridges, and to set a spring-gun on the borders of the park nearest the stone cottage on the common. But Dick Prosser was wary, and had not yet been caught.

Prosser walked on, as we have said, with quick, impatient strides, going in the direction of his own house. He had left home at just this hour on the previous night, had done

a "successful business," as he called it, and as was evident from the bag which he carried over his shoulder, but had unfortunately been detained beyond his expectations, and that through the very circumstances which he had considered most favorable to his enterprise on this occasion. The young wife of Sir John Keighly, of Cumberland Hall, had been buried on this day, and Prosser had rightly judged that on the night preceding the funeral he would have a better chance from the relaxed vigilance of the keepers. But then, excited and absorbed in his unusually successful sport, he had tarried until the early daybreak brought people passing in every direction over the moor and through the park to the Hall, where the funeral was to take place, and he found it necessary to lie *perdu*, closely ensconced in a tangled copse remote from all the foothpaths until, the funeral over, the returning shades of night allowed of his making his escape unseen, and, as may be supposed, in no very good humor.

The great stable-bell at the Hall struck nine o'clock as the poacher reached his own door, stepping cautiously and reconnoitring, as he always did, for how did he know what unwelcome emissary might be there in waiting for him?

What he saw, however, through the broken and uncurtained window, was of a nature more to vex than alarm him. Late as was the hour, his children were merrily playing, as they never played in *his* presence, and his poor, pale, meek-looking wife was sitting quietly over the little fire, chatting with a former neighbor of the village, who, from her cloak, bonnet and basket, had evidently "just dropped in for a moment" on her way home across the moor.

"GOOD MOUSERS."

Prosser, cursing the ill-timed visit, and mentally promising his wife and children a "dressing all around," heard what was said as he stood hesitating at the window. They were talking about the late funeral, and the incidents therewith connected.

"Of a truth, as I told Betty Byrne," said the visitor,

"'twas, in my opinion, a thing not altogether right in itself; for you see, Mistress Prosser, the diamonds was worth what would 'a set up a dozen poor families like us in comfort for a lifetime, and to my mind, 'tis a sin and a shame to throw away what could do so much good. Mistress Sanders said it made her eyes ache whon she went for a last sight o' the corpse, to see them diamonds flashin' and flarin' there in the coffin on the poor dead breast that it 'ud ne'er do any good to, and the innocent face o' the little child in the pictur a-leanin' on its feyther's shoulder, and both o' them smilin' there close to the dead face o' the poor young mother and wife. Ah, well! I sca'cely wonder, seein' how she loved 'em, that she'd wish to have them two faces buried in the coffin with her; she'd feel less lonesome, likely, if dead folks can feel. Only I do think 'twould 'a been better if she'd ordered the diamonds to be taken out o' the settin' o' the pictur and sold for the benefit o' the poor. But bless me! wasn't it nine o'clock struck just now? and me dawdlin' here since eight; only *I've* no master to ill use me for it, like you, Mistress Prosser, poor thing, and more's the pity! Gie me my basket, Hetty, my pet, and mebbe I'll find something nice for you little ones afore I go. Some cold pasty, likely, and sweet cake from the funeral feast. I'd a'most clean forgot 'em, though 'twas that as mostly fetched me this way over the moor-path."

Dick Prosser kept out of the way till the good-natured gossip had finally departed. But when he entered the house a change had come over him. Instead of the "dressing" he had promised his family, and the angry oaths wherewith he was wont to greet them, he now appeared quite quiet and indifferent to their presence, and flinging down the bag of game, sulkily ordered his wife to give him something to eat at once—anything she had waiting for him, as he was half starved. And while she hastened to get out some cold game and potatoes, and a pewter mug of beer, he sat thoughtfully staring in the fire, and never even noticed the children's whispering in the distant corner to which they had retired to stealthily devour the "good things" bestowed upon them by their late visitor.

The poacher ate ravenously, and when he had finished, turned to his wife.

"You go to bed'" he said, sharply—"you and the brats. I've a mind to sit up, and mebbe go out again. I've been asleep all day under Honeywood Copse, confound it, and feel wide awake as a white owl.''

He sat there an hour longer, by which time the family were all fast asleep. Then he arose cautiously, went into an inner room, a sort of shed with a sloping roof and a low window, unlocked a wooden carpenter-chest, took out some articles which he concealed under his long, loose overcoat, and with these noiselessly left the cottage.

The night was clear and starlit, though a chill wind whistled over the moor. Richard Prosser walked on quickly and steadily, like a man who has business before him.

More than an hour of this walking brought him in sight of what appeared a huge square tower looming up dimly against the dark sky. It was the old church of St. Cuthbert-of-Omars, where the Keighleys had a vault in which for generations past they had been buried.

Richard Prosser now moved cautiously, advancing slowly, and pausing often to look around and listen. Screened by the hedgerows and undergrowth which had taken the place of the unsheltered common, he finally reached a remote point of the low stone churchyard wall, over which he looked long and carefully, turning his ear on every side as if to catch the faintest sound of voice or footstep indicating the presence of any other person; all was still, however. Even the light in the old sexton's house beyond the churchyard was out. He was deaf and feeble, and the poacher had little to fear from him or his young daughter. *They* could be silenced, if need were. What he had apprehended was lest there might be watchers to-night. To-morrow, he thought, the vault might be sealed; at present, most probably, it was only locked. Such had been the custom at interments of the Keighley family, as he had noticed when the father and mother of Sir John were buried. On those occasions there had been no watchers, neither might there be on this.

Cautiously mounting the low wall, he made his way, always silently, through the long rank grass and over the irregular mounds toward the back of the church. The vault, he knew, was not within the edifice. The old one beneath the aisle had been filled and closed up long ago, and a more modern one of white marble erected against the north wall of the church, communicating by a door with the old vault.

Dick Prosser crept twice around the church building, satisfying himself that no one was there. Then he went to the outer door of the vault and examined it, passing his hand repeatedly and carefully over it. A heavy, solid door of iron, sufficient, it would appear, to discourage any attempt at forcing an entrance. But Prosser seemed to know what he was about. Taking from beneath his heavy overcoat the articles he had brought with him—no mere carpenter's tools, by-the-by—he set quietly and deliberately to work. Now and then there was a clicking noise of his tools, or a dull, grating sound, muffled over with cloths, and at the end of two hours' unceasing labor the door of the Keighley vault was opened.

Prosser stepped in, and with some difficulty and more noise than he liked, closed the heavy door behind him. It was not often used, and turned with difficulty. Then, satisfying himself that it was so close as to betray no light or sound from within, he struck a match, lighted a small dark-lantern, and looked around.

He stood in a small ante-chamber, whence another iron door opened into the body of the vault. This door was also locked, and Prosser uttered a suppressed oath as he reproduced his tools. Now, however, he had the advantage of light, also of somewhat easier work; and in little more than an hour the task was accomplished—the door was opened. Descending a few steps, the burglar held his lantern, and again looked around.

A spacious chamber, dark and damp, and with a close, unearthly smelling atmosphere. A dozen coffins were ranged around in niches in the wall; but that of Sir John Keighley's young wife, marked by its fresh velvet pall, stood on a tressel in the centre of the apartment.

Prosser lost no time in gazing around. It must be already past two o'clock, and it was necessary that he should be home and in bed before daybreak. But he had now little to do. Hastily throwing aside the pall, he revealed an elegant rosewood coffin in a massive leaden case. The lid of the case was not yet soldered down; still it prevented his working as rapidly as he wished; so he lifted out the coffin, not without difficulty, and lowered it with one end on the ground. But as he passed to the other end, to lower that likewise, the coffin slipped from its support and fell with a crash upon the stone floor.

Richard Prosser paused, with his heart in his mouth and his blood turning to ice in his veins. He listened to those awful echoes, which sounded like thunder in his ears, and gazed, with straining eyes, first at the door, then at the coffins around; but no one entered at the door, nor did the dead forms rise up in their coffins—"as they mought," thought Prosser, with another of his grim smiles, though his heart still beat fast, "a-takin' it for the blowin' o' the last trumpet." And then he again set to work unscrewing

the lid of the coffin. How fair and beautiful lay the face of the dead before him!

There were none of the usual revolting signs of dissolution, but white as marble, in her satin and muslin surroundings, her rich, golden-brown hair rippling naturally about her face, she looked, in her youth and beauty, more like a bride than a corpse.

Richard Prosser, however, saw none of this. He had eyes only for the circle of diamonds that lay there, flashing back, in dazzling brilliancy, the dim rays of his lantern. Instinctively he clutched at it, but the rigid grasp of the marble hand in which it was clasped resisted the effort. Again he essayed, tearing the cold fingers rudely away from the treasure, which it had been the dying request of the dead lady might, in case of her death, be buried with her—the miniature of her husband and child. Then, with the jeweled locket in one hand and the lantern in the other, Dick Prosser stood gazing delightedly upon his booty, and thinking how he might for the present best conceal it. To thrust it under the roots of some old tree near the church, or beneath a large stone in the common, on his way home, would, he thought, be the best plan.

But he must hurry; it was getting on fast to three o'clock. There was, in fact, not a moment to lose; so, holding fast the precious locket, he turned to leave the vault.

Now, Prosser had been standing with his back to the tressel, which was between him and the door; so, when he turned, his eye necessarily fell upon the rifled coffin.

With a cry that was scarcely human, the poacher sprang backward against the wall of the vault. Well might he, hardened ruffian as he was, quail at the sight that met his gaze; for, sitting erect in the coffin, her lips parted as if in a cry, though no sound issued from them, her eyes staring wildly before her, was the body of the dead woman.

One leap sent Richard Prosser past the horrible object to the door of the vault. A faint cry, like a call for help, came after him. His terror gave it a different tone, however, and, madly wrenching open the outer door, he dashed forth into the open air, leaped from grave to grave in his wild flight, and, flying over the low stone wall, never paused until he reached his own house, three miles away. Here, literally dashing through the closed door, he fell, exhausted and nearly dead, upon the bed beside his sleeping wife.

When, after long efforts, Ellen Prosser succeeded in restoring her husband to consciousness, he could only mutter vague and broken sentences. He had, through his flight, retained the locket, though unconsciously, in his grasp, and this alone would have revealed to his horror-stricken wife the nature of his night's occupation.

But when he began to tell of the awful apparition of the dead woman rising in her coffin, she knew not what to think. Her husband was not one to be frightened out of his wits without cause; and yet Ellen was not superstitious, and did not believe in things supernatural.

"You don't think 'twere a ghost, Richard?" she said, trembling, not at the story, but at the thought of her husband's awful crime. "Oh, Dick, Dick, man, that it should e'er ha' come to this!"

Suddenly Dick Prosser started up, wild and excited.

"Ghost! No, no, 'twere no ghost. She was alive! The falling o' the coffin woke her outen a trance; and, a thousand devils! she's alive still! Gi'e me my hat, Nellie! I'll go back. I'll make short work o' it. Neither tongue o' the dead or livin' shall tell o' me!"

But this horrible design could not be carried out; for, not only was he utterly exhausted, but, on opening the door of the cottage, the cold, gray dawn was seen breaking in the eastern sky. It was too late to think of returning to the church, and, with another oath, the wretched man re-entered his hut.

All this time, unnoticed by either parent, a pale little face, with a tangled halo of golden hair surrounding it, and great, blue eyes, wide open in wondering horror, had been peering just within the door of the shed-room, where the elder children slept. It was little Hetty, Richard Prosser's second child, seven years old.

"Yes, dang it! she's alive, if, please the devil, she's not been frightened back to death by that awful place," repeated Dick Prosser, savagely. "It's likely she'll die, though, for good, through want o' doctor's and nurse's care. And I slammed the outer door to as I came out, thank my stars, and *she'll* not be likely to open it with them small hands o' hern. Yea, yea, she'll die sure this time."

The little face disappeared from the doorway. Little Hetty scrambled like a cat through the low shed-window, and the next moment was flying, barehead and barefoot, and, indeed, but half clad, over the dark, gray moor, toward the Hall.

She knew the way, though it seemed a long journey to her. She had been there once, when the beautiful lady, leaning on the arm of her husband, who had seemed so fond of her, and leading her pretty little daughter by the hand, had stopped on the lawn to speak to her, and had given her half a crown, and told her to come again. Her father had not allowed her to do so, but little Hetty never forgot that visit; and all to-day she had been thinking sadly of the sweet lady, now dead, and of how miserable must be the poor gentleman and his little motherless girl. And now she was flying as fast as her little feet would carry her, to tell them that my lady was not dead—at least, would not be dead, if they would hurry quick to take her out of the horrible coffin.

And how they hurried, who can tell! Sir John first, on horseback, white as any corpse; and all the others, family guests and servants, following.

Dick Prosser had not shut the vault-door as securely as he had thought, or else desperation had given strength to the poor lady; for it was her husband who found her lying, white and deathlike, but still alive, thank God! alive, in the dewy grass, close beside the entrance to the vault. A few moments' delay, and it might have been too late.

"My darling—oh, my darling!" they heard him cry, as he took her in his arms; and she laid her poor, weary head on his breast, and smiled, as if peace and rest had come at last.

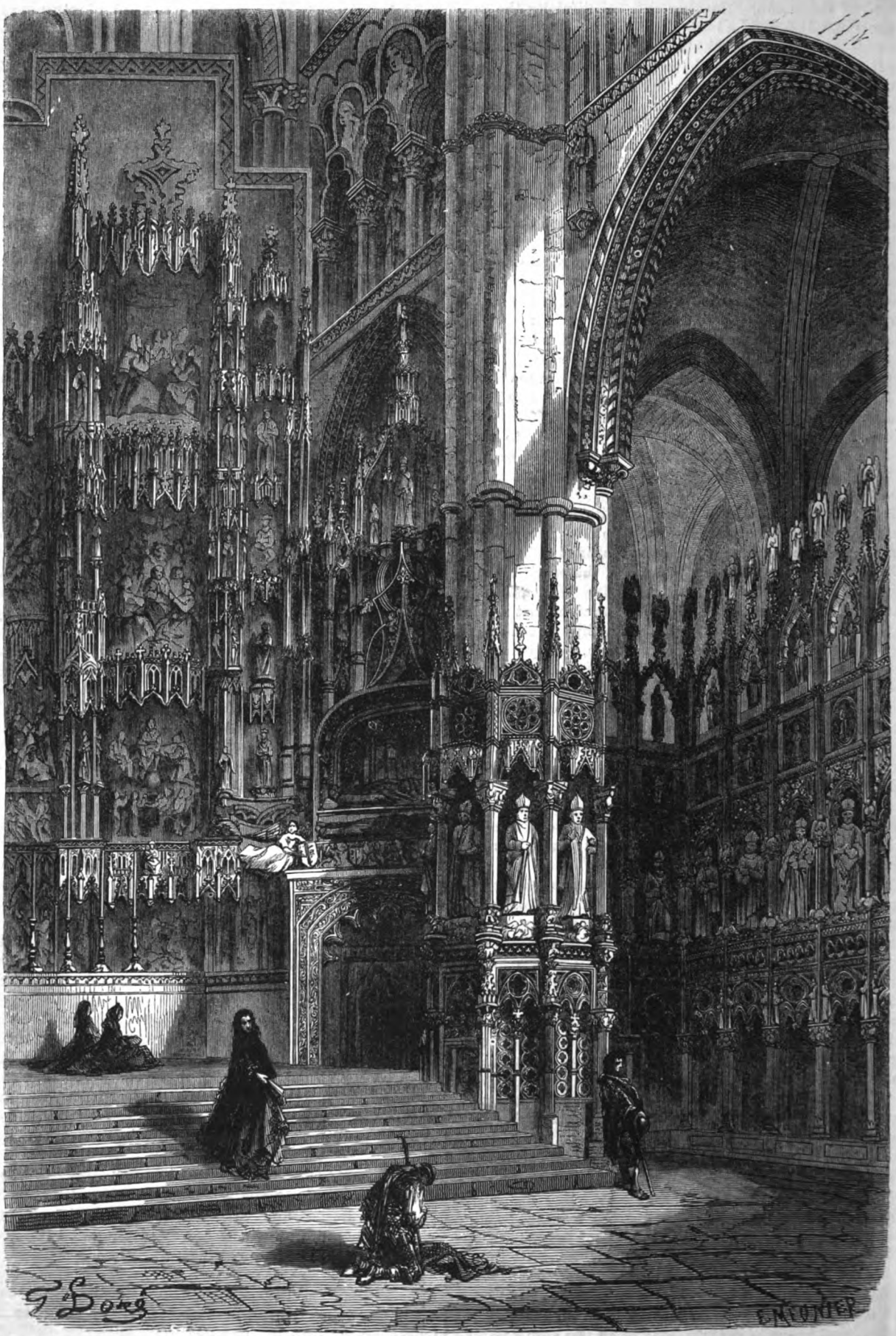
And so they took her, carefully and tenderly, into the old sexton's house, and thence, in a few days, home. And many and many a year after did she live to adorn and bless that household.

As for Dick Prosser, when they went to his cottage that day he was gone, nor did he ever after make his appearance in the country. Sir John made no attempt to have him arrested.

"Let him go," he said. Heinous as had been his crime, it had still led to the great blessing of having his wife restored to him, and for the sake of this the criminal was forgiven.

Little Hetty was amply rewarded by the family to whom she had rendered so great a service. She was taken to the Hall and educated for a governess, and is now the wife of a young curate in Westmoreland. Her mother and the other children were also well cared for by Sir John.

LIFE becomes useless and insipid when we have no longer either friends or enemies.



INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF TOLEDO, SPAIN.

A RELAY OF HORSES AT ILLESCAS, NEAR TOLEDO.

TOLEDO.

SUNNY Spain! Land of Don Quixote and Dulcinea del Toboso, of mantillas and Murillo, of dark-eyed senoritas and haughty hidalgos, of glorious old churches and Moorish mosques, of bull-fights and boleros, of fans and cigarettes, of revolutions and brigands, of garlic and *gracias*—Spain, the sun-kissed!

It has been said by a witty French writer that Africa commences with the Pyrenees. This *mot* is sustained by the fact that Spain, with the exception of Barcelona—its Manchester—is two centuries behind that in which we now live, move, and have our being.

With Madrid but thirty-six hours from Paris, the frontier but fifteen, the difference between the peoples is so vividly marked as to cause the traveler to imagine he has been wafted over the border in that magic carpet upon which the Prince in the Arabian Nights traveled at so many hundred miles a minute; and that Hendaye is separated from Irun by at least a couple of thousand miles, instead of by so many yards; and Perpignan from Gerona a somewhat similar distance.

Spain may be struck from France by two distinct routes: Bordeaux, Bayonne, Biarritz and Hendaye, across the Bidassoa to Irun, and from thence by *a single line of rail* to Madrid—or *via* Perpignan across the Pyrenees to Gerona, and from thence to Barcelona; the one being the Bay of Biscay route, the other that of the Mediterranean.

The first line of travel is by far the most enjoyable, inasmuch as what is lost by the mountain route is amply compensated for by the charm of the customs and costumes of the Basque provinces; the acknowledged beauty of the women and the superb *physique* of the men being *sans reproche*.

There are but two classes of travelers to be met with in Spain; those who go for climate, and those who go for pleasure; the magnificent climate on the south and east coast tempting the one, the *bizarre* scenes of faded splendor and Old World indolence inviting the other.

Everybody grumbles at Spanish discomfort, but everybody leaves Spain with regret, bearing souvenirs never to be forgotten, impressions never to be erased, color-glories never to be dimmed.

There are two colors in Spain, not to be seen elsewhere—scarlet and yellow. To state this savors of absurdity, yet it is nevertheless a fact. The scarlet and yellow worn by the peasantry in Catalonia are the scarlet and yellow of Catalonia alone.

The Spaniards, if treated courteously, are a very amiable people, being especially loving toward children, but if they are 'sat upon' by presuming and insolent foreigners, especially that low class of cockney let loose from the city of London, their passions are easily aroused, and the *cuchillo*, or knife, is ever at hand to avenge an insult or wipe out an injury.

The streets in the Spanish cities are narrow, gloomy and ill-odorous—the hotels reeking with what Sir John Falstaff terms, "a rank compound of villainous smell!" No matter how costly the building, how magnificent its details, how elaborate its inner regulations, above all rises the solid stench, smiting the olfactory sense like a blow. The food, as a rule, is good, and it must in justice be added, plentiful; *table d'hote* dinners at first-class hotels extensive and prolonged.

The beauty of the Spanish women is greatly exaggerated. Nevertheless, the soft, dark eye and the raven black hair are general, as are also the rich, red lips, with the suspicion of a moustache upon the upper one. They walk to perfection, their movements being the very poetry of motion, while their figures, when young, are either graceful or voluptuous, but when old, *Ay de mi, Alhama!* the witches in Macbeth are but Graces when compared to them.

Home life, as we understand it, the Spaniards, as a rule, know nothing of; the ladies being always either in their bed-chambers or out of doors; family gatherings scarcely ever occur, nor is there sociability of any kind among them. All meetings take place in the street, at the theatre, of which they are excessively fond, or at some of their open-air concert-gardens.

The most quaint, the most tumble-down, the most haughty, the most interesting, the most seductive, the most charming, the most Old World town in sunny Spain, is Toledo.

There are few cities which can boast so ancient an origin as Toledo, and whose history has been made the groundwork of so many absurd traditions. Some writers pretend to say that the Jews settled here after the Captivity of Babylon; others attribute its foundation to Hercules, to Jubal, grandson of Cain, who established himself on its site, 143 years after the Deluge. That which is most accurately known anent the antiquity of Toledo is, that it existed 200 years before Christ, the proconsul, Marcus Fulvius, having besieged it 190 years B.C., taken it, and placed it under Roman jurisdiction.

The monuments, of which the ruins are still visible, and the reputation enjoyed by its swords, indicate that Toledo was a place of no mean importance, although Titus Livius speaks of it simply as a little town, but in an advantageous situation. "*Urbs parva, sed loco munita.*"

When the hordes of barbarians from the North invaded the Peninsula, Toledo fell into the power of the Alains; and at the commencement of the fifth century the Visigoths took possession of it, when it became the residence of their kings, then the capital of Spain. The "Royal City," as it was termed, was enlarged and embellished by the Visigoth monarchs, notably by Wamba, a name still popular in Spain, and Toledo was rich and flourishing when the Moors made themselves her master.

Amongst the treasures acquired by the conquerors—treasures of which the chroniclers make a prodigious and detailed enumeration, were the famous table of Solomon, and twenty-five crowns of solid gold belonging to the Visigoth Kings.

Under the domination of the Mussulmans, Toledo suffered many sieges and assaults, falling, after a prolonged siege, into the power of Amron, the *alcayde* of Talavera. The city was ravaged, and amongst the atrocities committed, it is related that 400 noble Toledans who had been beguiled under pretext of an amicable banquet, were massacred at night, their bodies flung into a large pit which had been prepared, and their heads exposed on the following day to the public gaze.

Ten centuries have failed to efface the memories of that foul and infamous deed, and when a Spaniard wishes to refer to an ill-omened night, he invariably expresses himself "*una noche Toledena,*" a Toledan night. The Moorish Kings of Toledo were tolerant to the vanquished, permitting to the captive Christians and Jews the practice of their religious rites. In 1520, Toledo arrived at the climax of her greatness. She was as polished and educated a city as Seville or Salamanca. Since the thirteenth century Toledo boasts the reputation of speaking the purest Castilian—a reputation which she still retains.

In the year 1560, Philip II. took up his royal residence in the modern Madrid, abandoning the ancient capital of the Visigoth kings, since which she has gradually decayed; until the imperial city, which, in the hour of her prosperity, counted more than 200,000 inhabitants, to-day possesses scarcely 15,000.

But if Toledo has fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, she is still sufficiently rich in memories and in monuments of the past, to console her for having lost her position in the first rank. There is not a city in the world that responds so accurately to a city of the Middle Ages—she is *the* picturesque and romantic city *par excellence*, and she is proud, amongst her other titles to nobility, of being, like the Eternal City, built upon seven hills.

Toledo is entered by the bridge of Alcantara, boldly thrown across the river Tagus, whose tawny waters, rushing through walls of granite, encircle the city as with a girdle. At the extremity of the bridge, stand upon rocks almost sheer, the ancient massive towers known as the *Castillo de San Cervantes;* a saintly name but little known, and one which has but little in common with that of the author of Don Quichotte. Ascending a steep and zig-zag pathway, the traveler arrives at one of the ancient gates, la Puerta del Sol, or Gate of the Sun, a splendid specimen of Moorish or arabesque architecture, well worthy to serve as the entrance of a city like royal Toledo.

Traversing the Plaza del Zocodoro, the hotel is reached, one of those quaint Spanish houses, all oaken-floored and wainscoted. The Fonda del Lino is as quaint as its surroundings. It reeks with garlic. The *commedor* (dining-room) is long, narrow and dark, as is the case in all Spanish hotels the gaunt bedrooms big, fitted up with beds white as the driven snow, and tricked out with lace and insertion and frilling; veritable poems The floors are of polished oak, black as ebony.

The Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, when visiting Toledo with his suite, breakfasted at this hostelry. Twenty-seven sat down to the *déjeuner*, the little bill amounting to seven thousand reals, a real being equivalent to five cents. The landlord, upon being expostulated with, took off one thousand reals. This deduction not being considered satisfactory, he was again applied to, when another thousand were scratched out, to be followed by another, and yet another, until the sum of three thousand reals was accepted with very many thanks.

Many of the private dwellings in Toledo might literally have been taken up at Damascus and set down in this rare old Spanish town, so identical are they in design, in decorations and in general character. The nails on the doors are especially quaint, being for the most part shaped like large mushrooms, while the knockers are perfect studies. If the young bloods who distinguish themselves by knocker-wrenching in London were to try their chances here, they would secure art-treasures, the acquisition of which might plead in mitigation for the stupid and idiotic offense.

All travelers make a rush for the Cathedral, scarcely stopping to refresh at the *fonda*, so desirous are they to behold the most magnificent church in Spain. The Cathedral, one of the handsomest, and without doubt the richest in the Peninsula, dates back to the thirteenth century, its construction having been commenced by Ferdinand in 1227, continuing up to the end of the fifteenth century without any stoppage to the work, the date at which it was completed. Originally a mosque, it was rebuilt by Ferdinand and converted by him into a Christian church, being finished in 1490. Eight doors lead into the temple, which is decorated with seven hundred and fifty stained-glass windows. Although the Cathedral of Toledo is less vast than that of Seville, the aspect of the interior is grander and

more attractive. It is divided into five naves, the middle being of prodigious height, which the lower elevation of the others causes to appear more considerable than it really is. The choir, according to the invariable usage in Spain, is placed in the centre of the principal nave, and occupies the middle of the church. In no part of the world can anything be seen more unique, more beautiful or more effective than the white marble screen, its row of white angels, with half-folded wings, guarding the sanctuary of the high altar, and standing out sharp and clear against the magnificent dark background formed by the arched naves and matchless painted glass, which, in depth and brilliancy of color and beauty of design, exceeds even that of Seville.

The choir is exquisitely carved, both above and below; the stalls divided by red marble columns. Of the seventy stalls, half are carved by Vigarny and half by the celebrated Berrugueti, each figure of each saint being a study in itself. The stalls for those of superior rank, which date from the end of the fifteenth century, present subjects so quaint, so interesting and so numerous, that several hours will scarcely suffice to examine them in detail. They for the most part, it is true, represent jousts, tournaments, battles and sieges, rudely executed enough, but with curious details of the costume, arms and armor of the Christians and Moors of that epoch. Forty-five stalls are sculptured with subjects of this nature, but the most interesting are those representing different episodes in the taking of Granada, the last stronghold of the Saracens. The superior stalls, enriched with marquetries of wood and incrustations of marble of different colors, may be cited as the best specimens of wood-sculpture of the period of the Renaissance. Upon the stalls of the archbishop is the oft-repeated symbol of the Virgin placing the chasuble upon the shoulders of Saint Ildefonso.

The legend of the "Casulla" is devoutly believed in Toledo. Saint Ildefonso, Archbishop of Toledo in the sixteenth century, wrote a work in honor of the Virginity of the Mother of God—"De Virginitate Sanctæ Mariæ." The Holy Virgin, wishing to exhibit her approval of the work of the devout priest, descended from heaven and assisted whilst he was performing his office, seated in the archiepiscopal stall. This stall, it is stated, has never since been occupied, save upon one occasion, when a profane and impious person dared to violate its sanctity by sitting down, on which he was immediately expelled by unseen hands. In the chapel of the patron saint of Toledo is to be seen the stone, surrounded by red marble, upon which the Queen of Heaven placed her feet, with the Latin inscription: *Adorabimus in loco ubi steterunt pedes ejus*—"We adore thee in the spot where thou didst place thy sacred feet." A railing protects the holy flag, but an opening enables the faithful to touch it with the tips of their fingers, which they then piously convey to their lips.

The Moorish altar still remains at which Ferdinand and Isabella heard mass after their conquest of the Saracens.

Amongst the numerous chapels of the Cathedral, the Capilla Muzarabi is unique. It is thus named because here are celebrated daily the offices and divine sacrifice according to the Mosarabic rite, which is likewise called the apostolic or Gothic. The name Mosarabs was given to the Christians who, after the Conquest, lived beneath the Mussulman domination. They followed the rite in use at the time of the Goth kings, which differs in many points from that of the Roman.

It would appear that after the conquest of Toledo by the Christians, the Mosarabic rites were a subject of interminable contests. King Alphonso VI., and Queen Constance, at the solicitation of the Papal legate, were desirous of establishing the Roman ritual in the Cathedral. The clergy, the nobility and the people addressed themselves to the King in order to induce him to revoke his decision. The matter was referred by his Majesty to the arbitration of the sword, and two champions were chosen, one for the Mosarabic ritual, the other for the Roman. The combat took place and, to the great joy of the Toledans, the defender of the Mosarabic ritual was declared the conqueror. The King and the legate refused, however, to acknowledge the victory, and proposed the test of fire, which was accepted by the Toledans. This test consisted of placing a Roman missal and a Mosarabic missal upon a hot brazier, that best resisting the action of the fire to obtain the preference. Again did the Mosarabics gain the day, and as a consequence it was decided that six of the churches in the city should be devoted to the practice of the Mosarabic ritual. But two of these churches retain the ancient ritual of Alcala di Hénares.

The Capilla Mayor, in addition to containing the tombs of the ancient kings of Spain, preserves that of the celebrated Cardinal Mendoza—the great Cardinal—Archbishop of Toledo. It was well becoming to place in sepulchre with the kings of Spain the potential prelate who partook of power with Ferdinand and Isabella. Adjacent to the Capilla Mayor stands the famous altar called El Transparuto.

To describe this *bizarre* monument of ugliness were but waste of time; its confusion of angels, columns, clouds and rays of sunshine—marble and bronze. This altar is simply a blot on the high art of the noble pile.

In the Capilla de la Virgin del Sagrario is a statue of the Virgin, very ancient, and highly venerated. According to tradition, this statue was in existence before the epoch of the Goth kings, who, when the city fell into the power of the Moors, hid it in a pit that it might not fall into their hands, where it remained for nearly four centuries, being then discovered through the intervention of a miracle. Like many of the ancient statues of the Virgin to be seen in Spain, this is of wood covered by a plate of silver, with the exception of the face and hands.

In 1808, the Cathedral was robbed by the French, under that foe of Art and Wealth, General la Houssaye, of such treasures as seem to have been accumulated in no other church to the same extent. Paintings by the finest artists, when, if they could not be carried off, were torn to pieces or burnt; the church plate melted down, the better to remove it; the jeweled ornaments taken; nothing, in short, slipped through their fingers that once touched their hands. The only things they did not destroy were the windows: they had much to do, and perhaps had no time to waste at the last; so the windows still remain. And what glorious windows! what exquisite coloring, what softness and depth of richness! Nowhere can their rainbow-tinted bits of glory be surpassed.

Fragments of Saracenic art peep out everywhere, especially in the Salar Capitular, or chapter-room, oblong in form, and one hundred feet in length; its breadth being in proportion; the doorway of which is an exquisite specimen of the finest Moorish work; as is likewise the ceiling. In this chapter-room are two admirable portraits of Cardinal Ximenes and Cardinal Mendoza, both taken from life. Amongst the paintings is Giordano's "Miraculous Apparition of the Virgin to Saint Ildefonso."

The treasures of the Cathedral of Toledo, the richest in Spain, were for some years placed in two safes, called the Cuarto de la Custodia, and el Ochavo. In consequence of several robberies, the beautiful golden crown, enriched with precious stones, given in the thirteenth century by Saint Ferdinand, having been spirited away, the treasures are now deposited in another portion of the Cathedral. In this treasure house is the famous tabernacle entirely composed of sil-

ver, the largest in the world. It contains two hundred and sixty statuettes of different dimensions, and its construction occupied nine years. Another tabernacle is also to be seen, not a whit less interesting, since it is of pure gold, and made by order of Isabella the Catholic, out of the first ingots that Christopher Columbus brought from America. After the death of Isabella, Cardinal Ximenes purchased the precious tabernacle and presented it as a gift to the Cathedral of Toledo.

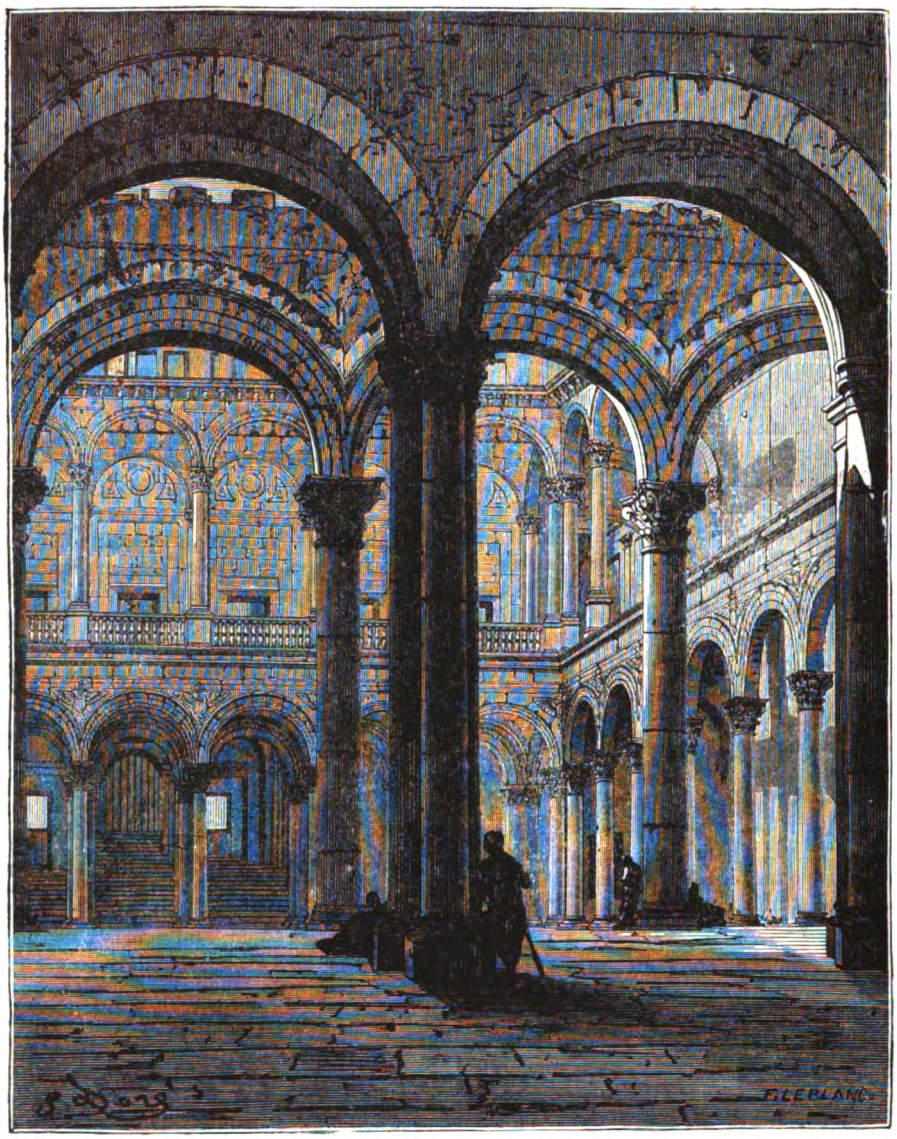
The famous robe and cloak of the Virgin del Sagrario is exhibited, a marvel of richness and of broidery. The tissue has entirely disappeared beneath the embroidery of gold, of pearls, of diamonds, of rubies, of emeralds, and of other precious stones, which may be reckoned by thousands. Three hundred ounces of gold were employed in the thread alone, and the small seed pearls that form the edging to the embroidery, are of equal weight. This rich robe, the like of which no queen possesses, is also adorned with a quantity of loose precious stones, which have not been laid on, owing to want of space.

El Vestido del Nino, or the Cloak of the Infant, is of the same splendor as that of the Virgin Mother; nine persons having been exclusively employed for the space of one year in embroidering it.

A colossal golden crucifix is also of note, as well as a Gothic archiepiscopal cross that belonged to Cardinal Mendoza, to which a remarkable historical souvenir attaches itself, as being that which was planted in th fortress of the Alhambra when the Spaniards took possession of Granada the 2d of January, 1492.

Close to the holy water fount at the south entrance is a little marble slab attached to the pillar, and on it a small, soft leather cushion. This cushion is used by parents who, too poor to pay the expenses of their children's funerals, place the bodies on the cushion in order to their being interred at the expense of the Chapter. The cloisters to the north of the Cathedral are very lofty and fine, and decorated with frescoes; and the doors, with their magnificent bronze bas reliefs, in the style of the Florentine baptistery, and gloriously carved portals, are on a par with all the rest.

The Puerta del Perdon and the Puerta de los Leones especially, are unique in their gorgeous details and in the great beauty and lifelike expression of the figures. The Chapter library is in good order, and contains some very fine editions of French and Latin writers; a Bible belonging to Saint Isadore; the works of Saint Gregory; a fine illuminated Bible given by Saint Louis; a missal of Charles V.; a choice Talmud and Koran, and some very interesting MSS. In the interior are many good pictures.



THE ALCAZAR OF TOLEDO.

The principal street in Toledo is the Calle de la Feria, in which are situated the most showy and most attractive stores. This street leads to the Plaza del Zocodoro. It was in the Plaza that the bull-fights were held in the olden times, as well as the *autos da fé* of the Inquisition. Toledo was the city *par excellence* of the Holy Office; the archbishop enjoying by right the title of Inquisitor-General. Upon the Zocodoro was also held the market, and mass was celebrated in a little chapel which still exists, in an arcade that gives upon the Plaza, called la Capilla del Criste de la Sangre. The mass was offered up in this particular church, in order to enable those who came to buy, and those who came to sell, to attend it without prejudice to their worldly affairs.

The Plaza was also a rendezvous of gossips, seekers of news and "loafers," as well as for those whom Cervantes describes as "that numerous body comprised under the name of *picaros*," for he refers in one of his novels to the

insolent mendicants, the counterfeiters and the cutpurses of the Zocodoro.

A slight ascent from the Zocodoro takes the traveler to the Alcazar, built upon one of the highest of the seven hills of Toledo, a towering point that commands the Tagus. This remarkable palace was commenced in 1534, by Alfonso de Covarrubias, the celebrated Spanish architect of the Renaissance. The principal façade, which occupies one of the sides of a vast quadrilateral, is ornamented with great richness. Upon each of the remaining façades is still seen, in the remains of the ancient ornamentation, what a magnificent edifice the palace must formerly have been.

SANTA MARIA LA BLANCA, FORMERLY THE SYNAGOGUE, TOLEDO.

Unfortunately, the Alcazar is in a condition of decay that is painful to witness. Grand staircases, of which the marble steps are disjointed, columns supporting nothing, galleries upon which one could not venture to move without danger — such is the lamentable spectacle that the ancient imperial palace offers to the visitor. The arms of Charles V. are still visible over the frieze, and their preservation, in contrast to the remainder of the palace, is nothing short of irony.

The present condition of the Alcazar is

VAGABONDS ON THE PUENTA DE ALCANTARA, TOLEDO.

not to be laid at the door of the Spaniards, since in the year 1710, during the War of Succession, the allied troops, composed of English, Germans and Portuguese, set fire to the imperial palace, the soldiery tearing down the delicate tracery of the apartments, using it to kindle the fire.

An Italian traveler who visited the Alcazar in 1760, draws a sad picture of its condition. "In another twenty years," he says, "according to the existing state of things, even these poor remnants of the palace will no longer exist; nothing will remain of them but the simple foundations, for they are perishing visibly, and being covered with moss and noisome weeds."

This prediction is almost accomplished. From the height of the vast esplanade upon which the Alcazar is built, a superb view of the city and its environs can be obtained. Against the sky stands the exquisite tracery of the Cathedral; above the Tagus, bordered with rocks and picturesque habitations, rises the bridge of Alcantara, with its fortified gate; here and there are vast edifices of crumbling masonry, the *débris* of the foundations of Moorish mills, while arches of brick point out the place where formerly stood the *artificio de juamlo*, formerly one of the marvels of Toledo. This *artificio* was a hydraulic machine, constructed to convey the waters of the Tagus to the Alcazar. The machine was composed of great tanks of white iron, attached one to the other, and forming a continuous chain that descended from the castle to the Tagus. The water entering into the first was forced into the second by means of certain wheels, and from thence successively into the others, to the castle, where it was discharged into a reservoir, spreading itself from this reservoir all through the city by a canal.

The Tagus can be reached by following the steep descent of the Cuesta del Cármen, where a scene from Cervantes smites the memory. "Lopez, the Asturian, descended to the side of the river by the Cuesta del Cármen, and in the steepness of the descent he encountered the ass of a water-carrier, which was ascending heavily laden. He gave such a shock to the emaciated and weary ass, that he overturned it, its four shoes showing in the air, the pitchers being broken, the water all spilt."

As in the time of Cervantes, the *aguadors*, or water-carriers, still descend to the Tagus to lay in their stock of water in those earthen pitchers which they so dexterously place upon the backs of their asses.

The navigation of the Tagus, abandoned to-day, was in a flourishing condition in the sixteenth century. "King Philip II., our royal master," says Medina, "has greatly improved the condition of the river, rendering it navigable up to Toledo, where vessels laden with merchandise can now penetrate."

Since that period, different modes have been essayed to re-establish the navigation, but without effect. The river of "the golden waters," so often rhapsodized by poets, is, at the Royal City, utterly unnavigable. Alas for the mutability of things mundane, the golden waters are now dirty yellow, and instead of exquisitely formed nymphs reclining upon the banks, the traveler will be confronted by hideous-looking black pigs, wallowing in liquid mud.

Toledo remained too long in the possession of the Moors not to have preserved some mementoes recalling the epoch of the Mussulman domination. One of the most curious is the ancient synagogue known as Santa Maria la Blanca. This edifice dates so far back as the ninth century, and is in the style of the architecture of the mosque at Cordova. In the fifteenth century, the Jews were expelled from this temple, when it was converted into a Catholic church. Later on it became a refuge for penitent women; then a military store, until about twenty years ago, when it was considered worthy of being preserved, a public subscription being opened to defray the expense of restoration.

Many of the Spanish churches have been built under the invocation of the Holy Saint Mary la Blanca. The origin of the name goes back to a legend known in Spain in the earliest ages of Christendom.

Under the pontificate of Saint Liberius, on the night of the 4th of April, 352, the Virgin appeared to an inhabitant of Rome and his wife, ordering them to erect a temple in her honor upon a certain site on Mount Esquileno. The worthy couple proceeded at break of day to the place indicated, and found it covered with a soft covering of snow. Struck with wonder and astonishment, they hastened to inform the Pontiff. Saint Libenus, moved by the recital, that coincided with a dream which he himself had had during the same night, hastened to lay the foundation of a church, which was called Saint Mary la Blanca, or the white, in memorial of the miraculous snow, a symbol of the purity of the Virgin.

A few steps from the Santa Maria la Blanca stands another and smaller synagogue, called el Trânsito. This edifice was erected by Samuel Levi, an enormously rich Jew, treasurer to Peter the Cruel, at his own cost, toward the middle of the fourteenth century; very probably by Moorish workmen, for the steps of the building recall the arabesques of the Alhambra. This treasurer of the King of Castile had a tragic end. Don Pedro being upon one occasion in want of money, discovered that the easiest possible way of obtaining it lay through putting Samuel Levi to death, and then to 'annex'—this is a nice diplomatic word; a right royal phrase—his effects. This 'happy thought' was carried into immediate execution, and His Majesty's exchequer was relieved from the temporary strain placed upon it.

The Jews of Toledo remained in possession of this synagogue until their expulsion in 1492, when the Catholic kings presented it to the Knights of Calatrava.

The edifice consists of a single nave, much more richly ornamented than that of Santa Maria la Blanca. Upon the walls are large inscriptions in Hebrew characters of remarkable elegance, singing the praises of Samuel Levi and of a "Rabbi" named Meir. The remaining inscriptions are from the Psalms of David. The pavement of the flooring, which is in the Moorish style, is simply marvelous as a piece of workmanship.

The two ancient synagogues are situated in the midst of the Juderia, or Jews' quarter, which is composed of straight and narrow laneways, and is the most miserable portion of the city. The luckless treasurer of Peter the Cruel, it is stated, possessed a magnificent palace in this very quarter. In Spain, as in France and in almost all the countries of Europe, the Jews were restricted to certain districts. In many cities, notably in Toledo, they were very numerous, despite the persecutions they had to submit to successively from the Goths, the Arabs, and, above all, from the Christians, who proved themselves their most implacable enemies. A great number of Jews lent money at usurious interest. The legal rate was thirty-three per cent., and any sum above that was usury. Converted Jews were compelled to wear on the shoulder a small piece of colored stuff called *Judios de Senal*. In the seventeenth century the Jews had to suffer the rigors of the Inquisition. The hatred the Spaniards bore them was so great that the single epithet *Judio* became a deadly insult, only to be wiped out by blood; the word signifying a dishonorable action. The author of "Spain at the Present Time" (1717) says that "the aversion to Jews all over Spain is simply intense."

One of the doors of the Cathedral is called Puerta del Niño Perdido, or the Door of the Lost Child. The legend

of the Lost Child, which is very popular in Spain, is related in a curious old work entitled "Centinella contra Judios" —A Watch upon the Jews :

"In the year 1490 a Jew of Quintinar found himself at Toledo, with many of his coreligionists, at a time when an *auto da fé* of the Inquisition was being exercised. Seeing the danger they ran from the Christians, this Jew said to the others : 'I know of a matter that would cause these Christians to burn with rage, and which at the same time would bring triumph to the law of Moses.' They concerted, and resolved to reassemble at Temblaque, whither they determined upon bringing a child of between three and four years of age, which was to be stolen ; the most adroit amongst them being selected to entrap the child, The child was taken from Toledo and brought to Guardia, the home of the thief, who informed the inhabitants that it was his son, whom he had brought back from the place where it was being nursed. The time of the Passion having arrived, all the Jews met at a cave about half a league from Guardia, where they heaped upon the helpless infant all the indignities and all the insults with which their ancestors had overwhelmed Christ ; and, after having parodied the scenes of the Passion, they crucified the boy, striking him with blows from a lance. At that exact moment, the fact having been witnessed and subsequently verified, the mother of the martyred infant, who was blind, suddenly recovered vision. The Jews then tore out the heart of the child, and interred its body. In order to complete their diabolical work, they returned to the city, bearing with them the heart. Here they bribed a certain Juan Gomez, newly converted to Christianity, who, for the sum of thirty reals, consented to rob for them from the sanctuary of a church, a consecrated wafer. They sent to the Jews of Zamora this wafer, inclosed in a book, with the heart of the child enveloped in a napkin. The convert, having repaired to Civala, in the fear of being pursued, entered the Cathedral of that city in order to disarm suspicion, dropped upon his knees and opened the book. Some of the faithful who happened to be in the church were struck with astonishment upon perceiving a book from which were beaming rays of dazzling light, brighter than those of the sun. One of them, taking the man for a saint, followed him to his hiding-place, and, having informed one of the members of the Holy Office of the miracle, the hapless wretch was interrogated, arrested and imprisoned. Upon his person were found letters which betrayed the original actors in the crime, all of whom were captured and burned upon faggots."

The Spaniards have an ancient proverb—

"De frayle rebozado,
De hambriente soldado,
Y de judio acosado."

"Beware of a cowled monk, a hungry soldier, and a persecuted Jew."

After the Santa Maria la Blanca, the most ancient Moorish monument in Toledo is a little church known as Ermita del Cristo de la Luz ; which was used as a mosque after the capture of Toledo by the Christians. It dates from the tenth century. Its architecture possesses that indefinite elegance which characterizes the mosque at Cordova. It was in this church that Alphonso the VI. first attended mass after taking possession of Toledo ; and the visitor is shown a buckler of wood, ornamented with a silver cross upon a red ground, that the Prince bestowed upon the church as a memorial of his remarkable visit.

The Salon de Mesa and the Taller del Moro are the most strange moresque edifices in Toledo, both being of a style of architecture known in Spain as *estilo Mudyar*, a mixture of Moorish and Christian, highly effective.

Another Moorish ruin is known at Toledo under the name Palacios de Galiana. A walk of twenty minutes through the Huerta del Ray—the king's gardens—and a little from the Tagus brings one to this ancient palace. Some crumbling pieces of masonry, and a Moorish arcade crowned with luxuriant vegetation, are all that remain of the palace of the beautiful Galiana. The princess was the daughter of a King of Toledo, who revolted against the King of Cordova, his sovereign, whom the Spanish legend designates under the unpoetical name of Galafre. King Galafre had bestowed upon his daughter this country residence, which he caused to be embellished with the most lavish elegance and refinement. The beautiful Galiana lived in this delicious retreat in order to escape the importunities of the numerous aspirants to her hand, who had become inflamed by the descriptions of her peerless charms. Amongst these sighing swains was Bradamante, a Moorish prince of Guadalajara, who soon made himself remarkable by his assiduity. The untutored giant endeavored in vain to touch her heart ; but she remained as a block of ice toward him. Presently there came to court a strange prince named *Carlomagne*, dispatched by his father to offer to Galafre aid and arms against the King of Cordova. Carlomagne was none other than Charlemagne, son of Pepin the Little, King of France, and who in truth never crossed the Ebro, but the legend scouts such pitiful accuracy. Galiana had no sooner beheld the foreign prince, than she took in him a most lively interest, while Carlomagne, on his side, was not insensible to the beauty of the Moorish princess, and finally so smitten was he that he demanded her hand of her father. Galafre consented, but it became necessary to get the terrible Bradamante out of the way. Carlomagne sent a challenge to his rival to meet him in single combat ; and having overcome him, cut off his head, which he offered to Galiana. The princess became a Christian, and gave her hand to Carlomagne, who brought her to France, where she was married as his queen.

Toledo formerly possessed numerous convents, those for the sisterhoods numbering twenty. The power of the monks was very great, the best of everything being reserved for them, everybody yielding them the *pas*. The Spaniards, who have proverbs for all and everything, have not forgotten to devote one or two to the monks. "It is advisable to guard against a bull from the front, a mule from behind, a monk from every side."

The Spanish monk that Zurbaran, Murillo and Goya have handed down to us, no longer exists—the type has disappeared with the suppression of the monasteries. This measure left without food or shelter many men habituated to a regular existence—the tranquil life of the cloister. These unfortunates, restored in spite of themselves, to a society which they had voluntarily abandoned, found themselves for the most part without relations or friends ; they found themselves also without resources ; almost every career being closed against them. They formed a new type which lasted some years, known in Spain by the name of *exclaustrado*—the uncloistered.

The most remarkable of these monasteries of Toledo, is that of San Juan de los Reyes ; thus named because of a victory gained by the Catholic Kings, and to return thanks to God. St. John of the Kings, which belonged to the Franciscan monks, is to-day a simple *panoquia*. The church is built upon an eminence in a magnificent situation, from whence the course of the Tagus can be descried for miles —a portion of the *Viga*, and the famous manufactory of arms.

Enormous iron chains hang round the walls of this church, trophies of victory, being the glorious mementoes which the Spaniards bore from Granada in 1492, after having delivered

VENDER OF PIOUS PICTURES, BEADS, ETC.

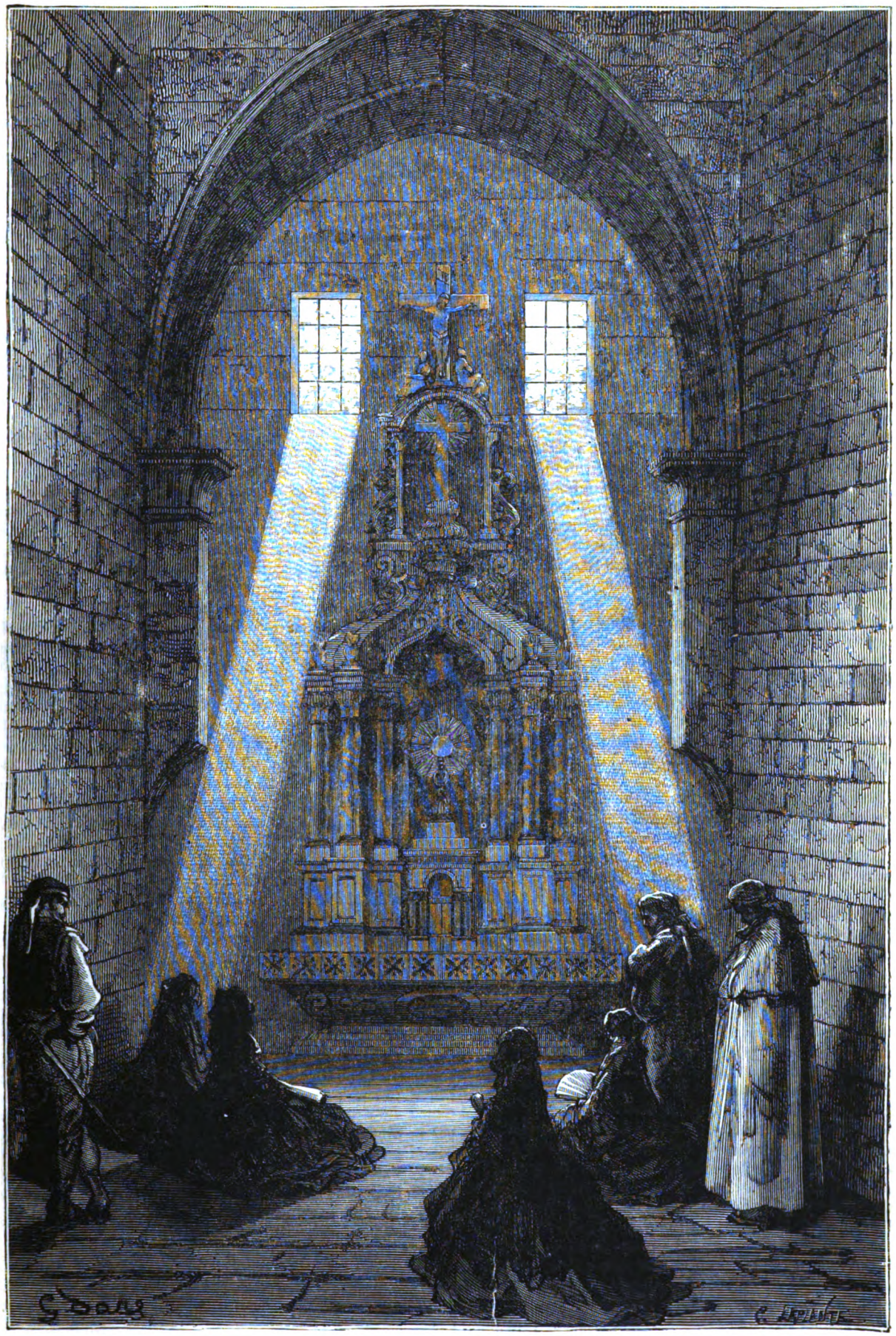
the Christian prisoners, set free from the dungeons of the Alhambra.

The church of San Juan de los Reyes contains a single nave, the proportions of which are more those of a cathedral than of a convent chapel. The ornamentation is of an extraordinary richness. The initials F and Y—Ferdinand and Ysabel—are to be perceived, carved in many coignes of vantage. The church is poor in statuary and paintings, with the exception of a saint in wood, painted life-color by Alonzo Cano, for one of the arms of which an English dealer offered a hundred thousand reals. In Spain the generality of the saints sculptured in wood are attributed to the celebrated Canon of Granada, the same who contributed to Murillo three-quarters of the famous Conception.

At the foot of the eminence upon which this church is built formerly stood the basilica of Santa Léocadia. Here is the tomb of Saint Léocadia, the patron of Toledo, who suffered martyrdom under the reign of the Emperor Dacian. It was in this basilica that the miraculous apparition of Saint Léocadia to the Archbishop of Toledo, Saint Ildefonso, took place, when the Archbishop, in order to make himself assured that his senses had not deceived him, cut off a small piece of the Virgin's vail, "which is preserved," says that curious old book, "Las Grandeças de España," "in the Cathedral to the present day."

Every turn in the quaint and narrow streets of Toledo possesses, for the curious, refreshing discoveries and startling surprises. Now it is a ruin, or an Arabic inscription; now a shield, or a fragment of Gothic sculpture; or it is a gate of the Middle Ages, guarded by enormous iron nails, resembling the buckler of some giant of the Age of Chivalry. These strange gates, the best specimens being at Toledo and Salamanca, present a most picturesque effect. The nails that protect them, the placing of which admits of so many different combinations, generally take the form of a hemisphere, their size being, ordinarily, greater than an orange, sometimes attaining the dimensions of the head of an infant. They are often crowned with spikes, or ornamented with a number of smaller nails, the heads of which are no larger than small racket-balls. Each nail is armed with a rivet; this rivet goes through the door, being driven home by blows from a hammer, imparting immense solidity to the portal. Since the development that has seized upon the tastes of the antiquarians, the guides at Toledo have

SHEPHERDS AT A MEDIEVAL PORTAL, TOLEDO.



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA, AT ILLESCAS, IN THE SUBURBS OF TOLEDO.

contrived to abstract a goodly number of these nails, which they offer to travelers for a few pesetas, and after a little time the doornails of Toledo will become as rare as the *azuligos* of the Alhambra.

The construction of the Ayuntamiento is accredited to Grecco, who, like most of the artists of the period, was painter, sculptor and architect. The edifice has nothing remarkable in itself to recommend it; but upon one of the walls appear the following curious verses, written toward the end of the fifteenth century:

"Nobles, discreto varones
Que gobernais à Toledo,
En aquestos esclanes
Desechad las aficiones,
Codicia, temor y miedo.
Por los communes pronchos
Desechad los particulares;
Pues vos fizo Dios pilares
De tan riquisimos techos,
Estad primes y derechos."

"Noble and judicial signors—Who govern Toledo—At this time—Lay aside your passions—Avarice, weakness and fear—In the public interest. And as God has made the columns of this splendid palace—Remain always firm and straight."

This inscription should be inscribed in letters of gold over the entrance to every municipal institution.

The great gate of the ancient Hospital of Santa Cruz, now the Military College, is a *bijou* of sculpture, some portions recalling the marvels of the Chartreuse of Pavia. The elegant arabesque pavements, the *patios*, the richly sculptured stairs and galleries, render this edifice one of the most wondrous sights in Toledo.

The Puerta del Visagia is one of the most picturesque gates of the city. A Latin inscription informs the visitor that it was built in 1550, by order of Charles the Fifth. Above the entrance, sculptured in stone, are the arms of Spain, upon a double eagle with outstretched wings; a symbol adopted by the City of Toledo since the thirteenth century. This gateway, which captivated the pencil of Doré, produces a superb effect. It is attributed to Berruguetto; and verily, it is not unworthy of the chisel of one of the great sculptors of the Renaissance.

Upon the heights that surround the city, are the *Cigarrales*, celebrated in the songs of Tirso de Molina. This name, which possesses no analogy with the cigar, is applied to that portion of the country used for fruit-gardens, and in which country villas are erected. The fruits and vegetables of the environs of Toledo enjoy a well-merited celebrity. The *berengenas*, so prized by Spaniards, has been pitted by the *picaro*, Guzman de Alparache, against the bergamot pears of Aranjuez, the potatoes of Malaga, the melons of Granada, the oranges of Seville, and the limes of Murcia.

Near Toledo is Fuenta de Guarrazor, a place brought into notoriety by the discovery of several golden crowns, which belonged to the Visigoth Kings of Spain. This treasure, one of the most important ever disgorged from the bowels of the earth, was found in 1858, by a Frenchman named Héroard, formerly of the body-guard of Charles X., then professor of the French language at the University of Toledo. Being engaged in hunting one day in the vicinity of Guarrazor, he perceived a fragment of a golden chain that glistened in the sunlight. He picked it up, and found it was attached to something beneath the ground. He cautiously and carefully dug down along the chain, until he came upon the splendid golden crowns which now adorn the Museum at Cluny, and whose historic interest far surpasses the intrinsic value of their gold or precious stones. Further searches in the same locality brought to light other and not less interesting treasure, preserved in *armoria* at Madrid.

Not far from Fuente de Guarrazor rise the Mountains of Toledo, so celebrated in the annals of brigandage. Any person desirous of gaining precise information upon the subject of the dreaded and redoubtable brigands had better obtain a copy of a curious romance entitled *Los Bandidos de Toledo*, which actually bristles with atrocities; day and date being given for each, with the name or names of the bandits therein engaged.

The swords and poniards of Spain have been renowned in antiquity. Numerous historians might be quoted who have testified their faith in them. Polybius, Diodorus of Sicily, Titus Servius, Martial, and many others, without omitting Cicero, who makes honorable mention of the *pugiunculus Hispaniensis*. A Latin poet, Gratius Faliscus, contemporary and friend of Ovid, speaks in his Cynegeticon, of the *cultrum Toledanum*, or Toledan Blade, which the hunters carried at their waist—"*Toletano præcingent ilia cultro.*"

It is probable that the manufacture of swords continued at Toledo till the epoch of the Goth Kings; and it is certain that it was in full vigor in the ninth century under Abderrahman Ben Alhakem, as mentioned by Condé, in his *Historia de la Dominacion de los Arabes en Espana.*

Their swords served, without doubt, as a pattern for the weapons used by the Moors of Spain in the middle ages, which are seen represented in the pictures at the Alhambra. The manufacture of swords was not formerly confined to a single establishment as to-day; the *espaderos*, or swordmakers, worked at their own homes, alone, or with a certain number of apprentices. Like all commercial crafts, they were bound together in a *grenio*, or guild. Many of the Kings of Castile accorded to the finest swordmakers of Toledo certain privileges, such as exemption from divers imposts, and duties appertaining to the sale of swords, the purchase of iron and steel, and other primary material. These privileges extended to certain craftsmen attached to the manufacture of the blades, such as the *arcraladores*, or furbishers, *vaineros*, or fitters, *etc.* The iron and blades of Spain were renowned in France in the middle ages. Ancient records make mention of the '*fer d'Espagne*,' and Froissart speaks of a short Spanish blade. The use of the sword, "mother of all arms," as Saint Didier sang in the sixteenth century, was general at that epoch. Medina relates that Francis III., returning to Madrid, beheld young, unbearded youths who carried swords by their sides, upon which the King said: "O thrice happy Spain, wherein is born children and men ready armed!"

The Toledo blades were highly estimated in England, as shown by several passages in Ben Jonson, Butler and Shakespeare. It was the weapon by which Othello guarded his chamber as a treasure, and the faithful friend which, as a soldier, he was proud of possessing. Mercutio speaks of "Toledos trusty, of which a soldier dreams." It is scarcely necessary to say that the *espadas Toledanas* were not less prized in Spain.

The author of the "Vida de Lazarillo de Tornes," who wrote in 1525, thus causes a Toledan squire, who served his hero, to speak of a sword: "Oh, if thou only knew'st, boy, what a weapon I have here! Not for all the yellow gold in the world would I sell it; for in all the blades that Antonio hath wrought, none equaleth this one."

The steel used by the *espaderos* of Toledo was obtained in an iron mine situated about three miles from Mandragon, in the Basque provinces, to which the following lines of a Spanish poet bear witness:

"Vincedora espada
De Mandragon tus aceros,
Y en Toledo templeda."

"Victorious sword! Thy blade is of Mandragon, and thou wert tempered at Toledo."

In the last century, a Toledo employé, Palomeus, to whom is due the drawing—since reproduced several times—of the marks employed by the different *espaderos* of that city, has left some other details of their proceedings.

According to him, it is an error to suppose that they possessed particular secrets for the tempering of their arms. They were compelled to use the water of the Tagus, as well as the fine white sand that the river contains in its bed. The sand, to the experts, served for the operation of what they termed "*refrescar la calda,*" to cool the heat; for when the metal became red, and commenced to throw off sparks, they instantly sprinkled it with this sand.

The blade formed, they proceeded to temper it in the following manner: Part of the middle of the fire was hollowed out, and in the hollow was placed the blade, so that four-fifths of it only were exposed to the fire, the tongue and hilt resting outside. The blade having become cherry red, they plunged the point into a wooden reservoir full of the water of the Tagus, and having once cooled it, they straightened it as much as was desirable. They then subjected such of the blade as had not hitherto been exposed, to the fire, and when it commenced to redden they took it by the tongue with red-hot pincers, and plunged it into sheep suet until it cooled; an operation which imparted temper to it.

The most ancient Toledan *espadero*, or swordmaker, of whom mention is made, is Julian, surnamed *el Moro*, or the Moor, on account of his coming from Granada, where he worked toward the end of the fifteenth century for King Boabdil. They also named him Julian *del Rey*, because upon his conversion to Christianity he had for a godfather no less an illustrious personage than Ferdinand the Catholic. He used as his stamp on the sword-blades the *perillo*, or little dog, a mark formerly so famous, and of which Cervantes speaks in his "Don Quichotte."

Amongst the most renowned *espaderos*, were Joannes de la Horta and Tomas de Ayala, Sahagun and his descendants, Dionisius Corrientes, Miguel Cantero, who worked for Philip II., and engraved upon his blades "Opus laudet artificium." "The work praises the workman"; Sebastian Hernandez, who added to his name *Toledano*, as some of the most superb weapons preserved in the Almeira at Madrid testify. Several *espaderos* of Toledo worked in other cities of Spain, such as Cordova, Madrid, Badajoz, Seville, Valladolid and Bilboa.

The manufacture of swords was still in a very flourishing condition toward the middle of the seventeenth century, those in fashion at that period being designated *espados del golillo*, because they were worn with the *golillo*, the indispensable appendage to the Spanish toilet. The blade was extravagantly long, and its usage general, if we may believe the description of a visit which Madame d'Aulnay received from the son of an *alcalde*, or mayor.

"His cloak was of black cloth, and as it was a *guap* (gallantly trimmed), he had it passed across his arm, as this was more becoming, a *broquel* in his hand. This is a sort of buckler or shield, very light, in the middle part of which is the point of a sword. He carried in his other hand a very long sword, the iron of the guard being in sufficient quantity to form a cuirass. As these swords are so long that they could not be unsheathed except by a giant, the sheath opens on applying the finger to a little spring. He also was armed with a poniard, of which the blade was straight, attached to his waist at the back."

The introduction of the French costume, toward the end of the seventeenth century, caused the cessation of the usage of large swords, and imparted a fatal blow to the industry that formed the glory of Toledo. The *Fabrica de Armas*, or manufactory of arms, is situated on the right bank of the Tagus, about a mile and a half outside of Toledo. It is a very unpretentious building, of rectangular form, completed in 1780, which is stated upon an inscription over the entrance.

Charles III., who made so many efforts to encourage Spanish manufactures, resolved upon revivifying the ancient craft of the *espaderos*, and constructed this manufactory. The former reputation of the *espaderos* of Toledo had fallen so low that the King was compelled to send to Valencia for a maker of swords, Luis Calisto, known to fame, and whom he appointed as director of works. The manufactory is used to-day for the fabrication of arms for the army. It is open to strangers, who can visit in detail all the workshops. The ancient mode of manufacture has been abandoned, both as regards forging and tempering, whilst the iron now employed comes from Germany. The sand of the Tagus is no longer used, and the suet is replaced by soap. However, the arms still turned out are of excellent quality, and the visitor is shown in the *sala de pruetas* (proof-room) blades that roll themselves several times upon themselves, like serpents, springing into straightness in a flash. But that which has been lost is the form and the elegance. To-day it is no longer in Toledo that good blades are to be found, but in the museums and the collections of lovers of curiosities.

From Toledo to Madrid is but three hours by rail, and the sight as the traveler leaves Toledo in the early morning is one that will not easily be erased from the tablets of the memory. The newly risen sun covers the quaint and ragged walls with rose-colored light. Along the zig-zag roads great caravans of mules approach from the surrounding country, bearing water, coals, faggots, fruits and vegetables, and other provisions for the city. As he passes out by the Puerta del Sol, and crosses the Alcantara bridge, he throws a long, last, lingering look of farewell toward the Alcazar, to the old towers and Moorish walls, which form a stone crown to the granite mountains upon which Toledo is built.

THE TRUMPETER'S HORSE.

By L. Halevy.

I was nearly forty years of age, and felt myself so safely anchored in the peaceable haven of a bachelor's life, that nothing would induce me to run the risk of disturbing it by marriage. But I had reckoned without the trumpeter's horse.

It was at the end of September, 1864, that I arrived at Paris from Baden, intending only to remain four-and-twenty hours. I had invited four or five friends to join me in Poitou for the hunting season, and as they were to arrive at the beginning of October, I had only allowed myself a week at La Roche Targé to prepare for their reception.

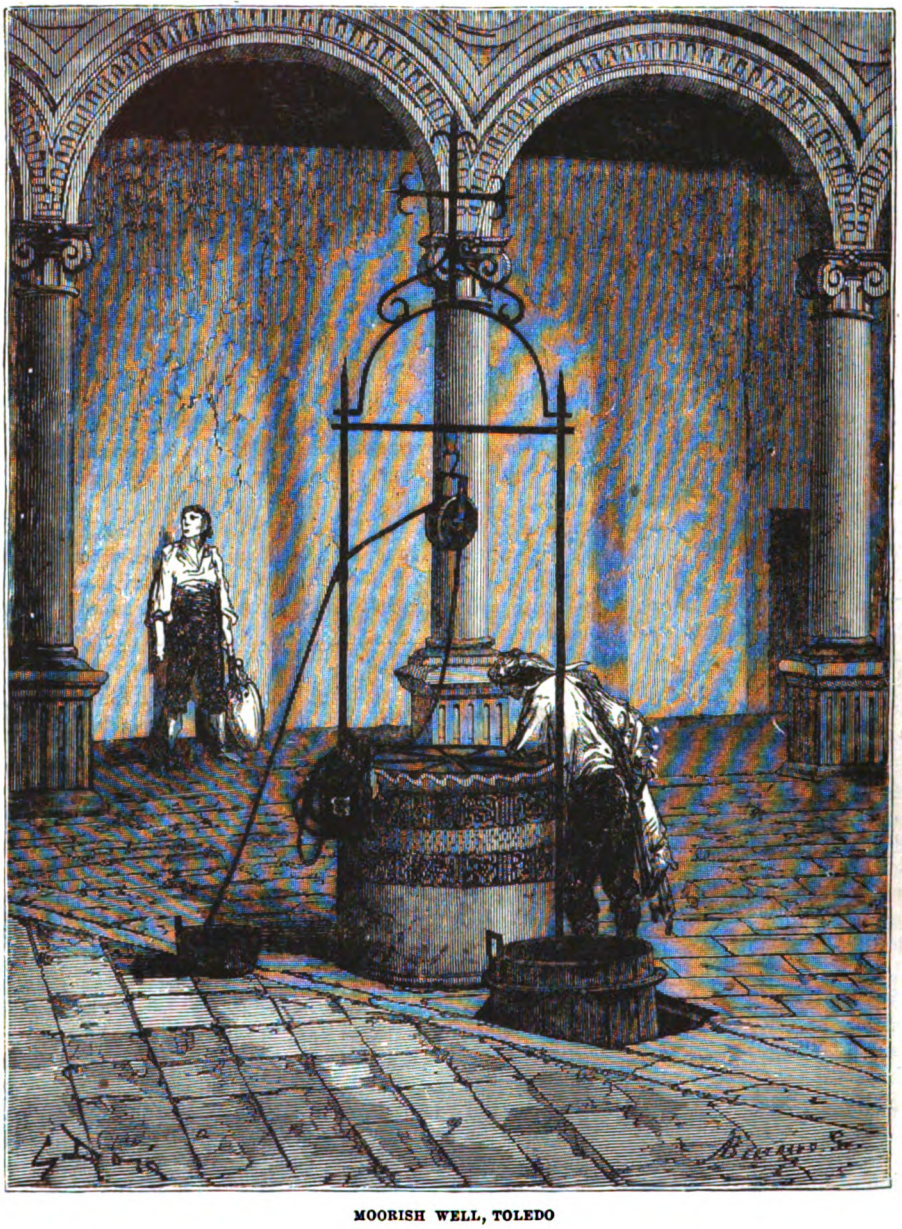
A letter from home awaited my arrival at Paris, bringing me the disastrous intelligence that out of twelve horses, five had fallen ill or lame during my stay at Baden, so that I was under the necessity of remounting my cavalry before I left Paris.

I made the round of all the horse-dealers of the Champs Elysées, where I was shown a collection of screws, the average price of which was £120; but I was neither in a humor nor in cash to throw away my money upon such useless beasts. It was a Wednesday, the day of Chéri's Autumn sale; I went to the Rue de Ponthieu, and purchased at a venture eight horses, which cost me, altogether, £200. "Out of the eight," said I to myself, "there will be surely four or five which will go."

Among these horses there was one which, I confess, I bought principally on account of his coat. The catalogue did not assign to him any special qualifications as a hunter All that it stated was, "Brutus, a saddle-horse, aged, well

broken." It was a large, dappled gray horse, but never had I seen one better marked, its smooth, white skin dappled over with fine black spots, so regularly distributed.

The next morning I left for La Roche Targé, and the following day my horses arrived. My first care was for Brutus. This gray horse had been running for the last twenty-four hours in my head, and I was anxious to try his paces, and see what he was good for. He had long teeth, and every mark of a respectable age, a powerful shoulder, and he carried his head well; but what I most admired in Brutus was the way in which he looked at me, following every movement with his attentive, intelligent, inquisitive eye. Even my words seemed to interest him; he leant his head on one side, as if to hear me, and when I had finished speaking, replied with a merry neigh. The other seven horses were brought out to me in succession, but they resembled any other horses, and Brutus certainly was different from them all. I was anxious to take a little ride in the country, in order to make his acquaintance.



MOORISH WELL, TOLEDO

Brutus allowed himself to be saddled, bridled and mounted, as a horse who knew his work, and we started quietly together, the best friends possible. He had a beautiful mouth, and answered to every turn of the rein, arched his neck, and champed his bit. His paces were perfect; he began by a slow, measured canter, raising his feet very high, and letting them fall with the regularity of a pendulum. I tried him at a trot and a short gallop, but when I sought to quicken his pace, he began to amble in grand style. "Ah," said I, "I see how it is; I have bought an old horse out of the cavalry riding-school at Saumur."

I was about to return homeward, satisfied with the talents of Brutus, when a shot was heard a short distance off. It was one of my keepers firing at a rabbit, for which shot, be it said, *en passant*, he afterward received a handsome present from my wife. I was then exactly in the centre of an open space where six long, green roads met. On hearing the shot, Brutus stopped short, and put his ears forward in an attitude of attention; I was surprised to see him so impressible. After the brilliant military education I assumed he had received in his youth, he must be well accustomed to the report of a gun. I pressed my knees against him to make him move on, but Brutus would not stir. I tried to back him, to make him turn to the right or to the left, but in vain. I made him feel my riding-whip, but still he was immovable. Brutus was not to be displaced; and yet — do not smile, for mine is a true history — each time I urged him to move the horse turned his head round, and gazed upon me with an eye expressive of impatience and surprise, and then relapsed into his motionless attitude.

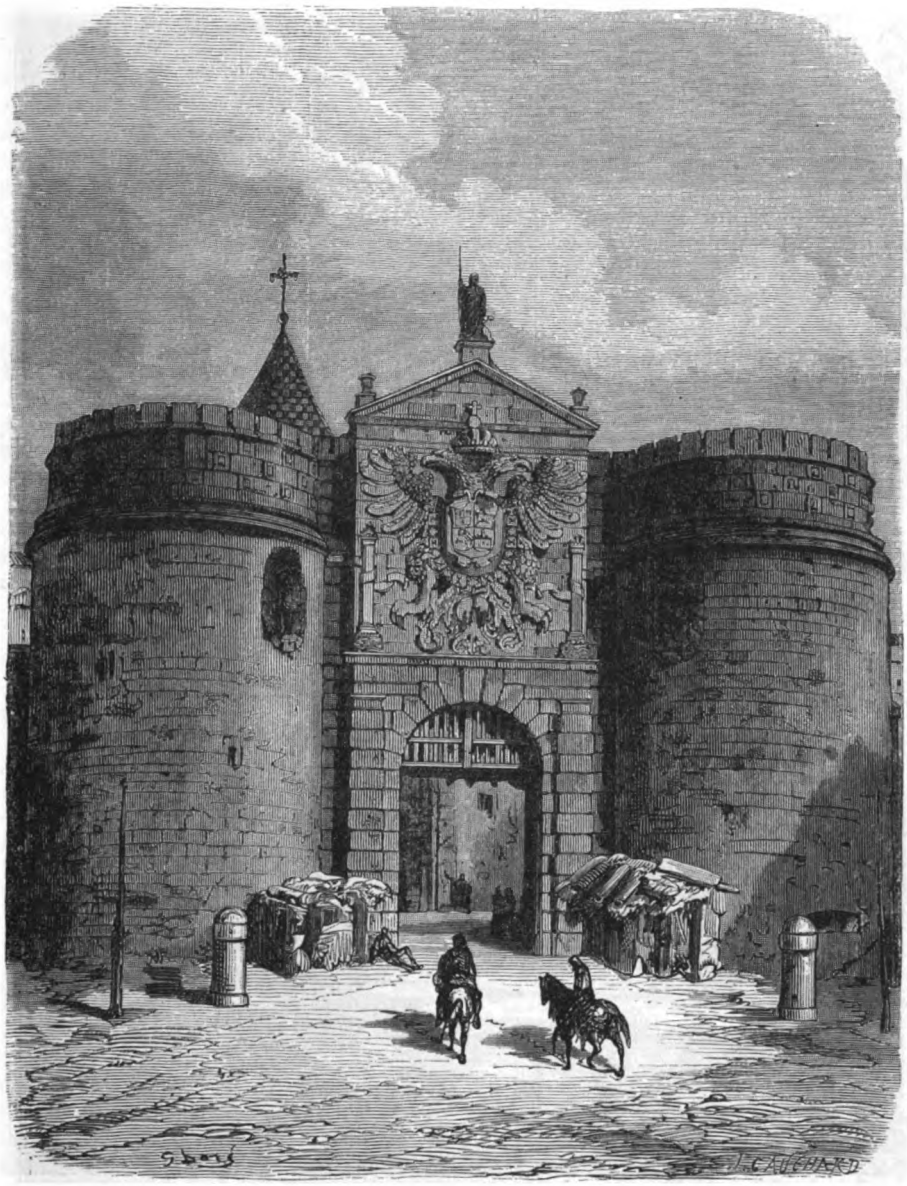
There was evidently some misunderstanding between me and my horse. I saw it in his eyes. Brutus was saying, as plainly as he could without speech, "I, horse, do what I ought to do; and you, horseman, do not perform your part."

I was more puzzled than embarrassed. "What a strange horse Chéri has sold me! and why does he look upon me in such a way?"

I was about to proceed to extremities, and administer to him a good thrashing, when another shot was fired. The horse then made one bound. I thought I had gained my point, and again tried to start him, but in vain. He stopped short, and planted himself more resolutely than ever. I then got into a rage, and my riding-whip entered into play;

I took it in both hands, and struck the horse right and left. But Brutus, too, lost patience, and finding passive resistance unavailing, defended himself by rearing, kicking and plunging; and in the midst of the battle, while the horse capered and kicked, and I, exasperated, was flogging him with the loaded butt-end of my broken whip, Brutus nevertheless found time to look at me, not only with impatience and surprise, but with rage and indignation. While I required of the horse the obedience he refused, he, on his part, was expecting of me something I did not do.

How did this end? To my shame be it spoken, I was relentlessly and disgracefully unseated. Brutus saw there was nothing to be gained by violence, so judged it necessary to employ malice. After a moment's pause, evidently passed in reflection, the horse put down his head and stood upright on his fore-legs, with the address and equilibrium of a clown upon his hands. I was consequently deposited upon the sand, which fortunately happened to be rather thick where I fell. I tried to raise myself, but I cried out and fell stretched with my face to the ground. I felt as if a knife were sticking in my left leg.



THE VISAGRA GATE OF TOLEDO.

The hurt did not prove serious—the snapping of one of the small tendons—but not the less painful. I succeeded, however, in turning myself, and sat up; but while I was rubbing my eyes, which were filled with sand, I saw the great foot of a horse descend gently upon my head, and again extend me on my back. I then felt quite disheartened, and was ruminating in my mind what this strange horse could be, when I felt a quantity of sand strike me in the face. I opened my eyes, and saw Brutus throwing up the dust with both fore and hind feet, trying to bury me. This lasted for several minutes, when, apparently thinking me sufficiently well interred, Brutus knelt by my grave, and then galloped round me, describing a perfect circle. I called out to him to stop. He appeared to be embarrassed; but, seeing my hat, which had been separated from me in my fall, he took it between his teeth and galloped down one of the green paths out of my sight.

I was left alone. I shook off the sand which covered me, and with my arm and right leg—my left I could not move—dragged myself to a bushy bank, where I seated myself, and shouted with all my might for assistance. But no answer; the wood was perfectly silent and deserted.

I remained alone in this wretched condition above half an hour, when I saw Brutus in the distance, returning by the same road by which he went, enveloped in a cloud of dust. Gradually, as it cleared away, I saw a little carriage approaching—a pony-chaise—and in the pony-chaise a lady, who drove it, with a small groom in the seat behind.

A few minutes after, Brutus arrived, covered with foam. He stopped before me, let fall my hat at his feet, and addressed me with a neigh, as much as to say: "I have done my duty; I have brought you help." But I did not trouble myself about Brutus and his explanations. I had no thought or looks save for the beautiful fairy who had come to my aid, and who, jumping from her little carriage, tripped lightly up to me; and suddenly two exclamations were uttered at the same moment:

"Madame de Noriolis!"

"Monsieur de la Roche Targé!"

I have an aunt, between whom and myself my marrying is a source of continual dispute,

"Marry," she would say.

"I will not," was my answer.

"Would you have a young lady? There are Miss A., Miss B., Miss C."

"But I won't marry."

"Then take a widow. There are Mrs. D., Mrs. E., Mrs. F.," etc.

"But marry I will not."

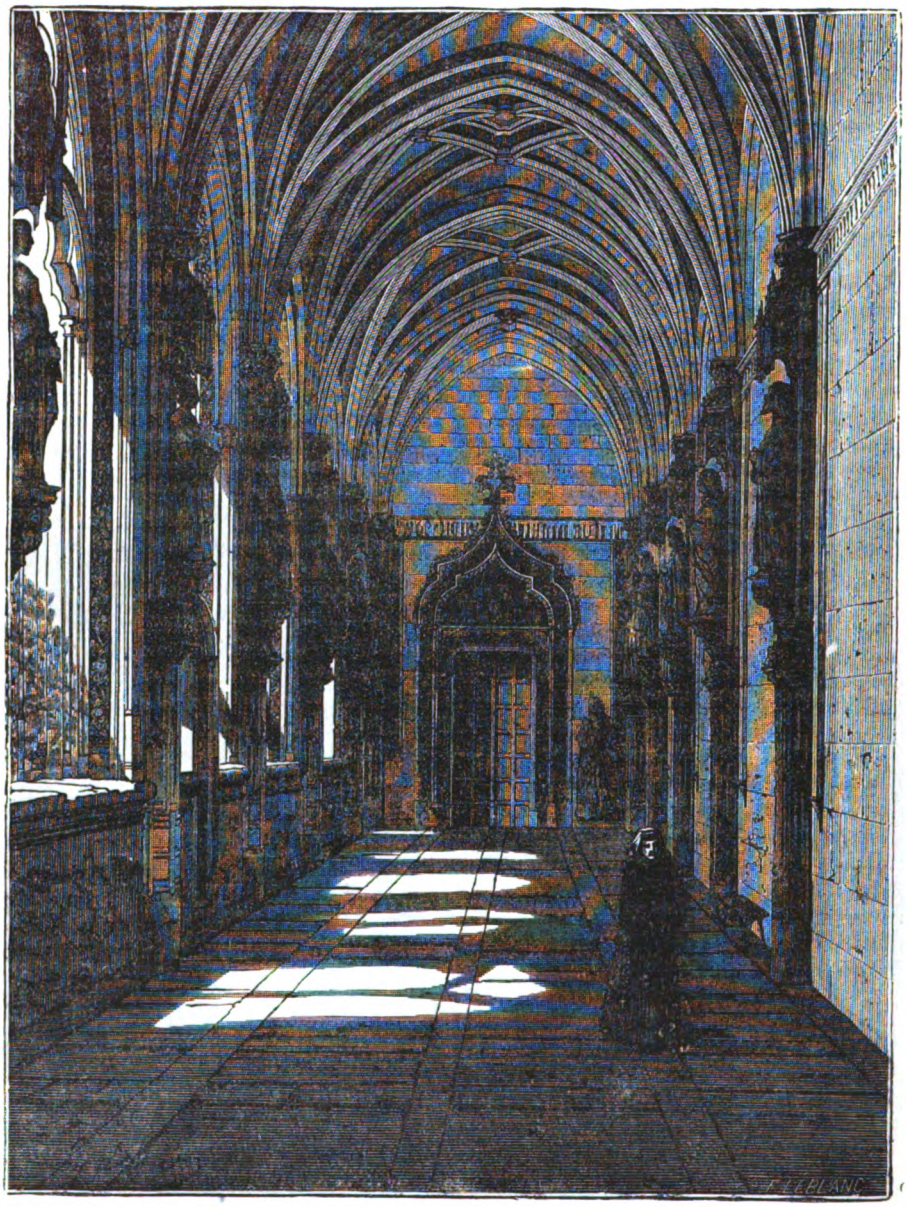
Madame de Noriolis was always in the first rank among my aunt's widows. To tell me she was rich, lively and pretty was unnecessary; but, after setting forth all her attractions, my aunt would take from her secretary a map of the district where she lived, and point out how the estates of Noriolis and La Roche Targé joined; and she had traced a red line upon the map, uniting the two properties, which she constantly obliged me to look at.

"Eight hundred acres, within a ring-fence; a fine chance for a sportsman."

But I would shut my eyes, and repeat as before:

"I'll never marry."

Yet, seriously speaking, I was afraid of Madame de Noriolis, and always saw her head encircled with an aureole of my aunt's red line. Charming, sensible, talented, and eight hundred acres within a ring-fence! Escape for your safety, if you will not marry.



THE CLOISTER OF SAN JUAN DE LOS REYES, TOLEDO.

And I always did escape; but this time, retreat was impossible. I lay extended on the turf, covered with sand, my hair in disorder, my clothes in tatters, and my leg stiff.

"What are you doing here?" inquired Madame de Noriolis. "What has happened?"

I candidly confessed I had been thrown.

"But you are not much hurt?"

"No; but I have put something out in my leg—nothing serious, I am sure."

"And where is the horse which played you this trick?"

I pointed out Brutus, who was quietly grazing upon the shoots of the broom.

"How! is it him, the good horse? He has amply repaired his wrongs, as I will relate to you later. But you must go home directly."

"How? I cannot move a step."

"But I am going to drive you home, at the risk of compromising you."

And, calling her little groom Bob, she led me gently by one arm, while Bob took the other, and made me get into her carriage. Five minutes afterward, we were moving in the direction of La Roche Targé, she holding the reins and driving the pony with a light hand; I looking at her, confused, embarrassed, ridiculous. Bob was charged to lead back Brutus.

"Extend your leg quite straight," said Madame de Noriolis, "and I will drive you very gently to avoid jolting." When she saw me comfortably installed, "Tell me," she said, "how you were thrown, and I will explain how I came to your assistance."

I began my story; but when I spoke of the efforts of Brutus to unseat me after the two shots, "I understand it all!" she exclaimed; "you have bought the trumpeter's horse."

"The trumpeter's horse?"

"Yes; that explains it all. You have seen many scenes in the Cirque de l'Impératrice, the performance of the trumpeter's horse? A Chasseur d'Afrique enters the arena upon a gray horse; then come the Arabs, who fire upon him, and he is wounded, and falls; and, as you did not

fall, the horse, indignant at your not performing your part in the piece, threw you down. What did he do next ?"

I related the little attempt of Brutus to bury me.

"Exactly like the trumpeter's horse. He sees his master wounded; but the Arabs may return and kill him, so what does the horse do ? He buries him, and gallops off, carrying away the colors, that they may not fall into the hands of the Arabs."

"That is my hat which Brutus carried off."

"Precisely. He goes to fetch the *vivandière*—the *vivandière* of to-day being your humble servant the Countess de Noriolis. Your great gray horse galloped into my courtyard, where I was standing on the doorstep, putting on my gloves and ready to get into my carriage. My grooms, seeing a horse saddled and bridled, with a hat in his mouth and without a rider, tried to catch him; but he escapes their pursuit, goes straight up to the steps, and kneels before me. The men again try to capture him; but he gallops off, stops at the gate, turns round and looks at me. I felt sure he was calling me; so I jumped into my carriage and set off. The horse darts through roads not always adapted for carriages; but I follow him, and arrive where I find you."

At the moment Madame de Noriolis had finished these words, the carriage received a fearful jolt, and we saw in the air the head of Brutus, who was standing erect on his hind legs behind us,

Seeing the little back seat of the carriage untenanted, he had taken the opportunity of giving us another specimen of his talents, by executing the most brilliant of all his circus performances. He had placed his fore feet upon the back seat of the little carriage, and was tranquilly continuing his route, trotting upon his hind legs alone, Bob striving in vain to replace him upon four.

Madame de Noriolis was so frightened, she let the reins escape from her hands, and sank fainting in my arms. With my left hand I recovered the reins, with my right arm I supported Madame Noriolis; my leg all the time causing me most frightful torture.

In this manner Madame de Noriolis made her first entry into La Roche Targé. When she returned there six weeks later she had become my wife.

"Such, indeed, is life," she exclaimed. "This would never have come to pass if you had not bought the trumpeter's horse."

A CLUTCH FOR DEAR LIFE.

I HAD shot buffaloes on the prairie, hunted kangaroos in the bush, stuck pigs, knocked over tigers, potted panthers, and dealt forth death to all manner of big and small game; but I had never fired a shot at an elephant, and this I resolved to do—or die. Chance gave me my longed-for wish, and the same chance well-nigh consigned me to the tomb of the Capulets. I don't suppose, in the whole history of sporting events, from the days of Nimrod, that mighty hunter, until this present year of grace, such a terrible half-hour was ever spent by mortal man as that experienced by me consequent upon my maiden effort at subduing an elephant.

I was with a party engaged by the French Government to make astronomical observations in Africa, and, being the only member of it practically acquainted with the use of the rifle, was unanimously appointed Provider-general—a post, if honorable, hampered with considerable toil, responsibility and danger.

We were encamped at a little village called Maramie, and were engaged in discussing an *olla podrida* consisting of game of all sorts, shapes, sizes and descriptions, when a native came up, who earnestly entreated of one of the white chiefs to go with him the next morning to shoot elephants, as the village was now without meat. This was my chance, and I plunged at the offer. I accordingly consented to accompany him, early in the morning, in search of elephants or buffaloes, which he said were to be found at some little distance, and, after the *olla* had been carefully discussed, set to work cleaning guns and making all the necessary preparations for a long day's shooting.

The moon was still shining upon the sleeping forms of my companions when the native appeared, and, having finished my coffee and eggs, and filled a bottle with water, I left the camp without awakening any of the party.

It was a glorious morning, and the anticipation of good sport—of the realization of my long-wished-for wish, caused me to experience no fatigue, although the sun was ninety-six in the shade.

As I passed through a small valley, my heart gave that great throb which no one but a hunter can possibly appreciate—it is the throb of the "charge" as sounded on the battle-field, inexpressible! magical! It was the fresh spoor of an elephant. I rushed forward and examined it closely, when it turned out to be the foot-prints of a small herd. The reason of my mistake was, that when elephants are traveling, they generally walk in single file, the leader carefully surveying the ground with his trunk before each step, and those behind him treading exactly in his footsteps.

The heat now became so intense that I had to rest for a while beneath the shade of a friendly tree; and then, having taken a pull at my water-bottle, I started forward once more. After an hour's hard pounding, during which some of the tracking was very difficult, owing to the stony nature of the ground, we came upon a sort of open in the forest, and I was again preparing for a rest, when suddenly and unexpectedly a loud trumpet burst upon my ears, and there, within a hundred and fifty yards, stood a herd of five elephants standing in a ring, as if engaged in discussing some deep philosophical problem; their heads all together in profound cogitation.

"At last!" I muttered, as I turned to Nyama for my trusty rifle—a Rigby 10.—when, what was my mortification and disgust to find that the caitiff coward had fled! There was nothing for it but to follow him as noiselessly as possible, as I dared not cry out for fear of disturbing the elephants; and I calculated that he must be crouching behind a tree, waiting for me to come up with him.

I was about to follow up this impulse, when a noise from the direction of the Council of Five attracted me; and what was my horror to discover that I had not only been sighted by the herd, but that they were going for me, with curled trunks. To reach the jungle was no path of safety; they would crush through it as easily as a child through an outstretched copy of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*.

Oh, for my rifle! I shouted, yelled, made the forest resound with my calls upon Nyama; but Nemesis in the shape of five monstrous elephants was approaching me, and my moments were numbered—a few seconds and I would be pounded into pulp.

There was a chance; the idea flashed through my brain with electric rapidity, searing it as with fire—a tree. With the agility of a chimpanzee, I climbed up into a tree that had stood storm and shine for a hundred years, and bruised, bleeding, panting, palpitating, my clothes torn into shreds, I gained a haven of refuge high up in its branches.

I naturally concluded that the elephants, having failed to glut their vengeance, would, after a little while, disperse, and I could then rejoin Nyama, and get back to camp. But how utterly mistaken were my calculations, the sequel will shortly prove.

The elephants withdrew to a sort of open space, and apparently held council. I could almost have laughed at the appearance the great, ungainly brutes presented, as, with heads lowered, they swung them slowly from side to side. The council presently broke up, and one old elephant, trumpeting loudly, advanced toward the tree, and flinging himself against it, sent a thrill through it that was keenly perceptible.

"Keep at that as long as you like, my fine fellow!" was my exclamation. Elephant number two followed the example of the leader, and thus up to five, coming again in the same order. On the third round the tree rocked; on the fifth, as the assaults were all at one side, it began to lose the perpendicular.

Things were becoming serious. Could it be possible that a series of successive assaults might eventually culminate in the lowering of the tree?

As the elephants came on, I yelled and screamed, and endeavored to frighten them; but they were in no way to be dissuaded from their purpose, and proceeded with their work with the steadiness of veteran sappers. Every fresh assault proved to me that my position was becoming more and more perilous, and that if my assailants persisted, I was indeed a dead man; done slowly to death, going down to it slowly, slowly, but surely; being, as it were, rocked to my dreadful doom.

The elephants had stopped a while to rest themselves and hold further council. After a break-off of about half an hour—it seemed to me an eternity—four of them came in front of the tree, while one went behind it. This new manœuvre I could not make out, until it flashed across me that they intended to hurl their united weight against the tree, and bend it forward in such a manner as to permit of the elephant behind grasping a branch with his trunk.

My prognostications were but too true, and the four monsters pressing forward, caused the tree to lean over so much that, by a supreme effort, the elephant behind was enabled to clutch the branch.

I now gave myself up for lost, as a very few moments would not only bring my haven of refuge to the ground, but I would be jerked out of it.

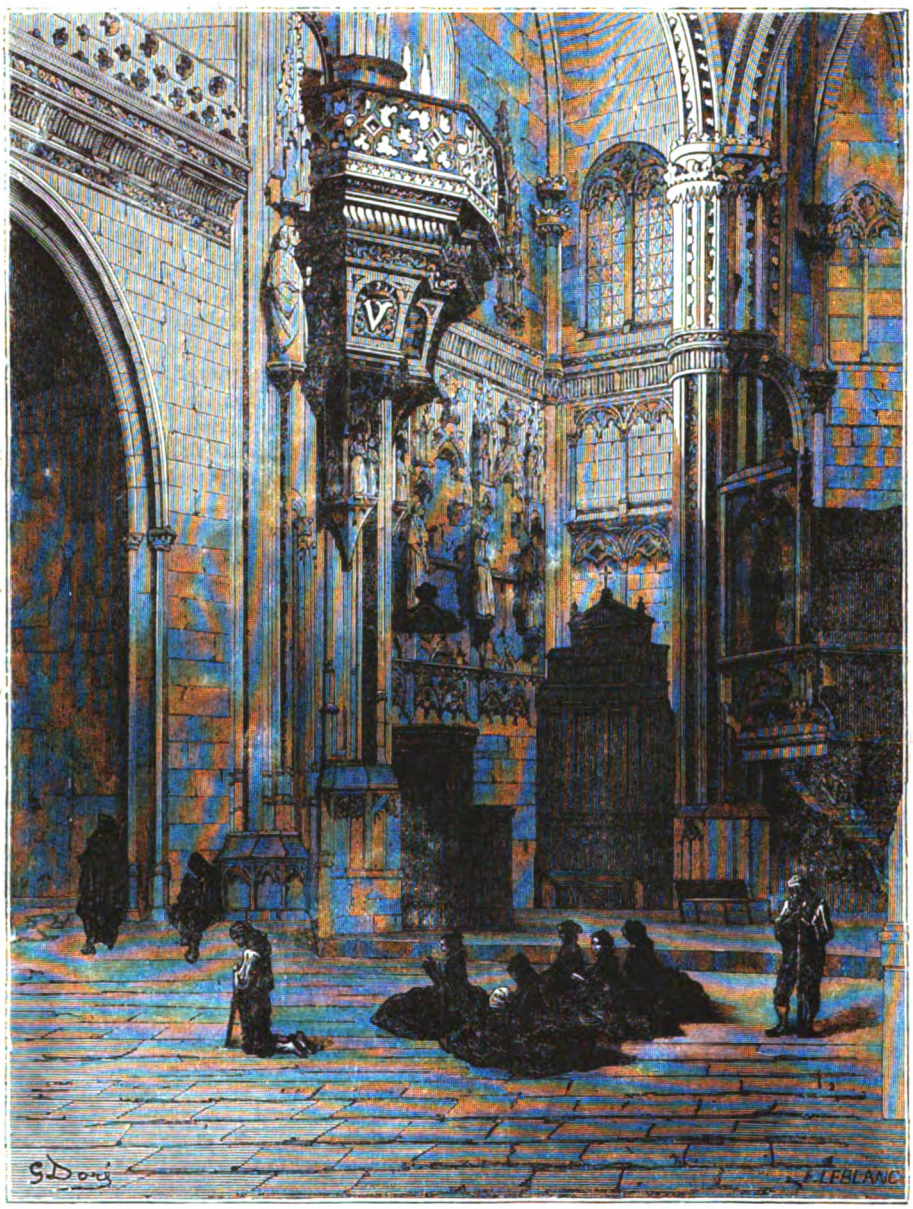
The terrible see-saw commenced, the ghastly rocking, and I had to cling on for dear life. Down, down, down! Nearer to earth, nearer to death! I felt now like a sailor clinging to the mast of a sinking and tempest-tossed ship.

The elephants once more retired and held council, and I gained a moment wherein to breathe. Taking out my pocket-book, I made some memoranda, in the hope that my companions would, when in search of me, come upon them, and carry out the wishes therein expressed. I had scarcely concluded my writing when the council broke up, and my death-warrant was sealed.

The leading elephant had just clutched the branch, and the remaining four stood with their trunks uplifted to pull all together so soon as the branch would be sufficiently lowered, when—ping! and the short, sharp crack of a rifle made itself heard, followed by another, and yet another, dropping two of the elephants, while a third reeled, as if seized with a sudden desire to waltz *à trois temps*.

Nyama had scurried back to camp and told his story; my companions had come to the rescue, and I was saved!

But for that last council of war, I never would have lived to write my terrible clutch for dear life.



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF SAN JUAN DE LOS REYES, TOLEDO.

THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.—"ETHEL STOOD UP THERE ON THE HEARTH OF THAT LUXURIOUS BOUDOIR, TALL, WHITE, BEAUTIFUL, LOOKING DOWN ON THE YOUNGER GIRL WITH A FAINT, FLITTING COLOR, AND UNEASY SMILE."

THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.

By Etta W. Pierce.

CHAPTER XVII.

A MYSTERY.

Gone? Whither?

"She must have stepped out on some errand after I left the court," said Miss Affry.

"Errand! *what* errand?" cried Val, a great pang of nameless fear stabbing through his heart.

"How can I tell?"

"Speak to the other lodgers—they may know something about her."

"There's not a single lodger in the house, Val—no one but Mercy is ever here by daytime, as you know well."

He rushed up the stair, two steps at a bound, and Miss Affry followed. Evidently her simple statements were too much for him to believe. When, however, he had proved their truth, when he had searched, called and shouted, but found no Mercy, he planted himself before the old woman, with a pale, dazed face.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

"The Lord only knows," she answered, irritably. "One thing is certain, you've gone clean daft, as the Scotch say, laddie. Now, let me tell you, if you marry that girl to-night, you will repent it till your dying day. Take time—take a few days, at least, for deliberation, Val. Think of Moll Dill as the mother-in-law of the future Sir Valentine

Arbuckle, of Deepmoor Park! Oh, Val! you have never seen the place yet, you know nothing of its grandeur—*I* do. Listen to Mr. Finch—to me——"

For the first time in his life he repulsed her—flung off the eager hands which she laid upon his arm.

"Stop! I thought it all over that night when you read of the death of Sir Godfrey's sons—when you told me my real name and gave me my mother's wedding-ring. It's very strange, but you don't seem to understand that I *love* Mercy. Come, she cannot have gone far, she will be back in a moment. Good God! she *must!* Is anything missing from her room?"

"Only her hat and shawl, as I told you. Let us go back to Mr. Finch."

They returned to the sitting-room, where they found the London lawyer standing at a window, plunged in troubled thought. He had found the heir of Deepmoor, but in what peril! And how was he to be extricated therefrom?

Miss Affry advanced to his side, and placed in his hand the "marriage lines" of Christine Black, remarking as she did so, that the wedding-ring was in the possession of Miss Dill, who had gone out upon an errand, and would be in again directly.

Val, unable to contain himself, began to walk up and down the floor, turning, at every other step, to look anxiously to the door.

"You see how we live," he said to Peter Finch, with a shrug of his high shoulders. "We have always been like this, or a great deal worse. I am more American than English, and shall be, I dare say, to the end of the chapter. You need not expect to make a successful aristocrat out of me. It's only a few weeks ago, you know, that Aunt Affry first told me that I possessed such a thing as noble blood. Left to myself, I can swear I should never have suspected it!"

Mr. Finch smiled indulgently.

"When you reach England—when you once find yourself at Deepmoor, believe me, you will begin to realize your true position; the old Arbuckle blood in you will make itself felt."

Aunt Affry had fallen into an armchair, and was having a joyful cry all to herself.

"Deepmoor!" she sobbed. "Oh, Val, you can't think how grand you will be there! What a rent-roll the old baronet had—what family plate and jewels! What timber there was in the park—what splendor everywhere! And you will be 'my lord.' My head spins as I think of it! Now, laddie, don't—don't go to spoiling everything by an unsuitable, headstrong marriage!"

Val wheeled about, and looked at her with keen eyes.

"In Heaven's name, what has turned you so suddenly against Mercy?" he demanded.

"Nothing has turned me against her," said Affry, boldly; "that's not the proper word, Val. I speak only for your good. Val Black, the poor bank-clerk, might marry whom he liked, even a girl from the gutter; but not Valentine Arbuckle, the heir of a baronet. Can you take her to Deepmoor—can you present her to Sir Godfrey as its future lady? You know you can't—you know that everything is changed now."

"Exactly!" put in Peter Finch, who saw, like Miss Affry, that he must improve his opportunity. "Stop, I beg of you, and reflect a little. Even the young person herself, under present circumstances, cannot, in reason, object to a delay. My dear sir, for your uncle's sake—for the sake of the grand old family whose last male representative you are, I entreat you to consider well what you do."

Val ran his fingers through his red hair till it stood up like porcupine-quills all over his head.

"And you think my uncle wonld be angry at this marriage which I propose to make?" he demanded, roughly.

"More than angry—he would be simply furious," answered Mr. Finch, with decision; "for he is a born aristocrat, with all the peculiar prejudices of his class. He has sent for you to come to him—to comfort and console him during his last days. You owe some consideration to him and to your father's name, do you not? I must protest, with Miss Black, against any step which is likely to embitter Sir Godfrey against you—any *mésalliance* which may fill you with regret and chagrin in after years."

Val looked steadily at his companions. His commonplace face had grown almost grand.

"You say that everything is changed," said he; "*I* am not changed—I am exactly the same person that I was twenty-four hours ago. Come, you two have entered into an alliance offensive and defensive, I see. You both mean one thing. You want me to break my word with the sweetest, loveliest girl on earth because I suddenly find myself the heir of a lord. Why, the nobler a man is by birth, the more ashamed he ought to be of a mean action. You ask me to have consideration for the pride and prejudice of a relative who helped to drive my father and mother to exile and death—who has left me unrecognized for twenty-five years, and for whom I do not care the fillip of a finger—in heaven's name, why should I?—but none for the woman that I love with all my heart, and have faithfully promised to marry. Your arguments are good, I dare say, but they don't affect me. I tell you frankly that the girl from the gutter, as you call her—to me she seems both a heroine and an angel—is more precious than your titles, your ancestral blood, your Deepmoors. As God hears me, I want no delays, and I will have none. Neither friends nor enemies shall part me from Mercy. You mean well, but you don't understand the case at all. I love her, and I am going to marry her!"

He said it with a quiet resolution that was simply appalling to his two listeners. Neither could find voice to speak, but Aunt Affry gave the lawyer a look which said plainly, "All is lost!" As for Val, with the air of one who has settled a matter, he strode to the window and looked anxiously out. Already the sunset shadows stretched long and dark in the court.

"This is passing strange!" he cried, in a fever of wonder and anxiety; "where is she—where *can* she be, Aunt Affry?"

"I'm sure I haven't an idea," said Aunt Affry, in an aggrieved tone; "don't ask *me*."

Val seized his hat.

"I can't stand this—it is too much. I'm going to find her," he said, and rushed out of the house.

Whither should he go? Never was a man more completely at a loss. Mercy had no friends, no acquaintances. No amount of loneliness had ever brought her to mingle with her fellow-creatures of the "gutter." Her hard, bitter life had made her shrink from, rather than seek, associates. Val did not know of a place on earth where she could possibly be detained at this hour. He tore off to the Aid Society rooms, only to find them closed for the night. By this time the sun had set; the city streets were already growing dark. Val hurried back to Seedy Court, confident that Mercy must have reached the house before him; but no! Miss Affry had spread her tea-table and lighted her oil-lamps in the little sitting-room; but Mercy was not there. Mr. Finch and the old woman occupied the place alone.

"What! you haven't found her?" cried Miss Affry, staring aghast as Val entered.

"No," he answered.

They looked at each other, and both grew pale. It was plain, beyond all question, that something had happened—but *what?* No ordinary matter could keep the girl from home—from her lover, at the very hour appointed for her marriage.

Mr. Finch was the only person who tasted the tempting supper. His legal mind remained calm amid the general disturbance. He could scarcely be expected to sympathize with Val in his fierce anxiety, and, indeed, he did not; he simply preserved a grave silence. As it is clearly necessary to first catch your hare before dressing him, so the lawyer perceived that it would be wise to find the girl before raising further objections to Val's marriage with her. Unless she appeared soon, the obnoxious union could not take place this night, at least, and the prospect of any delay, however brief, he hailed with secret joy.

"Most extraordinary!" said Mr. Finch to himself; "but for the honor of the Arbuckle name—for the sake of this half-civilized young hot-head, who is as ready to ruin himself for a pretty face as was his father before him—yes, and for the sake of his posterity, I hope to heaven he will never set eyes on the girl again."

One by one Miss Affry's lodgers—brought home, like errant fowl, by the fall of night—began to scrape their feet at the door, and ascend the stair with more or less noise. Every fresh arrival was a signal for Val to give a wild start of expectation and a plunge into the hall, from which he returned again and again, blank and pale with disappointment. Clearly he had forgotten his new prospects, his new name even. When eight o'clock struck, he snatched up his hat again.

"I am going to the police station," he said, hoarsely.

"Pray let me bear you company," cried Mr. Finch, with great cheerfulness; "I wish to send a cable dispatch to Sir Godfrey, at Deepmoor. He must be told at once that his nephew is found, and that we may be expected to appear before him shortly in Lincolnshire."

The two departed together. Alone in her shabby sitting-room, Aunt Affry sat down to await their return, and to think over the events of this extraordinary day. Mercy's disappearance perplexed and amazed her greatly.

"God forbid that any evil should overtake the child!" she said to herself, with a shiver of dread. "I am very fond of Mercy, though I don't want Val to marry her—though it's against all sense and reason that he should marry her now. But I will be a good friend to her; she shall never suffer want again—never! I will send her to school—Val will let me, I know—I will fit her for a teacher or something. She shall never again sew for a living. Where is she—where can she be? Why did she go away at such a time, and without leaving any message behind her? Oh, dear! oh, dear! I know that something is wrong; I feel it in the very marrow of my bones!"

Something *was* wrong, for Val searched till the night was past, and throughout the length and breadth of the great city. No tidings could he anywhere glean of Mercy Dill.

In the gray, foggy morning, the distracted lover, still attended by Mr. Finch, stalked into the sitting-room at Seedy Court, where Miss Affry was keeping sleepless vigil, and, haggard, breathless, exhausted, flung himself into the nearest chair. There was scarcely a look of easy-going Val Black left in his pale face.

"She's not here?" he said, hoarsely, glancing around the room. "Why do I ask that—I know she's not; but I've heard of her."

"How—what?" gasped Miss Affry, in wild alarm.

Val thrust his hands into his pockets, and dropped his head upon his breast—the picture of gloom and despair.

"I went first to the station-houses," he said, "then to the Aid Society folks, and the preacher at the Mission, and not a soul could give me the smallest information about Mercy. The earth doesn't often open and swallow a person bodily; and so it occurred to Mr. Finch that somebody right here—somebody in Seedy Court might know of her disappearance. We came back to our starting-point, and knocked at every door, rousing people from their beds to make inquiries, and at No. 9 we found a woman who gave us a clue."

The words began to stick in his throat, and Mr. Finch, who looked mortally tired and disgusted, made no attempt to help him with the narrative.

"Speak, Val!—what is it?" urged Miss Affry.

"It's a cursed mystery—that's what it is!" cried Val, with a red, wrathful gleam in his hazel eyes. "According to the woman, a close carriage drove into the court about three o'clock yesterday, and stopped at this door. She was sitting at her window, and saw it all. A man leaped down from the seat and rang the bell, and Mercy answered—of course she did, for she was the only person in the house. The two spoke together, and then—my God! what *does* it mean, Aunt Affry? Can you, will you, try to understand it?—Mercy came out with hat and shawl on, entered the carriage, and rode away."

Miss Affry grew as stiff as a ramrod.

"Who was the man?"

"I would give my right hand to know!"

"Where's Moll Dill? It is some trick of hers, perhaps. She's spirited the girl away, or something—who knows?"

Mr. Finch smiled. It was scarcely probable that Moll would come to Seedy Court in a close carriage to abduct her daughter by broad daylight. The gloom on Val's face deepened.

"We've seen Moll Dill," he answered. "We got her address from the Mission preacher, and rode out into the country six miles or more, to the farm where she's at work. We called her up from bed, and told her of Mercy's flitting. She was as cross as two sticks—sullen, and not inclined to answer our questions, or hold any conversation with us. But she knows nothing of her daughter—I am sure of that; the close carriage affair amazed her quite as much as it does you."

The next moment he leaped up, and began to walk the floor in great agitation.

"My God! what does it mean?" he groaned. "My head is in a whirl—I don't think I quite comprehend anything! Why should she go away with a stranger a few hours before our appointed marriage? and why didn't she leave some word or line for me? It's beyond belief! I have put the detectives to work—they will ferret out the truth of the matter before long."

Mr. Finch wiped his manly brow, and took a pinch of snuff from a silver snuff-box. Viewed from his standpoint Mercy's mysterious disappearance was a most opportune and fortunate thing.

"We have had an exhausting night of it," he remarked, "Indeed, this is a most unhappy business, Mr. Arbuckle, especially as it diverts your attention from the important matters of which it is my duty to remind you. I telegraphed to Sir Godfrey last evening that we should sail at once for England. He will expect to see us in Lincolnshire at the earliest possible moment. Every day, every hour of unnecessary delay will seem an eternity to the man who is waiting—dying, kinless and alone—at Deepmoor."

Val lifted his haggard eyes.

"When I have found Mercy, I will be ready to go with you," he answered, "not until then."

"Suppose you do not find her?" said Mr. Finch, dryly. "It is barely possible that she may not wish to be found."

"What do you mean?" demanded Val, fiercely.

Mr. Finch took a second pinch of snuff.

The wan, dubious dawn slanted into the room, and fell over the faces of the three, haggard and worn, every one, with weariness or anxiety.

"My dear sir, sit down again, I beg you," said Mr. Finch. "you look quite used up. It is plain, is it not? that Miss Dill has left the city. Now, did she go willingly or unwillingly, alone or with company? You say that she is very beautiful. Possibly you are not her only admirer."

Val's countenance changed. Upon his mental vision a swarthy, pock-marked face flashed suddenly—a lean, alert, glittering-eyed face—it struck him dumb with consternation.

"Believe me, sir, blood *will* tell," went on Mr. Finch, with composure, "a man runs a great risk always in choosing a wife with such antecedents as hers. She could not have gone *un*willingly in broad day, and from a place like this—the thing is impossible; and if she meant to return to you, why did she not leave some explanation behind her? I fear that you have been deceived—that further search for the young person will prove altogether useless. At this very moment you ought to be thanking heaven for your escape from a great peril."

Colorless, almost breathless, Val glared at the lawyer.

"If you talk like this," he cried, "I shall be tempted to kill you! why don't *you* speak, Aunt Affry. You know what Mercy is. Have you nothing to say for her now?"

But Miss Affry had gone over unreservedly to the foe.

"Don't appeal to *me*," she answered, sharply, "what can I, or any other honest person say for a girl that leaves her home and her lover without a word, and goes away in a strange carriage, with a strange man, and doesn't come back to her marriage—doesn't come back all the night? Now I'll tell you a secret, Val. That foreign music-man, Discordo, that left a week ago, was mad for Mercy—I shall speak of it now, though I promised once I wouldn't. He went on like one demented in this very room when he heard she was going to marry you—swore that he loved her to distraction, and that his heart was broken, and all that. Ah, I'm afraid he was deeper than I thought—that Italian. If anybody has coaxed her from you, Val, he is the man."

Mr. Finch coughed expressively.

Val's pale face reddened with jealous wrath.

"Discordo!" he cried in fierce disgust, "don't mention that fellow. Mercy detested him. It is true that he made love to her—I wish now that I had wrung his neck for it!—but she never listened to him—never! There's an infernal mystery about the matter—it's too much for me, I'll own, but don't say that Mercy has deceived me—don't tell me she is anything but the good, sweet angel which I know her to be. I'm not going to believe wrong of her without proper evidence, am I? I'm not going to damn her with your suspicions? God help me! No!"

He walked up to Peter Finch, and laid one hand on his shoulder.

"Have patience," he said, simply, "do not you see that it's impossible for me to go to England till my mind is made easy about her? that it's useless to ask me to think of anything or anybody else for the present? When I have found her, I will be at your disposal, and Sir Godfrey may command me as he likes; but till then, leave me to myself."

Mr. Finch was a man of varied experience. He knew the human heart—he understood the desperate and ephemeral nature of youthful passion. It could not be many days, at the farthest, before Val would be disenchanted. "Affry is right," he thought, "my word for it—Discordo is the man!

Aloud he said to Val:

"Very well. I will not urge you further. Call upon me for any aid which you may require—I am quite at your service."

Mr. Finch then proposed that the two, in accordance with their altered circumstances, should leave Seedy Court at once, and take up temporary quarters with him, at his hotel; but to this Val would not listen.

"Mercy shall not come back and find the place deserted," he said, resolutely, "for in that case she would not know what had befallen us. Let Aunt Affry rid the house of her lodgers as soon as she likes, but while we stay in America, for God's sake, let us stay *here*."

And Val had his way.

Three days passed—three days which no coming splendor, no future honors would ever erase from the memory of Val Black—three days in which he searched and fumed, hoped and despaired, and finally settled into a moody, reticent frame of mind, the like of which Miss Affry had never before seen.

The mystery of Mercy Dill's disappearance was a mystery still. No skill of the detectives had been able, as yet, to obtain the smallest clue to her whereabouts. Mr. Finch smiled with secret satisfaction. This American-born Arbuckle was not likely, after all, to disgrace the family name.

Miss Affry, figuratively speaking, washed her hands of the missing girl, and clamored to be gone from the land of her long toil and privation.

"Dear me!" she said to the London lawyer, "how long will that miserable boy keep us waiting here, while he hunts the city over on a fool's errand? I long to be on the voyage. Why, Sir Godfrey will be as dead as a door-nail before we ever get to Deepmoor!"

The fourth day came—raw, dark, miserable. In the old living-room at Seedy Court, so soon to be deserted by its present occupants, Miss Affry, Val and Mr. Finch were gathered round a late breakfast. The altered fortunes of aunt and nephew were already perceptible in the dainties on the board, and in the smart cap and silk gown, fresh from the shop, which added unwonted splendor to Miss Affry's small, crooked body. Soon, very soon, the moldy lodging-house would know its mistress and her busy ways no more; and, as if conscious of the fact, the battered furniture seemed to shrink forlorn into the corners, and the very tick-tick of the clock on the mantel was sad with echoes of farewell.

"Val," said Miss Affry, addressing with some severity the *distrait*, jaded fellow on the other side of the table, who looked like anything but the favorite of fortune which he was, "are not you growing tired of this?"

"God knows I am!" he answered, briefly.

"You drive me crazy! What good will any tidings from that girl do you *now?* Why should you care whether she is in Boston or Babylon, after what has happened?"

"For the hundredth time, Aunt Affry," answered Val, in a dogged, determined voice, "I tell you that I shall not leave this city till I hear from Mercy Dill. It doesn't matter whether the news be good or bad, here I stay till it comes, and you must be content."

"Content!" sniffed Miss Affry, "with Deepmoor waiting for us on the other side of the water——"

She paused, startled by a sudden ring at the bell.

"It's the morning post," said Val; and he arose from the table and went to the door.

In a moment he was back again, with a letter in his hand—a square little letter, superscribed with the name of Mr. V. Black, and postmarked New York. Moved by the same foreboding, Miss Affry and Peter Finch arose also from the table.

"Open it—quick, Val!" cried the old woman, breathlessly.

With a hand that shook in spite of all his efforts to keep it firm, Val tore apart the envelope, drew from it a sheet of paper, and read these words aloud:

"DEAR VAL: Don't look for me, don't think of me any longer, for I am married to Mr. Discordo, and before you receive this we shall be on our way to his own land—Italy. I thought I cared for you till he came, but he loved me so much that I was forced, somehow, to love him in return. It was better to leave you, was it not, than to marry you when my heart was given to him? I am sorry I had to deceive you, Val—I am afraid you are very angry, but I could not help it; and because you will never see me more, you must forgive and forget MERCY."

A moment of profound silence followed the reading.

"*Now*," said Peter Finch, in a tone of irrepressible satisfaction, "I hope you are satisfied, sir!"

Val held out the letter to Miss Affry, pointing to its crude, ill-formed characters.

"Is this her writing, Aunt Affry?"

"I'm sure I don't know—I never saw any writing of hers—I'm not sure that she could write at all. Oh, the deceitful little hussy! And we both thought her a born angel! It's just as I told you, then—she went with the Italian. He'll abuse her; I dare say he'll make her go round with a monkey and a hurdy-gurdy yet; and good enough for her! Well, what could one expect of Moll Dill's daughter?"

Val tore the letter straight across.

"Don't look as if you were *glad!*" he cried, fiercely. "She never wrote it! It's all a lie—a trumped-up lie! My God! How could she treat me so?—she, with her face like heaven itself! I would have educated her—made her fit for any position; I would have loved her, low-born or not, to the end of my days; I would——"

The words died on his lips. The torn sheet fell from his clutch. He staggered, great, strong fellow that he was, and, overcome with long anxiety, with bitter disappointment, and heaven only knows what other strong emotion beside, fell like a log to the floor of the sitting-room.

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The next transatlantic steamer that sailed from the port of Boston, carried among its cabin passengers a little old woman with defective eyes, a shrewd, kindly face, and an air of newly-acquired importance; a little, gray, wrinkled man, burdened with many wraps, and looking well-pleased to find his feet planted, at last, on a homeward-bound ship; and a broad-shouldered, red-haired young fellow, who passed most of his time smoking on deck and staring meditatively out to sea.

Farewell to America, to the old, poverty-pinched life, and all its associations; farewell to Val Black! That plebeian person had now vanished from the knowledge of man, and Valentine Arbuckle, the heir of blue blood and great possessions, had sprung to life in his place—*Sir* Valentine Arbuckle, I might say; for when the big steamer left her East Boston wharf, and plowed away down the blue harbor, Sir Godfrey Arbuckle, at Deepmoor Hall, Linconshire, had already been dead several hours.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A TÊTE-À-TÊTE.

IT was October, sombre and brown. The trees in the park had donned Autumn colors. The season was over, the watering-places were deserted. Crowds of pleasure-seekers, after dancing, flirting, dressing and dining for many a day

"By mountain, stream and sea,"

had now fled cityward like flocks of Summer birds. Belles were counting up their conquests, managing mammas the result of their skill and labor. Husbands and fathers were groaning over formidable bills. The shop-windows began to flame with hues like the Autumn woods. The fashionable world had returned to its habitations of brick and stone and mortar—to opera and ball, reception and matinée, to the splendor and the dissipations beloved by Vanity Fair. Green fields and blue seas, moonlit piazzas, the song of birds, and the wash of warm waves in the sun, were now but things of the past.

The day was dark and full of unpleasant drizzle. At intervals a genuine downpour broke from the gray October clouds, and a mournful wind sighed round the corners of the streets and up and down Broadway. But a little boudoir in a certain brown-stone palace upon Fifth Avenue looked bright and cozy in spite of the weather. Rich Eastern rugs dotted its parquet floor. The black Japanese furniture was upholstered in Louis Quinze rose satin. The walls were frescoed, and exquisite pictures, cabinets of gilt and ebony, costly bronzes and vases running over with creamy tea-roses, adorned the place. On the tiled hearth burned a soft, flickering fire, and, drawn up before it in an attitude conducive to confidence and repose, sat two girls, chattering as only girls can chatter when they have been parted for many months, and are really fond of each other.

"My dear child," said Ethel Sardis, moving a screen of embroidered rose satin betwixt her pearly face and the too ardent fire (she had landed in New York with her mother just twenty-four hours before), "my dear, darling Bee, you have altered much since I saw you last."

"For the better, I hope," answered Bee, listlessly—Bee, whom Cullen Sardis had brought home from a safe retreat among the mountains to meet the returned travelers.

"I am not quite sure. You have lost your wild-rose color, for one thing, *mon enfant*. You look pale and out of spirits. Did you really enjoy Newport with the Vanns and the mountains with papa? Tell me about it. We have nothing to do for the next hour but exchange confidences."

Bee *had* changed in the last few weeks—she had lost flesh and color, but gained in what people call style. A grave composure, lately acquired, and verging almost upon sadness, gave a new charm to her blonde loveliness.

"Oh, Newport was very well," she said, with a vast show of carelessness. "I love the sea, you know; but the mountains—I don't much care for mountains. It was very dull there. Guardy was away a great deal—in Boston, on business, I suppose, though I never thought to ask him—and the people with whom he left me—old friends of his, and grave Quakers—were greatly tried with me, I fear—I am sure I was with *them*. I yawned myself almost to death. I really thought I should perish with homesickness before guardy was ready to bring me to New York."

"I can't think why papa should have whisked you away from Miss Vann so suddenly," said Ethel, leaning down to smoothe a lap-dog that was sleeping on a rose-colored satin cushion before the fire. "He sent some message to mamma in Paris which made her very angry—it was about *you*, though I could not coax her to show it to me. After that came a long letter, which mamma burned without giving me so much as a glimpse at it; and then, instead of spending a few weeks in London, as she had intended to do, she made her purchases—Oh, how cross she was, by-the-way!—had a fit of nervous illness, as she always has when anything goes wrong—*that* delayed us an entire fortnight! and bade adieu to our Paris friends in great vexation of spirit. Bee, I hope you did not go and lose your heart to any of those penniless young men of genius whom Miss Vann loves to gather around her hearthstone, and so frighten papa into snatching you away from their dangerous society."

By the hot color that surged up to Bee's temples, Ethel

knew that her random shaft had struck home. She was half shocked, half amused—a veteran belle may well be amused by follies which she herself has outgrown. The next moment, however, Bee rallied bravely.

"Bah!" she answered. "Like Madame Montespan, I mean that the strong shall protect the weak—that my head shall take care of my heart. Like Montespan? I might have said, with quite as much truth, like Ethel Sardis! Come, let us not talk of poor me, but of yourself, *belle cousine*. You have been everywhere, you have seen everything, and you are engaged to a count—what exhaustless subjects for conversation! Oh, Ethel, are you going to marry him—really and truly?"

She leaned a little lower to caress the dog—Ethel Sardis, beauty, belle and heiress. She looked a trifle pale and fatigued after her ocean voyage, but this seemed only to increase the perfect loveliness which had quite turned the head of Lawrence Harding, and driven many another suitor, also, to the brink of despair.

"Really and truly, Bee! Behold the sign of my bondage!" and she held out her hand, blazing with a big diamond—Count Stahl's engagement-ring.

"And you are very happy, Ethel—you love him very much, eh?" urged Bee, moving her chair nearer to her cousin, and gazing at her inquisitively with a pair of bright blue eyes.

Ethel's pearly face never changed.

"Happy? Of course. Shall I not be a countess, with castles in Saxony, a hotel in Paris, wealth, honors and old-world splendor at my command? As for your other question, child, it is scarcely the kind which well-bred people propound to each other; but I will forgive you, because you are altogether unsophisticated. Love-matches are growing obsolete, my dear—only *parvenu* people make them now-a-days; indeed, I fancy that love itself is getting to be an old-fashioned disease. Its attacks are no longer of the virulent kind which the old novelists were fond of describing—it is no longer necessary to a harmonious marriage."

"Just as I thought!" said Bee, with energy; "you don't care a straw for the count!"

Ethel shrugged her beautiful shoulders.

"Don't jump at conclusions. Do you expect me to gush, my dear, like the heroine of a three-volume novel? Heaven forbid! Well-bred people never do such things. I respect the count; I admire his courtly manners, his elegance, his—title; and mamma assures me that this is quite enough. She likes the French system of marriage, and I am half inclined to like it, too. It relieves one of a great deal of trouble."

"What outrageous talk!" cried Bee, her elbow on her knee, her chin on her dimpled hand, her blue eyes still fixed on her cousin; "but you don't mean one word of it. Where is the count—when are you going to marry him?"

"We left him in Paris." answered Ethel, serene as a sphinx under the other's scrutiny. "He will be in New York at an early date, I dare say—for he is in love, if I am not—and I shall marry him whenever mamma thinks it proper for me to do so."

"How dutiful!" said Bee, dryly. "Are all the daughters of Gotham as docile? How abominable! What has come over you, Ethel? Aunt Amelia will not mold *me* to her wishes so easily. My veins are filled with the plebeian and unmanageable blood of my pork-packing grandpa. For my part, I prefer the gushing Amandas of the old novels to such cold-blooded society women as Mrs. Cullen Sardis. Ethel, do you know anything about Lawrence Harding?"

It was not a blush that arose to Ethel Sardis's face, but rather a white heat like lightning. That name had power to stir her high-bred pulses still.

"I know that he returned to New York weeks and weeks ago," she answered, carelessly. "I suppose he has found employment before this time, has he not?"

"Yes, upon a daily newspaper. Miss Vann wrote me about him while I was in the mountains."

"And his mother and sister?" said Ethel, "where are they? Evelyn Harding and I were bosom friends at school."

"Have you not heard? Evelyn was engaged to Jack Severne when the crash came which wrecked the Hardings. He did not desert her, as all wordly-wise people predicted he would do—no, he married her at once, and when Lawrence arrived from Europe, he found a pleasant surprise awaiting him in the person of a rich brother-in-law. Guardy says that Jack Severne is very rich—that it will be a small matter for Evelyn to take care of all her kin now. But Lawrence chooses to provide for himself and his mother in his own way, and quite independent of Jack Severne. The two keep house in some obscure part of the city, and Larry drudges, as I have told you, in a newspaper office. He has written things already which have made a stir in the world—I am sure that he has talent."

Ethel arose from her chair, and stood at the corner of the hearth, looking down on its antique tiles, but not seeing them. Her bronze dark hair, her pearly throat, her long trained dress shone softly in the light.

Did her heart thrill at Bee's news—the first which she had received of her rejected suitor since that parting in the old cathedral at Luzerne?

"Then we are likely to meet the Hardings in society again," she said. "Mamma thought they were all dead to the world, and safely buried beyond resurrection."

"Why, of course, Mrs. Jack Severne will go everywhere," answered Bee, "and it's probable that she will sometimes take her handsome brother with her, especially as she is said to be very fond of him. Ethel, dear, are you sure that you treated Lawrence just right? Weren't you a little cruel to throw him over for the count, and when he was in such trouble, too? Betwixt his money losses and the loss of you, I think the world must have seemed to him just then like a house of cards."

She stood up there on the hearth of that luxurious boudoir, tall, white, beautiful, looking down on the younger girl with a faint, flitting color, and uneasy smile.

"What extraordinary questions you ask, Bee! Cruel? Not at all! The real cruelty would have been in marrying him, my little ignoramus. What sort of a wife would I make for a newspaper scribbler? what sort of a helpmeet for a man who must work for his daily bread? I did not throw him over, that is vulgar slang, and you, an heiress and an embryo belle, must not use slang. I thanked him for the honor he would do me, and bade him a courteous farewell."

"Ethel, I fear you have grown very heartless since you went to Europe," said Bee, solemn as an owl. "Did not you like Larry better than Fred Bradford or Archie Van Dorn, or any of the others that you have rejected?"

Ethel laughed a low, sweet laugh that had, however, no mirth in it.

"Good Heaven! what a catechism! Does Mr. Harding know what a stanch partisan he has in you? I like Larry, I always liked him, of course; why not? We have known each other all our lives. I wish him all possible good fortune in the future, and a wife—well, some one like yourself, Bee—true, and sweet, and loving; no worldly, calculating creature like *me*. I am glad that Evelyn has made a good marriage, I shall take care to renew acquaintance with her at the first opportunity."

Bee looked steadily at her cousin. She was disappointed,

she scarcely knew why. She felt that something had come betwixt her own heart and Ethel's, a constraint, a reserve, new and unpleasant.

While she was pondering over the matter Ethel spoke again.

"After all, my dear, you will find that it is a fine thing to have a countess for a cousin. A season of triumph and splendor is before us. As for toilets, I really have no words to describe the superb things that mamma ordered in Paris. The count will be here in time for your first ball—think of the attraction his titled presence will lend to it! And, *apropos* of all this, who is the Baron Strozzi that Miss Vann talked of so eloquently in her letters to mamma? She mentioned that he admired you greatly. Sly puss! Can it be that he is the person who frightened papa into whisking you away from Newport?"

The bantering tone brought the blood again to Bee's temples.

"Baron Strozzi!" she echoed, her blue eyes flashing, "Ethel, I *hate* him! Yes, Miss Vann thinks him a paragon of manly beauty and Old World chivalry, society admires him; but to me he is frightful. Guardy had no need to remove me beyond his fascinations, they were scarcely potent enough for that."

Ethel surveyed the girlish, blonde figure for a moment, then put her jeweled hand under Bee's chin and turned her face up to her own.

"Bee, you are actually keeping some secret from me. Since I went away something has happened to you of which I know nothing. You may as well tell me, for I shall soon find it out. Henceforth we are to live under the same roof, you know, and see each other daily."

Bee opened her red lips to speak, but at that moment a page in buttons appeared at the door. The conversation was over. There were callers in the drawing-room, and Mrs. Sardis wished her niece to come down immediately.

"I!" cried Bee; "oh, no, you have made a mistake, Robin. Miss Sardis is the person wanted.'

But the little page shook his curly head. It was Miss Beatrix, and none other.

"He is right, I dare say—go down, Bee," said Ethel, laughing. "I will see no one to-day; I have not yet recovered from a week of seasickness. Who can have called in this pouring rain? Some acquaintance of yours, or mamma would not have sent for you."

Bee's heart gave a great bound. Could it be the person whom she most longed, yet most dreaded to see? She flung a glance of consternation at the mirror.

"Am I a fright, Ethel dear?"

"Not at all," answered Ethel; and so Bee went down.

As she entered the great, sumptuous drawing-room, she found three persons seated there. The first was Mrs. Sardis, thin, cold, elegant, her aquiline face showing somewhat the ravages of time, weak nerves and fashionable dissipation.

The second was a lady with a bearded lip, a sallow skin, and a rich, loud toilet—Miss Charlotte Vann.

The third person was Baron Strozzi.

At sight of the noble Roman, Bee's first impulse was to turn and fly; but before she could do so Miss Vann was embracing her with effusion, pressing kisses that sounded like pistol-shots on both cheeks, and crying:

"My dear child, I came out to-day expressly to see you. Observe the weather outside. Of course my coachman and horses will catch influenza, but I could *not* resist the desire to behold my Newport guest again. And here is the baron, whom I met at your very door, intent, like myself, upon renewing old friendship, and quite as indifferent to wind and rain."

Strozzi sprang up from his chair with one hand on his heart, and a flash of light in his black eyes. He made a deep obeisance to the little heiress, and would have carried her hand to his lips, but she drew it quickly back.

"This is an unexpected honor," she said, coldly. "I cannot imagine why Baron Strozzi should wish to see *me*."

"Ah, you are as cruel as ever," murmured the baron, in a low, tender tone. "How could I hear zat you were in New York, and not hurry to your side—I, who haf been in desolation, who haf thought of nothing but you ever since you vanished from Newport?"

"I regret that you should waste your thoughts on such an insignificant and unappreciative subject," said Bee, dryly.

"When you left Newport, Mees Beatrix," he went on, with a sublime indifference to her snubbing, "ze place became to me like a desert without a fountain, a garden without a rose. I could stay there no longer—I rushed away to friends in this city, where, for ze last six weeks, I haf lived only in ze hope of meeting you again when ze season should open."

"Heaven grant that our meetings may be like angels' visits, few and far between," murmured Bee, in a voice too low for Mrs. Sardis's alert ear; and, with an angry, disdainful glance, like a Parthian shaft, she leaned back in her chair of clouded tuya wood, inlaid with ivory, and, like

"A rosebud set with little, willful thorns,"

refused to open her red lips to him again.

The baron turned his attentions from obdurate Bee to Mrs. Cullen Sardis, a change of base that spoke well for the man's shrewdness and cunning.

"Madame," he said, with his hand on his heart, "you haf been in Rome. Did you see there ze Strozzi Palace on ze banks of ze Tiber?—my birthplace, ze birthplace of my family for centuries. My ancestors, madame, were in ze Senate with Cæsar. Ah, yes, we are very old. Many English people lodge in my palace now—artists, sculptors, Bohemians. It brings me a good rent. I haf vineyards, too, outside of Rome, and olive-orchards. My beautiful Italy! Madame, my heart burns within me when I think of her."

Mrs. Sardis did not remember the Strozzi Palace—she had passed but a few days in Rome, being mortally afraid of the fever—but she looked with calm, high-bred approval on the proprietor of that palatial lodging-house and the vineyards and olive-orchards, and was highly gratified to add him to her list of acquaintances.

As for Charlotte Vann, her talk, as usual, was mostly of art and artists, the coming exhibitions, the opening of the Winter campaign of fashion.

With a wildly beating heart, Bee listened, hoping to hear the mention of Eric Saxe's name; but no! Miss Vann never once alluded to her favorite—never once hinted whether he was still watching the blue waves at Newport or Aquidneck, or executing crayon heads in his Gotham studio.

At last the two callers arose together to go. Miss Vann patted Bee's cheek with one gloved finger.

"My dear, you are as pale as a Niobe," she said; "at the beginning of your first season, too! Come and see my 'Hector and Andromache'—it is finished quite to my satisfaction."

"Adieu, Mees Beatrix," whispered Strozzi, in her unwilling ear; "nothing shall make me angry with you; whether you treat me kindly or otherwise, I am now and always your devoted slave."

Then he went, and Miss Vann also, and Bee was left alone in the drawing-room with Mrs. Cullen Sardis.

There was a severity about that august lady's aquiline profile which boded no good to her niece.

"Sit down a moment," she said, pointing to a chair, "I wish to speak with you alone."

Bee obeyed.

"You are my husband's niece and ward," began Mrs. Sardis, surveying the girl with a protesting air, "and as such it is my duty to look closely to your welfare. The air which you assumed toward Baron Strozzi just now was very rude, very offensive. Since a person of his importance has chosen to show you marked attention, it is my wish—yes, my command, that you receive it with becoming courtesy."

The hot, angry blood surged into Bee's cheek.

"Baron Strozzi! I cannot, Aunt Amelia!—don't ask me. I detest the man and his attentions!"

"Your taste is as defective as are your manners. He is a most delightful person—he is also a nobleman. His unconcealed devotion to you, an unfledged girl, is most flattering. Now listen to me. I shall do my utmost to secure for you an advantageous marriage—a husband of whom your Sardis relatives need not feel ashamed. I have heard of your *Newport folly*, and I wish to say to you, Bee, that no obscure, penniless artist, no low fortune-hunter shall ever wed my husband's ward, or control one dollar of her money. Don't color like a milkmaid; such violent tints are always unbecoming."

"Aunt Amelia, how dare you!——"

"Hush! not a word more. I trust that affair was but an idle flirtation; let us call it such, at least. I know your nature, Beatrix, and I expect you will give me trouble, but I am prepared for it; if you are wise, you will submit quietly to my control. Now there is but one thing more to say. It is this: I wish you to accept Baron Strozzi as your lover."

To have her secret uncovered in this manner—to know that either her uncle or Miss Vann had informed Mrs. Sardis of the Summer idyl at Newport, was unbearable to poor Bee. She stamped on the rich carpet.

"Never!" she answered, quite breathless with wrath. "I hate Baron Strozzi! I will not treat him even with common courtesy."

Mrs. Sardis's thin face paled.

"You will not?—you defy me, then?" she said, in a low, even voice, that Ethel always found more ominous than any outward sign of wrath; "that is very foolish, you will soon regret it. I make it a point always to have my wishes obeyed. Go now to your room."

Bee went, with flashing eyes and a hot, indignant heart. Betwixt herself and Mrs. Sardis war to the knife had now begun.

CHAPTER XIX.

BEE'S FIRST BALL.

A FORTNIGHT later, Count Stahl arrived from Europe, and took up his quarters at a Fifth Avenue hotel.

Society was all agog. The engagement of the rich banker's only daughter was the latest sensation in the fashionable world.

Rumors were rife concerning the count's wealth, his vast domains in Saxony, his hotel in Paris, his retinue of vassals and his absorbing love for the belle and beauty who had shattered so many male hearts in her own land.

Even the envious ones acknowledged that Ethel Sardis would make a rare countess.

Of all the fair Americans who—happily or otherwise—had married titled foreigners, not one had ever equaled in beauty or style this sole daughter of the patrician banker's house and heart

Cullen Sardis gave his prospective son-in-law a gracious welcome.

Mrs. Sardis was in a state of profound beatitude. Ethel received her betrothed with quiet grace. She was not a demonstrative person, and, with her thorough breeding, could not be expected to show any vulgar fondness for her future husband.

Her manner sorely puzzled Bee, who had her own girlish ideas in relation to engaged people.

The impression made by the count upon this latter person was of a mixed character. His tall figure, his courtly address, his blonde, aristocratic face, with its sleepy blue eyes and thin, fair hair, met with her approbation, and yet she did not like him. Something in his handsome exterior and polished manners filled her with vague doubts.

"He is a great improvement upon Baron Strozzi," said Bee to her cousin, "but I do not think I could ever quite trust him, Ethel, or feel at ease in his company. It must be that I am too hopelessly plebeian to ever appreciate titled people."

One bitter Winter night, when the stars were shining far and frosty in the purple sky, Bee made her orthodox entrance into the world of gayety and fashion, and danced at her first ball.

It was a grand affair, given by the banker to celebrate simultaneously the arrival of the count and the *début* of his rich young ward.

From basement to roof the Fifth avenue house shone with myriad lights. Flowering shrubs and vines wreathed the carved stairways and perfumed the landings. Baskets of daphnes and violets swung from every window and lintel. Great sprays and clusters of roses embedded the mantels and drooped, heavy with their own sweetness, from the chandeliers. Sèvres vases, crowded with golden-hearted orchids, scarlet passion flowers, waxen camellias and hot geraniums, poured incense from every pedestal and corner. The superbly frescoed ball-room blazed with light, and resounded with the delicious music of Strauss's waltzes. Across its waxed floor moved crowds of notable people—men in sombre evening dress, women with jewels flashing, white bosoms gleaming, vaporous laces shining like hoar-frost. Looking from one gorgeous apartment to another, through doorways draped in white and crimson silk, at the display of bedecked and dazzling humanity, visible between graceful sprays of leaves and blossoms, with here and there a mirror reflecting the scene, multiplying the light and increasing the delusion, the whole place seemed like a scene in fairy land.

Bee stood, a pale, young *débutante*, by the side of Mrs. Sardis, and looked with bewildered eyes upon all this splendor. Her dress of tulle and silk shone purely white, without a tinge of color about it, save the pale-blue convolvulus which looped its exquisite folds. Her cheek was colorless, but her eyes shone large and bright with excitement. This was the hour for which she had longed—of which she had dreamed! Did the reality equal the anticipation? Scarcely—it rarely does in this life. For one thing, at least, she felt devoutly thankful—Baron Strozzi had not yet appeared—Strozzi, who was now the torment of her life, who persecuted her with calls and attentions, quite indifferent to her detestation, so long as Mrs. Sardis encouraged his suit. It was nearly eleven. He was late.

"Heaven grant that he has broken his legs!" thought Bee, wickedly, "or forgotten the date of the ball, or taken offense, at last, at my many gibes. Anything—anything to keep him away!"

Archie Van Dorn, a good-looking New Yorker, and one of Ethel's ardent admirers, led Bee out to dance. He thought her a pretty girl, fresh as a daisy—a sort of Charmian to the Cleopatra whom that sleepy-eyed count had gobbled up.

"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE."

"By Jove! he's deuced devoted, is he not?" said Mr. Van Dorn, glaring resentfully at Count Stahl, as the latter gyrated by with his betrothed in his arms—he, the lion of the night—the observed of all observers, with foreign Orders on his breast, and a knot of violets in his button-hole; she, the belle of the ball, arrayed in cobweb lace over satin of the palest water-green tint, with lilies and pearls for ornaments. No color stained her face—it was as coldly white as the camellias in the Sèvres vases. The ruffled bronze hair, the downy skin, the languishing eyes, the faultless contour, had never seemed as lovely as on this night. Many a man, looking on the count, envied him fiercely, and said to himself that this peerless New York girl deserved, not a coronet, but a crown, for her beauty.

"It's hard lines for her native-born admirers, eh?" sighed Mr. Van Dorn.

"Yes," assented Bee.

"The count had no end of a row with Lawrence Harding at Lucerne. I was there at the time. Poor Harding! He was awfully cut up about your cousin. Wonder if he has yet recovered his peace of mind?"

Bee danced like a fairy, and partners clustered round her thick as bees. From one figure to another she sped, catching glimpses now and then of her guardian, calmly surveying the company gathered in his gates—of Mrs. Sardis, stately as an empress, in a dress of uncut velvet and black Chantilly lace, with diamonds that fairly dazzled the eyes; of Charlotte Vann, in brocade and old point, surrounded by a group of admirers—for the wealthy, clever Miss Vann, bearded, ugly and *passée* though she was, was a favorite with everybody; of old Madame Vann, in crimson satin and priceless Brussels point; of Mrs. Jack Severne, Larry Harding's sister, smiling and bright in bride-like fleeces; of hundreds passing and repassing in gorgeous tissues and flashing jewels, while the splendid measures of the music rose and fell, and the abundant light poured softly down the long rooms.

At her own request, Bee's partner conducted her, at last, to a seat beside Miss Vann, and went to bring her an ice.

"You are enjoying it very much, are you not, my dear?" said the latter, with a good-natured smile. "That is right. You look charming. Where can the baron be? I have been watching the door for the last hour."

"I trust he is safe in some distant place!" answered Bee.

"Fie! Without him your ball would not be complete. He dances superbly, and he is overwhelmed with invitations everywhere. *En passant*, has he ever met Count Stahl?"

"No," said Bee; "though both honor us with frequent calls, they have thus far chosen different hours; so our titled friends have not yet made each other's acquaintance."

Miss Vann leaned back in the shadow of a crimson silk curtain, and looked around the ballroom.

"What color!" she murmured; "what light! And how heavenly Ethel is looking to-night! I wish Eric Saxe was here; she would be a study, indeed, for him. And that reminds me, Beatrix, that Eric is painting you as Elaine,

'The lily maid of Astolat.'

Mrs. Sardis must let me take you to his studio some day, that you may see how lovely you look upon canvas."

Bee's heart gave a hot, suffocating bound. She had not heard that name for weeks and months, and the sound of it went over her now like an electric shock.

"Me!—painting *me!*" she stammered, scarcely knowing what she said. "You must be mistaken."

"Not at all," answered Miss Vann, lightly; "it is easy to recognize your daisy face anywhere, my dear. Eric is really growing famous—he has sold many pictures this Autumn. Good Heaven! how very pretty Evelyn Severne, *née* Harding, looks to-night. Where is her brother Lawrence?—he ought to be here."

Bee could not see Evelyn Severne—the whole ballroom was whirling before her eyes. He had thought of her, then, or he would not paint her upon his canvas. Why, why had he never given her the smallest token of remembrance?

"Did—did Mr. Saxe remain long at Newport after I left?" she stammered, twisting her costly fan in a ruinous manner about her nervous fingers.

"He remained until October. You quarreled with him, did not you, before you went away?"

"Quarreled!" gasped Bee. "No."

"I feared you might have done so, because, strangely enough, he never once mentioned your name nor made any inquiry about your departure, which was sudden enough, you remember, to take away one's breath. However, at dinner, yesterday, he spoke of you for the first time—yes, he really asked if you were well."

Bee grew red, then white.

"Did he, indeed?" she answered, bitterly. "How good of him! I am greatly obliged. Ah! here comes Mr. Van Dorn with an ice."

Miss Vann nodded, and moved away, quite unconscious that she had turned all the joy of the night into dust and ashes for Bee.

He had never cared for her in the least—never once remembered her after she left Newport! Her heart sank like lead, weighed down with the bitter consciousness that she had given too many thoughts to one who had not once thought of her.

"By Jove! how pale you are!" said Archie Van Dorn; "you're not ill, I hope, Miss Beatrix? Shall I go for smelling-salts? Shall I speak to your aunt?"

No, she was not ill. The power to dissemble, which seems inherent in womankind, came to her aid.

"I fear I am a little giddy with so much dancing," she said, brightly; "and look at my smart lace flounce—Count Stahl stepped upon it and tore it quite in two. May I ask you to take me to the dressing-room?—I can dance no more until I am repaired."

She handed her ice, untasted, to a servant, and Van Dorn tucked her under his arm and sailed off with her through the crowd.

Meanwhile Count Stahl had drawn his betrothed out of the hot ball-room into the cool, dim conservatory, which chanced to be deserted as the two entered. In the centre of the place a fountain played softly in a round basin, bordered with emerald moss and violets and daphnes. Tropic vines curled upward to the roof, their odorous flowers hanging midway, like gorgeous birds suspended in flight. Scarlet lilies, like cups of fire, burned behind barricades of green. Colored lamps swung overhead, and Egyptian vases, crowded with the dusky splendor of heliotropes, sent forth a stifling fragrance from every side.

In her rich ball-dress, with the pearls gleaming in her bronze, dark hair and on her marble throat, Ethel stood in the rose-hued light of the place, fairer, statelier than any exotic which it held. With adoring eyes Count Stahl looked down upon her—this fair American, whom he had coveted at Baden-Baden, won at Lucerne, and crossed the sea to wed now in the New World.

"I fear you are sadly bored with so many new acquaintances," said Ethel, with a faint, sweet smile.

"On the contrary," answered the count, "it is a delight to meet your friends. They all adore you, I see—they are madly envious of me. That is not strange. One person,

however, whom I expected to meet here to-night, has not yet made his appearance."

She looked up quickly.

"I mean Monsieur Harding."

All her self-possession, and she had a great deal of it, could not keep the blood from rushing into her cheek. She reached and plucked a spray of heliotrope from a vase overhead.

"No—he is not here."

The count eyed her closely. He was jealous still of his former rival.

"Have you met him since your return from Europe, Ethel?"

"No," she coldly answered; "I think he goes but little into society now. He has become poor; he is working for his daily bread. You do not comprehend the meaning of those words, I suppose."

The count smoothed his waxed mustaches with one white-gloved hand. Very haughty and handsome he looked in his orthodox evening-dress, with the foreign orders glittering on his broad breast.

"Scarcely," he replied; "I was born above such comprehension. You have heard of Mr. Harding, then, if you have not seen him? Ah, heaven! Do you *think* of him—do you remember him with kindness, perhaps regret?"

Her beautiful face grew chilly and surprised.

"Those are strange questions to ask of me," she said, with a *hauteur* that recalled him at once to his senses.

"Is it strange," he cried, wildly, "that I, who regard you with adoration, should dislike to think that another man has loved you?"

A faint, cold smile flitted over her lips.

"Many men have loved me," she answered, frankly.

"But not as Harding did."

"Perhaps not," she murmured, with something like a smothered sigh; "whatever Lawrence finds to do, be it a wise thing or a foolish one, he does it with all his might."

The count gnawed his long mustaches.

"Forgive my jealousy," he pleaded, "for the sake of the passion which has made me your slave. If I adored you less I should be less fearful of losing you. Thank heaven, the time is at hand when you will be mine irrevocably—when——"

He paused abruptly.

A step sounded near by on the floor of the conservatory. A man had entered the place, and was eagerly looking around it, as if in search of some one—a tall, swarthy man in faultless evening dress—one of the guests of the night.

Ethel turned, and held out her hand with a smile.

"You are late, Baron," she said. "We feared you had forgotten us."

The baron made a deprecatory gesture.

"Forgotten! Oh, impossible. I was detained by unexpected business. May I ask, if your fair cousin, Mees Beatrix, is anywhere about?"

Then his eyes fell upon Count Otto standing just behind Ethel, with the light falling on his blonde face, his decorated breast, his imposing figure. The glib tongue of the baron seemed suddenly to freeze to the roof of his mouth; a strange, livid hue overspread his pock-marked face. He started back as if struck.

"Baron Strozzi," said Ethel, "allow me to present you to Count Stahl—I think you two have never met in this house before."

Where were the count's manners?

He spoke not a word, he did not even bow. His blonde face was as livid as the baron's.

He, too, recoiled a step, and dashing back his gloved hand, as if he was about to strike at something, he dislodged the jar of heliotropes from its place by his side, and down it came crashing to the floor with all its odorous contents.

When Ethel looked again, the two titled gentlemen were standing with the shattered vase between them, glaring over its fragments at each other in a very odd, threatening way.

The baron was the first to recover himself.

"Monsieur le comte," he said, recoiling step by step, as if from the vicinity of something dangerous, "I salute you! Pardon, Miss Sardis, with your permission I will continue my search for your enchanting cousin."

He wheeled quickly, and went out of the place like a shot.

Ethel looked at her betrothed.

"You have met the baron before?" she said.

"Never!" he answered in a voice that seemed a little hoarse and constrained, "who is the fellow?"

"A Roman by birth, and a lion of New York society by accident," she replied, with a faint smile. "Papa and my cousin made his acquaintance at Newport last Summer while I was abroad. *Entre nous*, he is Bee's ardent admirer."

The count drew his breath hard.

"And he is a baron, you say?"

"Yes, with great estates in or near Rome. Let us go back to the ball-room. It is near twelve o'clock—the hour for supper."

They went.

Meanwhile that late arrival, Baron Strozzi, was diving hither and thither among the crowd, searching for Beatrix and finding her not. Finally, in passing the open door of a dressing-room, he espied Bee standing within, under a chandelier, her drooping face looking pale and weary, her gloved fingers plucking absently at her bouquet, while on the floor beside her knelt a coffee-colored woman in a white cap and apron, arranging the lace on the sweeping train of the young *débutante's* dress. The person thus employed was Finette, Mrs. Sardis's French maid. As the baron paused on the threshold to stare in at the unheeding girl whose thoughts were far, very far away from all the festivity of the night, Finette lifted her head and saw him there—a black, portentous shadow, stretching up toward the lintel of the door. She saw him, and strange to say, the sight seemed quite as unpleasant to Mrs. Sardis's waiting-maid as it had been a few moments before to Count Otto Stahl.

"*Mon Dieu!*"

Those two syllables, mingled with a stifled shriek of terror, rang suddenly through the room.

The needle dropped from Finette's brown fingers, she crouched down behind Bee's shimmering figure in a frightened, palpitating heap.

"Good heaven! Finette, what is the matter?" cried Bee, turning sharply.

"The needle, mademoiselle, it entered my hand," answered Finette in a fierce whisper, and with her dark face half buried in the girl's dress. "Look, some one is at the door; look!"

And Bee looked, and beheld the very unwelcome face and figure of Baron Strozzi.

Finette did not attempt to rise from the floor; in that attitude she was well-nigh concealed from the baron's sight. She cast the lace flounce wildly from her hand.

"Go, mademoiselle," she murmured, with white lips; "it is done. He waits for you—go quickly!"

Bee walked to the threshold, saluting the baron with a cold bow.

"Oh, you are here, then!" she said, in an ungracious tone.

He smiled as serenely as if she had given him the warmest of welcomes.

"Behold me, Mees Beatrix."

"I hoped—that is, I thought you would not come."

"Nothing but death could keep me from you to-night. I am inconsolable to find myself late. How charming you look—how fair! You dazzle my eyes. Your good aunt commands zat I take you to supper."

"I am sorry to disobey my aunt's command," said Bee, drawing coldly back, "but I have already accepted another escort. Here is Mr. Van Dorn coming for me even now." And as the gentleman thus named appeared upon the landing, Bee slipped her slim hand through his arm and walked quietly off to supper.

Never once glancing into the dressing-room, where the brown waiting-maid had scrambled to her feet and was making off in undisguised terror through an opposite door, Baron Strozzi hastened to find a substitute for Beatrix in the person of Miss Charlotte Vann.

Twelve o'clock had struck, and the doors of the superb supper-room were standing wide open. Thither rushed the banker's guests like a crowd of locusts.

The long tables glittered with crystal, gold and silver plate, and groaned with French wines and French viands—terrapin and truffles, fish cooked in champagne, game of marvelous quality, spiced meats and pastries, *pâté de foie gras*, fantastic confections, costly and unseasonable fruits. Dancing is a violent exercise, and it engenders a ravenous appetite. Bee, sheltered somewhat by Archie Van Dorn, devoured her salad and boned turkey, heeding as little as possible Mrs. Sardis's cold, disapproving looks, and the burning glances cast upon her continually by Baron Strozzi.

The tables were crowded with merchant-princes, foreign consuls, millionnaires, fair women with reddened faces caked with pearl-powder, all chatting, laughing, eating fiercely, after dancing like dervishes.

Opposite Bee was Madame Vann, in her gorgeous crimson satin, covered with Brussels point. Our heiress watched her for a moment, then whispered wickedly to Van Dorn:

"What *is* that strange beverage which madame is drinking?—she has just emptied her third glass."

Van Dorn looked, meditated, smiled.

"It is a mixture of brandy, green tea, rum, soda-water, champagne, sugar and broken fruit," he answered, "and it is called—punch."

"Is it intoxicating?"

"By Jove! I rather guess so! It would be well to station a footman somewhere near the old lady, to catch her when she begins to slip under the table. Look! your aunt wishes to speak to you."

Mrs. Sardis caught her niece's eye, and leaned suddenly toward her.

"I wish you to reserve two dances for Baron Strozzi," she said, calmly.

"Excuse me, aunt——"

"Impossible! I will take no denial."

Bee toyed with her claret cup.

"Very well," she murmured; "I will dance like a Mœnad if you desire it! You can force me to do many unpleasant things, Aunt Amelia, but the forcing only makes your purpose more hateful to me—don't you know?"

Vis-à-vis at the same table were the two titled lions of the night, but they might have been two statues for all the heed which they gave to each other. Count Otto devoted himself entirely to his beautiful betrothed; the baron chatted with Miss Vann and watched Bee. In truth, the pair seemed little inclined to cultivate an acquaintance.

"By Jove! look at them," whispered Van Dorn to Beatrix; "one would naturally think that such blue-blooded fellows would rush straight into each other's arms. It looks like a clear case of natural antipathy, eh?"

But when the enticing strains of the German began to call, when the satiated crowd poured back to the ball-room, in the passage thereto the count and Baron Strozzi met, and, under shelter of the swelling music, the rustle of rich fabrics, the murmur of voices, they exchanged a few sentences in guarded French.

"In God's name, how came you here?" said Count Stahl.

The baron smiled.

"In the devil's name, you mean, monsieur le comte. It is a long story. I dare not tell it—I might be overheard."

"I have a mind to speak and denounce you to this company. Why should I not, you insolent hound?"

"Because you might find it bad for yourself as well as for me, monsieur. A moment's reflection will convince you that I have deserved something better at your hands."

The count grew livid.

"Come to my hotel to-morrow—I will talk with you there."

He slipped a card into the baron's hand.

"Very good, monsieur le comte. I will wait upon you at an early hour."

The two separated, the ball went on. They did not exchange another word or look that night; but it was plain that Count Otto had lied to Miss Sardis when, in the conservatory, he declared that he had never before met the noble Roman. Verily, Baron Strozzi was an old acquaintance!

CHAPTER XX.

THE NEXT MORNING

IMPATIENTLY, up and down, up and down his elegant room at a certain grand New York hotel, Count Stahl was pacing, on the morning after the Sardis ball. The hour was what the fashionable world calls early. Probably Ethel had not yet wakened from sleep, nor Mrs. Sardis shaken off the influence of that tremendous drug with which she stupefied herself nightly—soothing her nerves by weakening them.

The count's blonde face looked pale and worn. His slumbers had been of the lightest; evidently late festivities did not agree with him. A tray upon a table near at hand seemed to indicate that he had been trying the soothing influence of brandy and soda. His eyes were haggard and blood-shotten. Now and then he swore audibly in French as he paced back and forth over the deep-pile carpet. A stream of life was moving up and down the street without; and again and again the count stopped in his feverish tramp to listen—not to passers-by, but for an approaching footstep in the passage outside his door. He was waiting for a visitor—waiting with a feverish impatience very unusual in a man of Count Otto's cool, phlegmatic temperament.

Suddenly a rap echoed on the door. The count started, paused.

"Enter!" he called.

Dark, smiling, shining from top to toe in faultless attire, and calm as a May morning, Baron Strozzi stepped into the apartment.

"Monsieur le comte, I wish you a very good morning," he said, in fluent French, and doffing his hat with a low bow. "You bade me come to you, and I am here—such is the force of habit. *Ma foi!* I even arose an hour before my usual time, that I might not keep you waiting.

Monsieur, you are pale—I fear you danced too much at the ball last night."

If looks could kill, Baron Strozzi would have fallen lifeless then and there under the fire of the count's furious eyes.

"Scoundrel! you have forgotten none of your old impudence!"

"I trust not, monsieur," answered the baron, smiling; "it has served me so many good turns in life that I should be extremely sorry to part with it."

"In Heaven's name," demanded the count, sternly, "how is it that I find you masquerading in this new land, and in the highest circles of society, in the character of a Roman baron?—you, whose father kept a wine-shop in the Faubourg St. Antoine?"

The baron waved his gloved hand airily.

"As some English writer says, 'What's in a name,' monsieur? I am a man of nerve and courage. When I have an object to gain I stop for nothing. He who hesitates is lost. *I* never hesitate. The name of Strozzi charmed me; the title of baron stirred my profound admiration. I determined to make them my own. I did so—with what success you can judge for yourself—you, who saw me moving among the *élite* last night. Pardieu! our unexpected meeting was as great a shock to me as to monsieur le comte. True, I had heard that the fair daughter of the house was engaged to a Count Stahl, picked up somewhere abroad; but my heart said to me, 'No, it cannot be the noble aristocrat whose humble slave I once was; he is still in retirement, mourning the loss of his beautiful, his adored countess.'"

The count gave his visitor a strange look. His face was as white as chalk.

Strozzi flung himself into an easy-chair, and began to draw off his elegant gloves.

"Pardon," he said, politely, "but to sustain a conversation in standing posture is somewhat wearisome. We are no longer master and servant, count and valet, but simply two gentlemen, met to talk over private affairs for mutual enlightenment and advantage."

With his back against the door, Count Stahl transfixed the other with the blue eyes from which all languor had now vanished.

"Where have you been since we parted in Paris?" he demanded.

Strozzi spread out his hands with an expressive gesture.

"Everywhere, monsieur—on the Continent, in England, in the antipodes, and now you behold me here. Ah, did not you always say that I was a man of parts—a person of talent? Many times have I proved the correctness of your judgment."

"What brought you to this part of the world? You had some especial purpose, I suppose, in coming to New York—in donning the character of a full-blooded baron?"

Strozzi shrugged his shoulders. His wicked eyes danced.

"Purpose? Yes, monsieur. What would you? One soon tires of games of chance—luck will not always stay on one side; then, too, there are places where a man soon becomes so well known that he is no longer appreciated. This New York is a gigantic field of enterprise, open to all men of talent. Its people, though republican in name, adore titles. The belles of society are, as a rule, enormously rich, and are to be had by any aristocratic foreigner for the asking. When a man reaches my age, he naturally begins to think of matrimony—the claims of the fair sex arise before his view. Monsieur le comte, my purpose in bringing my gifts and talents to this American market was to secure by them the thing which I now need exceedingly—a rich wife. If I do not mistake, I have in these words not only stated my own pet ambition, but that of monsieur le comte, also. Like master, like man."

The count grew furious. He started up from the door, and made as if he would lay violent hands upon his visitor, but upon second thought, he restrained himself and fell back reluctantly.

"Impudent knave!" he fumed, "you do not mean to say——"

"Exactly, Monsieur!"

"You have not dared to lift your cursed eyes to ——"

Strozzi waved the expressive hand again.

"Monsieur, I was about to say that I have already found the ideal of my dreams—a being, young, fair, and rich beyond belief—a jewel which, with the help of the gods, will win and wear—a coy, spirited creature, sharp of tongue, and with the mettle of a half-tamed filly, but charming nevertheless. Monsieur, I speak of Miss Beatrix Sardis."

The count's face grew black. His lips tightened ominously.

"Adolphe," he said, "you were a very good valet. You understood to perfection the duties of a servant, and though often insolent, you were always faithful. But now I perceive that you have gone mad. Hound! Do you know that the lady of whom you speak is a near relative of my betrothed wife?"

"Yes, I know it well," answered the baron, airily.

The next instant the count had him by the throat, compressing his windpipe in a very unpleasant way; then dragging him from his easy-chair, he hurled him violently against the opposite wall.

"And you dare tell me this to my face?" hissed the count. "It's a wonder that I do not murder you! Now listen to me. I decline any connection of this sort with a former servant. I command you never to cross the Sardis threshold again—I command you to leave New York at once, and never more show yourself in society here, or, as heaven hears me, I will strip you of your false name and title—I will tell your true story to your American admirers—I will set the police on your track—I will denounce you as my former *valet de chambre*—a gambler, a swindler, a cheat; and these, remember, are the very mildest names that I can apply to you,"

The baron seemed bewildered for a moment. Then he passed his hand inquiringly over his throat, adjusted his disordered neck-tie, and shook himself.

"Pardon, mon count, you will do nothing of the sort," he answered, as soon as he could recover breath; "your will is good, without doubt, but you do not *dare*."

The two glared at each other in open hatred.

"You dare not, monsieur," repeated the baron, "because I, too, can make unpleasant revelations. You think that I am in your power. Reverse the case, and you will have the truth—*you are in mine!*"

His dark, scarred face was full of menace, and a certain tigerish gleam made hideous his coal-black eyes.

The count grew deadly pale.

"You can prevent me from securing a rich wife," Strozzi went on, "and I, also, can take from you your beautiful betrothed—oh, you have done well for yourself there, monsieur!—and with her the banker's millions. Suppose I should go to Monsieur Sardis and say—your prospective son-in-law is a born count, his title is not spurious like mine, but if you knew what I know of him—I, his former servant, from whom few secrets of his life have been hidden—you would sooner cast your daughter into the fire than give her to him. Think a moment, monsieur, and you will see that I am not a person to be safely defied. When we parted in Paris, I took the bribe you gave me, and promised that I would not of my own will cross your path again, or

molest you in any way, and I have kept my word. Well, what would you? Accident has thrown us together here, and you have seen fit to recognize me by a name which I have now abandoned, and which is associated with as many unpleasant things for you as for me. *Mon Dieu!* That is no fault of mine."

The count seemed incapable of speech. He simply glared at the speaker, who was in full possession of his wits, and quite conscious that the game was his own.

"Monsieur, you need money," continued Strozzi; "so, also, do I. You have found an heiress as beautiful as the angels, and you wish to marry her. I will not lift a finger to prevent you, providing you do not in any way meddle with my own plans. Let us both forget the past. I have borne a great deal for your sake. Ah, heaven! I have even heard that many people in Paris accused me of the death of the late Countess Stahl, your beautiful and adored wife, who died so suddenly and mysteriously one night, after dancing at the Tuileries. Eh! eh! How pale you are, monsieur! Sit down, I implore, and let me ring for brandy. You will not? Well, as I was saying, you must remember these things. *Peste!* what an outrageous thing is ingratitude! Bear in mind that I am not Adolphe Sassard now, but Baron Strozzi, a person whom you met last night for the first time, and whom you are bound to treat with becoming courtesy wherever you may encounter him. I mean to move heaven and earth to marry the girl Beatrix—I *shall* marry her, be sure of that. Your future mother in-law gives me every encouragement. By my soul! she is as wild for the match as I am. If, through any knowledge which you may have of my past history, you place so much as a straw in my way, monsieur, look to yourself—to your beautiful heiress—to your *neck!*"

The count sank involuntarily into the nearest chair. Before this threat, which he understood only too well, his pride of birth and blood, his inherent prejudices, his wrath and contempt, seemed to fall helpless. He was deprived at once of all further power of resistance.

"Monsieur, do you yield to my terms?" demanded Strozzi, watching him as a cat watches a mouse. "Will you permit your ex-valet to marry into the same family with yourself?"

The count's face told how deep was the humiliation thus set before him—how fiercely he rebelled against it. But alas! this was a case, not of choice, but of necessity. He stared fixedly down at the floor, and made no sign.

"Speak, I entreat you, monsieur!" urged Strozzi, gayly. "It is a bitter pill for you to swallow, eh? Well, console yourself. After all, we need not see much of each other. Without doubt you will take your bride to Paris—I know your *penchant* for the delights of that naughty city. I shall remain in New York. I adore New York! I shall settle quietly down here, and live like a prince on the money of the old western pork-packer. You need never deign me a thought; and I, for my part, will remember you as little as possible. Family jars will be out of the question, with an ocean rolling between us; and your pride—well, monsieur, you must put a wholesome curb upon that, and make a virtue of necessity. *Do* you accept my terms?"

The count shook as if with an ague.

"I accept," he answered, in a hoarse, difficult voice.

Strozzi clapped his hands softly.

"A thousand thanks, monsieur! It rends my heart to disturb you so much. Very good. I have, then, to mention but one thing more. My purse is quite empty. The money which you gave me on the night of your countess's death is spent—every franc. My marvelous luck at cards has deserted me, and some valuables which I possessed are in the hands of the Jews—that is, the pawnbrokers. A fresh supply of money is now imperative. Monsieur, oblige me with the loan of two thousand dollars."

The count transfixed his adversary with a gloomy stare.

"Two thousand dollars! You must be mad! You, who pretend to have an unlimited knowledge of my affairs, ought to know that I can scarcely meet my own personal expenses. I am beggarly poor. Was there ever a time when I was not?"

"Yes!" cried Strozzi; "when you married the Countess Olga. She brought you a handsome fortune, and for a time you had plenty; but, alas! it was not long."

The count frowned darkly.

"It is impossible for me to oblige you," he answered; "and now we will end this interview—that is, you will have the goodness to take yourself out of my sight at once."

"Pardon; I am in no haste," smiled the baron. "Let me suggest a way by which the impossible may be made possible. It is true that monsieur is poor—I never doubted that for a moment, and ah! what an unsatisfactory thing is a title, however genuine, to a man who hasn't a sou! But monsieur's future father-in-law is rich—enormously so. Monsieur has only to hint delicately that his remittances from Europe have been unaccountably delayed, and the money will be forthcoming. Try it, mon count, and let me know the result."

"You serpent! Do you think I will borrow money for you?" cried the count, bursting with wrath.

"I do not think it, monsieur—I *know* it. Without two thousand dollars I cannot exist; therefore I shall be forced to press you to the utmost to obtain it for me. Call this morning at the banking-house of Sardis & Co., and at evening I will wait upon you here to receive the loan. I beg you do not desolate me with excuses, monsieur, for I cannot listen to them."

"Is this the beginning of what I am to expect henceforth at your hands?" said the count, under his breath. "Am I to go on bribing you to the end of the chapter?"

"By my faith, no! When I am the husband of Miss Beatrix I shall have no need to seek pecuniary aid of you. It is settled, then, monsieur? I will call this evening—well, let us say at eight o'clock. I dine at the Sardis mansion, and I have several later engagements among the *haut ton;* therefore I must beg you to be prompt. You will be waiting here with the two thousand at the hour named—is it not so?"

The count could only trust himself to bow. He was entirely in the power of this man.

"Then *au revoir*, monsieur," said Strozzi, picking up his hat and cane. "Remember, we have entered into an alliance; remember, also, that one has quite as much at stake in this matter as the other. Keep your lips sealed, and I will keep mine. I adore the fair, obdurate Beatrix; you adore her superb cousin. The first is for me, the second for you. Bless you, monsieur! Be happy, as I mean to be. You will not shake hands? As you please. Adieu."

"Adieu," echoed the count, mechanically.

Then the baron bowed low, waved his gloved finger-tips, and was gone. And behind, in the elegant room which he had left, Ethel Sardis's betrothed husband stood for a long time, voiceless, motionless, staring at the door like a man who, through some Medusa-like fear or perplexity, had suddenly been changed into stone.

(To be continued.)

EVENING.—The day is closed, for evening has stolen, like a pensive thought, upon us; the moon hangs a silver shield in heaven, and the nurse nightingale sings to the sleeping flowers.

HOW BRANDY IS MADE.

COGNAC brandy is so called from the village of Cognac, on the river Charente, in the west of France. It is an alcoholic fluid distilled from grapes—a method discovered some time in the twelfth century, and first made known to the world in the beginning of the thirteenth by Raymond Lulle; though it was supposed that the Arabs had the secret of distillation some hundreds of years before, making use of it to obtain the perfumes of flowers, this being one of the most ancient records of perfumery.

In the brandy-growing districts of France, including Cognac and the adjoining country of Champagne—not the wine-growing land of Champagne, but the spot from whence comes the beverage termed champagne-brandy—in all this country there is not one-fortieth part of the brandy made that is consumed in the United Kingdom alone. Even there the fluid is not safe from doctoring hands. First, it is touched up with a nauseous compound of burned sugar, to suit the taste of those who drink dark brandies. All brandies are light upon distillation, and any of the article that surpasses in color the pale amber, is of necessity doctored with burned sugar. Then there is white sugar to give it smoothness and sweetness.

The brandies brought from the very fountain-head, stamped and vouched for by the names of great manufacturers, are simply the making of a parcel of small farmers, or growers, about the neighborhood of Cognac and Champagne, who bring the stuff they make to these manufacturers, as our own farmers bring their cider to market. This crude stuff, which they call *coupe*, is sold to the manufacturer, who sugars it (black sugar and white), stirs it, sulphurs it, waters it to suit different markets, and then our palates are treated to the genuine article!

The flavor of true brandy, which connoisseurs admire so much, is produced by the volatile oil of the grape. Science would not be long in finding out that. Well, what does Science do under the circumstances? Why, of course, she goes to work to show how this aroma, this beautiful bouquet, can be imitated. She says to the distiller, "My dear fellow, if you will take about one hundred gallons of alcohol, and reduce it to proof, and add to this half a pound of cream of tartar, a little acetic ether, a few gallons of French wine vinegar, a bushel or so of plums, if possible, allowing they are not too dear; some murk, which is the refuse of the wine-casks, if perfectly handy to be got at; about half a bushel of oak sawdust, just to give it the smack of age, you will have an excellent brandy."

"Capital!" says the distiller, doing everything but taste it. "Capital, madame, all but one thing."

"What's that?" says Science.

"It does not bead on the side of the glass," says the distiller.

"We'll soon fix that," says Science.

With that she goes to work and makes a machine that shall run down into the brandy-barrel, through the open bung, and convey steam by a pipe to the very bottom. In rushes the steam for a few hours, until the liquor bubbles and boils in its wooden prison.

"How will that do?" says Science.

"Just the thing," says the distiller, holding the glass up to the light. "Will you try some?"

"Not exactly," says Science; "but if that plan doesn't suit, here's another: Take one thousand gallons of spirits—corn whisky, say, for example—to this you can put one hundred and twenty gallons of spirit distilled from raisins (not a very expensive article), and then four gallons of the extract of grains of paradise seed."

"Phew!" said the distiller, "that's deadly poison!"

"That's so," answers Science; "so is the two gallons of cherry laurel water you must add, and the two gallons of spirit of almond cake, and—don't forget the oak sawdust, my dear fellow; it gives a touch of the wood; and the steaming—that's age, d'ye see?—and the bead."

THE MINSTREL.

IN days of yore how fortunately fared
The Minstrel! Wandering on from hall to hall,
Baronial court or royal; cheered with gifts
Munificent, and love and ladies' praise;
Now meeting on his road an armed knight,
Now resting with a pilgrim by the side
Of a clear brook; beneath an abbey's roof
One evening sumptuously lodged; the next,
Humbly in a religious hospital,
Or with some merry outlaws of the wood,
Or haply shrouded in a hermit's cell.
Him, sleeping or awake, the robber spared:
He walked protected from the sword of war,
By virtue of that sacred instrument,
His harp, suspended at the traveler's side:
His dear companion, wheresoe'er he went,
Opening from land to land an easy way
By melody and by the charm of verse.

THE AUTHOR OF THE STABAT MATER.

ON a hill on the bank of the Tiber, in the midst of the charming scenery of Umbra, stands the old Etruscan town, Tudertum. It was known for the strength of its castle, its three walls, the most imposing of which was built by its founders, and for the warlike spirit of its inhabitants. It was here that some time in the first half of the thirteenth century, Jacob Bendetti was born. His family was well known, and belonged to the nobility, so that the boy was brought up in the midst of a society accustomed to wealth and luxury. He was educated with care, and at the proper time sent to the famous University of Bologna.

His career had been chosen for him; he was to devote himself to the study of jurisprudence. The chief object of the study of law is to learn how to evade it, and the students of Bologna seem to have been adepts in this art. Giacomo refers in one of his poems to his university, without manifesting any of the proverbial love for his "alma mater."

"If you wish to talk and to chatter, if you care not to do your duty," he said, "you may succeed with the wisdom gathered at Bologna, but even this is doubtful. It will but stimulate your desires, and lead you to search more and more and increase your ambition, and the end of it will all be pain and sorrow."

We know not in what way Giacomo spent his days at college, or what influences were brought to bear upon him. He does not seem to have distinguished himself in any particular way, and after having passed through the usual course he established himself as a lawyer in his native town. Italy was then what England is now, the paradise of lawyers.

It is most likely that Giacomo, owing to the influence of his family and his own talents and energy would have succeeded in his profession. He might easily have become the chief of Tudertine lawyers, and then after some years of splendid practice he would have retired, and, unless connected with some famous quarrel, most likely have been forgotten.

Everything seemed to point in this direction. He got soon settled, and married a woman whom the *Chronicle* describes as "*moglie giovane e bella ma timorosa di Dio.*"

Giacomo seemed destined to become the father of a family, and to become at the very best the model of a lawyer and a family man. But heaven willed it otherwise, for he was one of the elect, and the hour comes sooner or later when they become conscious of the Divine presence within them, and shake off the dust that defiles them and rise from the ground as regenerate men.

On a certain day a grand ball was given in the town, at which the wife of Giacomo was present. Giacomo remained at home. While engaged in his work a message reached him that his wife was dying. He ran through the streets, and arrived before she was dead. But within a few moments she breathed her last in his arms, and as he took off her clothing he discovered that she wore on her body a coarse garment of hair.

The sudden death of his young and beautiful wife in the Spring of life, with the promise of a brilliant Summer slowly deepening into the mellow glories of Autumn, gave him a shock from which he never recovered, and destroyed the balance of his nervous system for ever.

The difference between one man and another is that one is mad with method in his madness, and that the other is mad without any method.

A complete change came over Giacomo; he gave up his practice, severed himself from the connections he had formed, and said farewell to the life which he had hitherto led.

In the midst of the dumb sorrow in which he was plunged he seemed ever to hear a voice telling him to go and sell all that he had and to give it to the poor, in order that he might have treasure in heaven.

He resolved to obey the command in the most literal sense, and henceforth to live for Heaven alone. Such a resolution created necessarily a great sensation in a town where he was so well known. It is not astonishing that the *gamins*, as they saw the once respectable lawyer go through the streets bareheaded and barefooted, with a coarse garment around him and a strange, unearthly fire in his eyes, all the more visible because of the wan, haggard face out of which they shone, should have saluted him with the name of "*Jacopone*," "silly Jack." As for himself, he was proud of the title, and he adopted it joyfully.

"My brother," he said, "thinks that he will reflect honor on our name by his cleverness; I shall do so by my madness."

"Holy madness," he called it, and satirically he said of it in one of his poems:

"Whoever has made himself a madman for the Lord's sake, has obtained great wisdom. In Paris they do not like this philosophy, and he that becomes a fool for Christ's sake, can expect nothing but vexation and grief. Yet, withal, he is elected Doctor of Philosophy and Divinity."

In one word, he deemed it his chiefest glory to be beside himself for the sake of his Lord, and to be accounted a fool because of Christ; and it was this desire which made of him a Christian Diogenes.

THE MINSTREL.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 591.

A characteristic story is told, which reveals more of the temper in which he was than the most detailed description. A relation of his requested him to carry a pair of chickens to his house. A few hours later he got home and found to his surprise that the chickens had not arrived. When questioning Jacopone about the affair, the answer was that he had put them in the church before the family vault—"for the sepulchres shall be their homes," said he, quoting a passage from one of the Psalms.

But sorrow did more than unhinge parts of his nature. It knocked at doors hitherto closed, and opened chambers as yet unfrequented. The overwhelming grief stirring him to the very heart's core opened a fount of emotion, which in the past had been sealed. He looked within and thought he would find a grave, but behold he found a heaven.

Sorrow did not, indeed, make him a poet, but it revealed to him that he was one.

The Madonna and her Divine Child became the objects of his love, and among all his poems there are none more exquisite than those addressed to her.

It was most probably in one of his sleepless nights, when the Cross was pressing heavily upon him, that he wrote the "Stabat Mater," every line of which seems dipped in his heart's blood.

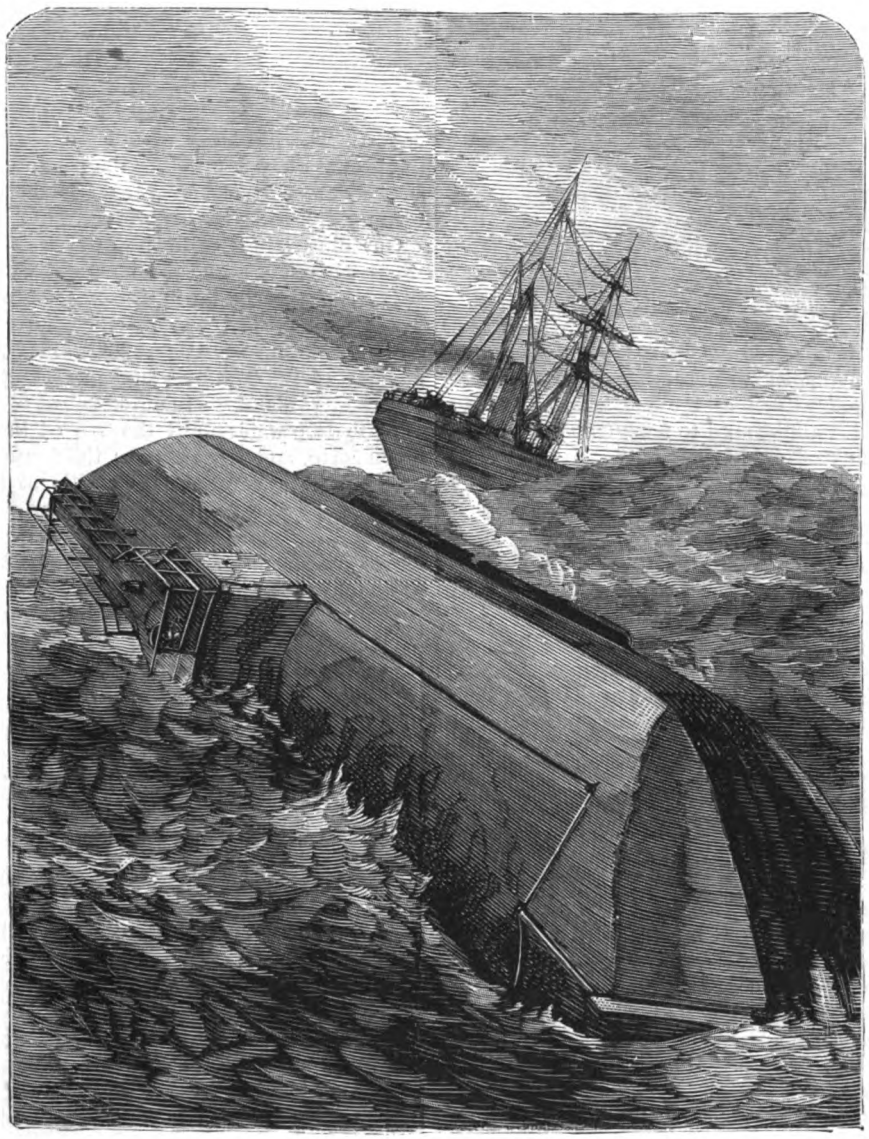
And verily the Madonna rewarded him, for he became chief among the spiritual troubadours of Italy.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE AND OTHER MONOLITHS.

By Basil H. Cooper.

The idea of transplanting to London the western, or fallen, Obelisk of the two known from time immemorial as Cleopatra's Needles, originated with the British forces in Egypt in the first year of the present century. It was on the 21st of March in that year, and in sight of that grand pair of Syenite or rose-granite monoliths, that the Battle of Alexandria was fought and won in death by Sir Ralph Abercromby.

The primary hieroglyphs with which the Obelisks are inscribed, those of the middle column on each side, were then just thirty-three centuries old. But nobody in those days dreamt of their being older than the famous Queen whose name they bore, and so of their possessing much more than half the antiquity which the Rosetta Stone, itself amongst the spoils of the victors, has since, by unlocking the secrets alike of their unknown and mysterious language and of the lost Egyptian chronology, enabled us to assign to them.

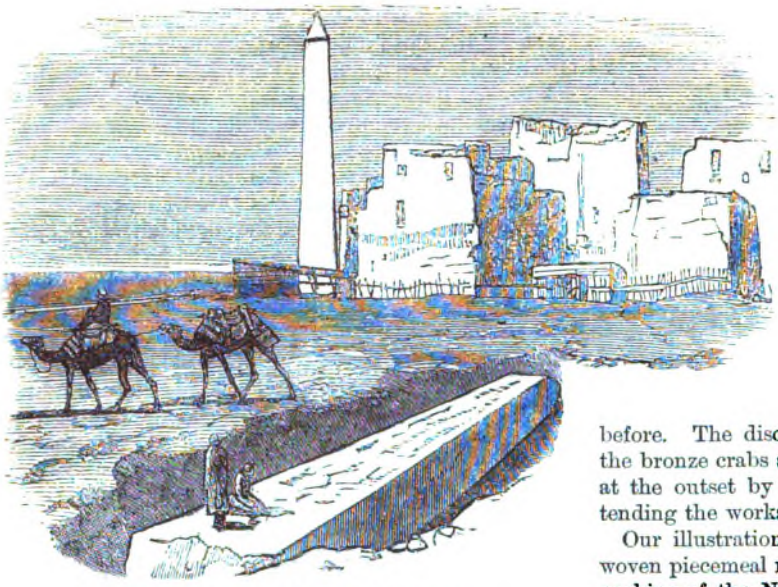


THE ABANDONMENT OF CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE IN THE BAY OF BISCAY.

The Earl of Cavan, commander of the British forces ordered to remain in Egypt at the close of the campaign, vigorously launched the project, and having been empowered by the Turkish authorities to transport the fallen Needle of Cleopatra to England, adopted the plan prepared by his Chief Engineer, Major Bryce. The troops were invited to subscribe a certain number of days' pay for the expenses, and the funds were cheerfully contributed. A contract was made with the Prize Agents for the purchase of one of the largest French frigates, *El Corso*, for the purpose, and a stone pier, or jetty was begun, to the end of which the ship could be moved in deep water, so that the Needle could be brought through her stern port, and there snugly packed on blocks of timber forming a platform upon the keel. Much in the same way the Luxor Obelisk of Ramses the Great, destined to adorn the Place de la Concorde, at Paris, was got on board the *Louqsor*. Working pay was issued to fatigue parties, under midshipmen, told off for the emergency, and Captains Lacon and Donnelly superintended the enterprise. It was pushed forward with the utmost zeal, but cold water was thrown on the project by Lord Keith and General Fox, the commanders respectively of the naval and military forces in the Mediterranean, and the undertaking had to be abandoned, the unexpended subscriptions returned, and the contract for the vessel rescinded.

For a score of years the question rested where the *quietus* administered by Lord Keith and General Fox had laid it to sleep. But George IV., on his accession to the throne in 1820, found himself the possessor of this famous monument through the complimentary munificence of the ruler of Egypt, Mehemet Ali, and the English nation was then encouraged to look forward to its speedy arrival, to be set up in Waterloo Place. But they looked in vain, and after the wonted wordy homage paid by statesmen and Parliamentary orators to the memory of Sir Ralph Abercromby, Sir Sydney Smith, and Nelson, the honor was left to the French, whom they vanquished, of being the first modern people to bring an Obelisk of the first class from Egypt to a European capital.

In 1829 the standing Cleopatra's Needle was presented by Mehemet Ali to Charles X., as though the Battle of Alexandria had been a triumph for French arms. But on the advice of Champollion, the French pleaded, and successfully, for the substitution of the better-preserved Luxor Obelisk, which in the Fall of 1831 the engineer Lebas was lowering from the pedestal on which Sesostris had placed



THE OBELISK AS IT LAY BEFORE ITS REMOVAL.

it at Thebes, and sending on its long voyage down the Nile. Meanwhile, Mehemet Ali not only renewed his offer of 1820 but promised to deliver the Needle free on board any vessel the English might send to fetch it. But though the French were ungrudgingly spending two millions of francs on their monolith, the compliment was declined by William IV., with thanks. Another twenty years passed, yielding nothing save an announcement, on the part of Lord John Russell's Government, in the House of Commons (April 15th, 1849) of its intention to adorn London with Cleopatra's Needle, at an estimated cost of £15,000.

In 1867, the Khédive, having disposed of the land on which the Needle lay to a Greek merchant, Signor Demetri, that gentleman insisted on its removal. The Khédive then appealed to the British Government to take possession at last of this piece of national property.

The irony and absurdity of England's national humiliation having thus culminated, it was surely high time for the reaction to begin. Of the three leaders in this healthier movement the first place, were it only in order of time, belongs to General Sir James E. Alexander, a veteran, who had served his country in all parts of the world, was in Paris in 1867, when he learnt it was the fixed purpose of the owner, whose land the Needle encumbered, to break it up for building materials. Sir James's soul was stirred within him by this threatened act of vandalism, and he determined on an earnest endeavor to save the nation from such an outrage on this trophy of the services of the British arms in Egypt. He applied to successive Governments with this view. Lord Derby gave Sir James an introduction to General Stanton, English Consul-General in Egypt, who introduced Gen. Alexander to the Khédive, by whom ultimately full powers were granted for the removal of the monolith to England. Sir James memorialized also the Society of Antiquaries and other public bodies; nor did he slacken his efforts until there came to the front his friend Professor Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S. By their exertions a site for the Obelisk was awarded by the Metropolitan Board of Works.

Mr. John Dixon, an engineer, had long contemplated bringing the Obelisk to England, and hoped some day to do it himself, when he should be rich enough. "I should inclose the monolith in boiler-plate, and roll it into the sea. I would then steady the cylinder by means of bilge-plates, ballast it, fix a rudder, fix a cabin and spar-deck, and then tow her to England." He said he thought it might be done for £5,000, but he would enter into a contract to do it for £7,000. A contract was finally made to do it for £10,000, assuming all risks. Mr. Dixon then went to work in earnest; the cylinder was built on the Thames and sent out in pieces.

By the first week in June the boiler-plates, brought out to Alexandria by one of Messrs. Moss's ships, were on the ground, twenty yards from the sea, and close to the Water Gate of the prostrate Temple of Cæsar, where the Obelisks had been set up by Augustus just 1,900 years before. The discovery of this interesting date on one of the bronze crabs supporting the standing Needle was made at the outset by Mr. Waynman Dixon, who was superintending the works for his brother.

Our illustrations show how the iron cocoon was deftly woven piecemeal round the chrysalis within, as well as the packing of the Needle in its case. So vigorously had the works been pushed forward that the cylinder was rolled down the beach on August 28th, 1877; but, owing to the piercing of its skin by a sunken rock at about the last ten or twenty yards of the hundred it had to traverse, it did not get into deep water until the 7th of September. But for this mishap, and allowing for the fortnight spent in transforming the cylindroid into a ship at the Khédive's dry dock, nine miles from the old Roman port and the Cæsarium, and for other necessary preliminaries, the final start for England would not have been delayed until the ominous equinoctial Friday, the 21st of September.

The steamer *Olga*, with the *Cleopatra* in tow, started from Alexandria and steamed safely through the Mediterranean. It passed the coast of Spain, and the most sanguine hopes were entertained that it would reach England without any mishap. The Bay of Biscay, however, proved hostile. On the 14th of October a violent storm arose, and the *Olga* was forced to abandon the valuable craft she had towed so far. Several lives were lost in rescuing the crew of the *Cleopatra*, which was then abandoned, near Cape Finisterre, to the mercy of the wind and wave.

Great disappointment was felt in England at this disaster, but the cheering intelligence soon came that the English steamer *Fitz Morris* had recovered the Obelisk and taken it into Ferrol, Spain. There it was overhauled and found to be still seaworthy, so that the voyage was resumed, and in a few days it was safely conducted to London.

The voyage of the *Cleopatra* from Ferrol was of such an uneventful character, that there is scarcely anything to record concerning it. She started at 7 A.M. on Tuesday, January 16th, 1878, in tow of the *Anglia*, with a short length of hawser, and was found to steer very badly, a defect which was, to some extent, remedied by lengthening the towrope to about a hundred fathoms. The weather was beautiful during the whole voyage, the wind being very light and the sea smooth, with a bright moon at night. Communication was kept up between the vessels by means of signals, a black board being used by day and different colored lights by night.

On Sunday, the 20th of January, at ten P.M., the *Anglia* came to anchor off the Chapman Light, near Southend, with the *Cleopatra* hanging astern by the towrope. Next morning at half past seven the vessels were again in motion, and by ten o'clock had reached Gravesend, where they stopped two hours, and were visited by the Customs officers, and where

also Mr. and Mrs. Dixon went on board, and a congratulatory telegram was received from the Queen. The *Cleopatra* was then towed further up the river, and by four P.M. the Needle was snugly berthed in the West India Export Dock.

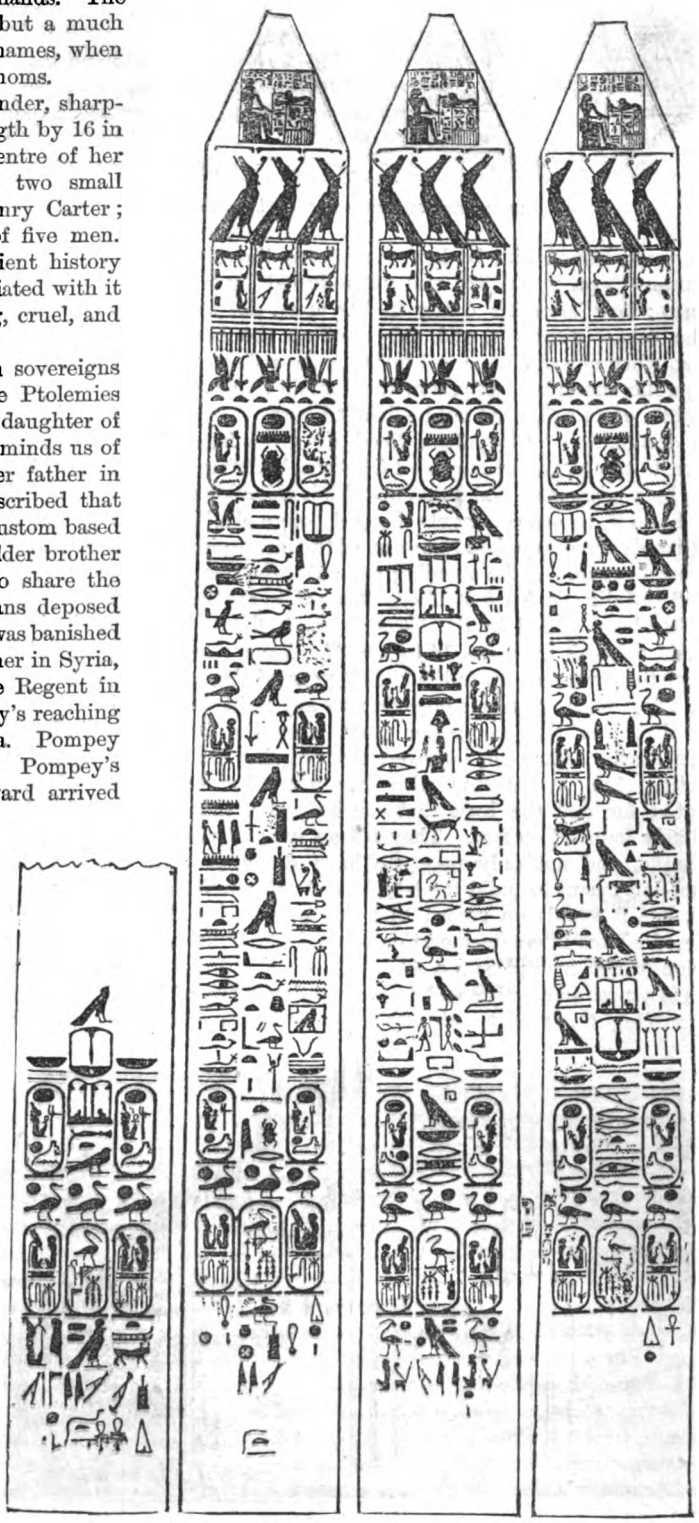
The *Anglia* tug is a paddle-boat, with three funnels, with engines of 140 horse power, nominal, but capable of working up to 700. She is the largest tug in the Port of London, and has done a great deal of ocean towing. Her navigating captain is Mr. John Tracey, and her towing captain Mr. David Glue, and she has a crew of seventeen hands. The cable used at sea was a fifteen-inch hawser, but a much smaller one was substituted on reaching the Thames, when the length was also reduced to about fifteen fathoms.

The *Cleopatra* is built in the form of a cylinder, sharpened at each end, and is about 92 feet in length by 16 in diameter. Upon her convex deck, about the centre of her length, is erected a structure which contains two small cabins: one for her commander, Captain Henry Carter; and the other for her crew, which consisted of five men.

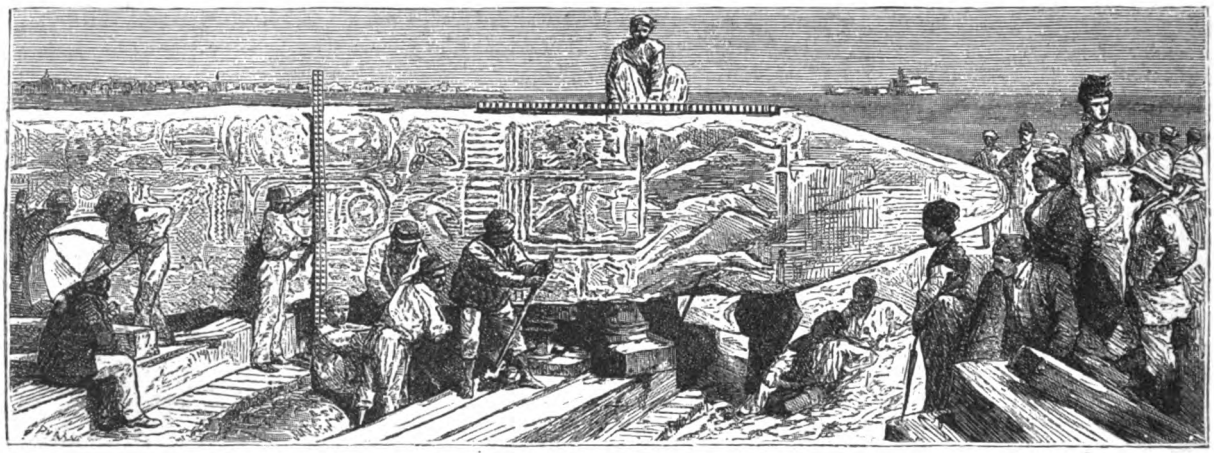
In passing now from the modern to the ancient history of the Obelisk, the name most popularly associated with it is that of the beautiful, voluptuous, intriguing, cruel, and withal learned Queen of Egypt, Cleopatra.

Cleopatra VI. was the last of the Macedonian sovereigns of that country, and with her the line of the Ptolemies became extinct. She was the eldest surviving daughter of Ptolemy the Fluteplayer, who in some sort reminds us of the royal patron of Wagner. She succeeded her father in B.C. 52, being then but seventeen. His will prescribed that she should marry, according to the Pharaonic custom based on the national myth of Osiris and Isis, her elder brother Ptolemy, then only nine, and the pair were to share the throne. In B.C. 48 the young prince's guardians deposed her for intriguing against her brother, and she was banished to the Thebaïd. But an army was raised for her in Syria, and was just coming to blows with that of the Regent in the September of that year—the date of Pompey's reaching Egypt in his flight from the battle of Pharsalia. Pompey was betrayed, and slain by Ptolemy's party. Pompey's conqueror, Julius Cæsar, having shortly afterward arrived in that country, insisted on being judge between its contending factions. Cleopatra, after first treating with the Dictator through others, at last presented herself in his quarters by night, having caused herself to be smuggled in, it is said, in a bale of cloth sent him as a present. She won him to her cause by her eloquence, and still more by her charms. A French artist having been prompted, by one of the beauties who fluttered about the late Emperor Napoleon's court, to paint this celebrated scene, in which she was herself, of course, to figure as Cleopatra, the fair lady was terribly chagrined at his making the world-famous Queen *petite*, the favorite of the great Julius's biographer and emulator being decidedly large-limbed.

Cæsar restored Cleopatra, having quelled the armed resistance of her brother's party, who was slain in the Alexandrian war. The Lord of the World then passed some festive months with Cleopatra in Egypt, and when he had ended the civil war he invited her to his palace across the Tiber. Thither, accordingly, she repaired, either in B.C. 46, as Dio states, or, as a critical examination of Cæsar's personal history is thought to prove, in the following year. There she staid down to the time of his assassination, on the Ides of March, B.C. 44. Three years after Cæsar's death she appeared before the Triumvir Mark Antony, in Cilicia, who had summoned her before his tribunal for abetting Cassius. She appeared before him, not as a suppliant, but as Aphroditè, the goddess of beauty and love, on a visit, she said, to Dionysos, or Bacchus. The bas-relief—in the British Museum—from the Dendera Temple of Isis-Hathor, the Egyptian Aphroditè, or Venus, actually represents her as that goddess; and she is styled the young Isis, on coins. How she held Antony enslaved



DETAIL OF THE HIEROGLYPHICS ON CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.



ENGINEERS SHIFTING THE OBELISK TO A POSITION PARALLEL WITH THE BEACH AT ALEXANDRIA.

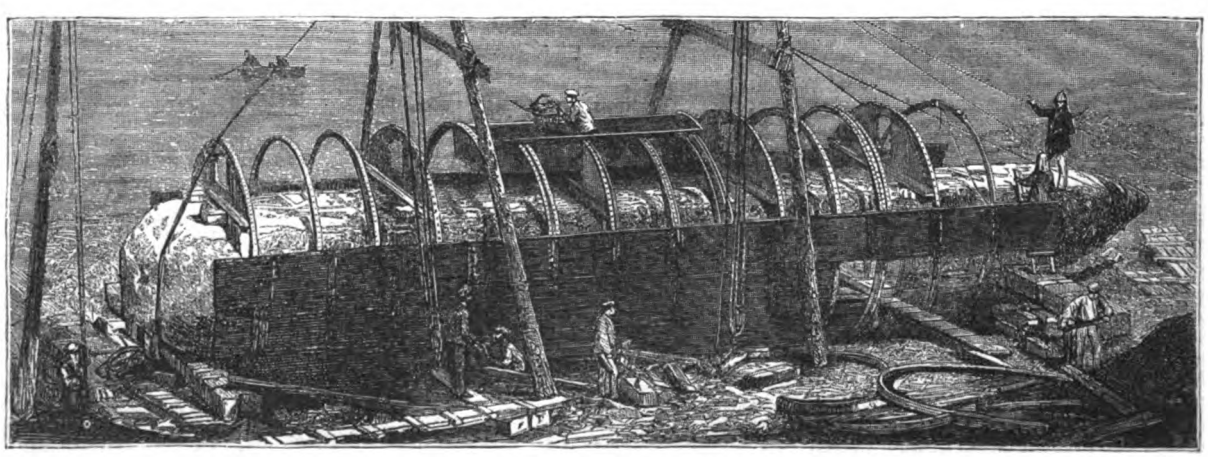
for ten years, ruined him by her cowardice in the sea-fight off Actium (Sept. 2, B.C. 31), was yet followed by him in her flight; how, after his dying in her arms, she tried to win the colder Augustus, and only gave up the hope of doing so when she saw he meant but to make a show of her in his public triumph; lastly, how she then died voluntarily by the bite of an asp, need not be detailed here.

The designation "Cleopatra's Needles," given from old tradition to the Alexandrian pair of Obelisks, has often been said to be a misnomer, and Bunsen styles it ridiculous. It would be so if, as was commonly thought before Mr. Waynman Dixon's discovery, last Summer, of the inscriptions on the bronze support of the standing monolith, the temple of the deified Julius, in front of whose Water Gate the Needles stood, had been reared by the Alexandrians to flatter Tiberius, who reigned from A.D. 14 to A.D. 37. Even now that we know they were set up in the eighth year of Augustus, or B.C. 23, it seems a serious objection to any right vesting in her that even this was seven years after the famous Queen's death. After all, however, the popular tradition connecting the monuments with her name has to be accounted for, and the least that can be said is that it is most likely founded on fact. They are an integral part of the temple, and not only may she have designed their removal and meant to build the temple, as Professor Wilson pleads, but it stands on record that she actually founded the sacred edifice in commemoration of the birth of her son Cæsarion, which took place B.C. 47.

This is a most suggestive and important date; for, without troubling the reader with any irksome details of the calculation, it is well worth remarking that in this year happened to fall the fiftieth recurrence of the Great Trentenary Festival, on occasion of which, as the Needle inscription says, Thothmes III. set up the Obelisks in On. In that Pharaoh's time it fell, as we shall soon see, on the 28th of August, B.C. 1502. The return of this grand panegyry thus, in all likelihood, furnished the religious motive, as the birth of Cæsarion was the personal and political occasion, of the foundation of the temple and of the removal of the Obelisks to its site. Of course they would not be set up until the completion of the building itself, which in those troublous times may easily have been delayed a score or so of years. In verifying the interval of a jubilee of trentenary cycles between B.C. 1502 and B.C. 47, it should not be forgotten that the years meant here are not our solar ones, but free lunar years, like those of the Moslem trentenary cycles, to each of which are reckoned 360 moons, 10,631 days.

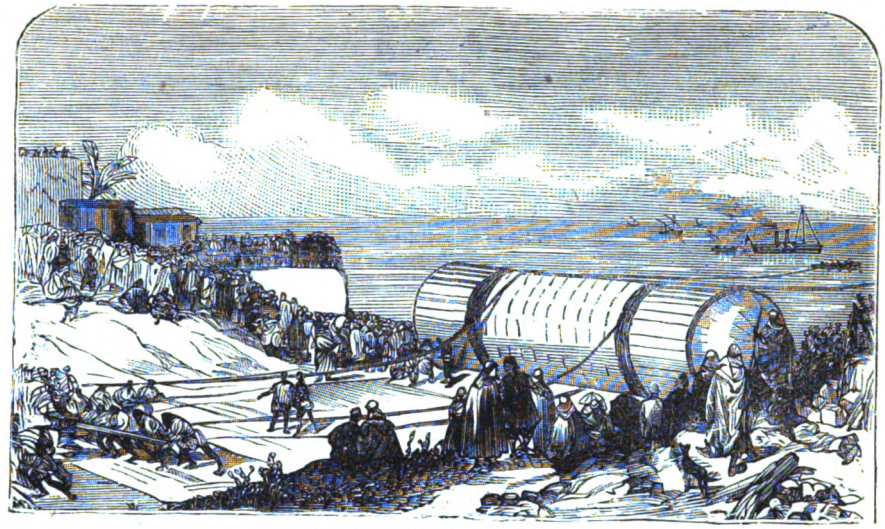
To Lepsius belongs the merit of having first suggested a comparison between the puzzling thirty-year cycles mentioned on the Rosetta Stone, and in so many other hieroglyphical inscriptions, especially those of the colossal Obelisks, and the thirty-year cycle of the Moslems. This was in 1849, when he published his great work, "The Chronology of the Egyptians." Unfortunately the Nestor of Egyptological research did not follow up his own hint.

Ramses the Great has associated his grandly historical name with Cleopatra's Needles by something more than popular tradition, however well accredited by the known facts of the case; for, on the columns flanking on either

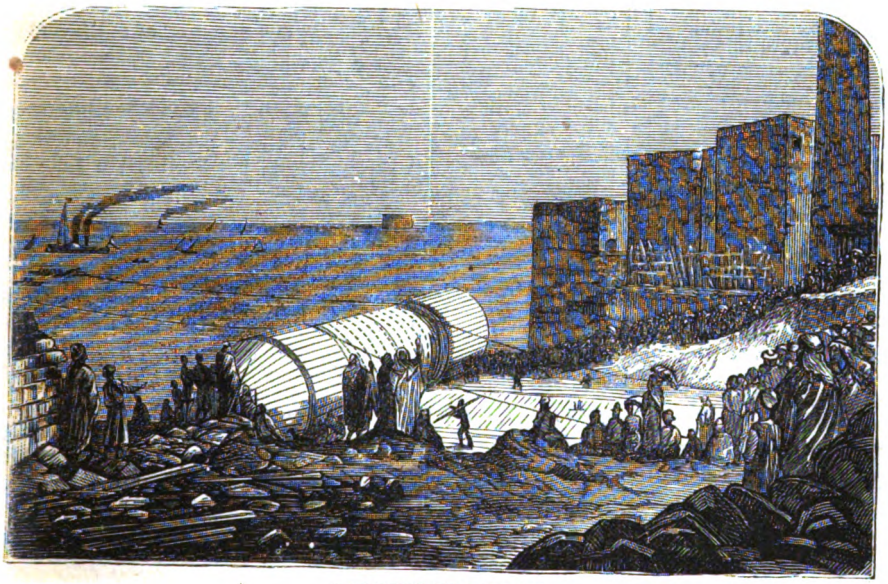


CONSTRUCTION OF THE CYLINDER SHIP "CLEOPATRA" ROUND THE OBELISK.

side each central one of Thothmes III., he has written, not only his two royal rings or ovals, but all the three other titles also belonging to the full Pharaonic style from the Pyramid dynasties downward; whereas Thothmes has more modestly contented himself with the first of these three additional flourishes of the herald's trump. It is that which heads all the columns, and used to be known as the banner-name, from the resemblance of the oblong inclosure in which it is written, beneath the bull and weaponed arm, to a fringed banner or standard. But, as the most learned hieroglyphist of the age, Dr. Birch, of the British Museum, has shown, this oblong



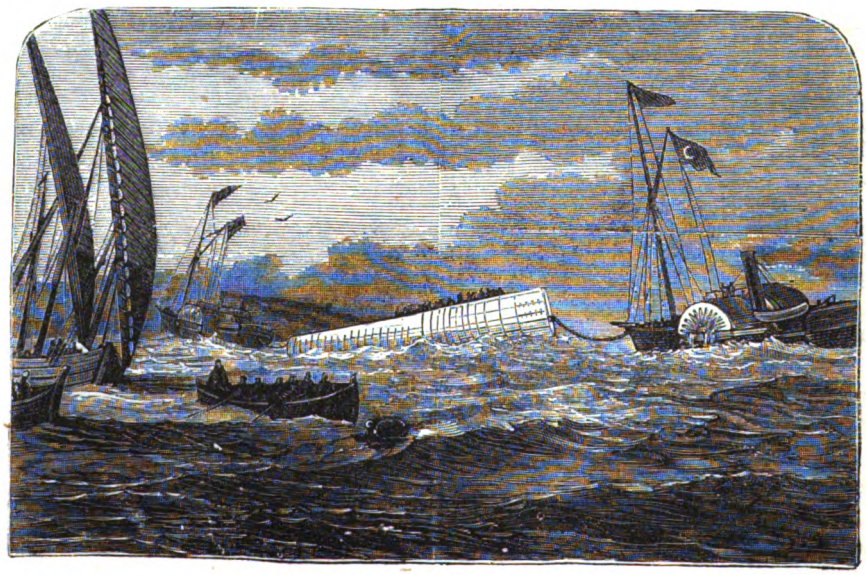
ROLLING THE OBELISK TO THE SHORE.



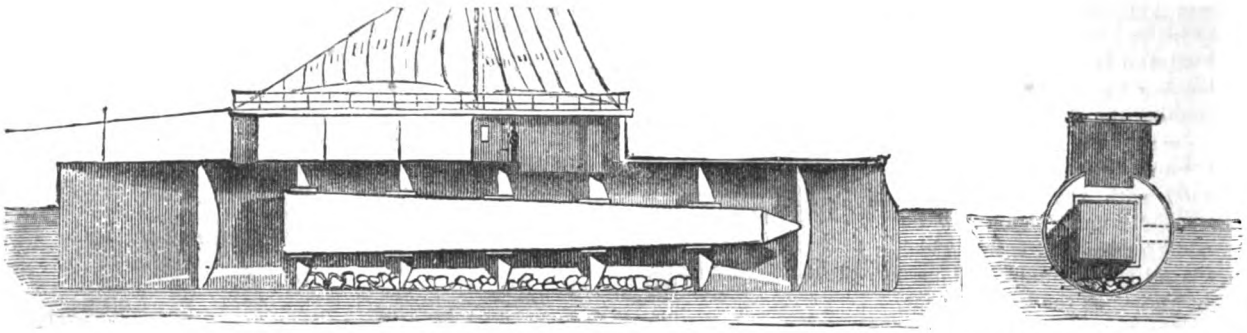
LAUNCHING THE OBELISK.

is a gateway or pylon, and he has found it represented with its bolt; hence he calls it the palatial name. Since the name of the Egyptian god Har, or Horus, the Apollo of Hermapion's obelisk translation, undoubtedly means *sublime*, it might be called the Sublime Porte name. The *pschent* on the hawk's head is the double crown, combining the white tiara of Upper with the red of Lower Egypt, the symbol denoting that the Sublime Porte in question is that of United Egypt. The epithet "powerful bull," within the rectangle, is common to all the Pharaohs.

The Obelisk now in England has below the weaponed arm more or less distinctive titles of Ramses on each of the four sides. On the first side, to the left, he is "darling of the goddess Ma," or Truth. On the right he is "son of Tum," the god of the Setting Sun, at On, or Heliopolis. The palatial name on the left lateral column of the second side is the same as on the first; on the right he is "son of the god Khepera." On the third side he is "darling of the sun-god Ra" on the right, and the left repeats the title "son of Tum." The last side gives his palatial name "darling of Truth" once more, to the right, and he is "son of Ptah-Tanen," a form of the Egyptian Hephaistos or Vulcan, to the left. The so-called Vulture-Uræus titulature of Ramses appears on the first and third sides. It is known by the prefix, rendered "lord of diadems" in the bi-lingual inscriptions, and consisting of that



THE OBELISK AT SEA.



LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF PONTOON BOAT. CROSS SECTION OF PONTOON BOAT.

bird and the coiled basilisk, or royal serpent, each surmounting a bowl, and is translated by Dr. Birch, "guardian of Egypt, chastiser of foreign lands." On the second and fourth sides are seen the King's Gold Horus names, indicated by the prefixed hawk perched on the sign for that metal. Dr. Birch renders them "supplier of years, greatly powerful."

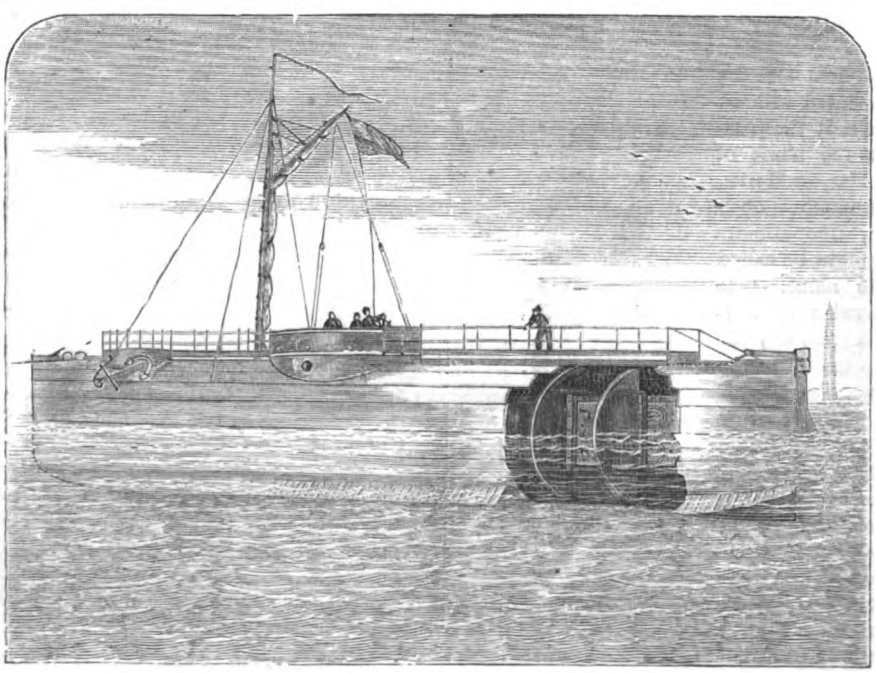
In all this there is nothing unusual, any more than in the royal rings of Ramses Miamun, with the forename of "Usimares, approved of the Sun," given him at his accession, or, indeed, in the rest of the high-sounding titles which make up the great bulk of these inscriptions.

Besides Dr. Birch, Chabas, the eminent French Egyptologist, and even an Alexandrian hieroglyphist, Signor Demetrius Mosconas, have translated the inscriptions of both Ramses and Thothmes, giving for the first time all the four sides from a model, carefully prepared, and now published, by Mr. Waynman Dixon. That gentleman, it may be added, although not a professed hieroglyphist, is known to science as one of the latest and not least shrewd of the Great Pyramid explorers; certain mysterious passages of that wonderful building are named after him, as their discoverer, Dixon's Tubes. In one of these he found, under circumstances unmistakably demonstrative of its having been left there by the builders, a small copper implement, of unknown use, but shaped something like a double-barbed fish-hook. It is the oldest piece of that metal in the world. Iron of the age of Cheops had already been found in the Pyramid by Colonel Howard Vyse. It has been remarked that the Egyptian name for iron, *benipé*, means "skystone," and points to that people's having used meteoric iron before the discovery of mines of that metal.

But to return to Ramses Miamun, the far-famed conqueror Sesostris—Sestesu and Sestesu-Ra in the papyri—of whom Herodotus wrote for the Greeks. The stretch of his empire was very likely exaggerated by the Egyptian priests with whom the Father of History conversed, and the Pharaoh who has monopolized about half the Nilotic inscriptions is prone, it must be owned, to self-praise. His vainglorious habit of surcharging with his own legends the monumen of his most famous predecessors, especially his own far more warlike father, and, as in the instance of our Needles, the incomparably greater Thothmes III., helps to explain the pretty certain fact of his having been credited sometimes with their deeds. Still he was, as he calls himself on our Obelisk, a king of kings, whom his palace paintings show dragging his chariot. It is hard to believe that his arms reached Thrace, thus at least touching Europe, as we read in the classics. But if Mr. Gladstone be right in making Homer's Keteioi in the Troad a branch of the great Khita people, so well known from the Egyptian and Assyrian monuments, and whom the Egyptian scribes always said came from Bactria, Sestesu's diplomacy, if not his martial prowess, may really have carried his name to the Dardanelles.

At the narrows of those straits, where Byron swam across, stood the Homeric Sestos on the Thracian shore, facing Abydos on the Asiatic side, the one seemingly christened after the Pharaoh, and the other after one of his favorite cities on the Nile.

With the Khita, after long and bloody wars, Ramses, in his twenty-first year, made a treaty of alliance, the oldest extant, which was afterward cemented by a marriage with the daughter of their King. It is on record that they raised statues to his honor. In Africa his colossal temples and palaces are found deep in Nubia to the south, and he tamed the Libyan nations to the west and north. In Asia his triumphal slabs were set up in Arabia

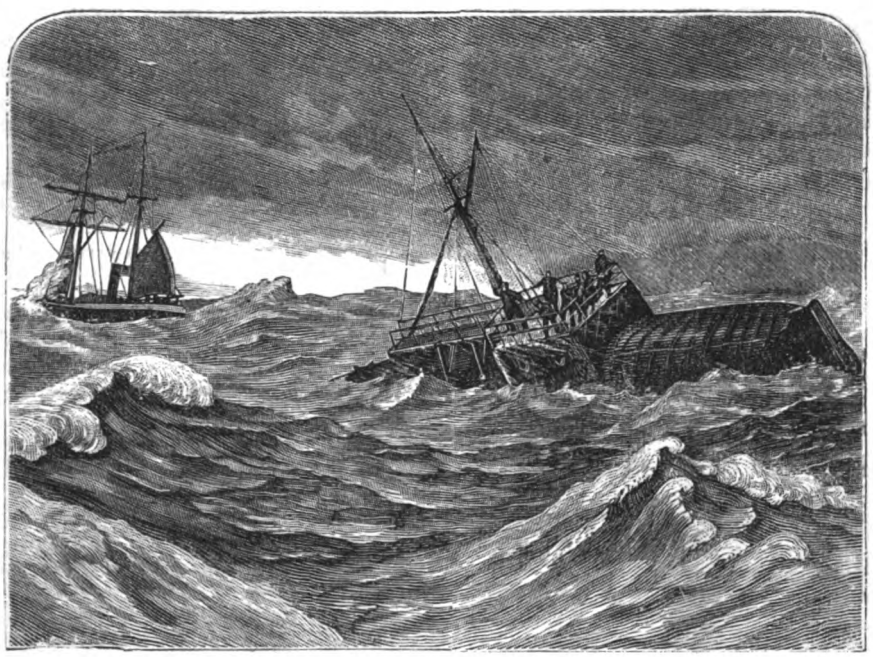


MODE IN WHICH THE OBELISK WAS PACKED IN THE VESSEL.

and Northern Syria, and his armies marched across the Mesopotamian plains far beyond the Euphrates. Hence, shear as critics fairly may the mythic radiance with which this earthly sun-god shone, enough of fact is left to explain his having passed as the ideal Egyptian hero of classical tradition.

Ramses the Great was the second of fourteen Pharaohs belonging to the New Empire who bore that name. The First Ramses was his own grandfather, whose short reign of little more than a year, it was the great merit of the late learned Dr. Hincks to prove, was marked by an astronomical era named after him, which he further showed began B.C. 1323. To the father of Sesostris, Seti I., the national annalist, Manetho, assigned fifty-four years, so that Sesostris himself, a boy of ten years at his accession, began to reign B.C. 1269. He reigned no fewer than sixty-six years, when his thirteenth son, Menephtha, whom all but a handful of hieroglyphists make the Pharaoh of the Exodus, followed him on the throne. This would be in B.C. 1203.

The Obelisk chronology, with the further light shed on it by independent monuments of Ramses the Great, remarkably verifies Dr. Hincks's assignment of the Era of Menophres, mentioned by the Alexandrian astronomer Theon, to the grandfather of Sesostris. For the date of the great conqueror's accession thus resulting, B.C. 1269, is exactly measured by an interval of eight trentenary cycles from that attributable to the erection of our Needles, B.C. 1502; whilst on the other hand there is a monument of this Pharaoh's which actually dates the First Festival of such a cycle in his first year, and no fewer than four inscriptions mention its recurrence in his thirtieth.



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE ON THE VOYAGE, PRIOR TO ITS ABANDONMENT.

Following up now the hint given us by the Trentenary Festival date inscribed by Thothmes III. himself on our Needle, that the giant Obelisks—Professor Wilson reckons to this class all over fifty feet high—were wont to be set up, reinscribed, or otherwise appropriated, on such Grand Panegyries, we may form a shrewd guess as to when Sesostris erected the Luxor pair, one of which still stands there, whilst its mate adorns the Place de la Concorde at Paris. They are Theban, and were dedicated to the Theban Amen Ra. Hence they can scarcely be any other than those of whose erection in his honor the Pharaoh is made to remind that god in the invocation put into his mouth by his Court bard, Pindar. The cry to Heaven is wrung from the royal hero in the supreme moment of his life, when he was cutting his way through 2,500 chariots of the Khita. The battle was fought in his fifth year, so that the erection of the Luxor Obelisks very likely coincided with the Trentenary Festival in his first. Be that, however, as it may, the Flaminian Obelisk brought by Augustus from Heliopolis to Rome, and set up by that Emperor in the *spina* of the Circus Maximus (exactly as it is represented in the annexed extremely rare and interesting British Museum coins of Trajan and Gordian III.), but which now stands in the Piazza del Popolo, is almost certainly of that date. For Seti I., plainly with a view to the approaching Trentenary Panegyry, which, however, he was not to live to see, not only quarried the monolith, but actually engraved three of its sides, leaving the fourth middle column only for his son and successor, who added also the lateral inscriptions. There seems nothing of weight to be urged against the supposition of Ramses having availed himself of the same concurrence of the sacred festival with his accession, possibly even with his coronation, to delight the eyes of his loyal subjects with like flanking columns on the older pair of Thothmes III.

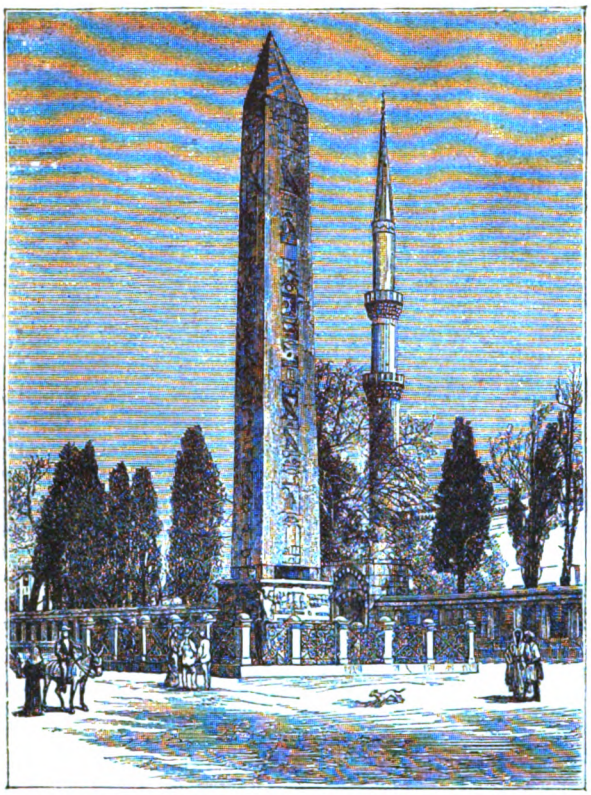
Thothmes I. was the son of Amenophthis I., who reigned twenty years and seven months, and the grandson of Amasis I. Amasis heads the great Eighteenth Dynasty, and in his sixth year forced Avaris—the last and most formidable stronghold of the Hykshos, or Shepherd Kings, who had domineered over Egypt during the 511 years of the so-called Middle Empire—to capitulate. He thus became founder of the New Empire.

After this great triumph the Liberator ruled twenty-five years and four months. The horse is first mentioned in his reign, and is seen yoked to chariots and plows in that of his son and successor, Amenophthis I.

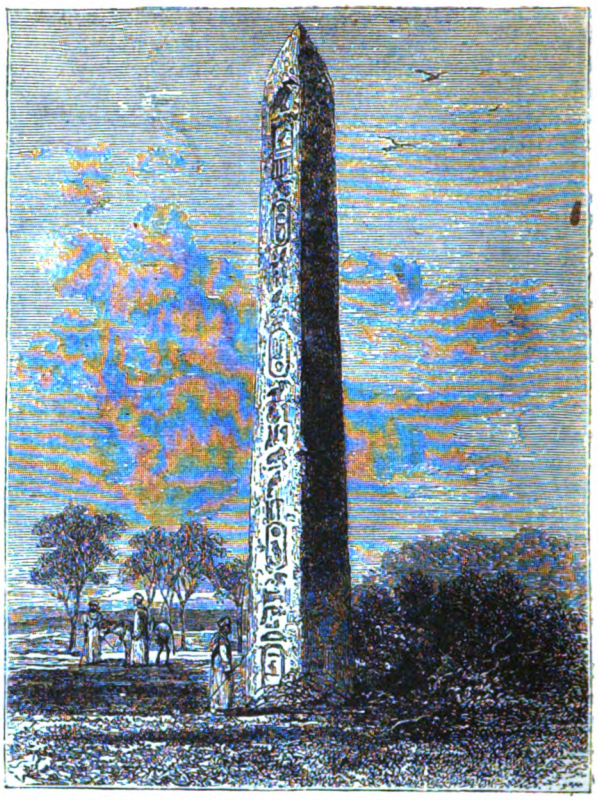
Thothmes I. made Nubian conquests, and warred against the Lutnu, or Syrians, who gave name to the Lutanus river in that country, and who are now first mentioned in the hieroglyphical inscriptions. He pushed forward also the building of the great Temple of Amen at Karnak. This sanctuary of the Theban sun-god had been founded under the Old Egyptian Empire, several centuries before the Hykshos broke the native dominion up, by Usertasen I., the Pharaoh who set up the oldest dated Obelisk in the world—that now lingering on the spot, as the last living witness of the oldest glories of Heliopolis (see Illustration).

Amasis was the second founder of the Temple at Karnak, and his grandson adorned it with a pair of Obelisks, of which but one is still standing (see Illustration).

Thothmes I. reigned thirteen years, and three of his children after him between fifty and sixty more. These were a son, Thothmes II., a daughter, Hatasu — styled Amensis, in Manetho's Greek List, which is borne out by a unique Louvre monument — and, lastly, their younger



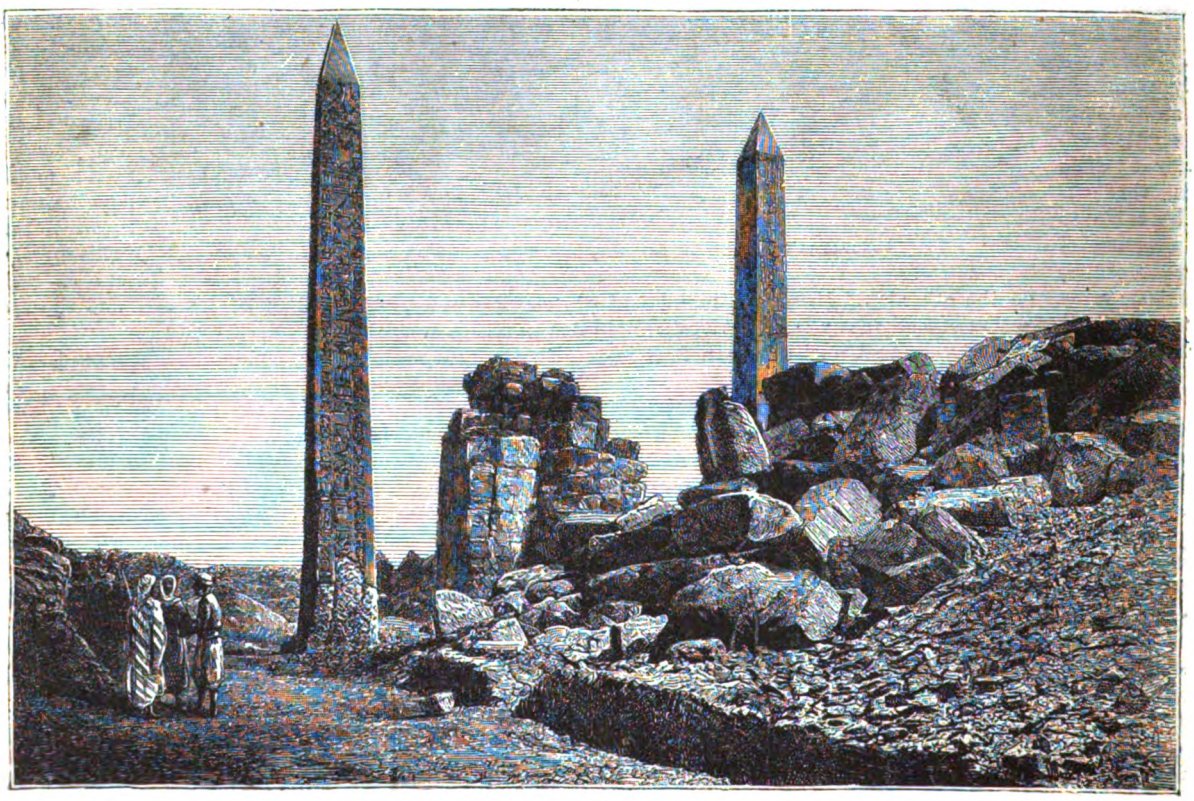
THE OBELISK OF THOTHMES III., ERECTED BY THEODOSIUS II. IN THE HIPPODROME, CONSTANTINOPLE.



THE OBELISK AT "ON" (HELIOPOLIS), SET UP BY USERTASEN I. (REIGNED FROM B.C. 2783 TO B.C. 2737).

brother, Thothmes III., who set up at Heliopolis the pair of Obelisks known as Cleopatra's Needles, and at Thebes another pair, the survivor of which now adorns the Atmeidan, or Hippodrome, at Constantinople (see Illustration).

Thothmes II. was a *fainéant* king, and reigned but a year and three-quarters. His name and reign have both dropped out of the Greek List, although traces remain that Manetho recorded both. According to Canon Cook,



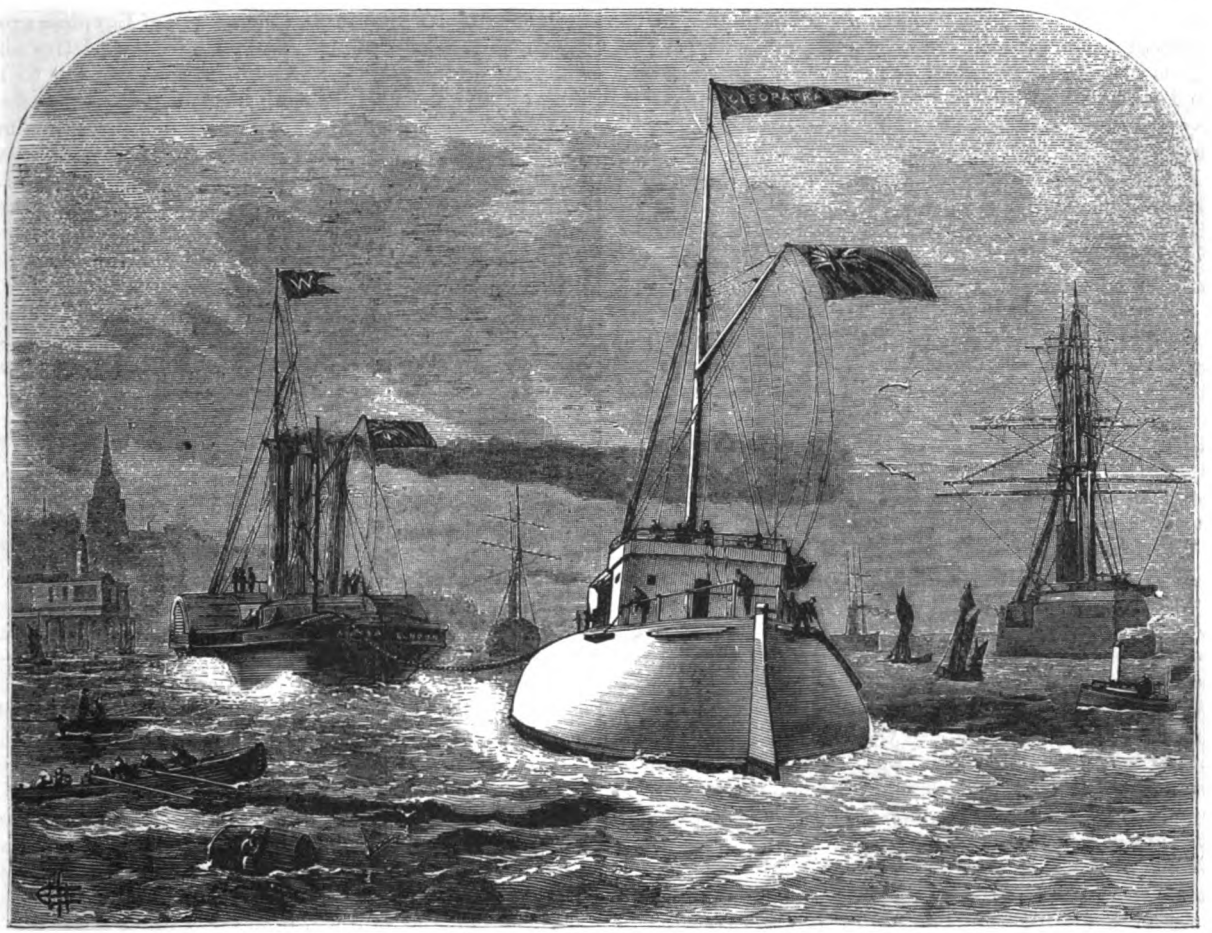
THE TWO STANDING OBELISKS AT KARNAK—THAT IN THE FOREGROUND WAS SET UP BY THOTHMES I., THE OTHER BY QUEEN HATASU.

the editor of the "Speaker's Commentary on the Bible," and one or two other Egyptologists, he was the Pharaoh of the Exodus. The same identification was made 2,000 years ago, on the authority of Heliopolitan tradition, by the Græco-Egyptian chronicler Artapanos, who calls the King Chenephres, which is a monumental name of Thothmes II.

Amensis, or Hatasu, was the queen-consort of this elder brother, whom she survived twenty-five years and a month, during which she reigned jointly, something after the manner of the co-regnant Cæsars and Augusti, along with her other brother, Thothmes III., who must have been very young at the death of Thothmes II. Several inscriptions attest this distributed sway. Her share of the realm was Upper Egypt, with imperial Thebes for her capital. The classical tradition of an African Amazon Queen must have borrowed traits from her. She wears male attire, and habitually speaks of herself as a man. She was the Semiramis, or Zenobia, of the Nile. In right of her navy, the first worthy of the name seen on the Egyptian monuments, she may remind us of Queen Elizabeth, and her glory, perhaps, was eclipsed by no Pharaoh, save by the brother, whose jealous posthumous mutilation of her monuments shows how bitterly he resented her having overshadowed him so long.

The great event of her reign was her Red Sea Expedition. Her large fleet of thirty oared and sail-rigged galleys, after taking tribute from Arabia Felix, passed the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, and doubling Cape Guardafui, the easternmost horn of Africa and of the great Gulf of Aden, made the Queen of the Somali tribes her vassal. This was five hundred years before Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. Amongst the spoils with which the Egyptian ships sailed home freighted, were precious gums, perfumes, ebony, ivory, gold, stibium, cynocephali, and baboons, panther-skins, horns and slaves. There were also frankincense and other rare trees, which were transplanted into the royal gardens. The Pharaoness says of the cosmetic which she prepared from the best of the scents that it breathed a divine odor, making the skin shine like gold and ivory and bright as the stars.

Queen Hatasu set up in the Karnak Temple, in front of the pylon named after her father, a pair of red granite Obelisks, about a hundred feet high, "the caps of which," she tells us, "were adorned with pure gold taken from the chiefs of all nations. One of them is still standing, with the shattered fragments of its fellow beside it on the ground (see Illustration). The inscription on the upright shaft states that it was set up on the day of the First Panegyry, or Festival of the Thirty-Year Cycle.



ARRIVAL OF THE TUG "ANGLIA" WITH CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE, OFF GRAVESEND.

The special domain of Thothmes III., during the period of his joint sway with his imperious sister, was Lower Egypt, and his capital was Heliopolis, or the City of the Sun, as the classical writers call the On of the Bible and of the hieroglyphical inscriptions. Upon the Needles and elsewhere he is styled Hyk On, or King of On, and accordingly Pliny, speaking of the Alexandrian monoliths, expressly says they were first set up at Heliopolis by the King of that city, Mesphra. This is a very fair classical transcript of the Pharaoh's prenomen, or throne-name, Me(n)-shpr-Ra. Indeed, it is that of Manetho himself, who combines it with his better-known family name, styling him Mesphra-Tuthmosis.

At On in its palmy days Joseph grew up to be a Vizier, and Moses became wise in all the learning of the Egyptians. Even in its fall this great University city in the Eastern Delta could still teach Plato philosophy, and Eudoxos such astronomy and chronology as made him the forerunner of Julius Cæsar in reforming the calendars of the Western nations.

The Obelisk of Usertasen I., set up there, is dated by the same First Festival of the same all but perfect astronomical cycle of thirty years as dates Queen Hatasu's, and, as Dr. Birch's critical sagacity first read out from a faulty text a short time ago, the same which dates the British Needle also. A fourth such instance amongst the dozen or so great Obelisks throughout the world is the so-called Campensis. It was first set up by Psammetiches II. at Heliopolis, and was removed by Augustus to the Campus Martius at Rome, whence its name. It now stands in the Piazza di Monte Citorio.

This very striking fourfold coincidence squares well with the idea that many, if not all, of these colossal Obelisks may serve as milestones along the dark road of Egyptian chronology.

Looked at from this point of view, it may seem almost a disappointment that amongst the privileged third of the whole number of colossal Obelisks, namely, the four expressly dated by the First Festival of the trentenary cycle, two should have been set up on the very same day. Yet such is the curious and interesting fact. The two in question are Hatasu's monolith and the British Needle. Amongst the two or three hundred monumentally known Pharaohs, Thothmes III. is believed to be the only one whose reign, the first day and the last, as well as its exact duration, are all hieroglyphically recorded. His monuments, moreover, happily furnish several concurrent astronomical data which enable us to translate this archaic notation of time into our own.

We thus know that Thothmes III., who counted his reign from the death of his brother, Thothmes II., ascended the throne May 7th, B.C. 1515, and died March 21st, B.C. 1461. His masculine sister, on the other hand, dates her years from the accession of her elder brother, whose queen she was from the first. It was in her sixteenth year, on the 30th of the month Mesori, as stated in her pedestal inscription, that she set up her gilded Obelisks at Thebes. As we already know, it was on the First Festival of the Thirty-Year Cycle, which, the monuments teach us, numbered eleven festivals in all, as does the exactly similar trentenary cycle of the Moslems.

We know, too, from its hieroglyphics, that England's Needle was set up on the First Festival of either the same cycle, or of the next, and that it was set up at Heliopolis, its inscription thus verifying Pliny's assertion that it was erected there.

Unfortunately the Needle inscription gives neither regnal year nor day. But Pliny adds the all-important fact that it was set up by Mesphra, *i.e.*, by Thothmes III., when he was King of Heliopolis, and accordingly during his joint reign with his sister. But only one such cyclic First Festival *could* fall within the joint reign, and the Karnak pedestal inscription happily fills in the year and day missing in the Needle record. The reduction gives the 28th of August, B.C. 1502, as the exact date of the erection both of the Heliopolitan monoliths and of the gilded Obelisks at Thebes.

Thothmes III., the latest and most learned historiographers of the Pharaohs, Dr. Birch, of the British Museum, and Brugsch Bey, speak of as Egypt's Alexander the Great, and the doughtiest of her conquering kings. Of the 780 pages covered by the German edition of Professor Brugsch's monumental history, published but a few months ago, and of which an English translation is already in the press, the Obelisk Pharaoh, now in London, fills 96. Before the death of his masterful sister he had slipped from her leading-strings, and had fought his way in person through Syria, Phœnicia and Mesopotamia, in several of the fifteen brilliant campaigns, extending from his twenty-second to his forty-second year, which are recorded in detail at Karnak, and form the grandest chapter of his country's annals. Before his reign closed he marched near enough to India to enjoy a day's sport against 120 elephants—an animal, as Dr. Birch remarks in his Rede Lecture, delivered before the University of Cambridge in 1876, not known in the Euphrates Valley in B.C. 850, when Shalmaneser II. represented it on the Nimroud Obelisk with the ears of a horse, the elephant, in our own day, being 1,200 miles to the east of those alluvial plains.

Our Pharaoh's epoch "was the apogee of Egyptian greatness, and it is scarcely possible to realize the relative magnificence of the period. The inscriptions relating to the time on the walls of Thebes, translated to Germanicus, astonished the Roman masters of Egypt and the civilized world. A pylon at Thebes gives 1,200 names of places conquered or garrisoned by the Egyptians." "The arms of Egypt reached to Nineveh Babel offered tribute and homage."

In Africa his conquests were pushed to the furthest east of the continent; and in the south beyond the Blue Nile. "In the hymns or pæans to Thothmes and lists, Kefa or Phœnicia, and the Isles of the Mediterranean—probably Cyprus, to which some have referred the sculpture of an early age, modeled after contemporary Egyptian sculpture—are mentioned. Not insensible to science, Thothmes commenced in his twenty-fifth year the first collection of botany." This was in Syria.

The timely action of England has at last saved from the fate threatened by barbarism one of the few colossal Obelisks left in the world; one of the only four such monoliths bearing a definite date; one associated with the glories of Abercromby and Nelson, with the names of the first Cæsars and Cleopatra; one engraved with the signs manual of Sesostris and Thothmes the Great.

The vexed question of the most appropriate site for the erection of the Obelisk is at last settled, and it is to find a resting-place at the Adelphi steps on the Thames embankment. The damp, smoke-laden atmosphere of the British metropolis is likely to have a very damaging effect upon the stone, which in a more favorable climate has lasted so long. The *Pall Mall Gazette* states, on the authority of a certain German doctor, that the Luxor Obelisk has suffered greater deterioration during the last thirty-six years by exposure to the atmosphere of Paris, than it did in the purer atmosphere of Egypt during the same number of centuries.

FLOGGING—TURKISH, JEWISH AND ENGLISH.

THE rod has played a conspicuous part in history; it enters into scholastic, religious and civil discipline. With the ax, it was the emblem of the power of life and death at Rome, and in our ornamentation the ax and rods, the fasces of the lictor, still enter.

How the rod is used in Turkish schools is shown in our illustration. It will be new to our young folks. The unfortunate culprit is laid on his back, and a pole, with cords fixed in it, is used to raise up his feet, so as to be within convenient distance of the teacher's ferule. This pole is supported by two boys, and the bare feet are run through slip-nooses in the cords so as to hold the feet with the soles upright and immovable.

Religious flogging, used in monasteries under the name of discipline, is evidently taken from the Jews, whose practice throws light on doubtful passages of Scripture. Buxtorf, in his "Judaic Synagogue" (1661), says:

"There are constantly two men in every Jewish school who withdraw from the rest of the company, and retire into a particular place of the room, where they are met: one lays himself flat on the ground, with his head turned to the north and his feet to the south (or his head to the south and his feet to the north); and the other, who remains standing, gives him thirty-nine blows upon his back with a strap or thong of ox-leather. In the meanwhile the man who is lashed recites three times over the thirty-eighth verse of the seventy-eighth Psalm. This verse in the Hebrew language contains just thirteen words; at every word the patient recites he receives a lash from the other man, which, when he has recited the whole verse three times over, makes up the prescribed number, thirty-nine; and at every time he says the last word he strikes his own breast with his fist. This operation being concluded, the *operator* in his turn becomes the *patient*, and places himself in the same situation as the other had done, who then uses him in the same brotherly manner in which the former had used him, and they thus mutually chastise each other for their sins."

Whipping as a civil punishment has ceased almost entirely with us, but our illustrations from old prints show how it was done in the olden time.

In the year 1685, when Jeffreys was Lord Chief Justice, Titus Oates underwent a whipping almost unprecedentedly severe. Titus Oates was the son of an Anabaptist teacher; and, assuming Holy Orders, became chaplain on board a man-of-war, whence he was dismissed on complaint of beastly crimes. His after career was simply a course of villainy and perjury. The pictures of the period show him as a bull-necked, bandy-legged figure, with "forehead villainous low," and purple, bloated face. He stood his trial with great effrontery, although bullied and reviled by the judges and witnesses. He was found guilty on both indictments, and here is the sentence: "To pay on each indictment a fine of one thousand marks; to be stripped of all his canonical habits; to be imprisoned for life; to stand in the pillory on the following Monday with a paper on his head, declaring his crime; next day to stand in the pillory at the Royal Exchange with the same inscription; on the Wednesday to be whipped from Aldgate to Newgate; on the Friday to be whipped from Newgate to Tyburn; upon the 24th of April in every year during life to stand in the pillory at Tyburn, opposite the gallows; on the 9th of August in every year to stand in the pillory opposite Westminster Hall gate; on the 10th of August in every year to stand in the pillory at Charing Cross; and the like on the following day at Temple Bar; to be continued on the 2d of September every year at the Royal Exchange"; the Court expressing deep regret that they could not do more, as they would "not have been unwilling to have given judgment of death upon him."

In "Partridge's Almanack for 1692," it is stated that Oates was whipped with a whip of six thongs, and received 2,256 lashes, amounting to 13,536 stripes.

The other illustration represents Stroud, a notorious cheat, whipped at the cart's tail from Charing Cross to Whitehall.

BE always at leisure to do good; never make business an excuse to decline offices of humanity.

CITIES force growth, and make men talkative and entertaining; but they also make them artificial.

KID.

ON Tuesday, the 7th of June—the rest of the date not important—Mr. Joshua Tanner, host of The Black Bear Inn, in the pretty and retired village of Bayside, had the felicity of receiving as guests Madame Lubec and her maid, Mademoiselle Florine. And these came not as mere transient guests, but with the understanding that they were to remain some weeks—some months, perhaps, if the air, and the bathing, and the place, and the people, and the rooms, and the *cuisine*, were such as to meet the approval of madame For madame was fastidious, as she avowed, and exacting, as she soon allowed to be apparent; but as she was also rich, and paid liberally, and ordered many *extras* in the way of wine, etc., mine host was content to overlook her little infirmities with the benevolent indulgence of a spirit itself superior to such, so that both parties got on excellently together.

Madame had the best little parlor and bedroom—the former opening upon an upper piazza, prettily shaded with Madeira-vine, and looking, first, down upon an old-fashioned, shady lawn, and thence across a sandy beach to the broad, smooth waters of the bay, and the green shores and pretty hamlets surrounding it, with, far in the distance, a brief glimpse of the ocean. Here, in a big armchair by the window, she generally sat reading novels and papers and magazines—French, most of them—or getting Florine to do it for her, when she was herself too sleepy or "nervous" for that fatiguing employment.

Sometimes she would "exercise" on the piazza, or walk a little on the sands, leaning on Florine's left arm, while Florine's right held an umbrella above her head; and once she even ventured on a little, quiet sail in Mr. Tanner's fishing-boat, and declared it very pleasant.

To be sure, Bayside was only a dull, out-of-the-way little place, with nothing to interest or amuse; but madame must submit to this for the sake of the health she had come in search of. She was a "nervous" sufferer, subject to headaches, pains and weaknesses of various sorts, and her physician had sent her to this quiet, cool, healthy little place, with the assurance that she would be benefited by a brief residence there during the Summer months.

Madame Lubec, notwithstanding her name and title, was not a Frenchwoman. She had been born and brought up in America, and had early married a Frenchman, with whom she had resided in France until his death, a few years back. She had now returned to her native country on a business visit, but so thoroughly imbued with French tastes and habits, that she made no scruple of expressing her disgust of everything American, and especially of American cookery.

In fact, this latter was the one little point of disagreement between mine host and his distinguished guest. Madame insisted at times upon French dishes and French cookery. She looked with dissatisfaction upon good roast beef and mutton, and ordered them to be served minced, and seasoned, and disguised in such quantities of gravy and sauces and spices that the cook, Mrs. Jobson—the landlord was a widower—who prided herself upon her skill in the preparation of "good, wholesome, Christian victuals," frequently averred that when the dishes were prepared and ready to be sent up, she really couldn't tell "which was which, or whether one warn't t'other."

And as to eating what was left of these preparations, Mrs.

FLOGGING.—CASTIGATION OF A PENITENT IN A SYNAGOGUE.—SEE PAGE 602.

Jobson would as soon have partaken of "pizen"—a prejudice shared by every individual of the establishment, with the exception of Dick, the kitchen-boy, and his usual companion, the big white cat—neither of whom had ever been known to be particularly dainty on the subject of gastronomy.

Had the question of the mere method of cooking been all, it would not have been half so bad. But what would people think of an elderly lady, born in America, well-mannered and well-dressed, who unhesitatingly avowed her partiality for—*frogs?*

Yet such was the fact; and Madame Lubec had offered Dick a liberal reward for every one of those hideous reptiles that he could succeed in capturing and bringing to The Black Bear for her special delectation and refreshment.

She was fond of frogs; she knew of no more nice and delicate dish. Chicken was not to be compared with it, and rabbit was—*bah!* Yes, certainly, she quite adored frogs. And before the disgust and astonishment of this discovery had quite worn away from the minds of the good people of Bayside, it was revived and heightened tenfold by the appearance in the kitchen of Mademoiselle Florine, bearing a basket of mushrooms, carefully collected by herself, with a request from madame that they should be stewed in milk, and served hot, with spices, wine and butter.

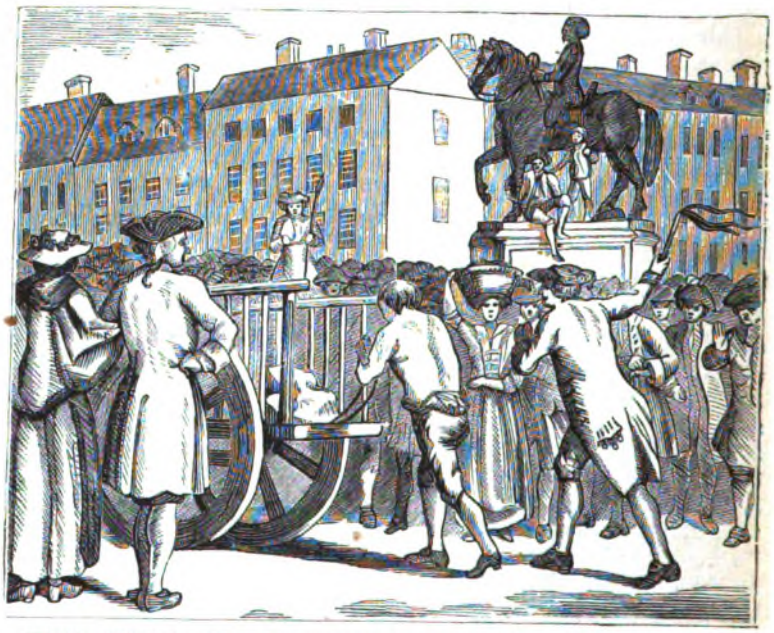
In vain did Mr. Tanner express his warning conviction that all mushrooms were poisonous. Florine averred that nothing was more wholesome. In vain did Mrs. Jobson declare that they were "carrion." Florine swore that they were "divine."

"Mushrooms! Why, the very pigs would refuse to touch 'em!" said the cook.

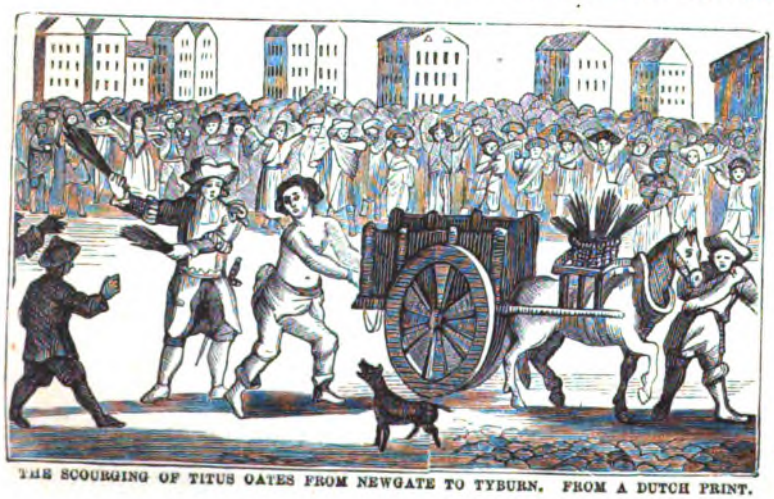
"Madame Jobson was welcome to do as the pigs did," said Florine. "For herself, she had not the time to stand talking there about what the barbarous Americans could never understand; she must go out again, and search for snails for her lady. Snails were excellent eating. Roasted brown, in their shells, she had herself seen them served to her former mistress, who was consumptive, at the hotel in Nice—six on a silver plate, with a tiny gold fork with which to pluck them out of their shells. They tasted like——"

But here Mrs. Jobson, with a convulsed and seasick countenance, rushed out of the kitchen, into the yard, and so missed the valuable knowledge of the peculiar flavor of a roasted snail.

After this, however, the people of The Black Bear, and the inhabitants round about, were prepared for anything in the way of gastronomical manifestations from Madame Lubec and her French maid. The



STROUD, THE NOTORIOUS CHEAT, WHIPPED AT THE CART'S TAIL THROUGH LONDON.



THE SCOURGING OF TITUS OATES FROM NEWGATE TO TYBURN. FROM A DUTCH PRINT.

only wonder was, *what would it be next?* though it appeared doubtful whether anything lower than the snails and mushrooms could be discovered in the animal and vegetable kingdom to serve the gratification of any appetite, whether French or Hottentot.

Even Mr. Tanner remarked, in a low voice, in the privacy of the kitchen, that he should not be surprised any day at an order from madame for a *fricassee* snake, *garni* with earth-worms; to which Mrs. Jobson replied, "that sich might be, only *she* weren't to be expected to cook 'em." And again, lifting her eyes deprecatingly to heaven, she wondered, "What next?" To tell the truth, this question was at that very time puzzling the mind of madame herself.

The fare at The Black Bear, though excellent and plentiful, had the drawback of a little too much sameness. Madame liked variety. No matter how nice the dish, she could not relish it if presented more than once a week; and this was often the case at The Black Bear, especially as regarded the meats. It was not a part of the country for game, and she was tired of the everlasting roast, and baked, and boiled beef, mutton, and lamb. Of this she complained to the host; but he declared, sorrowfully, that it could not be helped.

Bayside was a little place, remote from any great market, farm, or town, and it was very difficult, in Summer, to obtain a regular supply of fresh meats. Visitors were compelled to take what offered, and therewith to be content.

One bright day, madame sat sleepily dozing in the big armchair by the open window, whilst Florine, on the piazza outside, sat reading to her, and occasionally keeping off the flies with her fan. Presently madame seemed so far lapsed into the land of dreams that the maid paused, and laying her book open upon her knee, yawned long and wearily. And in the interval of time thus occupied, her ear caught some words spoken beneath the piazza. One of the speakers was Dick, and the other an intimate friend of his, who was sometimes employed upon the place.

"Our Kidd," said Dick, proudly—"our Kidd is the handsomest, fattest, playfullest critter of its sort that you ever sot eyes on. You couldn't find another to come up to him."

"He couldn't hold a candle to our'n," said the friend.

"And your'n couldn't hold a match to this 'ere one. Look at him! Look at his long shiny hair! Feel his skin, how thin it is; and his flesh, how fat and tender! Why, he's good enough to eat, is our Kidd."

"Ah, madame," said Florence, suddenly; and madame started from her doze.

"What is it?" she asked, fretfully.

"I beg madame's pardon, but they talk, those two," pointing downward—"they talk of one kid, one fine, fat, juicy kid. Madame did formerly like kid. Madame did complain of one sameness in ze cuisine."

"Certainly, I should like a change of some kind. I think I could relish a bit of kid, properly prepared. I remember when I liked it at the Château des Roches. That good Monsieur Tanner has doubtless obtained it expressly for me."

But as the good Monsieur Tanner made no allusion to the kid, and the kid never made its appearance upon the table, madame, whose desire for the new dish had been nursed by expectation, mentioned the subject to him.

KID.—"THE MADAME SEEMED SO FAR LAPSED INTO THE LAND OF DREAMS THAT THE MAID PAUSED, AND, LEANING OVER THE PIAZZA, CAUGHT SOME WORDS SPOKEN BENEATH."—SEE PAGE 603.

"Monsieur, I hear that you have a fine kid?"

"Kid?" inquired monsieur, doubtfully.

"Yes, a fine, fat kid. Your boy, Dick, mentioned it, I think."

For an instant the host looked perplexed. But suddenly his brow cleared and his countenance expanded into a suave smile.

"Ay, yes, madame—certainly it is a fine animal. His weight is nigh upon twenty pounds, and he's that fat, madame—that fat that one might put a wick into his mouth and burn him for a candle."

"Indeed," said Madame, looking pleased. "You are fattening him for the table, I presume?"

"For the table!"

"I confess I should very much like a taste of his flesh. It would be an agreeable change; and Florine here knows an excellent receipt for making a pleasant dish—necessarily rather strongly flavored, but good. A favorite dish in many parts of France."

The landlord, who had been staring as in blank amazement, now broke forth:

"But surely, madame, you don't really mean it? We don't eat that kind of animal *here*. We don't look upon it as fit meat for Christian folks, nor sceercely dogs—except the lowest."

Madame flushed, and erected herself with dignity.

"Pardon me, Monsieur Tanner," she observed, with elaborate stateliness—"pardon me for reminding you that it is scarcely appropriate in America to give lessons to France upon the subject of gastronomy and cooking. With us"—madame, when excited upon any little national point, was apt to forget that she had not been born in France—"with *us*, it is one of the fine arts, carefully studied; whilst you—Bah! what do Americans know about what is or what is not good to eat, or the proper manner of preparing food?—with you, it is but one degree removed from the native Indians. Hack off the shapeless lump of flesh, dump it in a pot of water, or poke it into the fire on the end of a stick, and call that cooking! Bah!"

"Monsieur" Tanner seemed too dumbfounded to take offense at these candid reflections upon himself and his nationality, or even to reply thereto.

Soothed by his silence, madame assumed a milder tone.

"And your kid, monsieur—shall we have it? I know very well that in this country a prejudice exists against its flesh, and that of the goat; but it is not so in Europe—certainly not in France. I should greatly enjoy the dish, and so I know would Florine."

"Ah, madame!" said Florine, clasping her hands and rolling up her eyes in ecstasy of assent.

Mine host rubbed his head and stroked his chin slowly.

"Well, madame," he said, thoughtfully, "I don't quite like sacrificing the poor critter, seein' he's been a sort o' pet about the place, and Mrs. Jobson might object to cooking it——"

"Mrs. Jobson is a fool, Monsieur Tanner!" interrupted madame, with a warmth which immediately imposed upon the host the necessity of conciliatory measures. So he answered, hastily:

"Not that I mean to deny but what she's some crotchety ways and notions of her own—Mrs. Jobson has—though I dessay I can bring her round. Yes, ma'am," he added, rather sadly, "seeing as your heart is sot upon the critter, I think I can say as how I'll see what can be done."

With this implied promise madame contented herself, though not without a doubt as to its fulfillment, until, on the next day, assured by Mr. Tanner himself that her wishes should be gratified—nay, that the kid was already sacrificed, and would be served at dinner on the day following, according to the receipt of Mademoiselle Florine.

The landlord looked a little out of spirits as he spoke thus; but replied to madame's polite inquiry, that he was quite well, only—only he had somehow lost his appetite on this day. And madame, divining the cause, uttered beneath her breath, as he left the room:

"The insolence and presumption of these ignorant people, to pretend to despise what *we* eat!"

However, she was again in a good humor when, on being summoned to dinner on the following day, her olfactories were greeted by a most savory odor of mingled meat, herbs and spices, and she saw before her the much-longed-for dish, prepared and cooked to a turn.

On trial it proved even better than she had hoped—tender, savory, and without a particle of the peculiar flavor which renders it so objectionable to the taste of English and Americans. In short, first madame, and then Florine, partook liberally of the *ragoût*. After which madame, calm, placid, pleased, sat at her window, with her glass of wine beside her, while Dick came in to remove the dishes.

Dick grinned furtively as his eye turned from the *ragoût* to madame; and he sniffed at the former secretly, as he prepared to remove it.

"Really, Richard," said madame, condescendingly—"really that was an excellently prepared *ragoût;* almost as good as if from the hands of a French *artiste*. I must express my acknowledgments to Mrs. Jobson for her trouble," and she drew out her purse.

"Please ma'am," said Dick, "it weren't Mrs. Jobson's cookin'. 'Twas me as done it, bekase Mrs. Jobson she said as 'ow *she'd* niver lay a finger on it to tetch it. Poor Kidd!"

Dick looked down at the remnants of meat with a sorrowful visage.

"Where, then, is Jenny," inquired Florine, sharply, "zat she do not wait on ze table, as she have ever?"

"Jenny, she says as 'ow her stomach couldn't stand it no 'ow; and I'm to fling what's left into the ditch behind the garden."

Florine sniffed contemptuously.

"If it be not that good for Mademoiselle Jenny, better give it to ze dog or ze cat," she suggested.

Dick opened his eyes.

"What cat, mum?"

"Zat cat, white and big, what I sometimes see promenade in ze garden with Monsieur Tannare."

Dick's eyes opened wider.

"Kidd, you mean, mum? Why, how can Kidd—poor Kidd!—how *can* Kidd go and eat up his own self?"

Florine stared.

Madame's lips parted. A greenish tinge came into her face. She stretched forth her hand, and grasped Dick's shoulder convulsively.

"Boy!" she gasped, "tell me! You don't mean——"

And more she could not utter, but sank back into her chair, pale and powerless.

"Tell *me!*" shrieked Florine, starting up and seizing the unhappy youth by the collar. "What you call zis?" pointing to the *ragoût*. "Is it what you call ze kid, ze young goat?"

"Young goat! No, in course not!" responded Dick, indignantly. "*We* don't call cats goats! We calls 'em cats!"

"Cat!" shrieked Florine, with a fearful heave of her breast. "Zid you no tell me it was kid?"

"That was his name, to be sure—'Cappen Kidd, and I sailed, and I sailed——'" Dick checked himself, with a sense of the impropriety of this musical outburst, and looked

apologetically around. Florine had disappeared, and madame had swooned in her chair.

Two days thereafter Madame Lubec and her maid, Mademoiselle Florine, both looking pale and exhausted, as from a protracted illness, drove away from the door of The Black Bear, casting a parting glance of unforgiving scorn and indignation at the guilty-looking host, who stood feebly protesting to the bystanders that it was not his fault; that he had conscientiously believed he was complying with madame's wishes; and that, after all, that—*that Kidd* was as good as frogs, snails and mushrooms—a sentiment to which the bystanders gave an immediate and unanimous approval.

DISCOVERY OF ANOTHER POMPEII.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Times* writes

"Considerable interest has been excited among the archæologists of Southern Italy by reports of a late, remarkable discovery. This was nothing less than the disentombment of another Pompeii. The scene is in the neighborhood of Manfredonia, on the Adriatic coast, about 140 miles northwest of Brindisi, in the low-lying ground which stretches from the foot of Monte Gargano to the sea; and the ancient city which has been revealed is Sipuntum. Already the discoveries have brought to light a Temple of Diana and a colonnade about 65 feet long, and have partially explored an underground necropolis, which seems to be about 40 feet or 45 feet square. A portion of the inscriptions and numerous interesting objects which were found have been already deposited in the National Museum at Naples, and the Italian Government has given the requisite instructions in order that extensive explorations shall at once be carried out in a proper manner. The disappearance of Sipuntum was not owing to showers of volcanic ashes, similar to those that buried its Neapolitan sisters, but to the sinking of the site on which it stood, the effect, probably, of successive earthquakes. It was a lucky fate, for to it we owe its preservation in its present state. The depression has been so great that the ancient buildings now lie at an average depth of 20 feet below the level of the surrounding plain. A portion of the existing town of Manfredonia is built over the remains of ancient Sipuntum, exactly as Dr. Schliemann found one town superimposed over the existing remains of another at Hissarlik. Sipuntum was originally a Greek colony of unknown date. Tradition, as in the case of many other ancient cities of Apulia, attributed its foundation to Diomede. It was old when the Romans resettled all that country after the second Punic war. It was then, probably, its name took the form by which it is historically known. The original name was Sipus or Sipons, given to it, most likely, from the cuttle-fish (*sepia*), cast up on the neighboring shore. From this the Romans formed Sipuntum, in the same way as Tarentum, Hydruntum, and others. It was never very flourishing; indeed, Apulia never recovered the awful devastation of the Punic war. Still, it managed to preserve its existence, while other ancient cities were disappearing so thoroughly that no tradition lingers even of their site. But by the middle of the thirteenth century, we are told, it was considered very unhealthy on account of its sunken position and the marshes by which it was surrounded; the effect, doubtless, of the depression of the ground which had been already established. So, in 1251, Manfred, the son of the Emperor Frederick II., then King of Southern Italy, transferred the population to a new town, which he built in a higher and more healthy situation, and which was called after him Manfredonia. Thenceforward old Sipuntum was deserted and handed over to the earthquakes, which seem to have dealt with it tenderly, not rudely shaking it into ruin, but wrapping it in clay and tufa-sand so effectively as to hide it away for six centuries."

VILLAGE MUSEUMS.

IN each large village or town a room should be provided in which to keep on permanent and free exhibition, in connection, perhaps, with a public library, specimens of every department of Natural History. Here should be found the male and female of every bird frequenting the locality, properly prepared, together with their nests and eggs, and all of the fishes that swim in its streams; pieces of the wood from every tree growing within its territorial limits, prepared to show its different characteristics, as the bark, the grain, etc.; specimens of the various kinds of crops raised, as wheat, rye, potatoes, corn, etc.; of fruits and berries; of weeds and grasses; of rocks and minerals; of insects, noting particularly those injurious to vegetation, with specimens showing their ravages—in fact, of everything not too large that flies, swims, crawls, hops or grows within the county.

Such a collection as this could not fail to be of essential service to the general public. As an educational institution for the young men none could be better. If any reader doubts the necessity of such instruction as could be had there, let him ask the next boy of sixteen he meets how many kinds of the forest-trees growing within a mile of him he can name at sight; or the girl, of the same age, how many different kinds of birds she supposes visits her home every year; or the first practical farmer to tell, of a dozen varieties of plants you may hand him, which are weeds and which grasses. The reply will doubtless prove an ignorance greater than would be supposed.

Or, rather than question your neighbor, suppose you ask yourself: What do you know of the world about you? While stopping at a little village on Lake George, a few years ago, we heard a lady visitor ask of a resident the name of a beautiful wild flower she had found on her rambles, and all the information that she received was that it was "some kind of a blow." It is lamentably true that habits of observation are too little cultivated among our rural population. This can be overcome, to a great extent, if a little interest can be awakened, and its effect will show itself not only in the pleasure acquired from the fact of knowing, but the knowledge will manifest itself in practical ways, eventuating in larger and better crops.

No particle of knowledge of anything, good or bad, can be obtained that cannot be put to a good and practical use if its possessor has a will to do it. Therefore, no opportunity should be lost for acquiring it, or for furnishing facilities by which it may be acquired by others.

But how is such a museum to be established? Easily and inexpensively, if you who take an interest in the matter will call a meeeting of the young people of your acquaintance that you think would work with you. Our word for it, they will join heartily in the enterprise. The work should be divided in sections—Section A for Birds, B for Fruits, C for Insects, and so on—appointing to each section those whose tastes will make the labor of working therein a pleasure instead of a task. As soon as a few specimens are ready, hold meetings for the purpose of talking about them, and it will soon be found that no more pleasant way of spending an evening can be imagined. The work once begun, a spirit of commendable rivalry between the sections will arise, urging all on to activity and thoroughness, and in a few weeks the nucleus of a complete museum will be established, which will not only prove immensely interesting, but highly educational.

HUMBERT IV., KING OF ITALY, AND MARGARITA, HIS QUEEN.

ITALY, after many centuries of division, became one kingdom under the hand of Victor Emmanuel the Second, King of Sardinia, of the younger branch of the House of Savoy. The house is an ancient one, and has steadily pushed its way to its present position of influence. It has numbered among its members not only temporal rulers, successful generals, but a contestant of the Papacy, a princess deemed worthy of canonization, a king who, after aiding to suppress the Jesuits in his youth, abdicated his throne late in life to become a Jesuit lay-brother.

Victor Emmanuel lived long enough to mold into a coherent state the new kingdom composed of very clashing material; and but for the antagonism existing between it and the Catholic Church and its head, the Kingdom of Italy would have no element of weakness.

HUMBERT IV., KING OF ITALY.

The death of the first King of reunited Italy, and the almost simultaneous death of Pope Pius IX., devolve on new and untrammeled hands the future of the Peninsula.

King Humbert IV., of Italy, is the eldest son, and second child, of Victor Emmanuel; his sister, Princess Clotilde, the wife of Prince Napoleon Jerome Bonaparte, being one year older. He was born on March 14th, 1844, his mother being the Archduchess Adelaide of Austria. The House of Savoy-Carignan, a younger branch of the first reigning House of Savoy, came to the throne in 1831, upon the failure of the elder branch. The Kingdom of Sardinia, including the Principality of Piedmont, with the territory of Genoa and the hereditary Duchy of Savoy, as well as the Island of Sardinia, thus belonged to Charles Albert, who abdicated in 1849, after the defeat of Novara, leaving his crown to his son, the late King Victor Emmanuel, who was enabled, by the extraordinary political and military events of 1859 to 1870, to annex to his dominions all the other

MARGHERITA, QUEEN CONSORT OF ITALY.

parts of Italy. He was proclaimed King of Italy in March, 1861 by a vote of the Italian Parliament at Turin, representing every province and capital except Rome and Venice, which were joined to the kingdom, respectively, in 1866 and in 1870.

The population of Italy is nearly 27,000,000, and it has a revenue of 260 millions of dollars, and a national debt of two thousand millions; so that the kingdom, though the youngest in Europe, already ranks fifth of the Great Powers.

King Humbert, like his father, is a soldier whose personal courage has been proved in the battle-field. On taking the oath of fidelity to the Constitution before the united Senators and Deputies, he delivered an address, in which he declared it to be the "faith of his House and his own strength, that the religious observance of free institutions is the best safeguard against all dangers," and that his only aspiration was to deserve the praise, "He was worthy of his father."

Queen Margherita, the wife of King Humbert, is his first cousin, being daughter of the late Prince Ferdinand, Duke of Genoa, a brother of the late King Victor Emmanuel; her mother is Princess Elizabeth, daughter of King John of Saxony and Duchess of Genoa, who is now married to a second husband, the Marquis Rapello.

Queen Margherita was born in November, 1851, and married Prince Humbert in April, 1868. She has one child, named Victor Emmanuel, who was born in November, 1869.

THE PIGEON-HAWK, OR AMERICAN MERLIN.

"Handsome is as handsome does," is a proverb that will scarcely apply to this handsome little hawk. Its coloring is striking; bluish, tipped with white; every feather made more effective by a black line. The male is smaller than the female, and young birds are marked in a manner so different from the adults as to be readily mistaken for some other variety.

Like the European merlin, these little hawks are the boldest of their size. They pounce upon thrushes, wild pigeons, woodpeckers, snipe, and even teal; but the blackbird and other feathered game of that size are its predilection. It attacks fiercely, and undisturbed by the presence of man. It comes around our habitations with all effrontery, and will attack a singing-bird in its cage on the veranda of a city house.

Were falconry ever to become the fashion in this country, this bird would be a favorite, as it could be easily trained, and its bold, impetuous spirit would make its attack on larger birds exciting.

It is found in all parts of our Continent; but breeds in the north, building a coarsely constructed nest for its spherical eggs, of dusky white, splashed with brownish dashes.

As the morning sun calls out our little songsters of the woods, it is no pleasant sight to see one of these robbers of the air dash into their midst, and bear one off to its haunt, in order to pick out the brain; while its mate and young, encouraged by its success, sail off gracefully through the air, fair and bright, but on an errand of blood.

Envy is the most inexcusable of all passions. Every other sin has some pleasure annexed to it, or will admit of an excuse; envy alone wants both. Other sins last but for a while; the appetite may be satisfied, anger remits, hatred has an end; but envy never ceases.

THEODORE HOOK.

By Henry Barton Baker.

That we are of a sadder race than were our grandfathers is past a doubt; that we are, in consequence, of a wiser, is very disputable. Fun, mirth, real animal spirits are dead amongst us; over-fastidiousness, false refinement, have so toned us down that no brightness remains in us, and we are a mere agglomeration of negatives. Our jests have no laughter in them; they have only the grin of a death's-head mocking its own corruption; and the grin can only be evolved at the expense of something that preceding generations have ennobled. Our very schoolboys are dyspeptic cynics, who would scorn such efflorescences as once characterized men of twenty and thirty. Practical jokes are now held in horror—and, regarded from a certain point of view, they are indefensible; but they were frequently the first outcomes of that vigorous life which thereafter made daring soldiers, sailors, and heroes of all kinds, reformers, explorers, the men who make a nation's history. The old-young man of the present day, with his cynicism, his intense realism which strips the very flesh off humanity and gloats upon its skeleton, who believes in nothing save himself, and that the whole duty of man is summed up in Iago's creed: "Put money in thy purse," who scorns sentiment and love as the hallucinations of a silly, bygone age, who finds in the noblest records of what men and women have done and suffered only capital subjects for burlesque, who sneers at everything on earth save gold; these young men have not the vices of their great-grandfathers, but neither have they their virtues; they do not *publicly sin* against the proprieties, neither do they ever sin against their own interests.

To appreciate the vast gulf in manners that divides us from, say, the opening years of the nineteenth century, we have only to turn to the lives of the wits and humorists of that period, to the account of their sayings and doings, their mode of life. Endeavor to conceive a Charles Matthews the Elder, a Theodore Hook, a Thomas Hill, a Barham, in the present day. It is an impossibility; they would be as much out of place as a knight-errant or a mediaeval monk. Fancy a man perpetrating the Berners Street or the Spanish Ambassador hoax in this year of grace 1878. You can no more imagine it than you can a mail-clad knight nailing his mistress's colors against the Charing Cross Hotel and challenging every man who drove up in a hansom to do battle in defense of her peerless beauty. The sequel to both such adventures would be a policeman and Bow Street.

It is with the most notorious of all practical jokers that this paper has to do. Theodore Hook was born in the same year as Lord Byron, 1788, and was likewise his schoolfellow at Harrow, where, however, he did not remain long enough to form any intimacy with the future great poet. Hook's father was a musical composer of some celebrity in his day; his only brother, born eighteen years before him, became Dean of Worcester; he was a man of wit and ability, and the author of a couple of novels, frequently ascribed to his younger brother, "Pet Owen" and "Percy Mallory." In his novel of "Gilbert Gurney," which contains so much of his personal history, Theodore gives a glimpse of his youth which admirably foreshadows the man. "My school life was not a happy one. I was idle and careless of my tasks. I had no aptitude for learning languages. I hated Greek and absolutely shuddered at Hebrew. I fancied myself a genius, and everything that could be done in a hurry and with little trouble I did tolerably well, but application I had not." The death of his

mother—an estimable woman, who might, had she lived, have toned down the extravagances of his disposition—when he was only fourteen years old, had a momentous effect upon his future life. His father, an easy-going, jovial man, readily listened to his pleadings not to be sent back to school, and kept him at home as a companion to solace him in his affliction, though, young as he was, he had already given evidence of those talents which thereafter rendered him so famous. He had a fine ear for music, a beautiful voice, and was a brilliant pianist. One evening he played and sang two songs, one pathetic and the other comic, which were new to his father, and which, upon inquiry, he declared to be his own composition, both music and words. Mr. Hook composed ballad music, but had to seek elsewhere for the verses; nothing could be more opportune than this discovery of his son's abilities. Henceforth there was a partnership. "So I remained at home," to again quote Gurney, "and was my father's darling; he fancied nothing on earth was like me. I was the wittiest if not the wisest fellow breathing, and I have seen my respectable parent shake his fat sides with laughing at my jokes and antics, till the tears ran down his cheeks."

We can imagine the clever, precocious, handsome boy, with his brilliant eyes, the lion of his father's table, surrounded by such gay and pleasant company—actors, singers, wits and authors—as gathered beneath the musician's roof, singing, playing, punning, jesting, complimenting, improvising, regarded by everybody as a phenomenon; writing songs for the theatres, petted by pretty actresses, and lounging in green-rooms. Such a life would have turned older heads than that of this mere boy.

Rumors came to the ears of his elder brother, who was already rising in the Church, and who urged his father to place the youth in some more solid career. The Bar was decided upon, and in 1804 Theodore was sent to Oxford. His appearance was more juvenile than his years.

"You seem very young, sir," remarked the Vice-Chancellor; "are you prepared to sign the Thirty-nine Articles?"

"Oh, yes, sir, *forty* if you please," was the cool reply.

This levity so horrified the don that it was only by the strong intercession of his brother and his own humble apologies that Theodore was admitted to matriculation. It being arranged that he should not reside until after the expiration of two terms, he returned to London, there to pursue a certain course of study. "There is something extremely vague," says Gurney, "in the term studying for the Bar; in seven cases out of ten it means doing nothing, under a gentlemanly pretense; in mine nothing could be more unlike what it professed to be. I paid my entrance money, gave my caution, and thenceforth proceeded to 'mine inn' for four or five days each term, threw on my gown, walked into hall, and, dreading the fatigue of even eating professionally, wrote down my name, and walked out again." His studies were of a very different kind from those prescribed by the University, being chiefly directed to French vaudevilles, and the outcome was a two-act comic opera, "The Soldier's Return, or What can Beauty Do?" The overture and incidental music were claimed by Mr. Hook, but Theodore's name did not appear upon the bill. Unlike the production of his pseudonym, Gurney, the piece was an immense success, and brought him into intimacy with two men almost as brilliant as himself, Mathews and Liston, with whom he remained friends through life. A second farce, "Catch Him Who Can," was written to display the opposite styles of humor of those inimitable comedians. "The Invisible Girl," "Music Mad," "Killing no Murder," and other farces now forgotten, and the musical melodrama "Tekeli," were all produced before the author had completed his twentieth year. There is as much wit, humor and rollicking fun in any one of them as would serve for half a dozen such productions of the present time; nothing so good had been writen since the days of Foote, and they were most exceptionally fortunate in being interpreted by such actors as Mathews, Liston, Terry, and other artists little inferior in their own particular line. These works procured him an introduction to Sheridan. This important event is well described by Mrs. Mathews, in her memoirs of her husband. A dinner was given to the great manager of Drury Lane, by the actors, to celebrate his victory at the Westminster election, and to this the young dramatist was invited. In the course of the evening many persons sang; and Mr. Hook, being in turn solicited, displayed, to the delight and surprise of all present, his wondrous talents in extemporaneous singing. The company was numerous, and most of them were strangers to Mr. Hook, but without a moment's premeditation he composed a verse upon every person in the room, full of the most pointed wit, and with the truest rhymes, unhesitatingly gathering into his subject as he rapidly proceeded, in addition to what had passed during the dinner, every trivial incident of the moment. Every action was turned to account, every circumstance, the look, the gesture, or any other accidental effects, served as occasion for more wit; and even the singer's ignorance of the names and condition of many of the party seemed to give greater facility to his brilliant hits than even acquaintance with them might have furnished. Mr. Sheridan was astonished at Hook's extraordinary faculty, and declared that he (Sheridan) could not have imagined such power possible, had he not witnessed it. No description, he said, could have convinced him of so peculiar an instance of genius, and he protested that he should not have believed it to be an unstudied effort, had he not seen proof that no anticipation could have been formed of what might arise to furnish matter and opportunities for the exercise of this rare talent.

Sheridan talked everywhere among his fashionable friends of this extraordinary phenomenon, with his marvelous talents for improvising, and so roused their curiosity, that invitations were sent to Theodore for several aristocratic parties; among others, for one at the house of the Marchioness of Hertford. There he had the privilege of exercising his abilities for the delight of no less a person than the Prince Regent. "Mr. Hook, I must see and hear you again," said the Prince, laying his hand upon Hook's shoulder. And the Prince did see and hear Hook again and again, at suppers and dinners too, and declared that "something must be done for Hook." From that time, the wit was a welcome guest in the most fashionable circles.

At twenty he gave up writing for the stage, and ever after, for some inexplicable reason, entertained a most virulent dislike for everything and everybody connected with it—except his few chosen friends—of which he years afterward gave bitter proof in the theatrical criticisms in "John Bull." In after life, he used to repeatedly express his wonder that there could ever have been a time when that world was all in all to him, and kept himself away from it as if there was contamination in the very lamps. From dramatic he turned to novel writing, and at twenty published his first novel, "Musgrave," under the pseudonym of Alfred Allendale. It was an utter failure. He afterward re-wrote it, and inserted it in "Sayings and Doings," under the title of "Merton." It appears to have been a work of little merit, in no way foreshadowing the brilliance of its successors.

In the meanwhile, he was privately acting in his own person the lives of the scapegrace heroes of his own farces. It was an age of practical jokes—all the memoirs of the period abound with them—but Hook may be regarded, if

not as the inventor, at least as the perfector of the hoax. His jokes respected neither time, place, nor person, and were played equally upon his most intimate friends and the most perfect strangers.

Wrenching of knockers, bell-pulls, and sign-boards, of which *débris* he made a museum, was a fashionable amusement he shared in common with nearly all "the young bloods" of the day.

There is a story told of his carrying off a splendid wooden Highlander from before a snuff-shop, throwing a cloak round it, and thrusting it into a cab. "My friend," he said, addressing the driver, who looked rather astonished at the figure, "a very respectable man, but a little tipsy." Not even the passers-by in the street were exempt from his cool impudence. Observing a man of most pompous air strutting down the Strand, he stopped him with "I beg your pardon, sir, but are you any one in particular?" Then, without waiting for a reply, Hook walked off, leaving the stranger transfixed in amazement.

These, however, are but poor specimens of his effrontery. Strolling one day arm-in-arm with Daniel Terry, the actor, up a street in Soho, Hook's nostrils were assailed by a very savory odor. Looking down an area, he saw the servants in the kitchen below dressing up a very fine dinner. "A party, no doubt," said Terry; "jolly dogs! what a feast! I should like to make one of them." "I'll take a bet I *do*," replied Hook. "Call for me here at ten." Leaving his friend, he mounted the steps and knocked at the door. Believing him to be one of the expected guests, the servant conducted him to the drawing-room, where a number of persons were already assembled. Making himself perfectly at home, he had half-a-dozen people about him, laughing at his *bon mots*, before the host discovered that a stranger was present. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, addressing the uninvited one, "your name?—I did not quite catch it; servants are so incorrect." "Smith, sir, Smith," replied the unblushing Theodore, "don't apologize; you are quite right, sir, servants are great blockheads; I remember a most remarkable instance of their mistakes." "But really, sir," interrupted the host, mildly, "I did not

SOUTHERN SCENES.— AN INCIDENT IN RICHMOND, VA.— THE DARWINIAN THEORY ILLUSTRATED.— SEE PAGE 619.

anticipate the pleasure of Mr. Smith's company to dinner. Whom do you suppose you are addressing?" "Mr. Thompson, of course," answered Hook, "an old friend of my father's. I received a kind invitation from you yesterday, on my arrival from Liverpool, to dine with you to-day, family party, come in boots, you said." The host at once disclaimed the name of Thompson, or any knowledge of the vivacious Smith. "Good heavens! then I have come to the wrong house," exclaimed the hoaxer, "my dear sir, how can I apologize? so awkward too, and I have asked a friend to call for me." The old gentleman, probably thinking so witty a personage would make an excellent addition to his party, begged him to remain. With a profusion of apologies, Hook at first pretended to decline—ultimately accepted. Everybody was delighted with him; all the evening he kept up a constant fire of wit and repartee, and ultimately sat down to the piano, and sang extempore verses on every one present. In the midst of these the door opened and, true to his appointment, in walked Terry, at the sight of whom, striking up a new key, he sang:

"I'm very much pleased with your fare—
Your cellar's as fine as your cook;
My friend's Mr. Terry, the player,
And I'm Mr. Theodore Hook."

And "that name," says Lockhart, "was already enough to put any wig in Guildhall out of curl."

One day, after riding some distance in a hackney-coach, he discovered he had no money in his pocket to pay the fare. Catching sight of a friend upon the road, he took him up, hoping to borrow from him the sum required, but the friend was as impecunious as himself. Hook considered for a moment, then, calling out to the coachman, desired him to drive to Mr. ——'s, a well-known West-end surgeon. Arrived there he sprang out of the coach, knocked loudly, and demanded of the servant who answered if Mr. —— was within. The doctor was descending the stairs at the time. "Oh, my dear sir," he cried, in a wildly agitated voice, "I trust you are not engaged—excuse the feelings of a husband, perhaps a father by this time—your attendance is required instantly at Mrs. ——, No. — such-and-such a street. Don't lose a moment; a most peculiar case, I assure you."

"I will order my carriage and go at once," said the Doctor.

"No need for such delay, I have one at the door; jump in; I have to go for the nurse, and will follow immediately."

The lady to whose house the doctor was driven was a sour-tempered, middle-aged spinster; her indignation upon receiving such a visit for such a purpose may be imagined, and the doctor was too glad to escape from her very pronounced wrath. But his troubles were not yet over, for upon arriving home cabby demanded of him the entire fare, and would not leave the house until it was paid.

But all such tricks sink into insignificance beside the immortal Berners Street hoax. The story is so well known that I must almost apologize for introducing it, yet no sketch of its hero would be complete without it. Walking down Berners Street one day with Mathews, Hook remarked a particularly neat-looking house. "I'll bet you a guinea," he said, "that in one week that nice, quiet dwelling shall be the most famous in all London." The bet was taken. Within a week Hook had written and despatched 1,000 letters to different tradesmen, containing orders for goods to be delivered on one particular day, and as nearly as possible at one hour, from coals and potatoes to books, prints, ices, jellies, two thousand five hundred raspberry tarts from half a hundred pastry-cooks, etc., from dealers whose shops and warehouses extended from Whitechapel to Kensington. Nor was this all: he had written in most moving terms for the Lord Mayor and his chaplain to come and take the death-bed confession of a peculating Common Councilman. Similar missives were sent to the Governor of the Bank, the Chairman of the East India Company, a Lord Chief Justice, a Cabinet Minister, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Duke of York. Hook had taken a lodging in the opposite house, and, with one or two confidants ensconced behind his window-curtains, watched the fun. As the appointed hour approached the quiet street became blocked with carts and wagons; very quickly the block extended from one end of Oxford Road to the other, and every thoroughfare leading to it soon became unapproachable. And still they came from east, west, north and south, to swell the confusion. Mingled with tradesmen's wares were lawyers, doctors, nurses, teachers of all kinds, hair-dressers, milliners, divines, preachers, lovers to meet their sweethearts, Members of Parliament, even a carriage of the Commander-in-Chief. The horror of the inhabitants of the devoted house can be only faintly imagined. As the hoax became apparent, the turmoil increased, the indignant exclamations of genteel victims swelled the roar of anathemas that burst from the more vulgar ones. The vehicles were so jammed that extrication without considerable damage was impossible; the sides of carts and carriages were smashed in, and the crash of glass, china and other breakables was awful to listen to; beer and wine barrels were overturned and their contents spilt upon the road; and when at length the different conveyances moved away, the streets presented a spectacle such as might have followed a terrible fire or a shock of earthquake. The affair of course made a great sensation.

THEODORE HOOK.

and there was a loud outcry for the detection of the perpetrator. Hook was suspected by all his associates, but his confidence was well kept. He considered it necessary, however, to be ill for a week, and afterward take a trip into the country. He was only twenty-three at the time, and this is the only excuse that can possibly be made for such a frolic.

To recount all the hoaxes and practical jokes in which he was concerned would be to write a small volume. Those who would learn more of them will find their curiosity amply gratified in the pages of "Gilbert Gurney" and in the memoirs of Mathews, who was his associate in several. "Of these," says Lockhart, "his own talk *inter pocula* was the only adequate memorial. We may catch some outline in his Gurney and Daly, but even his pen was too slow and cumbrous for the vital reproduction of such scenes. They are nothing without the commentary of that bright eye, the deep, gurgling glee of his voice, the electrical felicity of his pantomime; for in truth he was as great an actor as would have been produced by rolling Liston and Terry and Mathews into one. So told, no mirth in this world ever surpassed the fascination of those early mountebankeries. We have seen austere judges, venerable prelates, grand lords and superfine ladies all alike overwhelmed and convulsed as he went over the minutest details of such episodes."

Pass we on now to more serious matters. In 1812, his Royal Highness the Prince Regent did "do something for Hook," and something handsome too, appointing him Accountant-General and Treasurer to Mauritius, with a salary of £2,000 per annum. But the responsibilities of office brought with them no gravity to the irrepressible Theodore, who was as frolicsome and *sans souci* in the Indian island as he had been in the drawing-rooms of May Fair. "We are here surrounded by every luxury," he writes to Mathews, "which art can furnish or dissipation suggest, in a climate the most delightful, in a country the most beautiful, with society the most gay and pursuits the most fascinating." And of this gay society he was the king. Neither did the dignity of his position repress his appetite for practical jokes. There is a story told of an extraordinary banquet he had prepared for some cockney visitors to the island. "Allow me to offer you some cat curry," he said to his astonished guests, who were surveying the various horrors of the table with faces sickly pale, "or a little deviled monkey? I can strongly recommend those fried snakes; I'm aware there is a prejudice against them in England, but they are excellent when you get used to them. Hand round those lizards, John—they seem particularly fine." One of the victims said faintly that he would try a little lizard; but when it was transferred to his plate it caused a catastrophe almost as disagreeable as that recorded by Smollet in his dinner after the manner of the ancients. A second course, of more edible and commonplace materials, made up for the joke of the first. A yet more impudent trick, however, was that perpetrated at a public dinner at the government house. On the morning of the banquet the Governor was taken ill, and, by a curious coincidence, his second in command, who presided in his place, became so unwell during the meal that he was obliged to retire. Hook was now requested to take the chair and propose the toasts, which he did with a vengeance. There was not a person present, down to a sub-lieutenant, whose health he did not insist upon being drunk with military honors, commanding salutes to be fired after each. When he had exhausted the officers and officials, he added the servants of his Excellency's household, down to the cook and housemaid, whom he had up in the dining-room to return thanks, salutes being fired as before. The continuous roar of the cannon was deafening, and was only discontinued after the last grain of powder had been used.

But this gay and pleasant life was leading up to the darkest and saddest episode in Hook's career—one which cast a shadow over many years and threatened to blight his whole existence. An error to a large amount was discovered in his accounts. The clerk, Allan, by whom the deficiency was made known to the authorities, accused his principal of offering him a bribe to make his escape from the island. Soon afterward Allan committed suicide. Hook was arrested, thrown into prison as a common malefactor; and after a few days sent to England under a military detachment, to be tried for the alleged offense. Even under these gloomy circumstances his wit and spirits did not desert him. The vessel putting into St. Helena, he there encountered Lord Charles Somerset, who was on his way to assume the governorship of the Cape, and who had heard nothing of Hook's arrest.

"I hope you are not going home for your health," he said.

"Why," replied the incorrigible Theodore, "I am sorry to say they think there's something wrong in the chest!"

Upon landing in England he was released from custody, the Attorney-General declaring that though Mr. Hook might be prosecuted for a civil debt, there was no ground for a criminal procedure.

A scrutiny, which lasted five years, failed to establish satisfactorily either his guilt or innocence. The deficit, which was at first declared to be £22,000, was ultimately brought down to £12,000, for the payment of which he was held responsible. The most gross negligence, both in keeping the books and in the care of the treasury, was brought to light; but this told more in favor of his innocence than of his guilt, since, among the numerous omitted entries of cash received and expended, many were against himself; and it appeared that the treasure boxes were frequently under the charge of subordinates—English, French, Indian and mulatto clerks. No man could possibly be more unfitted by nature and habits for such an office than was Hook. "Our own strong, ultimate suspicion," says an impartial biographer, Lockhart, "is neither more nor less than that a *general laxity* had prevailed from the time when these motley myrmidons of the money-bags hailed the arrival of the raw treasurer-in-chief, and took cognizance of his habits and manners, his utter ignorance of business and of account books, his open, unmistrusting disposition, his gay, pleasure-hunting existence in his new Eldorado. Let him be blamed as he deserves, but we may be pardoned for asking upon what principle, if he was ultimately considered guilty of more than negligence, was he not dealt with as a criminal and brought to justice for a most serious crime, more sharply than several other voluntary defaulters had been not very long before?"

It was in 1819 that he returned to England. His father was just dead, and he went to reside in a small cottage in Somers Town, wrote for the newspapers and periodicals, and set up one of his own, *The Arcadian*, which, however, very soon died of inanition. He painfully felt the change in his position, thus fallen from honor and affluence to disgrace and penury. A few old, trusty friends—Mathews, Terry, Hill (the original of Poole's Paul Pry), gathered about him. It was through the introduction of the first that he at this time made the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott, who, like every one else, was fascinated and delighted by his wit and conversation, and recommended him to a certain nobleman then in search of an editor for a paper about to be established in a county town. Sir Walter was always inclined to believe that it was to this recommendation Hook owed his position on *John Bull*, which appeared a few months afterward. This brings us to the most famous episode of his life.

The nation was at this period divided into two factions,

the King's party and the Queen's, and never were two factions more virulent one against the other. Hook had already entered the field against the Queen in the Summer of 1820, in a pamphlet entitled "Tentamen, or an Essay toward the History of Whittington and his Cat, by Dr. Vicesimus Blenkinsop." Whittington was Alderman Wood, the Queen was the cat. The projection of "John Bull" was conducted with the utmost skill and secrecy; a fictitious editor, who never went beyond correcting a proof, and was as ignorant of the authorship of the articles as the outside public, was engaged at a small salary to mask the real Simon Pure, who was carefully kept in the background. The first appearance of this Tory thunderbolt is thus graphically described by Barham in his "Life of Hook":

"Meanwhile the important day of publication arrived. A brief announcement, couched in terms sufficiently mysterious, had been for some weeks circulating among 'the trade,' but without attracting any extraordinary attention. And now, on the eventful December 16th, 1820, let Hook and his coadjutors be imagined, seated in a small parlor, situated in a silent, trafficless spot enough, though within a hundred yards of the busiest thoroughfare in London, denominated Gough Square—torn newspapers, sheets of 'copy,' 'slips,' 'revises,' fresh, or rather foul, from the printer's hands, with all the many *désagrémens* of an editor's room, scattered in confusion around—post hour drawing on—Hook himself fretting and fuming, fancying everything wrong, storming, apologizing, starting from his chair, pacing the apartment, stopping ever and anon to gulp down huge draughts of a suspicious-looking sedative, and in the whirl and agony of excitement uttering as many good things as would have supported his paper for a month—at length, unable to endure suspense, seizing brush and scissors, and, by pasting the *disjecta membra*, the corrected 'proofs,' upon a blank sheet, endeavoring to form a sort of Frankenstein similitude of the coming stranger, all eagerness, anxiety, rehension;—when lo! just in time to save the night's m ils, the reeking devilet enters, bending beneath the first impression.

"Within a few hours the town was in a blaze, orders arrived from every quarter, and the office was beset with applicants. Preparations for the distribution of the paper must have been made by its patrons to an extent unsuspected by the proprietors themselves, for so moderate had been the anticipations held as to the probable demand, that no more than 750 stamps had been procured. Hundreds of copies were in consequence struck off upon unstamped paper and issued in the course of that and the following day, the publisher making the proper affidavit and paying the extra duty on the Monday. The success was complete and unexampled; at the sixth week the sale reached ten thousand, the first five numbers were reprinted more than once, and the first and second actually kept in stereotype."

No periodical ever produced so sudden and startling a sensation from one end of the kingdom to the other. "There was," says Lockhart, "talent of every kind, apparently, that could have been desired or devised for such a purpose. It seemed as if a legion of sarcastic devils had brooded in synod over the elements of withering derision." Thomas Haynes Bayley, Barham—and the celebrated song, "Michael's Dinner," which celebrated the Whig defeat on the Reform Bill, is ascribed to Canning—contributed probably a few articles, but the honor or dishonor which attaches to the authorship of nearly all the squibs, songs and parodies which appeared in "John Bull" from its first number until the death of the Queen, is Hook's alone. They are coarse, unsparing, and even shocking to our present ideas upon such subjects, but they are overflowing with wit and humor. An excellent collection, including one or two very scarce pieces, of these *débris* of the once fierce battle, was published by the late Mr. Camden Hotten under the title of "Wit and Humor of Theodore Hook," in which those curious upon bygone scandals will find a rich harvest.

As soon as they had recovered from their first consternation, the Whigs bestirred themselves to crush this terrible enemy. The printer and editor were ordered to appear at the bar of the House of Commons to answer a charge of libel and breach of privilege, and were forthwith committed to Newgate. Every threat was used to make them divulge the names of the real culprits; a promise was made not only to stay further proceedings against them, but to pay down the sum of £500. upon these conditions being fulfilled. In order to avoid being seen in company with the avowed proprietors, and to elude any watch that might be set upon the office, certain coffee-houses were selected, and designated by numbers ranging from one to ten, at which private conferences might be held and the business of the paper carried on. A note couched in the most melodramatic terms, "To-night at half-past eight, No. 5," was usually the sort of summons received by the printer to meet the great unknown at some obscure place of tryst in the purlieus of Westminster. By-and-by, Hook's name began to be whispered about in connection with "John Bull"; but he endeavored to avert the suspicion by the following impudent paragraph inserted therein:

"MR. THEODORE HOOK: The conceit of some people is amusing. Our readers will see we have received a letter from Mr. Hook, disclaiming all connection with this paper. Partly out of good nature, and partly from an anxiety to show this gentleman how little desirous we are of being associated with him, we have made a declaration which, doubtless, will be quite satisfactory to his morbid sensibility and affected squeamishness. We are free to confess that two things surprise us in this business: that anything we have thought worth publishing should have been mistaken for *Mr. Hook's*, and, secondly, that *such a person as Mr. Hook* should think himself disgraced by a connection with *John Bull*."

The cool audacity of this is highly characteristic of the writer.

I have no intention of defending Hook's virulent attacks upon, and abuse of, the unhappy wife of George IV,; it can only be said, that they were justified by the code of the day, and, after all, were but the retorts upon those who had exposed the private life of the King and abused him with equal unscrupulousness. As to the merits of either case, it would be difficult to find them.

In spite of all disclaimers, it was impossible that Hook's connection with "John Bull" could long remain a secret, and the whigs revenged themselves for their flagellations by pushing on the Mauritius business.

In 1823 the award was given, and he was declared debtor to the Crown for £12,000, was arrested and put in the sponging house in Shire Lane, where he remained nearly a year. He came out a changed man, pale and flabby in the face, with a figure fast tending to corpulency. He was now transferred to the King's Bench, a situation far more healthy and agreeable than his last, where he could frequently obtain leave of absence to dine out with a friend; but as a rule the greater part of his time was taken up by literary work. After the death of the Queen, "John Bull" became less scurrilous. Upon its first starting he had realized £2,000 a year (half the profits), but this income began to slowly dwindle. He now started several other literary ventures, among others "The London Literary Journal," but all failed.

In 1824, however, he appeared as a novelist in the first series of "Sayings and Doings." The sale amounted to six thousand copies. Colburn, who had paid him £600 for the copyright, afterward presented him with checks for £150

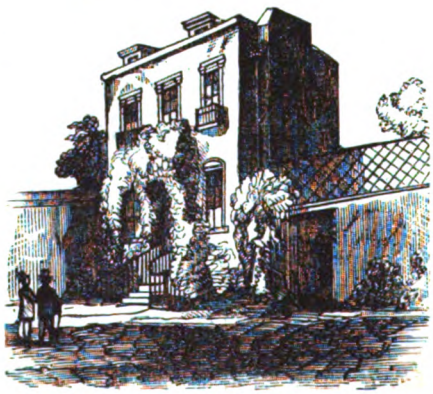
THE BERNERS STREET HOAX.

and £200, and gave him £1,000 for the second series, which followed in the next year.

He was released from the King's Bench in 1825, but with the understanding that the debt must be paid to the last farthing.

Then he took a house at Putney, where old friends again rallied round him, while his fame as a novelist opened to him once more the gates of high society. Adversity, however, had taught him no lesson, and instead of economizing to rid himself of the impending sword, he plunged into an extravagant style of living, removed to a house in Cleveland Row, gave grand dinner parties, and, as a natural consequence, became burdened with new debts. By and by he had to remove to a smaller establishment at Fulham; all the time, amidst all his numerous fashionable engagements, working terribly hard, and covering more paper with MS., says Lockhart, "than would have proved in almost any other man's case the energetic exertion of every hour in every day that passed over his head."

"We may venture," says Barham, "to supply, by way of specimen, a sketch, by no means overcharged, of one of those restless, life-exhausting days in which the seemingly iron energies of Theodore Hook were prematurely exhausted. A late breakfast, his spirits jaded by the exertion of yesterday, and further depressed by the weight of some pecuniary difficulty — large arrear of literary toil to be made up—the meal sent away untasted — every power of his mind forced and strained for the next four or five hours upon the subject that happens to be in hand—then, a rapid drive to town, and a visit first to one club, where, the centre of an admiring circle, his intellectual faculties are again upon the stretch, and again aroused and sustained by artificial means; the same thing repeated at a second—the same drain and the same supply—a ballot, or 'general meeting,' at a third, the chair taken by Mr. Hook, who, as a friend observes, addresses the members, produces the accounts, audits and passes them, gives a succinct statement of the prospects and finances of the society, parries an awkward question, extinguishes a grumbler, confounds an opponent, proposes a vote of thanks for himself, carries it, and returns thanks with a vivacious rapidity that entirely confounds the unorganized schemes of the minority, then a chop in the committee room, and 'just one tumbler of brandy and water or two,' and we fear the catalogue would not always close there. Off next to take his place at some lordly banquet, where the fire of wit is again to be stirred into dazzling blaze, and fed by fresh supplies of potent stimulants. Lady A—— has never heard one of his delightful *extempores*, the pianoforte is at hand, fresh and more vigorous efforts of fancy, memory, and application are called for, all the wondrous machinery of the brain taxed and strained to the very utmost, smiles and applause reward the exertion; and perhaps one more



THEODORE HOOK'S HOUSE.

THE PIGEON-HAWK, OR AMERICAN MERLIN.— SEE PAGE 610.

cnanson, if he has shown himself thoroughly in the vein, is craved as a special favor, or possibly, if the call has been made too early or too late, some dull-witted gentleman hints that he is a little disappointed in Mr. Hook, and the host admits that he has not been so happy as he has known him. He retires at last, but not to rest, not home. Half an hour at Crockford's is proposed by some gay companion, as they quit together. We need not continue the picture; the half-hour is quadrupled, and the excitement of the preceding evening is as nothing to that which now ensues. Whether

he rises from the table a winner or loser, by the time he has reached Fulham the reaction is complete, and in a state of utter prostration, bodily and mental, he seeks his pillow, with, perhaps, a precisely similar course on the morrow."

It is said that, while on a visit to some great nobleman, he used, every Wednesday night after the family had retired to rest, to steal out of the house, enter a post-chaise that was waiting for him, and ride fifty miles across country to meet the printer to arrange for the forthcoming number of *John Bull*, and get back to the castle by the time the dressing-bell was ringing, his servant having intimated during the day that his master was too indisposed to leave his room. At the dinner-table he would be as gay and brilliant as ever, although his mind might be racked by a thousand anxieties, unpaid bills, money lost at play, arrears of work, books neglected which had to be finished within a certain time. The matchless wit and humorist whom half the world envied for his brilliant gifts, and the exclusive circle in which he moved, when alone, as his diary proves, was as miserable a man as could be found with a roof over his head. "January 1, 1840," he writes in his journal. "To-day another year opens upon me with a vast load of debt and many encumbrances. I am suffering under constant anxiety and depression of spirits which nobody who sees me in society dreams of; but why should I suffer my own private worries to annoy my friends?"

This constant, feverish excitement and mental strain, together with the hard drinking habits which still lingered among the men of the Regency, would have worn out a constitution of iron; and of such had been Hook's. His health broke rapidly. "In May, 1841," writes his biographer, "he dined for the last time with Mr. Barham; the party had been made up, in a great measure, for the purpose of bringing together him and Lord ——, one of the few magnates in literature and wit with whom he was not previously acquainted. Hook came late, and appeared feeble and out of spirits, but he soon rallied, and throughout the evening—fortunately not prolonged until his powers were exhausted—bore himself bravely in the convivial tourney with his noble rival."

Dining a little later with a friend at Brompton, as Hook stood in the drawing-room with his coffee in his hand, he turned to the mirror and exclaimed, "Ay, I see I look as I am—done up in purse, in mind, and in body too, at last!"

He tried hard, however, to hide the ravages of time and disease, and 'made up' with as much care as an old actor who plays juvenile parts. Caught one day *en déshabille* by an unexpected visitor, Hook said, "Well, you see me as I am, at last—all the bucklings, and paddings, and washings, and brushings dropped for ever—a poor, old, gray-haired man with my belly about my knees."

Up to within a fortnight of his death he spent many hours daily at his desk, working upon a novel he left unfinished—"Peregrine Bunce."

He died on August 24th, 1841, at his house at Fulham, and is buried in the churchyard of that parish. The funeral was a private one, only a few obscure people attending it, none of his brilliant friends and patrons thinking it necessary to pay this last tribute to a man whose talents had so frequently delighted and amused them. Neither did they subscribe to the fund which was raised for the unhappy lady who had been a wife to him in all but name, and her fatherless children; except the King of Hanover, who generously sent £500.

It is said that at "the Athenæum" the diners fell off nearly 300 yearly after Hook was no longer to be found in his corner near the coffee-room door. Dozens of gentlemen dined there two or three times a week in the season, merely for the chance of getting near his table to catch some of his good things. In order not to shock the more grave frequenters of the club, when he wanted whisky or brandy, he used to call for tea or lemonade, from which the place was slyly called "Temperance Corner."

There was a tender and even romantic side to the character of this wit, humorist and brilliant man of the world, which few suspected in his life. Twice his affections had been seriously engaged, but something had interposed to thwart them; there are entries in his diary which prove the wounds were not easily, if ever, healed. "They put me in what used to be her room," he writes, after visiting a friend's house; "I lay in her bed, ——'s bed! Oh, God, what a night!"

There are passages, too, in this record which bespeak a mind not destitute of religious reverence. "*September* 22, 1831: My birthday—why to be kept joyously I know not; and yet I thank God humbly and heartily for all the blessings He has been pleased to vouchsafe to me, and those whom I scarcely dare call mine." "*October* 9, 1835: To-day to work in various ways. I am anxious and unhappy; but God, who knows my heart, and to whom I devoutly pray, not for myself, but for others who are, as far as they are concerned, innocent children of mine; but I have faith in His goodness, and, sinner as I am, I *do* hope He will preserve me for their sakes."

While books of *ana* and anecdote exist, the sayings and doings of Theodore Hook can never die; for who else, except Foote, ever said so many good things worth preserving? I can find room for only two or three specimens.

While dining at Hatfield one day, Lady Salisbury remarked him making a series of bows without any apparent cause. At length she ventured to ask the reason of this eccentric behavior. "The fact is," replied Hook, "I have been accustomed all my life to those social recognitions at table which are now interdicted by fashion; and as I can't quite get out of the habit, I usually 'take wine' with the epergne and bow to the flowers."

A friend, viewing Putney Bridge from Hook's terrace, inquired of him if it were a good investment—if it really answered. "I don't know," he replied, "but you have only to cross it and you are sure to be *tolled*." When Abbot and Egerton took the Coburg Theatre in 1836, for the purpose of producing the legitimate drama, Abbot asked Hook if he could suggest a new name, the old being too much identified with blue fire and broad-sword combats to suit the new style of entertainment. "Why," was the answer, "as of course you will butcher everything you attempt suppose you call it the *Abattoir*."

As a novelist he has fallen into undeserved oblivion. The best of his novels are scarcely inferior in comic power to Dickens's most successful works. Indeed, there is a great similarity between the two humorists, the same tendency to exaggeration and caricature. "In casting our eyes over the volumes," says Barham, "we are at a loss to point out a single character of importance that has not its prototype, or an incident—the most incredible, the most true—that is not in some measure founded upon fact." Some of the best known persons of the day, so little disguised as to be easily recognizable, were introduced in his novels. He himself and Sam Beazley, architect and dramatist, divided Gilbert Gurney and Daly between them; Hull was the noted Tom Hill, before mentioned as the original of Poole's "Paul Pry"; Godfrey Moss in "Maxwell," the Rev. Edward Canon, the King's Chaplain, etc. Nor was the *vis comica* his only excellence. There is a power in "Maxwell" and "Cousin William" not inferior to the best sensation novelist of the day. Yet all his works were composed hurriedly, under high pressure; the plots are badly constructed, and

the whole requires finish. But his powers of observation, his profound knowledge of human nature, his fun, the excellence of his detached scenes, must ever place him in a high rank among novelists; and a perusal of his bygone books, were it only for the striking pictures they give of bygone men and manners, would still prove more profitable and amusing than that of three-fourths of those which have no other claim to attention than their being new.

THE DARWINIAN THEORY ILLUSTRATED.

Our artist has given a humorous and satirical illustration from actual life of one of the favorite theories of Darwin, which have created an excitement almost without parallel in the scientific as well as in the religious world. One of those theories being that there has been a gradual and progressive variation from the lowest order of animals to the highest, it will be scarcely straining his proposition to assume that, at some remote period of creation, the monkey may have been the ancestor of the human race.

If this be conceded, it may not be regarded as impossible that in the march of progress a gleam of intelligence may flash across the mind or instinct of the monkey, and suggest to him the idea of claiming kindred with his more favored brother. To accomplish this, inasmuch as language is as yet denied him, the only method left to express his thoughts would be by signs indicating that he recognized points of resemblance between himself and some member of the human family, and to enforce that idea by an effort to introduce himself as a familiar acquaintance, without regard to the wishes of the individual.

After these remarks, the scene depicted by our artist, in which the monkey of an itinerant organ-grinder has suddenly fastened himself upon the head of a little negro of the pure African type, needs no further explanation. The interest, if not affection, manifested by the animal, and the surprise, if not dismay, of the juvenile human, are graphically portrayed; and while the bystanders probably never heard of Darwin, or his theories, it is not unlikely that they, too, may regard the incident as an instance of *natural selection.*

In his work on "The Origin of Species," Darwin gives the following definition of the term "natural selection": "Let it be borne in mind how infinitely complex and close-fitting are the mutual relations of all organic beings to each, and to their physical conditions of life. Can it then be thought improbable, seeing that variations useful to man have undoubtedly occurred, that other variations, useful in some way to each being in the great and complex battle of life, should sometimes occur in the course of thousands of generations? If such do occur, can we doubt (remembering that many more individuals are born than can possibly survive) that individuals having any advantage, however slight, over others, would have the best chance of surviving and of procreating their kind? On the other hand, we may feel sure that any variation in the least degree injurious would be rigidly destroyed. This preservation of favorable variations and the rejection of injurious variations, I call Natural Selection."

RACHEL WRIOTHESLEY, LADY RUSSELL.

If there is one period of English history more repulsive than any other, it is the reigns of Charles II. and James II., when Englishmen seem to have lost truth, manliness and honor. It is a series of plots, trials and executions: the first, often unreal; the second, shams; the last alone terrible realities.

Among these trials where perjury was so rife, stands the Rye House Plot, and among its victims was William, Lord Russell, third son of the Earl of Bedford. His wife is one of the most memorable women of history, herself the daughter of the Earl of Southampton, the earnest adherent of Charles I., who stood alone beside the corpse of the beheaded monarch.

Born in 1636, we find her, in her seventeenth year, marrying Lord Vaughan, eldest son of the Earl of Carberry, with whom she seems to have had a life of quiet retirement during Cromwell's rule. Her husband died in 1667, and we then find Lady Vaughan's hand sought by many. Mr. William Russell, son of the Earl of Bedford, won her choice, and they were married in 1669. Her husband, three years her junior, embarked in the stormy political affairs of the day, and soon became a leader in the party opposed to James, Duke of York, which in Charles's reign deprived the duke of all offices, and after his accession to the throne succeeded in expelling him.

Arrested on the 13th of April, 1683, Lord Russell was placed at the bar of the Old Bailey, to be tried for treason. We need only add that Jeffreys was the prosecutor. With difficulty Lord Russell obtained the use of pen, ink and paper. He then asked: "May I have somebody to write, to help my memory?" "Yes; a servant—any of your servants may assist you." On which Lord Russell simply exclaimed: "My wife is here to do it." At these words Lady Russell rose, calm and self-possessed, to assist her lord in this hour of his utmost distress; and even amid that crowd, a feeling of sympathy was felt for the daughter of "virtuous Southampton" as she moved to her husband's side. With wonderful self-control she took notes, her heroic tenderness, her fortitude, her constancy, affording her husband his only comfort on that day of bitterness.

We cannot describe her anguish when the verdict of guilty was brought in and sentence of death pronounced. But she went forth to endeavor to avert his doom. In vain the daughter of the great Southampton knelt at the feet of Charles's son; in vain she sought to move the King and his brother. All was unavailing; and she at last renounced all hope.

The day before the execution, she took her children to their father to receive his last farewell; and, sending them away, remained to enjoy her last converse with her beloved husband. When supper-time was near, he said to her: "Stay and sup with me; let us eat our last earthly food together." And as they sat at table he talked cheerfully, especially of his two daughters, and of his own state of mind at this close approach of death.

At ten o'clock she left him, with many embraces, Doctor Burnet having come to prepare him for death. To him Lord Russell spoke of his happiness in having such a wife.

It is believed that she withdrew to Southampton House, and passed the time till the fatal blow in anguish and in prayer.

During the first days of her widowhood, she wrote a letter to the King, defending her husband's memory from an unjust charge. Thenceforward she was devoted to her family, and had the consolation of seeing her children, as they grew up, justify her early care. Her son succeeded to his grandfather's title of Earl of Bedford, and her daughters became Duchesses of Rutland and Devonshire. Revered and respected by all, she died at the age of eighty-six, September 29th, 1723.

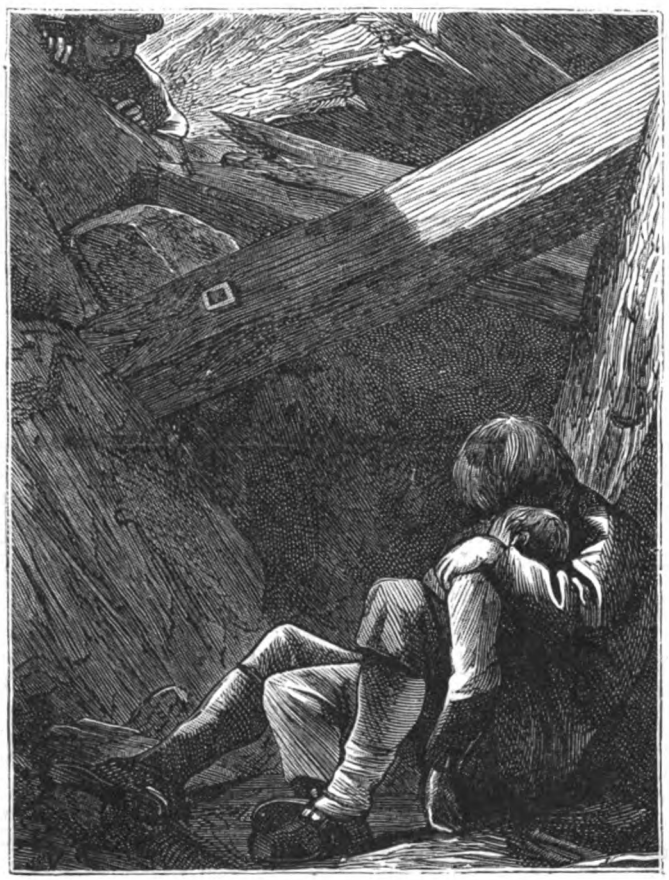
Nothing hardens the heart more effectually than literary trifling upon religious subjects. Where all is theory or scholarship, the conscience is untouched.

BURIED ALIVE.

THE miner, in the pursuit of his daily work, is so frequently exposed to danger, that his life appears to be in continual jeopardy.

In the Winter of 1815, at Hucklow, in Derbyshire, a man of the name of Frost was engaged in one of the mines, and while thus occupied, a large mass of earth fell in, and he was buried beneath. His companions soon hurried to the spot, and heard his voice, by which they ascertained that his head and his body remained unhurt, the principal weight having fallen upon and bruised his thighs and legs. Great care was required to effect his release, and some of the most experienced miners were employed for that purpose.

A mass of earth had been stopped in its fall, and hung suspended over the head of the poor man, ready at the slightest touch to crush him to pieces. The miners, aware of his great peril, were not able to attempt his release by the most direct and expeditious means of removing the earth over him, but they were obliged to dig through the side of the pit, and make a gallery, in order to reach the place where the man was lying, and this occupied them from Monday, the day when the accident took place, until the evening of the following Thursday, when they were able to release poor Frost from his dreadful situation, after a temporary burial of seventy-five hours.



BURIED ALIVE.—BODEN AND PEARSON IN THE MINE.

He had received a few slight bruises, but a mass of stone had fallen upon one of his legs and crushed it. A few drops of water that fell near his head, and which he contrived to catch in the hollow of his hand, allayed his thirst, and, no doubt, contributed to his preservation. He was cheerful even in the midst of his great danger and pain, for Frost was a religious man, and placed all his confidence in the merciful God who preserved him from death. He was removed to his home, and, with careful treatment, recovered his strength, and the loss of a leg did not prevent him from pursuing his work in the mine.

The Godbeheres Founder mine, in Derbyshire, is rendered memorable from an occurrence that took place there about sixty years ago. Two men, named Boden and Pearson, were working in the mine at different depths, when the earth and water suddenly rushed in upon them, and, in one moment, buried them alive in the deep recess below. On the third day after this happened, Pearson was found dead among the rubbish, and the men who were employed in clearing away the earth that had closed up the entrance to the mine, had now so little hope of finding Boden alive, that they were scarcely disposed to pursue their labors. They were, however, prevailed upon to proceed, until, on the eighth day of their work, they distinctly heard Boden's signal, and ascertained that he was living. They now worked with greater energy and with more care, and, after a few hours, they found the object of their search, almost exhausted, but still in existence, and fully aware of the providential nature of his escape.

His recovery from the effects of this premature entombment was slow, but effectual, and he returned to the mine in about thirteen weeks, and lived many years afterward.

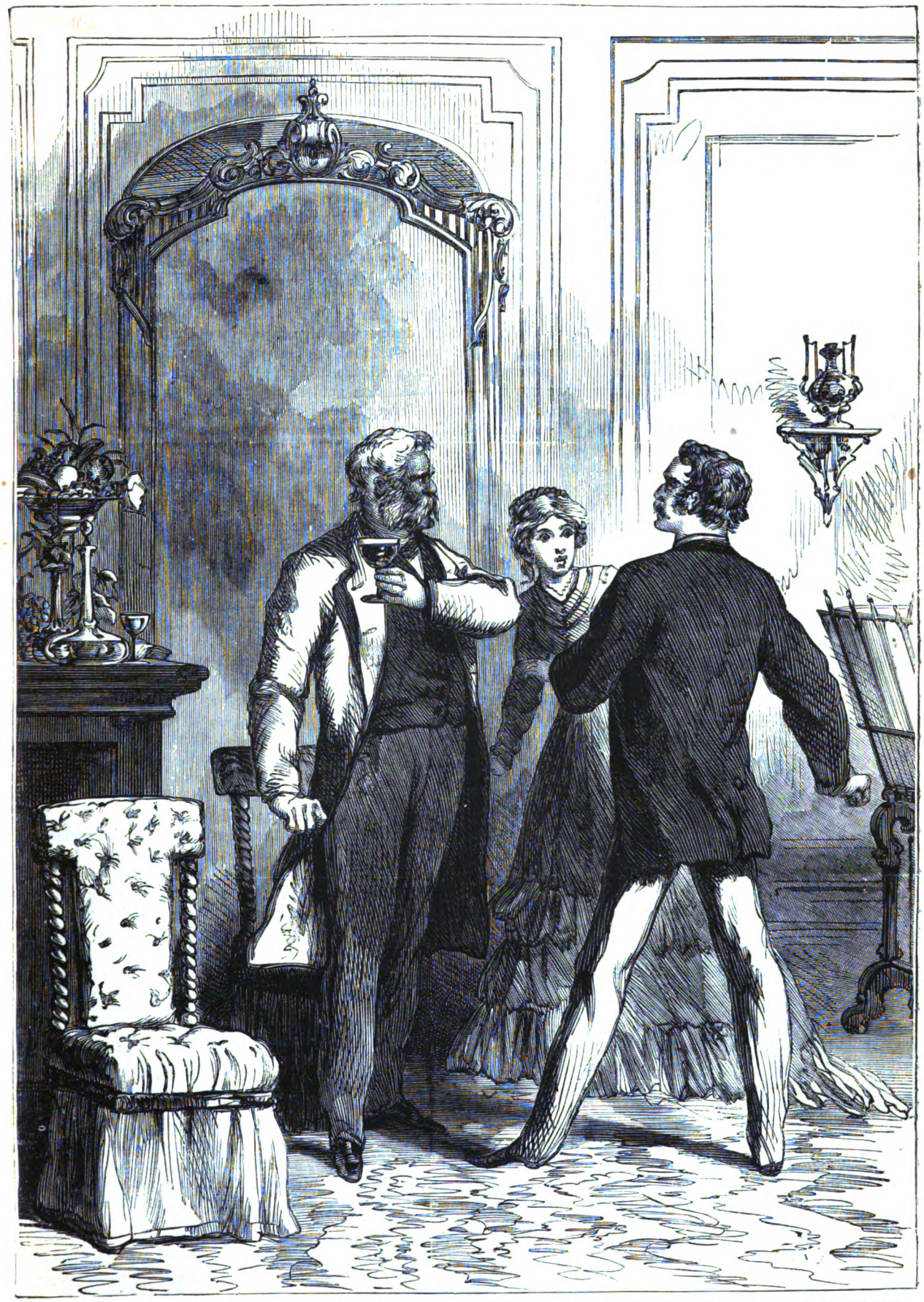
When the accident took place, Boden was in the lower part of the mine; Pearson was in the drift above when the earth fell upon and killed him. Boden's situation was equally perilous, but the earth was stopped in its fall by a projecting mass of rock, and this saved his life. In this situation, with no prospect before him but death, the poor man passed *eight* days in his narrow cell, without light or food, or wherewithal to quench his thirst, which he felt more severely than any other deprivation. Hunger he bore with fortitude, but thirst was intolerable; and during the whole of his confinement he was sufficiently sensible to feel all the horrors of his situation. He likewise suffered greatly from cold, but having a few yards to move in, he found a windlass (a handle by which a rope is turned), and exercised himself in moving it round, but by some mishap, the handle fell into the shaft below, and he could not recover it again.

Deprived of this means of employment, he still found something to do. In that part of the shaft where he was imprisoned, a rope was suspended over his head; he clambered up it, and, working at the earth above him, he loosened a portion, which fell into the chasm at his feet. While he was thus engaged, he thought he heard the noise of men laboring to release him; he listened again, almost breathless with anxiety. The sound, for a time, almost paralyzed him.

Shortly afterward he saw the light of heaven and human faces gazing upon him, as if they had actually beheld a man rising from the grave, and not a living body. He was, indeed, little more than a skeleton compared to what he had been, for mental and bodily suffering had so reduced him, and the pallid hue and altered expression of his countenance had nearly obliterated his personal identity. In this state he was restored to his friends.

Boden kept the anniversary of his deliverance from his subterranean prison as a day of thanksgiving to the Almighty for his wonderful preservation.

May such terrible accidents be few and far between.



THE MYSTERY AT GARTHWAITE PARK.—BELOSENSKY RAISED A GLASS OF WINE THAT HE HELD IN HIS HANDS, AND HURLED IT DIRECTLY INTO THE EYES OF HIS ASSAILANT."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE SECRET AT GARTHWAITE PARK.

CHAPTER I.

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY

DREAMING of pigeons was always a sure sign, to my mind, that I was to get an unexpected letter; but I certainly looked for no such surprise as I experienced when, on coming down to breakfast, I found a great, sprawling missive under my plate, bearing the Holbourne monogram and the lodge-keeper's stamp at Garthwaite Park. Here was Francis turned up again, after a silence of nearly two years! Reading, I found that he had been away—to Australia, for one place—but had now returned, like Robinson Crusoe after his last voyage, "cured of his rambling inclinations, and only desirous to end his days in peace." I greatly wondered at the latter statement (if, in truth, I believed it at all), and at once cast about in my mind for an explanation; but, none of my guesses being easy to definitely settle upon, I ended by resolving to avail myself of the invitation in the preface to the letter, and see Francis in his proper person.

So I packed up, and shot away with the first train that sped, arrow-like, from the station; and, one cool evening in November, might have been seen, if there had been any person to look at me—which there wasn't, except a small boy guarding some sheep—picking my way up the dusty lane that led to Garthwaite Park gate.

The first odd circumstance that struck me was the remarkable deafness of all the servants. I rang the lower bell at least half-a-dozen times before there was any apparent effect produced on those who ministered to it on the inside; and even the seventh stroke—a peal that might have rung in the New Year—only produced a tousled head at an upper window.

"At your leisure," said I, with some touch of sarcasm, "I should like to see Mr. Francis Holbourne."

If I had addressed it in Hebrew, the head could not have held itself more immovable.

"The gentleman," I added, in explanation, growing less patient every instant, "who, a day or two since, was master here. Will you, or somebody, let me in?"

The head stared at me for a second or two longer, looked up at the sky meditatively, and at last, with much deliberation, withdrew itself. Three minutes after, the door opened on a sudden, like a theatrical trap, and I nearly fell, face-foremost, into the passage.

"Confound you!" I cried, bursting out, unable to contain myself any longer; "wake up! The moment I put my eyes on your master I shall complain of this negligence and stupidity, be assured."

The head, which had by this time slowly multiplied itself into a round, red countenance, a bundle of flannel rags and an enormous projection which might have been termed indefinitely a nose, at my threat underwent a curious transformation. A sort of ghastly grin developed over it, and a husky, sepulchral voice struggled up from somewhere in the region of the neck.

"I've only one maister," was articulated, as if some hoarse ventriloquist were practicing, "and that's missus."

"Show me in, at any rate. Bring me to Mr. Holbourne."

Never had I seen this state of affairs before at Garthwaite. Fifty fantastic conjectures chased each other through my mind as I rambled through the hall behind my conductor, who kept continually leering at me over his shoulder, as if he suspected I had some design of stabbing him in the back. At last, after ascending a flight of dark stairs, we emerged once more into the daylight of a large room. Two people stood by the mantel-piece, in the crimson shadow of the firelight, one of whom was Francis.

"Dear old fellow," said I, advancing to him rapidly and holding out my hand, "I am so glad to see you!"

He grasped my fingers with all that warmth which was ever the chief ingredient of his nature, and said that our meeting was to him happiness itself.

"You do not need that I should tell you that, however," he added. "This, Mr. Erskine, is my wife."

Certainly a very handsome woman. The only matter which surprised me, however, was that Francis should have married a person older than himself, as she evidently was. But the fact that age had merely brought more of perfection to her figure and riper beauty to her face, struck me as explanation sufficiently satisfactory, and I greeted her with all the respect I could command.

It took not over ten minutes for me to perceive that my friend was thoroughly infatuated. Although he endeavored to pay me all imaginable attention, his kindness evidently proceeded entirely from a thought that it was due me as a guest; so, with all his skill, he could not prevent civility from assuming more the appearance of ceremony than, perhaps, it should have properly borne. That is to say—if I have not expressed my idea well—he was all toward me that a man could be, and what he did came from his heart; but, at the same time, his mind was on his wife, and he would have been happier to have continued in her society alone.

However, that was very natural, and I forgave it. Indeed, I made it a point to at once indicate, delicately as I could, the fact to him, by saying, after we had talked a while about indifferent things:

"Consider me in the old light, Francis—a fellow used to make himself at home anywhere, and especially at Garthwaite Park."

This was pleasing, for he brightened immediately; so, to follow a good point closely up, I added:

"To prove which, I shall instantly seek the society of old Abel Petheridge, and obtain, if possible, some brandy-and-water."

Going down-stairs again, my thoughts ran upon a singular subject—Mrs. Holbourne. "In love," I reflected; "according to Rochefoucauld, one loves, and the other is loved. Here is precisely the history of this marriage. Mrs. Holbourne is emphatically not the one who loves."

Abel Petheridge hailed me with ecstatic joy. If I had been his dearest brother, he could not have expressed more demonstrative kindness; and certainly I should have been flattered, had it not been for a remote suspicion that my arrival was associated most intimately in his memory with the production of unlimited quantities of potent cordials—which, let me add, was the reason that poor Francis always believed me excessively devoted to Bacchus, so much of his cellar disappearing whenever I came to see him; when the truth was that either, as Abel averred to me confidentially, the peculiar temperature of the house made the bottles burst, or, to give a faint conjecture of my own, Abel had unconsciously hidden them somewhere himself while in a state of somnambulism.

"Sir," said he, tasting the generous liquor I had poured out for him, "people's preferences differ. For my part, I don't find myself liking Mr. Francis's wife so much as I hoped I might. Things don't go as they used to, since her

servants have been here, which you may have seen when you came in."

"I certainly did notice it, Abel. But tell me, where did Francis first meet Mrs. H. ?"

"Why, haven't you heard, sir ? He met her abroad—at the opera, in Paris. She was the great singer, and, indeed, she do sing divinely, as I myself can testify. But, Mr. Erskine "—Abel's voice sank into a brandy-and-water whisper—"nobody know'd anything about her. There was only on the programme, which I myself have one, 'Mademoiselle Sylvie, Prima Donna leggiera,' spelled as I spell it now to you. But they say Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg and other great cities were frantic about her. Mr. Francis saw her, fell head and ears in love with her, offered himself, and married her. He brought her here to make himself, and she came to make herself, happy ; but, sir, pardon me, and no disrespect to my master and his wife, I don't think either of 'em is even contented."

Abel concluded with a swig that nearly strangled him.

"Why neither ?" I demanded, much interested.

"She is not, because her mind is far away across the sea ; he is not, because he suspects it."

At this moment the door opened, and the ventriloquist in the flannel—if I may so indicate the person who had let me in—entered, and handed Abel two or three damp newspapers, and then stolidly disappeared.

"The mail," said Abel to me, apologetically. "I will return in one minute, sir."

He went out, and I sat thinking. I pitied poor Francis, and yet I was angry with him. How wrong these sudden marriages are, where one knows nothing of the history of the other ! Evidently Mrs. Holbourne was a woman with a past—an eventful past—for the annals of it were written in her face and eyes, and the past seldom entirely buries itself. Might not some phantom out of it return and——

Abel re-entered, and interrupted me.

"Ah, there they are—there they are," he sighed, absent-mindedly pouring out another drain of brandy for himself, "billing and cooing ; and who knows what they will be at this day six months ! Heaven send us grace !"

"Francis, I suppose, translates the papers to her every evening, as she doesn't understand English well ?"

"He do, sir ; and such a mess of words as that French language is ! How them French people can understand it, I don't know ; but I suppose they're educated to it, Mr. Erskine. For my part, give me plain English. I'm a plain man, and it'll do for me all the world over."

What Abel's impressions were concerning the respective characters of the languages, I never had the opportunity to inquire ; for at this moment a peal of bells rang all over the house, and I heard the voice of Francis shouting for help. Abel and I darted up-stairs precipitately. We entered the room I had been in once before, meeting at the door other people of the house, and there beheld, prostrate on the floor, still in the shadow of the crimson firelight, Mrs. Holbourne.

"Great heaven !" exclaimed Francis, wringing his hands distractedly, "my wife, for some cause or other, has fainted. I was reading the paper to her aloud, and had scarcely concluded the account of an accident near the railway-station below, to-day, when suddenly she dropped down, apparently lifeless."

While they were all engaged in assisting the sufferer, I glanced quickly over the paper. My eye fell on the following paragraph :

"CORRECTION.—The person whose hand was injured in getting off the train at this place, this morning, was not, as first reported, Mr. Job Wackley, the eminent brewer of our town, but a Russian gentleman, named Belosensky, a stranger."

"Belosensky !" I repeated, absently. "What is there so startling in the name of Belosensky ?"

Again I left the room, and descended the stairs. In the corridor below, I was just about to pass the glass door that led from the park grounds, when I thought I perceived a ruddy, gray-whiskered face looking at me through the glass.

I advanced instantly. "Who are you, and what do you want ?" I asked.

"I should like much to see Mrs. Francis Holbourne," was the reply, delivered in a singular accent.

"Your name ?" I half opened the door.

"Belosensky !"

CHAPTER II.

ABEL'S REVELATION.

AFTER three days, the ventriloquist in the flannel might have given to his epigram a different turn ; there was but one master and mistress in the house, and that was Belosensky. His progress had been like Cæsar's—he had come, had seen, had conquered. For my own part, I was surprised almost out of my senses.

The first shock occurred on the morning after the Russian's arrival. I happened to observe Francis in the garden, and hurried down to him.

"Who's our friend ?" was my question, pointing over my shoulder with my thumb.

"The new arrival ?" asked Francis, with a peevish sort of inflection in his voice. "Some acquaintance of my wife. Where they met, I don't know, but I fancy in St. Petersburg."

"How do you like him ?"

"Tolerably. That is to say, not much."

"Quite my own feeling," I rejoined. "He has too plentiful a lack of modesty. But, talk of the angels ! Here he comes."

The man—burly, impudent, swaggering—advanced toward us from the house, Mrs. Holbourne by his side. His very manner of crunching the gravel under his feet, as he strode along, had a sort of brutality about it that, I thought, fitted his character exactly.

"Gentlemen, my salutations ! Mademoiselle Sylvie—pardon me, that is to say, Mrs. Holbourne and I are about to enjoy this delicious morning by walking over the park. Is it not a good idea ?"

I loooked at Francis, with a frown on my face, and an unmistakable signal in my eyes. He understood it and immediately took his wife's hand.

"Unfortunately," he said, decisively, "I must beg you to excuse the lady for the present, Monsieur Belosensky. Some other time she may be more at your service."

"Sorry, sorry ! Now this really *is* a disappointment."

"Be assured my regrets are deep as yours. But my wife, if she remembers, is already engaged for the morning to me."

The Russian paused for a second, then raised his eyes and looked steadily into those of the former opera-singer.

"She will *not* accompany me, then ?" he inquired.

The emphatic word was accentuated in such a manner as to make the sentence a stern and final threat.

There was another brief silence. Slowly the wife relinquished her husband's grasp, and came over to her visitor. "Francis is mistaken," she said, in a low tone. "Monsieur Belosensky, I *will* accompany you."

And both passed by and went on.

It is not necessary that I should pause to describe my indignation, and my friend's shame and grief. After staring at each other speechlessly, I broke silence by offering one

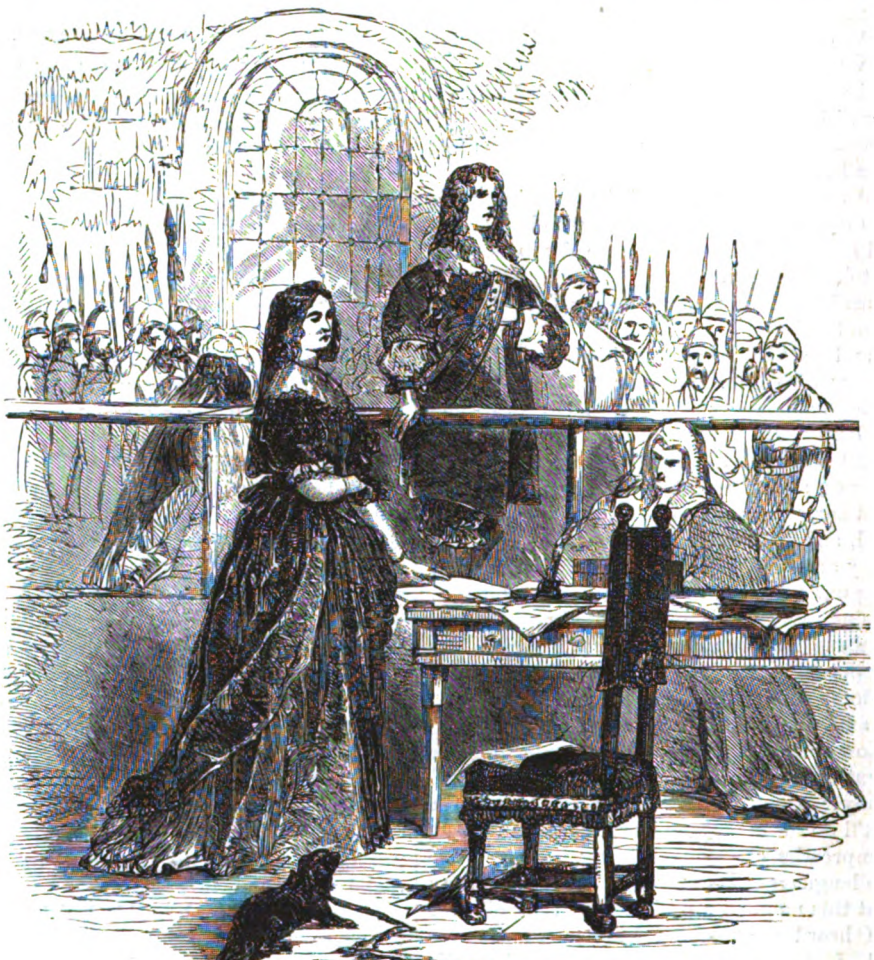
simple piece of advice. This was, to turn the fellow out without a moment's delay. Francis was cooler, however, and said he should go on the more regular plan of making investigation.

Conceive, then, my increased amazement to find, on the day following, the Russian more at home than ever! His coarse voice and loud laugh could be heard ringing over the house all the hours through.

At dinner, he was host. Through every course he talked with ceaseless volubility, commenting technically upon each dish, as it appeared, in a manner that Soyer, Blot, Damas—any, in short, of the great modern cooks—could scarcely have surpassed.

Francis had become another man. To my looks of inquiry, he held down his head abashed. But the cause of this transformation was not far to seek. It had been brought about by the magic wand of Madame Sylvie-Holbourne, late prima donna leggiera of the grand opera of Paris. But, for myself, Heaven knows I was not so easily satisfied. Watching my opportunity, I seized upon my friend, and expostulated.

"It is useless, Erskine," said he, in a tone of despair. "My wife has made me promise that I will treat this man with respect as long as he remains in the house."



LADY RACHEL RUSSELL AT HER HUSBAND'S TRIAL.—SEE PAGE 619.

"Respect! Great heaven! He claims no respect, man! He takes complete possession, and demands absolute obedience and service. I am going to ask you some questions. What do you know of your wife's former history?"

He looked at me somewhat angrily, but I met his glance, and let him read in mine the really generous motive that I had at the bottom of my heart.

"I know nothing, dear Erskine," he returned. "Her parents, she says, as far as love and duty are concerned, are to her dead. A famous tenor took a fancy to her when she was a girl, instructed her in music, and made her the magnificent singer she is. You have learned, I believe, all about her public career. It ended at her marriage with me."

"She never mentioned this Belosensky's name before his arrival?"

"Never! What his peculiar influence over her is, I cannot even imagine. Evidently she has a particular regard for him, and would not allow me to give him offense for the world."

"Influence!" I repeated. "My poor friend, it is power; her regard is fear!"

He turned instantly pale as death.

"What do you mean?" he articulated, between his teeth, his fists clinched and his eyes flashing fury.

"Nothing but what I have said. There is a secret here, Francis Holbourne, which I shall not try to fathom. But, if you are the man I have always taken you to be, *you* will not consider it so lightly."

And so saying, I left him; but, looking over my shoulder as I went out of the door, I saw he had dropped into a chair, and, holding his head with both hands, was rocking himself backward and forward.

There is nothing, I think, so satisfying, when one's state of mind is inclined to be tumultuous, as a smoke. I went into the smoking-room for a match, and there met Abel.

"Abel," said I, "I have not been availing myself lately of the luxury of your society. But, now that I am at leisure, we must have a talk. What do you think of the turn matters have taken since the past two days?" The old man shook his head rebukingly.

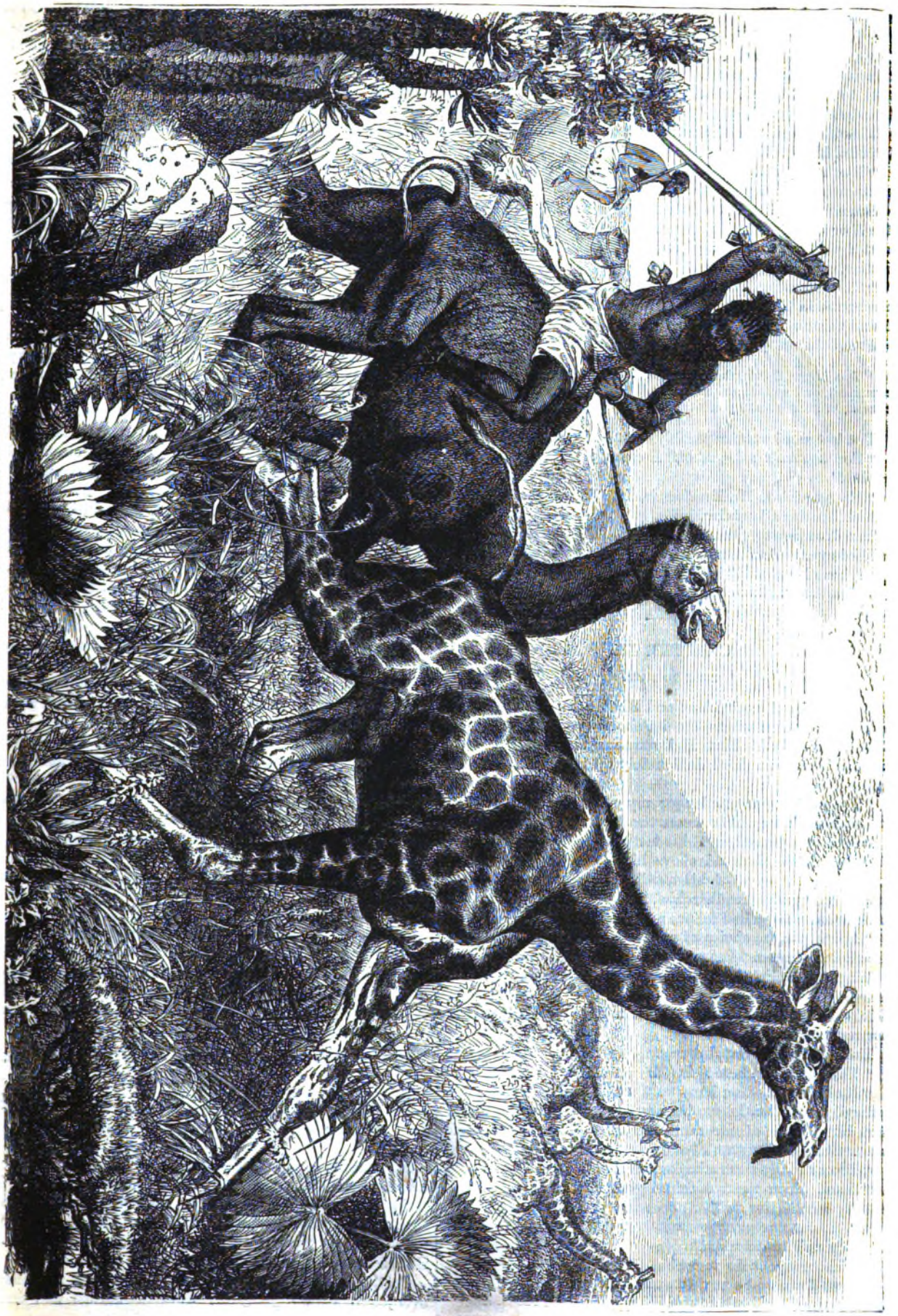
"I should consider myself presumptuous, Mr. Erskine, to pry and comment on the actions of my betters."

This sudden tack on Abel's part took me a little by surprise. Hitherto he had seized every opportunity for gossip with avidity; now he thrust all invitation to it virtuously away. Here was another mystery.

"But tell me," I continued, returning to the charge, "what you think of Monsieur Belosensky?"

"A very free-spoken gentleman," answered Abel, suddenly much interested in an old newspaper, which he unconsciously held upside down.

"Come, come, Abel, this won't do, my old friend! You've got something on your mind. You know very well that you are not reading one syllable in that paper."



THE AGGAGERS, OR SWORD HUNTERS, ON THE UPPER NILE, PURSUING THE GIRAFFE.—SEE PAGE 627.

He sprang to his feet and came over to me, holding out his hand

"True, Mr. Erskine, true! I can contain myself no longer; I will reveal all!" We both went to the window. "It is horrible! Prepare yourself, sir, or you will not be able to stand it. I should even suggest, sir, a touch of brandy!"

This idea was so good that I embraced it instantly. Abel fortified himself likewise, and then continued:

"I've a dreadful suspicion, sir. Something I would not communicate to any one but you."

Scarcely had the last words left his lips, when I heard the door creak. At that time I was so interested in Abel that I paid no attention; but now I remember the noise distinctly.

"This morning," pursued the old man, "I was dusting the books in Monsieur Belosensky's room. On his desk I found this note."

I read the scrap hastily. It contained but these words:

"You know, Sylvie, that I never break my word. Do what I command, or I will reveal all. It will be sufficient to say to Holbourne, 'Of the woman you have married I am the——'"

The last word was irreparably scratched out.

"For heaven's sake, Abel," I cried, "tell me your suspicion!"

"My suspicion, Mr. Erskine, is, that the woman up-stairs is that Russian's lawful wife!"

The door swung open, and Francis Holbourne, haggard, wild of eye, mad with rage and grief, slowly tottered in.

"I have heard all!" he shrieked. "By this hour to-morrow, Death will have come to Garthwaite Park!"

CHAPTER III.

FACE TO FACE.

He darted out again, Abel and I hot upon his heels, and entered the room where the luncheon was always placed. The Russian and Mrs. Holbourne stood together at a buffet. Francis walked deliberately up to the former, and said:

"I consider you no longer my guest!" with which he struck him a sharp blow across the face.

Belosensky paused, shut his teeth, raised a glass of wine that he held in his hand above his head, and hurled it directly into the eyes of his assailant. Then, taking out a small, white pockethandkerchief, he brushed his sleeve, upon which some drops had fallen, and remarked:

"I give you the choice of weapons, but reserve to myself the choice of time. Let us say, this evening."

Whereupon, lightly pulling his mustache, he sauntered away.

Mrs. Holbourne fainted, and was taken by the servants to her room.

I seized Francis impetuously.

"This must end here!" I said.

"It shall not! You know very well, Erskine, that I am a patient man—that I have been patient beyond endurance. But, like others of the same temperament, my limit once reached and transgressed I am patient nevermore!"

"You are fully determined upon the duel?"

"I am. You must consider yourself my friend—I will not say second, for neither my enemy nor myself shall need any. At once prepare yourself to carry my message to the man whom I am to meet."

"What weapons do you select?"

He sat down and seemed to mentally prepare the form of the sentence he wished to use.

"I have read in the annals of the Byron family that the fifth or sixth lord, I cannot recall which, fought his adversary, Mr. Chaworth, with knives, in a totally dark room, where there was no one else present. Such is the mode I have resolved to adopt here."

I drew back with horror.

"It is useless to even dream of altering me. Nay, if you refuse to play the part I ask of you, I shall consider you, too, an enemy."

No one knows better than I that all I could say now would not be sufficient to excuse my sin in consenting to this dreadful proposition. Therefore, I willingly bring my narrative nearer to its end by simply stating that I did agree to assume the responsibility I was called upon to take, and bore the message, word for word, to Mr. Belosensky.

He received me with most deferential politeness, listened with a smile, and consented.

The room for the affair was to be the apartment immediately under the turret; the time, ten o'clock. No one was to come upon the upper corridor after nine; at a quarter past ten I was to give alarm by means of every bell in the house, and so divulge the secret to the world.

In the smoking-room, with Abel Petheridge—whom emotion, or something else, had totally unfitted for intelligible conversation—I sat, my eyes glued to the clock. How slowly limped along the leaden minutes! For the first time in my life I endeavored to sing a song. My companion praised it, but I felt it was a failure. Then I did sums and wrote some Latin verses. In the midst of an angry contention with an obstinate dactyl, I suddenly heard a piercing shriek. The hand of the clock had just crossed my equator—ten. I paused not a moment, but pulled the turret-bell, and heard it ring out upon the night. Then, followed by Abel, I rushed up-stairs.

We were joined by the servants with torches on our way, and, at their head, we entered the chamber of the duel. A flood of light was poured upon the occupants already there. Francis Holbourne stood, a bloody knife in his hand, glaring at an object on the floor.

But this object was not the body of his enemy, Belosensky. It was the almost lifeless body of Sylvie, his own wife!

"He has escaped!" she gasped, in the French language. "You have killed me in his stead. In the dark, happily, you knew me not, Francis. But, villain and outcast as he was—mean as was his purpose against you, my husband—I am prepared, Francis, to die for him. He was my father!"

"Your father!"

And so, by her dying lips, the secret was revealed.

Belosensky had played the selfish scoundrel to the end.

By whom, does the reader guess, was he accompanied in his flight from Garthwaite? By none other than one of the most artful, yet seemingly most stupid, scamps in the world—the ventriloquist in the flannel.

THE AGGAGEERS, OR SWORD HUNTERS, ON THE UPPER NILE, PURSUING THE GIRAFFE.

No country in the world surpasses tropical and Southern Africa in the abundance and variety of game. As the descriptions published by Galton, Anderson, Speke, Baker, Stanley, and others, fully demonstrate, Africa is a paradise for sportsmen, where they can shoot and revel among the rhinoceros and elephants for centuries to come.

On the Upper Nile, immense plains or steppes are thickly overgrown with high grass, dwarfed shrubs and small

thickets, in which a great variety of quadrupeds are thriving. The porcupine, the ant-eating hog (*orcyteropus*), a creature resembling closely the armadillo, and several kinds of field-mice, burrow there in the loamy and sandy ground. At times the lion raises his dreadful, roaring voice, as he passes by the camp-fire of some nomadic tribe; and the nicely spotted semech-dog is busy hunting or stirring up the timid antelope, which roams in thousands of herds over the vast prairie.

In quaintness of exterior no African beast surpasses the giraffe, which may be considered as characteristic of this torrid soil, as the emu or kangaroo is of Australia. Its gigantic frame sometimes reaches the height of twenty feet; its skin is most conspicuous for the regularity and beauty of its brown or reddish triangle or square-shaped dottings; its eyes for a certain softness of expression.

The giraffe received, it is said, its present Arabian name from the elegance of its motions. It avoids the tropical forests and their entangling creepers, and is not even found either among the steeper hills. It thrives best among the acacias and bauhinias of the South African plains, in the grass-covered lands of Southern Nubia, and in the shrubs and bushes of Sennaar, where the ground resembles a carpet interwoven with the most beautiful lilies and other flowers. Their olfactory and auditory senses are most sharply developed, and it is by no means easy for any hunter to approach them so near as to kill them, even with a rifle ball.

A European who visited Sennaar on a sporting tour, had approached a group of five giraffes, with some fellow-hunters, to within a distance of about eight hundred yards, when suddenly they stopped feeding, raised their long necks, and, a sign of apprehension having been given by one of them, they quickly disappeared.

The excessive hardness of the palate enables the animal to tear off and chew twigs from acacia-trees, although these are thickly studded with thorns of the size of a man's finger.

The most general and successful method of hunting this noble animal is the one practised by the sword-hunters, or Aggageers, in Southern Nubia. Several Sennaar tribes, as the Tungi negroes and the Abu-Rof Bedouins, delight in this kind of sport. They are mounted on the swiftest dromedaries, and as soon as a flock of giraffes has been espied in the steppe, the hunters assemble. They use no saddle, and can keep, therefore, on the top of the fatty protuberance only by a firm appliance and grasp of their muscular knee-joints. Their bodies are of a dark bronze hue, and are always shining with an abundance of grease. No garments cover their limbs, except a long strip of cotton fastened around the hip and the shoulder. From the left shoulder dangles the long and broad cross-hilted sword, sheathed in a reddish-colored leather scabbard.

The party is followed at some distance by an attendant, who carries water in a leather bag, and raw sorghum-grains previously soaked in water. This food, called *belileh*, with a mouthful of water, constitutes all the food that the frugal giraffe-hunter stands in need of.

The hunt continues all day long amidst the tough and thorny shrubs, diminutive palm-trees, some not unlike our palmetto, amidst large cactus-like euphorbias, and thickets filled with llianas and creepers.

The images of blue, distant mountains sometimes emerge to a monstrous height above the horizon, owing to the deceitful reflection of a fata-morgana, which has proved disastrous to many an exhausted traveler in the wildernesses and deserts of the African continent.

A careful search has finally revealed the spot where a little flock of giraffes has gathered. The hunting company approaches most noiselessly, hiding itself when possible behind trees and thickets. When near enough, the riders emerge from the thickets, and by loud clicks excite their dromedaries to speed on with their utmost power after the game. They then draw their swords, their strange hunting-weapon, the blades glittering brightly in the sunbeams. The doomed victims soon become aware of their persecutors, and in their rapid flight wave their long necks forward and backward. Dry branches break and crack under the step of their quickly moving hoofs; stones, pebbles, roots and earth are whirled in all directions, and clouds of dust fill the atmosphere.

In a desperate, frantic chase the hunter follows his game, which cunningly tries to evade or outstrip its unmerciful pursuer by cross-steps and jumps; but the despondent look of the exhausted victim already presages that its doom is sealed, and that an escape is utterly impossible. The velocity of the pursued is no longer equal to that of the pursuer, and when its pace begins to slacken, the livid tongue, covered with froth, protrudes out of the mouth, and the glaring, desperate eyeballs starting from their sockets, exhibit the anxiety by which the animal is consumed.

When the hunter has arrived at a sufficiently short distance, he leans forward on his seat, takes aim, and with his ponderous sword hamstrings his victim. Rarely is a second blow needed to fell the colossal frame of the pursued giraffe. The animal falls panting into the grass, or crouches down upon its hind legs in convulsions, and kicks to right and left, whirling up clouds of dust.

By a loud cry, "Tachû el-Hami-lillâhi (thanks to God), Allah-Kerim (God is merciful)," our Nubian sportsman announces his victory, and calls together his companions in the chase. Those who are not actually engaged in pursuing or slaying another victim from all sides readily respond to the call.

They dismount from their dromedaries and dispatch the victim by a few sword-cuts into the throat and the extremities. They flay the animal on the spot, and divide the meat among the party, who cut it lengthwise into strips. When the meat has been thoroughly dried in the sun, it is used as provision, and stands in high favor with hunters and travelers.

Sometimes, when a party is hunting at a considerable distance from their villages, a meal is hurriedly prepared from giraffe-meat immediately after the animal is slain. They strike a match and set on fire some grass-stalks and dry wood, roast some pieces of the meat on their surface, and eat them up without loss of time.

Almost every part of the giraffe's body serves to some useful purpose of the negro. Its skin is tanned and furnishes excellent material for shields and sandals; the bushy end of the tail becomes a fan or flap to keep off flies and mosquitoes; even the pelvis yields its bony frame to the Flammég negro, who turns it into a banjo and sings to its tune his love-songs and war exploits.

Young giraffes are easily caught alive, when the parent animals have been killed or dispersed, for, helpless as they are, they surrender to their pursuers after a very short chase; and when they have grown to a more advanced age, they are captured almost in the same way as the Guaranis on the Plata lasso their wild horses.

Ethiopian chieftains and Turkish pashas are very fond of keeping giraffes around their houses, and when sold to European speculators or merchants, they fetch considerable prices. They are brought up with camels' milk, the grain and stalks of the sorghum plant, and in the court of an Ethiopian potentate, they generally form one of the most admired and attractive features.

All the tribes inhabiting the Taka country hunt the giraffe. They follow the method described above, and differ

from it only by using the horse instead of the dromedary. But an inconvenient circumstance prevents giraffe-hunting on horseback from becoming general; it is the relative smallness of the horse in comparison to the long extremities of the dromedary.

The giraffe, when driven into close quarters, sometimes defends itself with the utmost vigor, kicks its assailant with its powerful hind legs, and with such force that it often breaks the chest of a rider's horse standing behind, while the chest of the taller dromedary cannot be reached so easily by the furious animal. Its kick is so powerful as sometimes to kill or stun even lions.

Some tribes of the Barka region, and in Eastern Abyssinia, the Maria, are accustomed to drive the giraffes into thickets made impassable by ropes or nettings; the quadrupeds becoming entangled in them, are easily killed or caught alive.

Our readers will see in our illustration an exciting episode of a giraffe chase; all the particulars of the dress, etc., were drawn most faithfully on the spot by a traveling artist, Mr. R. Hartmann.

DRAWING A BEAR.

DRAWING A BEAR.

"On my return march to Sirdarpore," says Gordon Cumming, "I sent my men ahead to mark game on the Vindyah Hills, and on reaching my tents, four miles from Tirla, I found that a couple of bears had been marked. The grass had been burnt, and the ground was perfectly bare throughout the jungle.

"On the side of a very steep slope, thinly studded with tall trees, was a bit of rock scarped to the height of seven feet, and extending some twenty yards along the face of the hill. Under this rock were some holes, into which the bears had gone in the early morning. We went very quietly down till we reached the edge of the scarp, when one of the men, pointing over, showed me the snout and two forepaws of a sleeping bear from a hole at the base of the rock.

"At the mouth of this hole grew a peepul-tree, and the noise made by the rustling of its green leaves in the wind prevented the bear from hearing our footsteps. The body of the beast was inside the hole, and the only effect of a low whistle was to make him move his head to the right and left. At length I cast down a small pebble, on which he made a grab at it with his forepaws, and then threw himself back into the hole with his hind legs protruding. At length he disappeared altogether, and though we threw down sticks and stones, he would not show.

"The aforementioned peepul-tree grew up the face of the rock, and I now directed one of my men to climb out into the tree, and, having tied a stone into the end of his turban, to shake it over the mouth of the hole. The ruse succeeded admirably. The bear rushed out, and as he rose on his hind legs and furiously attacked the dangling turban, I shot him through the head, and he fell. We then went down to the mouth of the hole, and lit a fire of dry grass, wood, and green leaves. A dense smoke was carried into the hole, and soon after the she-bear bolted with the cub clinging to her back. I shot the old one, and then running in, captured the cub, which we took home alive.

Such is the superstructure of vanity that turret after turret is added to adorn the stupendous fabric, till at last the foundation totters beneath its gaudy superfluities.

None are more apparently valiant than the coward when freed from danger. What is lost in reality finds a supply in assumption.

THE ART OF VENTILATION.

By Professor Charles A. Joy, Ph. D.

There is no topic on which so much has been written and so little is known as the art of ventilation. There are as many views on this question as there are directions in which the weather-vane can point, and it would almost seem to be a hopeless task to endeavor to bring order out of such a chaos of opinions.

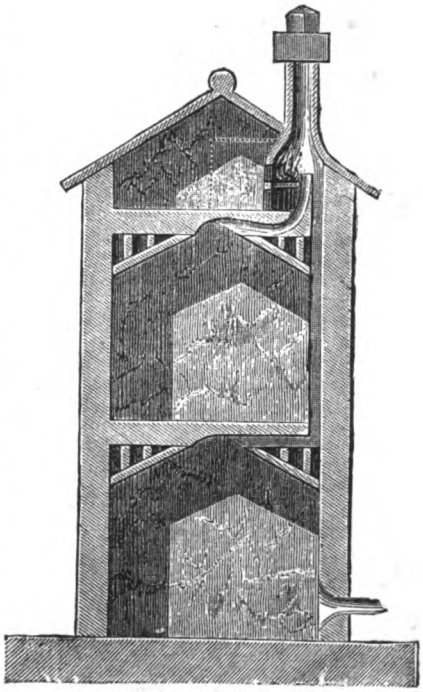
It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that a skepticism proportional to the confusion of ideas prevails in the popular mind, and that a majority of mankind endure in silence what they think they cannot remedy.

We live at the bottom of a great ocean of fluid, which, under ordinary circumstances, is a gas, but by great pressure and intense cold is capable of being converted into a solid like the granite of the mountains. As a rule, we do not see the atmosphere, neither do we hear it nor feel it. We move in it as a fish does in water, and die sooner when deprived of it than does the fish when it is cast upon dry land.

The first act in the drama of life is to draw a breath, and the last is to cease from respiration. The immortal chemist Lavoisier showed that he understood the true principles upon which life is dependent, when he traced, more than one hundred years ago, the analogy between respiration and combustion: "Respiration is the gentle combustion of carbon and hydrogen, analogous to that which takes place in a burning lamp. In respiration as in combustion, it is the atmospheric air which furnishes the oxygen and heat; but in respiration it is the very substance of the animal, the blood, which supports the combustion. If animals do not constantly repair by food the loss incurred by respiration, the fuel will soon be wanting in the body, and the animal will perish, as the lamp goes out when its oil is exhausted." This analogy between respiration and combustion, did not escape the poets and philosophers of antiquity. The fire snatched from heaven, "The torch of Prometheus," does not simply present an ingenious poetical idea, it is the faithful picture of the operations of nature. The torch of life is ignited the moment the child is born, and it is not extinguished until death."

M. D'ARCET.

Lavoisier early appreciated the necessity of oxygen to respiration, and hence that gas was at first called "vital air." This vital air it is which we see introduced into every place occupied by man, and the way to do this must be ascertained by studying the laws of ventilation. Hence the subject is one of the first importance, and we can well afford to devote some time to its consideration.



GENNETTI'S VENTILATING APPARATUS.

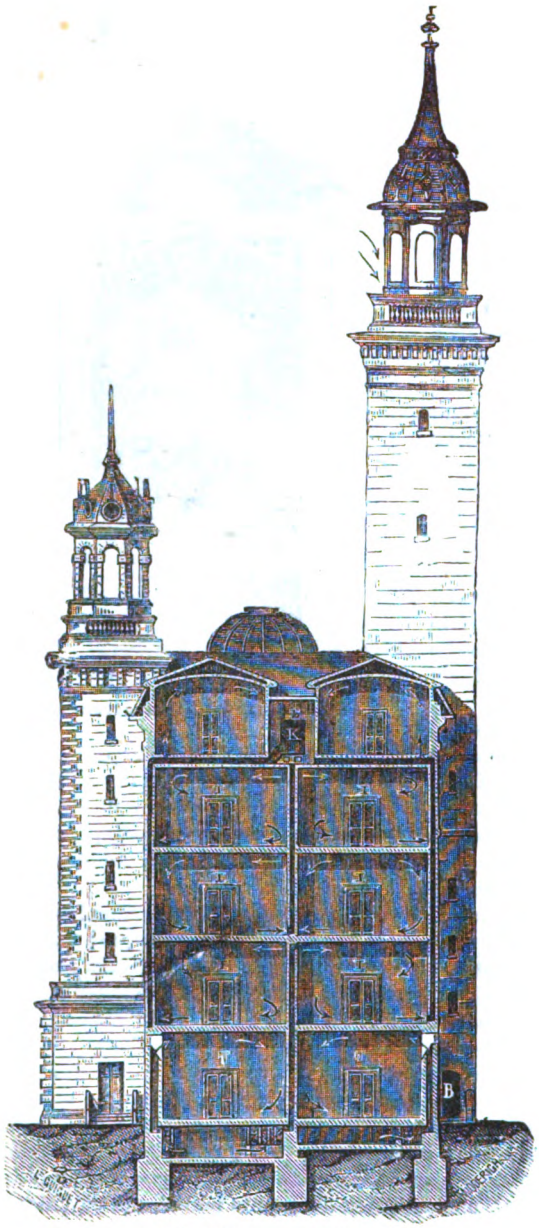
I have, in a former article, given a history of the various methods resorted to for warming our dwellings, and the topic of ventilation can well be treated as a continuation of the same subject.

No heating of a room can be said to be complete unless provision is also made for supplying it with pure air. Simply to heat the bad air is to bring on suffocation and cause death; and unfortunately this result is too often achieved by modern inventions. When a number of persons are shut up in a closed space they soon begin to feel dull and ill at ease, and do not revive until fresh air is admitted. We know that a person in respiring takes up oxygen and gives out carbonic acid. The quantity of carbonic acid exhaled from the lungs of an adult is 250 gallons every twenty-four hours. There are in the same time four pounds of moisture given out, contaminated by minute particles of organic matter. All of these exhalations are poisonous to the human race and ought in theory to be removed as fast as they are formed.

It is often supposed that carbonic acid gas, being heavier than common air, must be precipitated to the floor as fast as it issues from the lungs. This is, however, provided against by the law of diffusion of gases. If it were not so the surface of the earth would soon become covered with an ocean of gas, in which no living being could exist, and every fire would be extinguished.

To prevent the accumulation of too large a quantity of this "choke damp," there is another provision of law by which plants require it as food. Vegetables and plants assimilate the carbon and liberate the oxygen, to be used over again in the respiration of animals. Thus in this way what is poison for one form of life becomes food for another.

There are numerous facts going to prove that carbonic acid gas diffuses itself in the atmosphere and is not precipitated to the floor or surface of the earth, in consequence of its being heavier than the air. De Saussure noted the presence of carbonic acid in the atmosphere of the summit of Mont Blanc, in the region of perpetual snow, and he states



GUY'S HOSPITAL VENTILATION.

explicitly that the proportion of this gas is greater on the tops of mountains than in the plains or valleys. This view has been confirmed by Gay Lussac, who made experiments upon air collected at great elevations in balloons.

Pure air is a mechanical mixture of twenty-one parts by volume of oxygen, and seventy-nine parts of nitrogen; it contains in addition four to six parts of carbonic acid in 10,000, also a quantity of the vapor of water, varying according to temperature. Finally, it holds in suspension a quantity of solid particles which play an important part in the phenomena of nature.

Every one has seen the atmospheric dust when a beam of light across a room makes it visible. These particles are so small that it is only by the aid of light that they are made visible. In order to collect and examine them it is necessary to draw a large volume of air through water or gun cotton. The cotton method has been successfully tried in hospitals, where a search was made for the germs of disease. After the gun cotton has caught these minute sporules it is dissolved in a mixture of alcohol and ether, and the sediment, on examination under a powerful microscope, will be found to be made up of a great variety of constituents, such as mineral and vegetable fibre, granules of starch, threads of cotton, atoms of charcoal, fragments of carbonate of lime, crystals of salt, and organic sporules. The most important of these constituents in their sanitary effects, are the organic matters, which Pasteur and Tyndall have shown to be ferments.

In combating the doctrine of spontaneous generation, Professor Tyndall has had occasion to perform an extensive series of experiments in which the conditions of the atmosphere played an important part. Substances sealed up in tubes deprived of air, remained unaltered, but others of the same source when left in open vessels soon showed signs of putrefaction and fermentation. The germs in the air can also become the occasion of zymotic or ferment diseases, and are therefore proper objects of solicitude and study.

What we call pure air is therefore composed of oxygen, nitrogen, carbonic acid, vapor of water, fragments of vegetable and mineral substances, organic and miasmatic corpuscles. It will be seen by this that the best air we can obtain has a fair share of impurities. If the air of an occupied room loses one per cent. of its oxygen, respiration becomes difficult; the loss of four per cent. renders life nearly insupportable, and death arrives when the loss reaches five or six per cent.

The study of these facts has led mankind to try to obviate the inconveniences and dangers arising from vitiated air, and as a result we have the art of ventilation.

The ventilation of public and private buildings is altogether a modern invention. A century has scarcely elapsed since the question was first raised, although our knowledge has been greatly enriched by the experiments and researches of architects and men of science during these hundred years. It is a mortifying fact that the world has been slow to profit by what has been learned. It is true that attempts were made to ventilate mines from the earliest times; but it was not until Lavoisier made known the true nature of the air that any practical knowledge could be obtained of the subject.

In the celebrated work of Agricola, "*De re Metallica*, published at Basle in 1546, and devoted to the metallurgy of the sixteenth century, we find plans and drawings of the methods of ventilation in use at that early period. The apparatus consisted of enormous bellows manipulated by hand or driven by some kind of power. The bellows were attached to wooden tubes which penetrated to the bottom of the mine; and there were sometimes several pairs in operation at the same time. The fresh air was blown into the galleries, and the foul air made its exit up the mouths. In England, toward the close of the eighteenth century, mechanical means were employed to ventilate the Houses of Parliament, hospitals, and Newgate Prison.

Ventilation by chimneys was suggested in France by du Monceau and Gennetti. According to the system of the latter, outer air was introduced at the base of the building, and by means of a fire in a chimney under the roof a sufficient draught was produced to force it out at the top. In this way the foul air was drawn out of the building.

The most important contributions of the early part of the present century were made by Reid in England, and D'Arcet in France. The former introduced ventilating apparatus in the Houses of Parliament, Guy's Hospital, and many other public buildings, and wrote extensively on the subject. The latter gave to the principles of ventilation scientific precision, and contributed largely to make them known to the popular mind.

As soon as the necessity for fresh air was universally admitted, methods of supplying it were sought on every

sid·. The walls of rooms were pierced at the top and bottom, to afford access for pure air and exit for the foul. Holes were cut in the window-panes and revolving disks inserted. These measures, if not perfect, at least seemed to aid the natural ventilation, which commonly takes place through the chinks and doors of apartments, and thus lessens the danger arising from bad air.

There is a fact in connection with the study of ventilation in France which deserves to be mentioned here. It was not humanity that first suggested practical inventions in this line, but industry. It was not for the sick in hospitals that new devices were introduced, but for the silkworms in the spinning of cocoons. Observation showed the necessity of fresh air to the preservation of the worms, and it was carefully introduced; and after it was done, the same apparatus was pronounced to be equally useful for man.

A similar story is told by Mr. Henry A. Gouge, who was so successful in ventilating the stable of a well-known citizen, that he was permitted to apply his invention to a bank. First came the horses, then the men. The following is an account of his success: "The well-known New York Bank may be mentioned as an instance of imperfect ventilation, which came to my knowledge through the instrumentality of Judge Henry Hilton, of New York City, whose stable I had ventilated very much to his satisfaction. Owing to this circumstance, he was kind enough to give me a letter of introduction to the cashier of the above bank, suggesting that it would be well to employ me to ventilate the place."

Mr. Gouge was employed, and was eminently successful, thanks to his previous experiments on horses.

In France, after the success with silkworms, the first building to be ventilated was the House of Peers and Chamber of Deputies; then the prisons, the hospitals, the churches and the theatres received attention.

One of the most conspicuous writers on the subject in France is General Morin, a member of the Institute, and a Director at the Conservatoire des arts et Métiers. Probably no writer has done more than he to popularize the subject, and apply its principles to public and private edifices.

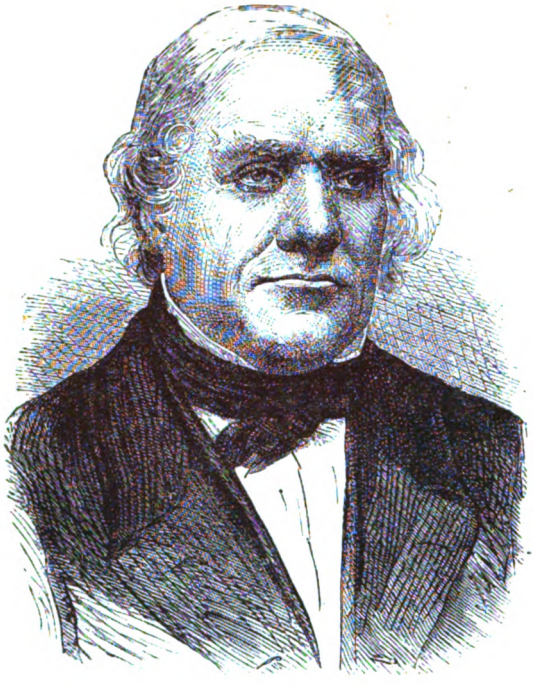
Another member of the French Institute, M. Combes, has contributed an important instrument to aid in the solution of some of the difficulties in the way of the study of currents of air. We owe to him the invention of the anemometer, an instrument designed to measure the quantity of air that can pass through any given aperture. Without this instrument we should be unable to adapt certain principles and obtain absolute control over the various forms of apparatus offered for competition. Combes's anemometer indicates the velocity of the wind by the number of revolutions imparted to a fan-wheel in a given time. It is a small windmill, to which is attached an index marking the number of revolutions per minute. The stronger the current the greater the number of revolutions made.

Two systems have been adopted to provoke ventilation. One by draught, and one by mechanism; each has its advocates, and both are no doubt applicable, according to circumstances. The method by a draught produced by a fire of some kind in a chimney, is more commonly employed, as there is less machinery about it, and it can be introduced, once for all, when the house is built. If the interior of an edifice communicates with a chimney of sufficient height in which can be built some kind of fire, the heat rarefies the air, which at once has a tendency to rise, and, by so doing, to produce a draught which carries the foul air of the building with it. In order to keep up the current, it is necessary to maintain a connection with the outer air, and to sustain the heat by replenishing the fire. The ventilation can be hastened or retarded by suitable valves, at pleasure. The simplest contrivance is to force the air to pass through the grate of a coke or coal fire. The strength of the draught must depend largely on the height of the chimney. Care should be taken to prevent the return of the foul gases into the building, and also not to contaminate the air of the neighborhood. Hence the chimneys ought to be made as high as they would be for an industrial establishment. The size of the flue must also be carefully studied. Too large a section requires a correspondingly large consumption of fuel, and too small a bore may admit the return of foul gases. A convenient velocity of draught in the chimney has been found to be at the rate of 3 feet to 3½ feet per second. The size of the chimney and the quantity of fuel can be computed from the height and the volume of air. The mathematical formulæ for such calculations are given by Peclet, in his celebrated work on Heat.

After a building has been put up, it is difficult to construct new chimneys and flues for the purposes of ventilation, and in such cases application can be had to gas as a source of heat, and to flues which can be put up within the building. The atmospheric ventilation of Mr. Gouge is one of the forms which appear to be admirably adapted to this purpose. The air within the ventilator is heated and set in motion by the combustion of gas or kerosene. A single Argand burner, consuming about a foot of gas to the hour, in connection with a proper system of inlet and outlet flues or air ducts, will produce the requisite movements of the air, and secure thorough ventilation in a building of moderate size. The air ducts are of variable size, and unless the larger and smaller ones have a proper and definite relation to each other, the current of the air will be imperfect. The upward force of an induced current of air has a strict relation to the capacities of the flues through which it is made to pass.

An English plan for ventilating rooms is mentioned with approval by the *Plumber and Sanitary Engineer*. It consists in admitting air from the outside, at the floor level, to pipes on the outside, which are about six feet high. The air thus admitted is passed over or through water, which can be renewed at intervals, through the pipe, or flushed when the water-receptacle needs cleansing. The air, passing

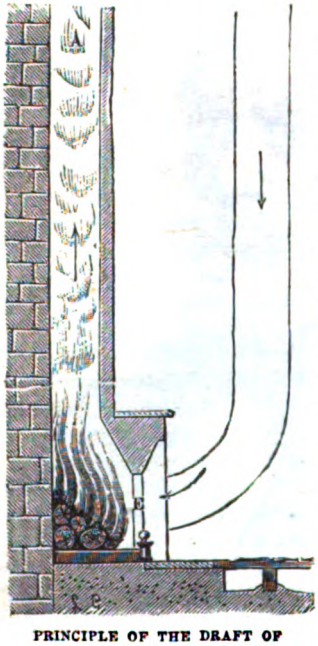
GENERAL MORIN.



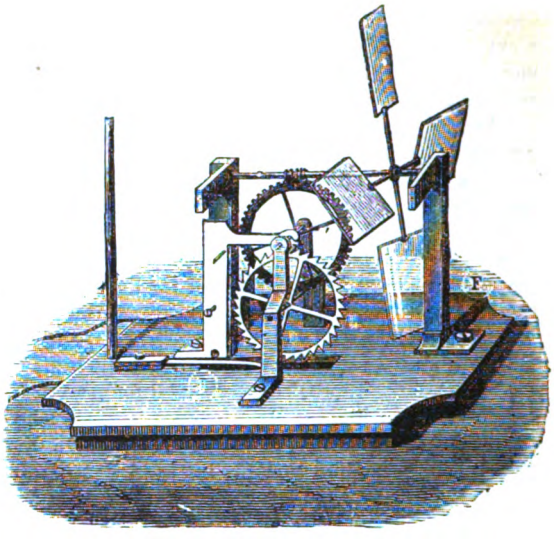
M. COMBES.

ing through the pipe, ascends in the room, mixes with the warm air near the ceiling, and eventually permeates the apartment. Something like this, so far as the admission of air is concerned, has been achieved in this country, by short pipes bent at right angles, to be set up in the openings of a window; and also, yet more cheaply, by the separation of the sashes in the middle, at their ordinary point of junction. But the difference between the outside and inside temperatures of dwelling-houses is much greater here than in England, and contrivances of the kind above described have generally a short-lived popularity in this country, because they soon cool apartments below the range of comfort in cold weather.

According to General Morin, chimneys may easily be made to serve as ventilators during the Summer, or on special occasions, by placing in them a tube furnished with several gas-burners. On the chimney of an ordinary apartment, having an earthenware flue eleven inches square and sixty-six feet high, the amount of air drawn up the chimney to each foot of gas burned will be greater the less gas is burned and the less the temperature of the flue. This mode of ventilation may be employed to advantage in drawing-rooms on reception-days, provided that registers be placed at convenient points for the introduction of moderately warm fresh air. During the Summer the system of ventilating by means of gas-jets will also allow the room to be maintained at a lower temperature than that of the external air, by drawing in the air from clean cellars to replace that carried off.



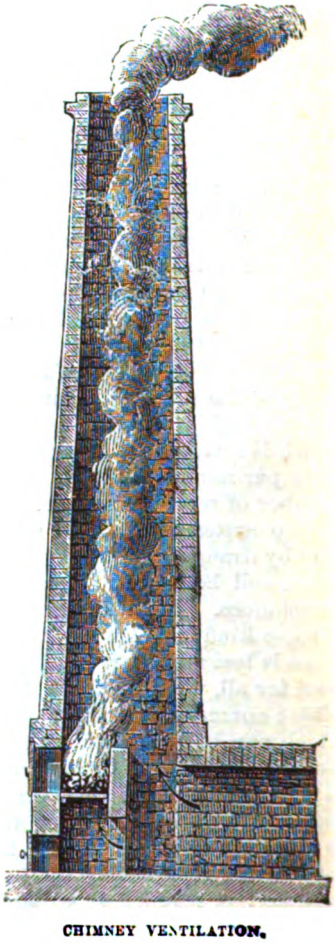
PRINCIPLE OF THE DRAFT OF CHIMNEYS.



COMBES'S ANEMOMETER.

The ventilating fireplace of Captain Galton has been much commended in England. His device differs little in external appearance from an ordinary grate, except that it has a high brick back, which forms the exterior boundary of a chamber, into which air passes directly from without, becomes moderately heated in a separate flue, and is injected thus into the room under the ceiling. A plenum of pressure is established within the room, whereby indraughts through doors and windows are avoided, and the air is continually renewed by passing away through the fireplace-chimney as usual. The fireplace-chimney is encircled by the air-flues, so that the heat of the ascending products of combustion is utilized throughout its whole length. Mr. William Siemens says of Captain Galton's invention that "the cheerfulness of an open fire, the comfort of a room filled with fresh but moderately warmed air, and great economy of fuel are here happily combined, with unquestionable efficiency and simplicity."

There are numerous examples of practical ventilation in this country, without the aid of mechanical contrivances. A plan for ventilating

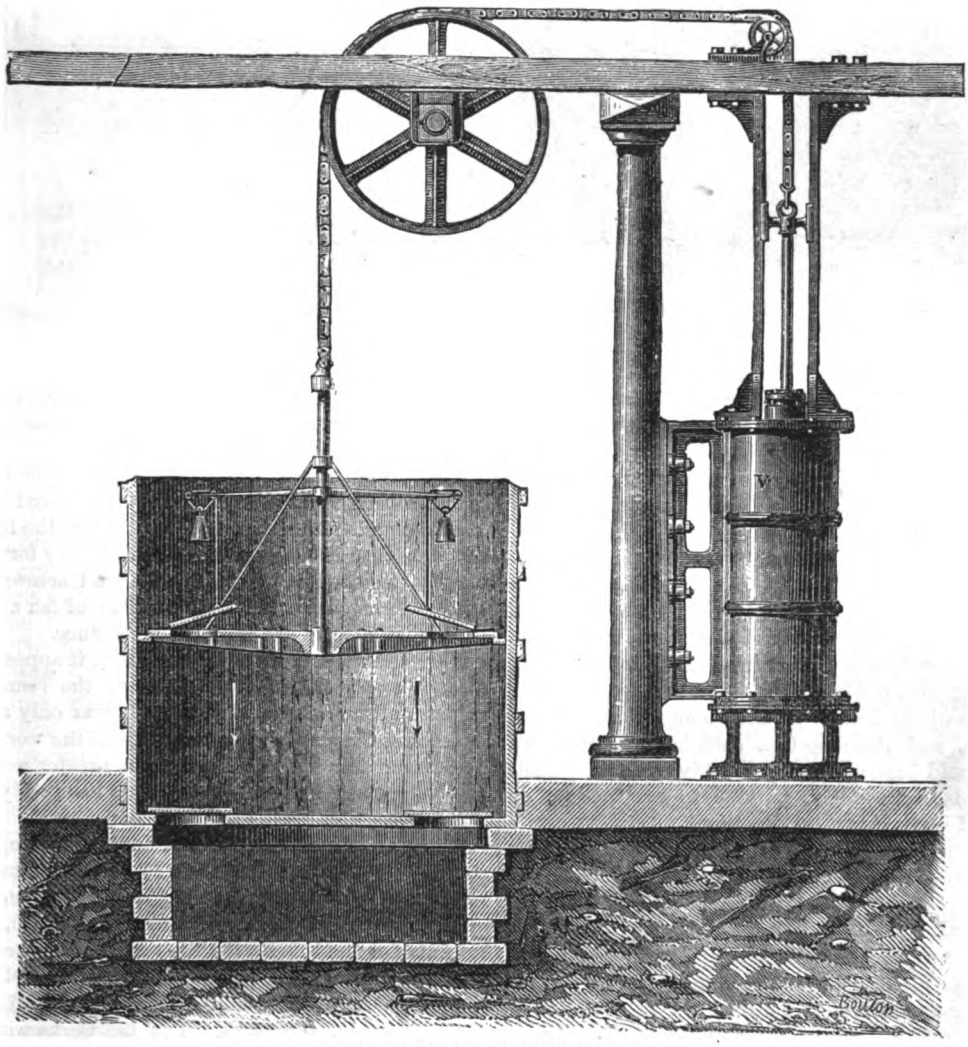


CHIMNEY VENTILATION.

schools, by Mr. A. C. Martin, of Boston, appears to be well adapted to its purpose. The heater is an incased stove, by which the fresh air for ventilation, which enters beneath it from outside, is warmed and discharged into the room above the heads of the pupils. The foul air is drawn out of the room through numerous apertures in the floor, which open into four ducts. These lead to a ventilating chimney, kept warm by the smoke-pipe of the stove passing upward inside the chimney. A small stove may be placed in the chimney for Summer ventilation. Cold air inlets are provided at the ceiling to temper the air of the room when it is too warm, and to furnish additional fresh air. Horizontal deflectors under these openings direct the currents of cold air along the ceiling.

their smoke-pipes, which pass upward inside the ventilating chimney, heat the chimney and produce ventilation. A small grate in the lower part of the chimney can be used to heat it in Summer. The main openings for removing foul air are at the floor's level. They are ten in number, and distributed at equal distances around the walls of the room. A downcast flue from each opening leads to the floor of the basement, beneath which all ten ducts converge to the bottom of the central chimney. Two openings into the chimney are provided near the ceiling for Summer ventilation, and there are *louvres* over the windows, all of which can be opened and closed at will.

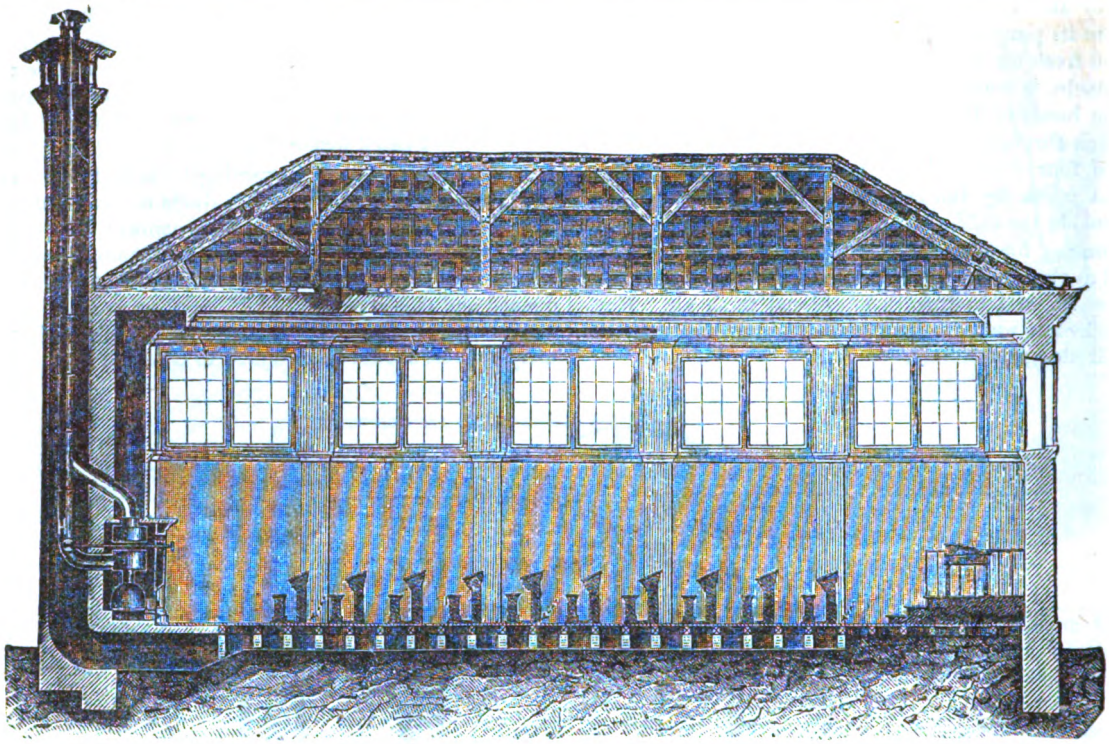
According to General Morin, the plans adopted for primary schools should be designed to carry off and replace a



MACHINE FOR VENTILATING MINES.

The second example, of a hospital ward, is from plans suggested by Doctor Folsom, for the Johns Hopkins Hospital. The ward is heated chiefly by two steam heaters in the basement, to which the outdoor air is supplied through two cold-air boxes which cross the basement from side to side, so that the air may always enter from the windward side—a provision which evinces the possibility of regulating the ventilation in windy weather. A mixing-valve permits the cold air to pass above the heater when it is necessary to cool the air which enters the wards through two registers, situated on each side of a large ventilating chimney in the centre of the ward. Two open stoves, built into the ventilating chimney, serve as auxiliary heaters, and

volume of 400 to 500 cubic feet an hour for each child. The ventilating openings should be placed in or against the vertical walls of the two long sides of the room. It is only in case of great constructive difficulties that they may be confined to a single side. There should be as many of them as possible, and they should have a clear cross-sectional area that will give to the air carried off a velocity of more than twenty-eight inches a second. They should connect with descending flues leading into the cellar or under the floor of a collecting-pipe, which, in most cases, should be carried directly to the foot of the ventilating shaft. The latter should be placed for its whole length beside the smoke-pipe of the heater, the heat from which will assist



VENTILATION OF SCHOOLS.

the draught. But this heat will not usually be sufficient to give proper activity to the draught, even when the external atmosphere is very low, and it will be necessary to keep up a little coal-fire at the bottom of the ventilating shaft, in a grate detached from the walls. The fresh air, warm or cold, should be admitted near the ceiling, and parallel to its surface. In the season for fires, the air supplied by the heater should be mixed with the external cold air. The proportion of each may be regulated by means of registers, easily controlled from the interior of the room, so that the mixture may have only the temperature of 85 to 95 deg. at most. The fresh-air openings should be arranged, if possible, along the whole length of the room, or at least be very numerous, and their section calculated so that the entering air should have a velocity of forty inches a second if it is directed horizontally, parallel to the ceiling, or twenty inches if it has a vertical direction.

Further illustrations of the ventilation of buildings by the system of draughts can be deferred until we have taken up the discussion of the mechanical contrivances more recently introduced.

The absolute necessity for a very active and certain system of ventilation for mines was the occasion of the invention of mechanical means to accomplish the purpose. The atmospheric air sent through a mine undergoes in its passage certain modifications which render it unable to keep the workings clear of gas. The respiration of men and animals gives birth to extremely deleterious gases, in which the oxygen disappears and gives place to carbonic acid, carbureted hydrogen, nitrogen and ammonia. For the safe working of such places, it is necessary that there should be a large and constant supply of fresh air sent from the surface, so as to permeate every part of the mine. To effect this, various systems have been tried, including the furnace, fans, steam-jets, screws, etc. The furnace was for a long time the chief method adopted. The amount of air produced by a well-constructed furnace varies from 4,000 to 8,000 cubic feet per minute for each foot in breadth of the bars. Still, the temperature of furnaces is very variable, and to some extent, also, is the ventilation; while there is considerable danger in the return air containing the gas being carried over the furnace instead of into the shaft.

The furnace is also a source of danger from other causes, as it has been known to set fire to the coal and produce great danger. On account of this danger, the furnaces have been replaced in many mines by machinery for accomplishing the ventilation. Pumps, fans and screws have been tried with varying success. Some form of fan appears, upon the whole, to have obtained the preference.

After the invention of the air-pump, it appeared very natural to apply the same principle to the removal of large volumes of foul air from mines. It was only a question of increasing the size of the pump to suit the work to be done. The larger the piston and valve, the greater were the obstacles to be overcome, and this method has pretty much given way to propeller screws and fans.

These are of different dimensions, according to circumstances. The fan is usually 13½ feet in diameter, with 8 vanes, each 3 feet 6 inches wide, and 3 feet long. It is fixed on a horizontal shaft, 8 feet 7 inches in length, from centre to centre of the bearings, which are nine inches long by 4½ inches in diameter. The vanes are of tin plate iron and carried by forked wrought-iron arms secured to a centre disk fixed upon the shaft. The fan works within a casing consisting of two fixed sides of thin wrought plate, entirely open round the circumference, and connected together by stay rods; the sides are 3 inches clear from the edges of the vanes, and have a circular opening 6 feet diameter in the centre of each; from which rectangular wrought iron trunks are carried down for the entrance of the air; the bearings for the fan shaft being fixed in the outer sides of these trunks, which are strengthened for the purpose by vertical cast iron standards bolted to them, and resting upon the bottom foundation stone.

The fan is usually driven by the engine used in the hoisting. This form of apparatus has proved very effective in mines of more than a thousand feet in depth, and was at one time extensively used in England.

In New York City, the church in which Dr. John Hall preaches is ventilated in the most thorough manner by the same form of propeller screw that is used in the pneumatic dispatch. The fan or propeller draws pure air from a tower and drives it under the seats in the church through suitable canals. In each pew are registers within the control of the occupants. In Summer, the air is cooled and moistened by being brought into contact with water spray. In the Winter it is warmed before being forced into the church. The congregrations worshiping in this church are very large, but no complaints are ever heard of impure air or oppression of any kind. In this instance the blowing apparatus has proved entirely satisfactory.

The Capitol at Washington has an expensive and complicated apparatus designed to furnish pure air to the Senate Chamber and House of Representatives. A large quantity of air is drawn into chambers, where it is warmed by passing among stacks of pipes heated by steam-boilers, and forced into the halls of Congress through apertures in the floors and walls. The column of air thus introduced displaces an equal quantity of vitiated air, which escapes through openings in the ceilings and numerous doors leading into the halls and galleries. There are four fans employed for this purpose, operated by steam engines. The fan for the Senate Chamber is described as being 14 feet in diameter, and weighing over six thousand pounds, and is moved by an engine of 16 horse power. The fan for the House of Representatives is 16 feet in diameter and weighing nine thousand pounds, and requires a steam engine of 30 horse power.

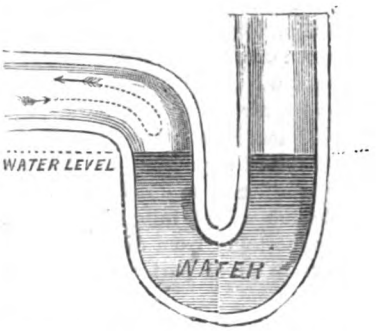
Notwithstanding this ponderous machinery, it seems to be impossible to prevent the air of the halls from becoming very foul and stifling.

In the Spring of 1876 there was so much illness among the members of Congress that committees were appointed to examine the ventilating apparatus. They found that the arrangements were such that the cold air sweeps down upon the floor and thus forces upon the members the foul atmosphere generated by the gas-burners and the occupants of the galleries. The fresh air supply is taken in through the basement into the cellar, and is then forced up by fans through iron pipes, which, it is said, are "coated by many years' accumulation of rust and particles of decaying animal and vegetable matter." From these the current goes through a series of horizontal ducts, and finally, at a temperature of 100 deg. or thereabout, is driven into the chamber through registers which, for years, have filled the office of spittoons!

It was further reported that the mouth of the sewer which drains the Capitol is submerged, so that from every sink there is an escape of sewer-gas into the building. Under such a condition of affairs, it was not to be wondered at that so many of the members were ill. Very energetic measures were adopted to remedy the evil, but there is still room for improvement.

HOW SEWER-GAS ESCAPES THROUGH OVERFLOW PIPE.

At the same time that Congress was aroused by the untoward condition of affairs at the Capitol, attention was directed to the bad ventilation of the public schools in New York City, and revelations of a startling character were made. A thorough inspection of the public schools situated in widely separated portions of the city showed that there was not one single building in which the occupants were not daily poisoned with foul air, through utter want of any adequate system of ventilation. I have myself seen 100 children packed into rooms capable of decently accommodating only one-half that number. They were compelled to remain there several hours; it was as much as I could endure to stop for a few minutes.



SECTIONAL VIEW OF FOUL AIR TRAP.

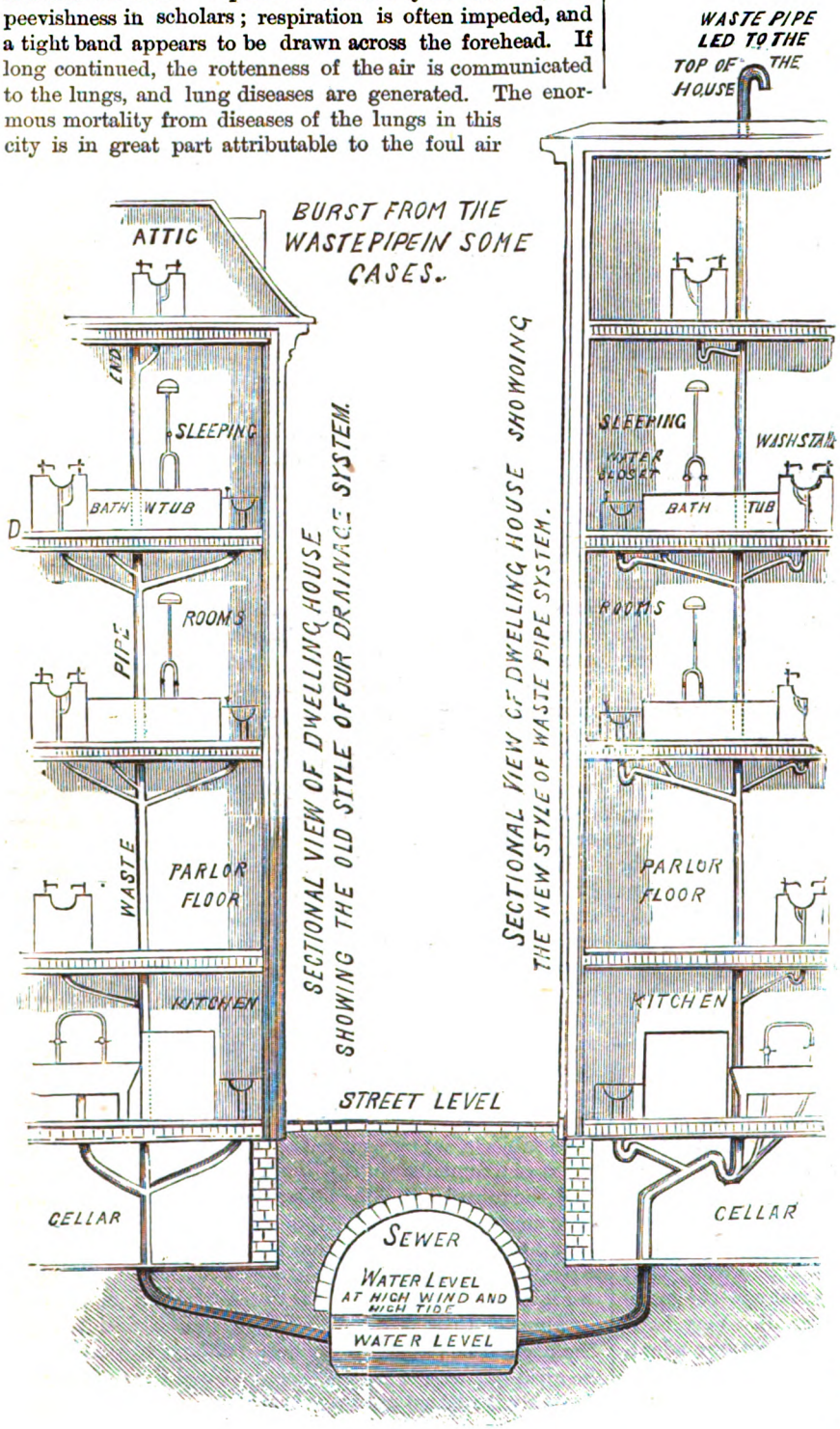
In most of the schoolhouses the windows are depended upon for a supply of fresh air, but on damp or cold days it is manifestly unsafe to have the draught from the windows precipitated directly upon the heads and backs of those pupils who sit near the windows.

I devoted much time one season to a systematic examination of the public schools of New York, visiting, in the course of the Winter, thirty of the finest buildings. I went into nearly every room, and examined the courts and outhouses, and am sorry to be obliged to say that in nearly every school the ventilation was unworthy the name. There was no system, and no pretense at providing pure air in many of the schools, and I invariably returned home with a severe headache as the penalty of my examination. It is truly extraordinary that in a community possessing so much wealth and intelligence, better provision is not made to protect the health of the thousands of children who frequent our public schools.

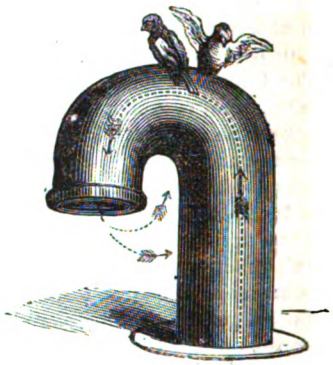
It is not the fault of the Superintendents of public institutions, nor of the Commissioners of Education that better arrangements are not made, but a false idea of economy and want of agreement on the part of architects as to the best remedy to be applied. It is only by constant iteration and publication of facts that public opinion can be brought to compel the introduction of such a system of ventilation as will insure the perfect health both of teachers and pupils. It is a startling fact that the stables of our wealthy citizens are better ventilated than many of our public schools. As an illustration of the general and most culpable neglect of these subjects, we may make the following extract from the report of a committee of the New York Board of Education: "Of the school buildings under the charge of this Board, there are not ten which are thoroughly healthy; in several, during the Winter, the cold has been so intense at times as to render the dismissal of the classes a matter of necessity, and it is no extraordinary sight to see teachers in the performance of their duties in school hours, dressed in furs. The obstacles presented by school buildings to ventilation, the great quantity of fresh air required, and the difficulty of obtaining it without unpleasant draughts, have been so serious and so formidable, that in comparatively few of the school buildings has any attempt been made to secure ventilation. The results of this general lack of ventilation are seen in the listlessness on the part of both teachers and scholars, and the dull following of routine, which are standing subjects of complaint, but which are only the inevitable consequences of breathing an atmosphere saturated with the noxious vapors exhaled from the lungs, bodies, and dress of

the masses of children congregated in a single building. From 200 to 500 pounds of fetid vapor are thrown off in the breath and by insensible perspiration, from every thousand children during school hours each day, in addition to some 200 pounds of the deadly carbonic acid gas. To breathe this foul air tends to produce irritability in teachers, and peevishness in scholars; respiration is often impeded, and a tight band appears to be drawn across the forehead. If long continued, the rottenness of the air is communicated to the lungs, and lung diseases are generated. The enormous mortality from diseases of the lungs in this city is in great part attributable to the foul air breathed every day by the 100,000 children in the schools. The prevalence of scarlet fever, which for the past few years has been remarkably great, in the primary schools, may be attributed to the same cause in even greater degree."

The amount of air required for each person per minute is estimated by various authorities at from 4 to 10 cubic feet, and this requires specific and adequate ventilating arrangements. Undoubtedly doors, windows, and chance crevices afford a partial exchange of air; but it is this accidental ventilation which, by effecting the purpose in an imperfect degree, has prevented mankind from sooner discovering the want of something better.

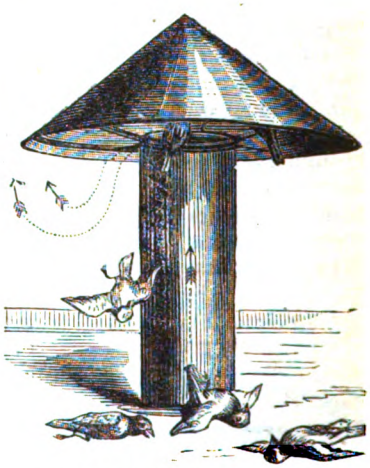


Spontaneous ventilation through air flues from the ceiling to the roof, and from open windows and doors, may answer very well in Summer, except where many are crowded together, as in schools and asylums; but in cold weather, when the house is closed, fresh air must be introduced and foul air expelled by the application of force.



BEST STYLE OF WASTE PIPE.

Some philosophers maintain that air is like a rope, it is much easier to pull it than it is to push it; others assert that it is better to pack it by propellers.



UMBRELLA STYLE OF WASTE PIPE.

As a rule, in buildings used for public occasions, of which complaints are so frequently heard, no pretense at effecting any ventilation is even attempted. The owners of the property knowingly shut up hundreds of people under circumstances that, if properly investigated, would be likely to subject them to criminal prosecution. The audience-hall is often situated in the middle of the building, and there is no possibility for fresh air to enter, excepting by circuitous passages of the hallways when a

door is accidentally opened. That such an utter disregard for the comfort and health of the community should be tolerated is a proof that the subject will bear frequent discussion until the proper remedy is applied. We can have the consolation, if it be a consolation, of knowing that they are no better off in other countries. Even the hall in Paris in which the meetings of the most celebrated body of men in the world, the French Institute, are held, is said to be the worst ventilated room in Europe. At a recent session the following scene occurred:

M. Bouley—We are plunged in a wholly irrespirable atmosphere; it is intolerable. Instead of gas, I wish we could have our ancient candles restored to us.

M. le Verrier—I prefer illumination by gas, and have insisted upon some kind of ventilation; but nothing has been done. We have General Morin with us, and in eight days all necessary apparatus could be installed, if it were so ordered.

General Morin—Eight days! Ten years have already elapsed since their installation was decided upon in principle, and yet nothing has been done.

M. le Verrier—The condition of things is shameful. There exists nowhere a room so badly ventilated as the hall of the Institute.

THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA.

It is somewhat remarkable that no invention has been made for giving an alarm when the air becomes too foul for safe respiration. We have inventions to warn us of fire, and to alarm the household of the approach of a burglar; but of the insidious foe that enters everywhere, in every apartment of private houses, and riots unmolested in all public places, we are never warned in time to make good our escape. It would be well if we had some kind of signal to warn us of the danger, or some kind of automatic arrangements by which ventilating apparatus could be set in motion. The presence of fire-damp in mines is made known by the explosion of the small volume of air in the Davy safety-lamp. When this explosion takes place in the narrow canopy of the wire gauze, the miner knows that it is better to retreat until the danger is removed. Unfortunately the gases of close rooms are not of this explosive character; if they were, we should not suffer so much from want of ventilation as we do now; as no one would run the risk of being blown up for the pleasure of being suffocated. The gas which leaks through stoves and furnaces, and arises from imperfect combustion, known as carbonic oxide, can be absorbed in a way to betray its presence by the following ingenious invention: The apparatus consists of a small galvanic battery, with a bell attached, and an open test-tube containing liquid chloride of palladium. The chloride of palladium is extremely sensitive to the presence of carbonic oxide gas; it absorbs the gas and precipitates metallic palladium; the deposition of the metal in the bottom of the tube makes the connection of the galvanic current and at once rings the bell, which will not stop its clatter until the current is broken. The invention is found to work admirably for carbonic oxide gas, and the next thing is to devise a plan for disclosing the presence of carbonic acid gas. It is possible that this could be done by putting in a carefully counterpoised balance some caustic baryta or lime, which, by the absorption of the carbonic acid of the air, would sink, and cause the current to be closed in a battery and the bell to be rung. The same contrivance could be made to open and close a shutter, just as the draught of a stove is regulated by the rise of mercury in a thermometer connected with a battery. It would be a novel experience on any public occasion, to have the proceedings interrupted by the ringing of alarm bells until equilibrium was restored by proper ventilation. We should all take kindly to the interruption, and be thankful for a breath of pure air. No doubt some such inventions will be introduced as soon as a knowledge of their existence becomes known and there is a universal demand for them.

The Metropolitan Board of Health of the City of New York has been fully alive to the importance of securing proper ventilation in all buildings subject to their visitation. Whatever is dangerous to human life and detrimental to health, properly comes under their cognizance, and under this category may be safely included the improper ventilation of tenement-houses and public buildings of all kinds. The enforcement of the "Tenement-house Act" by the Board of Health has resulted in a considerable improvement in the condition of the tenement-houses of New York. Additional

means of ventilation have been insisted upon, and the attempt has been made, with some success, to educate the people in the densely populated parts of the city as to the necessity of cleanliness and obedience to the sanitary regulations of the Board.

The 24,000 tenement-houses of the city require constant supervision and frequent inspection. Rooms will be found overcrowded; windows and doors, and apertures for ventilation will often be purposely closed; refuse matter will be thrown into the sinks, and filth generally will accumulate in the halls, cellars and yards. Through the instrumentality of the Board, ventilating shafts have been introduced into many large tenement houses, and the average number of deaths has been largely diminished. Unfortunately, the sanitary inspectors do not feel at liberty to examine the dwellings of the rich, and they really suffer more, in proportion to the number of occupants of a single house, than the poor.

Much has been said and written about the defective plumbing and drainage of our city houses, but still more can be added before all the perils of the situation can be disclosed. What are called "modern conveniences" are in many instances inventions for increasing the bills of mortality. There is often a curious inconsistency about them. While they provide for ventilation, in some instances the very apparatus designed to secure pure air in the dwelling actually draws the foul air into it, through pipes connecting with the sewer. The traps are exhausted or syphoned out, and the foul air has free course into the living apartments, thus producing the many cases of zymotic disease now so common among the wealthy. To prevent such disastrous consequences, all the traps of the house should be ventilated by separate pipes, thus preventing them from becoming exhausted by any accidental suction from within.

Astonishing illustrations of the disregard of the laws of health on the part of citizens who can scarcely plead ignorance as an excuse, are afforded in the crowding together of a great number of persons at a fashionable reception in the splendid mansions of the metropolis. There is often such a jam that to accomplish the feat of ascending to the cloakroom, paying your compliments to the host and struggling your way out of the house is as much as a vigorous person can accomplish in three hours. And yet, here you have a dense phalanx of persons upon whose education no expense has been spared. Their dresses are imported for the occasion; the refreshments are delicious—what it has required months, and, in some cases, even years of unremitting attention to produce; the splendid furniture offers every comfort that ingenuity can devise; and yet, within this painted sepulchre, what is the analysis of the air we breathe? Has any one thought of bringing with him the hogshead of air per hour necessary for his respiration? and if not, in what manner has the host performed this duty? The closed ceilings answer the question, and one only has to glance at them to perceive that the crush of people present are, like those in the Black Hole of Calcutta, conglomerated together in a hermetically sealed box of vitiated air. How long must it be before such an exhibition will be an indictable offense, and its repetition be prohibited by law?

There is some prospect that the recent successful liquefaction of gases, and the consequent unusual attention now bestowed on this branch of science, may lead to important discoveries in the practical manipulation of aeriform bodies, which will relieve mankind of one of its worst foes, namely, vitiated air. Such a result would certainly be hailed with satisfaction by the whole world, and it is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

We cannot do better than to close our article with a quotation from an anonymous poet, who, in quaint but forcible language, enforces the necessity of providing for ventilation:

AN APPEAL FOR ARE TO THE SEXTANT OF THE OLD BRICK MEETINHOUSE.

BY A GASPER.

Oh, Sextant of the meetinhouse which sweeps
And dusts, or is supposed too! and makes fires,
And lites the gas, and sometimes leaves a screw loose,
In which case it smells orful—worse than lampile;
And rings the bel and toles it when men dyes
To the grief of survivin pardners, and sweeps pathes,
And for the servaces gets $100 pur annum,
Which them that thinks it deer, let em try it;
Giting up befoar star-lite in all weathers and
Kindlin fires when the wether is as cold
As Zero, and like as not green wood for kindlers
I wouldn't be hired to do it for no some—
But o sextant! there are one kermoddity
Wich's more than gold, which doan't cost nuthin,
Worth more than anything exsep the Sole of Mann
I mene pewer Are, sextant, i mene pewer Are!
O it is plenty out o dores, so plenty it doant no
What on airth to do with itself, but flys about
Scatterin leavs and blowin orf men's hatts;
in short its "just as free as are" out dores.
But o sextant, in our church its scarce as piety,
scarce as bank bills when agints beg for mischuns,
which some say is purty often (taint nothin to me
Wat i give aint nothin to nobody); but o sextant
u shet 500 men, wimmen and children,
Speshally the latter up in a tite place,
Some has bad breths, none aint 2 swete.
Some is fevery, some is scrofilus, some has bad teath.
And some haint none, and some aint over clean;
But every one on em breaths in & out & in,
Say 50 times a minit, or 1 million and a half breths an our
How long will a church-ful of are last at that rate,
i ask you, say 15 minits, and then what's to be did?
Why then they must breethe it all over agin,
And then agin, and so on, till each has took it down
At least 10 times, and let it up agin, and wats more
The same individible doant have the priviledge
Of breethen his own are, and no ones else;
Each one must take whatever comes to him.
O sextant, doant you know our lungs is bellusses,
To blo the fler of life and keep it from
goin out; and how can bellusses blo without wind,
And aint wind *are?* i put it to your conshens.
Are is the same to us as milk to babies,
Or water is to fish, or pendlums to clox,
Or roots and airbs are to an injun Doctor,
Or little pills to an omepath,
Or boys to gurls. Are is for us to breethe,
Wat signifies who preaches if i cant breethe?
Whats Porl? Whats Pollus? to sinners who are ded.
Ded for want of breth? why sextant when we dye
Its only coz we cant breethe no more—thats all.
And now o sextant, let me beg of you
2 let a little are in our church.
(Pewer are is certain proper for the pews.)
And do it week days, and Sundays 2
It aint much trouble—only make a hole
And the are will cum in of itself
(it loves to cum in wharo it can get warm)
And o how it will rouse the peeple up,
And sperret up the preecher, and stop garps,
And yauns and figgits as effectooal
As wind on the dry Boans the Profit tells of.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THE CHEMICAL PRESERVATION OF WOOD.—In Europe the use of preserved timber is the rule; in the United States it is the rare exception. The apparently inexhaustible supply of timber in America led to great carelessness in its use, and the present generation have inherited what bids fair to become a bankrupt estate, unless the loss can be retrieved by the employment of methods of chemical preservation. No fewer than 173 processes have been patented or described in scientific books since the year 1700, a vast majority of

which have proved to be utterly worthless, and there are at the present time only four which are applied on a large scale in Europe and this country. The methods founded upon corrosive sublimate, creosote, chloride of zinc and sulphate of copper have stood the test of time, and are considered practical. The choice of any of these methods would be chiefly governed by the cost of the chemicals, as they are about equally effective. The necessity of some kind of preserving agent must be apparent, when we consider the immense drain annually made upon the natural supply. The statement has been made on good authority that the annual lumber product of the whole country at the present time is ten thousand millions of feet. A very considerable portion of this product is to replace what was cut no longer ago than eight or ten years, and is now decayed. Massachusetts, employing mostly chestnut ties, which last on an average six years, uses up in this way, annually, a volume of lumber nearly equal to the whole product of Maine, and, taking the whole country together, the railroads use up, in ties alone, one thousand six hundred millions of feet annually, or one sixth of the timber product of the whole country. At this rate of consumption, the supply must soon become exhausted, and some methods for preserving timber from decay are imperative. In this country it is probable that creosote from wood-tar, or carbolic acid from coal-tar will prove to be the most economical, and, fortunately, they are much the most powerful of any agents known. Creosote and carbolic acid keep out moisture, prevent fungus growth, and thus stop the rotting of timber. They are both inimical to the lower forms of life, and drive away all noxious insects, and timber saturated with them will keep for many years.

A New Photographic Apparatus.—M. la Noe, of France, has invented a new photographic apparatus, intended to produce upon one plate, and by a single exposure, the panorama comprising a nearly complete circle, as seen from the position whence the picture is taken. The instrument is composed of an ordinary camera, inclined at an angle of 90 deg., surmounted by a parabolic mirror placed at a certain distance above the lens, the focus of which is equal to its axis. The object of this mirror is to reflect all the luminous rays emanating from the divers points of the horizon, and to concentrate them upon the lens, which they traverse, forming upon the sensitive plate underneath the image of the corresponding points. With this apparatus is obtained, in the form of a circle, a non-distorted image of the horizon. It obviates the necessity of taking several views and of pasting them together, in order to comprehend the whole landscape.

Action of Telephonic Sounds on Frogs.—A curious experiment was performed before the Medical Society of Wurzburg early in January, showing the action of telephonic sounds on frogs. The two ends of the telephonic wire were placed in contact with the leg-muscles of the frog, and the operator spoke through the telephone. Words in which the vowels a, e, i predominated had scarcely any effect, while o and u sounds produced the most violent convulsions, even when spoken much more faintly. The unlucky frog appears to be a most useful animal in aid of scientific research. Galvani employed frogs' legs in his celebrated discovery of the science which bears his name. The presence of strychnine is shown by putting a frog in a tub of water, when his convulsive movements will instantly make known the most minute quantity of the alkaloid; and now we have the frog impressed into the service of researches on vocal sounds. This is all very well for science, but how about the frog?

Measuring the Depth of the Sea by Earthquakes.—From careful observations made on the earthquake at Iquique on May 9th, 1877, it appears that the wave traveled from that city to Hilo, in Hawaii, a distance of 5,526 nautical miles, in 14 hours, which is at the rate of 670 feet per second. From this velocity the average depth of that part of the ocean traversed can be calculated by Airy's or Russell's formulæ, and is found to be 2,324 fathoms. The velocity of the wave to New Zealand, Japan, etc., was also observed, and the depth of the ocean calculated. On comparison of these results with direct measurements, a very fair agreement is obtained. The velocity of the earthquake wave and the lunar tide wave are believed to be identical.

The annual statement of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New York, printed recently, shows a highly solvent and satisfactory condition of affairs. This corporation, the largest and soundest in the world, has grown to its present colossal proportions through a system of honest administration, founded upon correct business principles. The science of Life Insurance rigidly applied requires, not only that should present solvency be assured, but that the liabilities of the remote future should be absolutely guaranteed. Thus, the Mutual reports that, while it had only 91,553 polices in force on January 1st, 1878, against 92,125 in force January 1st, 1877, the amount of risk is diminished from $301,278,000 to $194,488,000. As the outstanding policies are of a class approaching maturity, the reserve to meet them, which a year ago was $77,502,000, is now $80,570,000. Like a prudent steward, the Mutual Life provides liberally for the contingencies of the future, and no better guarantee could be offered for those who are already insured, while, for those who contemplate availing themselves of this beneficent means of providing for their wives and families, the security is as ample as human forethought and business integrity could reasonably secure.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A Common Vice.—Advice.

Two Buttin' Kids.—A young goat fight.

Fact Theatrical.—A property-man is seldom a man of property.

Having an "I" to It.—Pat calls compulsory education violin (t) tuition.

Hewers of Wood and Drawers of Water.—Wood-engravers and marine-painters.

Topographical.—"No cows, no cream," was the way a compositor set up the words, "No cross, no crown."

"He Would Insinuate."—A well-known literary celebrity is now stated to have "made his mark." This confirms a skeptic's impression that he is quite unable to write.

"It is a shame, John, that I have to sit here mending your old clothes!" exclaimed a wife the other day. "Don't say a word about it, my dear," rejoined the husband; "the least said the soonest mended."

Hard Times.—We can't say that the world is growing better, but have been repeatedly assured by eminent business men that it is a good deal harder now to get trusted for a pound of biscuits than it used to be to steal a barrel of pork.

The Duc de Morny's definition of a polite man is the hardest to realize of any ever given. "A polite man," said he, "is one who listens with interest to things he knows all about, when they are told by a person who knows nothing about them."

For Wooers of Their Own Destruction.—A bashful young man applied to his village paper for information on the important subject, "How to win a woman's love." The reply was, "Kiss the babies, caress the tom-cat, and pay strict attention to the old lady!"

After the amateur pantomime at the London Gaiety Theatre lately, a lady said to Mr W. S. Gilbert, the dramatist, who had filled the part of harlequin, "I had no idea, Mr. Gilbert, that you could dance." "No," replied harlequin, "I am not often caught tripping."

Not Likely.—Father (to his little son, who has just handed him his teacher's report of progress and conduct for the last month): "This report is very unsatisfactory. I am not at all pleased with it." Little Son: "I told the teacher I thought you wouldn't be, but he wouldn't alter it."

The First Thing.—A little girl was listening with much interest to the story of Jonah. When the question was asked, "What would you suppose would be the first thing Jonah would do after the great fish threw him upon the land?" she answered, promptly, "I sh'd fink he'd go home quick as he could and get cleaned up."

New Receipt.—Let no one hereafter insinuate that Teachers' Institutes produce no good. At a recent institute a fair-haired, blue-eyed darling of a teacher of the female persuasion for ever demolished the base insinuation by the following conundrum: "How do you make a Maltese cross?" Answer: "Tread on its tail!"

Rather!—Walking home to his hotel in Oxford, a gentleman encountered two Dons who had too evidently just left a "wine." Said the old Obadiah to the young Obadiah, in a hiccupy voice, "What shall you say to Mrs. C. when you get home?" "I shall only say 'Good-morning, my dear'—she'll say the rest!" replied the young Obadiah.

A Stopper.—"Is this the place," she asked, as she wandered down on the barren sands, "where a young lady—a beautiful young lady—fell into the water last season, and was rescued by a gallant young man, whom she afterward married?" He looked at her carefully, estimated her at a square forty-seven, with false teeth, and said, "Yes, ma'am, but I don't know how to swim!"

Must be Done.—A man more than half-seas-over was observed one day supporting the parapet of the North Bridge, Edinburgh, shaking his head and repeating to himself, sadly, "It must be done, it must be done." An old lady passing by, thinking he contemplated suicide, said to him, "What must be done, my man?" "Must go home and face my wife!" was the woeful answer.

Too Prompt a Prompter.—A good story is told of a gallant officer who took part in some amateur theatricals in India. He was lamentably "imperfect," but, late in the piece, the prompter was rather too ready with the words. The audience was, consequently, somewhat startled at a critical point by the following interpolation by the enraged amateur: "Shut up, confound you! I know that!"

Always in Fashion.—Mr. X—— is a widower. Since the time he lost his wife, whom he adored, five years ago, he has not left off looking every day at the locket containing the hair of his dear and austere companion, and the other day he had a visit from a friend at the moment when he was dyeing the lock of hair of the much-loved one. "What are you doing?" asked his friend. "You see well enough I am dyeing the hair an ash-blonde, because this color is so much worn now. I wish the hair of my 'sainted Maria' to be always in fashion."

THE STORY OF THE CROSS.

THE RAJAH'S SEIZUR[illegible] OF THE KIN[illegible]

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

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OUR TEN GREAT PARTY LEADERS.

HAMILTON, JEFFERSON, CLAY, CALHOUN, JACKSON WEBSTER, BENTON, SEWARD, DOUGLAS, LINCOLN.

BY ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

DURING the brief interval between the close of the war of the Revolution and the framing of the Federal Constitution there was, properly, no nation, and consequently no national parties; but there were as many local parties as there were isolated groups of theories and opinions, and the Federal Constitution was the result of an attempt to compromise between the extremes of these; and when the question was to be settled whether this Constitution should be ratified by the requisite majority of the thirteen independent States, there was grave reason to doubt as to the result. Eleven of the thirteen States indeed ratified it in the interval between December, 1787, and July, 1788, but under circumstances which made it questionable whether a majority of the people, even in these States, were in favor of its ratification. In the conventions of Delaware, Georgia and New Jersey, the vote was unanimous in its favor. In that of Pennsylvania the vote was two to one for it; but it was averred that there had been no fair choice of delegates; that of the 70,000 citizens only 13,000 had been able to vote at all, and of these there was a majority of barely 600 in favor of the Constitution. In Virginia it was ratified by a vote of 89 to 79; but the ratification was accompanied by a long list of almost vital amendments to be proposed for future consideration. When the New York convention assembled, out of its 57 members, 46 were opposed to the ratification of the Constitution; and after a long debate, in which Hamilton and Jay put forth all their powers, it was ratified only by a majority of three, and with the ominous reservation that this was done only from a reluctance to separate from the other States, and in the conviction that the articles would soon be revised by a new General Convention of all the States.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

When the time came for the new Government to be organized, there was but one point upon which all men were agreed, and this was that Washington should be the President. The Constitution, as it originally stood, provided that each Presidential elector should cast two votes, and the person receiving the largest number, provided that it was a majority of the whole, should be the President, and the person receiving the next largest number, but without the majority reservation, should be Vice President. Washington received the vote of the entire body of 69 electors. But in the choice of Vice President there was no such unanimity. Adams received 34 votes, one less than a majority; the remaining 35 being scattered among ten candidates.

Washington appointed Hamilton as Secretary of the Treasury, that being then considered the leading place in the Cabinet; while Jefferson was made Secretary of State, or, more properly, Secretary for Foreign Affairs. In themselves considered, these were beyond question the best appointments which could have been made; but as it happened, these two men were the representatives of the two extreme views which prevailed among those who were, upon the whole, favorable to the Constitution; and as soon as parties began to crystallize, each of them became the acknowledged leader of a party pledged to oppose each other upon every measure in respect to which there could be any possible difference of opinion among honest and intelligent men; and this political hostility soon grew into bitter personal animosity. The party who in the outset favored the adoption of the Constitution assumed, from the first, the name of Federalists, branding their opponents as Anti-Federalists, even after the point at issue was no longer the adoption of the Federal Constitution, but the measures to be taken under it. The other party nowise accepted the designation thus foisted upon them. They averred that, strictly speaking, they themselves were the true Federalists, for they desired a form of government which should be a true *Fœdus*, or League between separate States, independent of each other, and sovereign, except in so far as for their own good they should voluntarily delegate certain of their powers to a common body, the servant of all of them.

The so-called Anti-Federalists took for themselves at first the name of Republicans, and were so known for something like a quarter of a century, when the name was almost imperceptibly replaced by that of Democrats. The term Democratic first made its appearance in our politics in 1793, when a political society was formed in Philadelphia, in imitation of the political clubs of the French Revolution. Branches of this were organized in various parts of the country, and, as the members were all of the Republican party, the term Democratic Republicans crept gradually into use, until, at the beginning of Madison's second administration, the last part was dropped, and "Democratic" remained as the accepted designation of the party. This it has since retained unchanged through all mutations, whether in power or in opposition. When the Federal party finally went down, its party name was dropped. The anti-Democratic party for a brief space assumed the name of National Republicans. In the Presidential contest of 1832 it took the name of Whig, which a local party in the City of New York had borrowed from Revolutionary history. In the general breaking-up of parties when the Slavery question became the leading one, the party formed in opposition to the Democratic organization assumed its present name of "Republican." Through all the mutations of fortune and all changes of name, this party has, however, maintained a substantial identity; its cardinal doctrine being the sovereignty of the Nation as opposed to the sovereignty of the several States of which it is composed. To give, even in outline, the history of these two great national parties is to sum up the political career of the half-score of men who from time to time came to be their recognized leaders; and their careers so acted and inter-acted upon each other that to understand one of them it is necessary to consider all.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, the first great leader of the Federal party, was born on the island of St. Nevis, in the West Indies, January 11, 1757. His father was a Scotchman, his mother of French Huguenot descent. Having been left an orphan while a child, he was taken in charge by the relatives of his mother, by whom he was placed in the counting-room of a merchant. At the age of fourteen he was sent to New York for education. He entered Columbia College, purposing subsequently to study medicine. The disputes between Great Britain and the Colonies had now begun, and in 1774 the young student came into notice by a stirring speech at a public meeting, and soon after by his patriotic writings in the newspapers. In 1776 he was made captain of a volunteer company of artillery. While engaged in superintending the erection of an earthwork on the island of New York, he attracted the notice of Washington, who made him a member of his military family, employing him in various confidential capacities, for some of which he was specially qualified by his knowledge of the French language, which was vernacular to him. In 1780 he married a daughter of Philip Schuyler, resigned his commission in the army, and soon began the study of law. Having been admitted to the Bar, he commenced practice in New York, at the same time taking an active part in politics; his chief rival in both pursuits being Aaron Burr.

Hamilton was chosen a member of the Convention of 1787 to revise the articles of Confederation between the States, and took a leading part in the proceedings which resulted in the framing of the Constitution for the United States. He voted for this, on the ground that it was the best that could be agreed upon, although the form of government which it was to establish was very different from what he thought desirable. He considered the form of the English Government as an almost perfect model, and had drawn up the outlines of a scheme scarcely to be distinguished from that of Great Britain, except in the single point that instead of a hereditary sovereign and peerage, there was to be a chief magistrate and Senate appointed virtually for life. There was to be an Assembly, elected directly by the people, for two years. The Senators, chosen by an electoral body, to hold "during good behavior," were to have the sole power of ratifying or rejecting treaties. The Governor-General, appointed by a complicated process, also to hold office during good behavior, was not only to have an absolute veto upon all laws, but, in conjunction with the Senate, was to appoint the State Governors, who were to have the power of veto upon all State laws. Under this system the several States would hold precisely the same position as the British Colonies do under the Crown. Having seen that the adoption of any such form of government was wholly out of the question, Hamilton advocated, heart and soul, the adoption of the Constitution as framed by the Convention. To win over the still doubtful States of New York and Virginia, he, with Jay and Madison, wrote a series of papers under the title of "The Federalist," explaining the intent and urging the ratification of the Constitution. "The Federalist" has always been held to be the most authoritative commentary upon the ends, aims, and true interpretation of the Constitution.

Washington had not the wish, and perhaps not the kind of capacity, requisite for the leader of a party; and in bringing Hamilton and Jefferson into his cabinet, he placed there two men who, just because both were thorough patriots, were sure to take opposite positions on

the most vital questions, and who, if parties were to spring up, would inevitably be the leaders of them.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, the first great leader of the Republican party, was born in Albemarle County, Virginia, April 2d, 1743. His family was among the first in the old Dominion, and he received the best education which the country afforded. He entered William and Mary College at the age of seventeen; afterward studied law under the able direction of George Wythe; was admitted to the bar in 1767, and soon gained a large and lucrative practice. In 1772 he married a wealthy young widow, whose fortune consisted of 135 slaves and 40,000 acres of land; Jefferson's own patrimony was fully as much, while his professional income was large; so that he ranked among the most opulent Virginians. He had, in the meanwhile, been chosen to the House of Burgesses, where he distinguished himself by his determined opposition to the encroachments of the royal Government. In 1774 he drew up a "Summary View of the Rights of British America," which contains the germs which, two years later, were developed in the Declaration of Independence. It was almost by accident that he became a member of the first Continental Congress. He had been appointed as alternate for Peyton Randolph, who was unable to attend, and so Jefferson took his place. His reputation as an able writer had preceded him, and although he was not a fluent speaker, he at once took position as a leader, and was made chairman of the Committee to draft the Declaration of Independence, which had already been determined upon. His draft was adopted with only a few merely verbal alterations, suggested by Adams and Franklin.

The history of Jefferson during the war of the Revolution belongs mainly to Virginia, for there, as he said, "was the laboring oar." His most important work was as head of the committee for a thorough revision of the laws of the Commonwealth. Some of the bills which he introduced struck at the very foundations of the existing aristocratic system of social order. He himself says: "I considered four of these bills as forming a system by which every fibre would be eradicated of ancient or future aristocracy." These bills provided for the repeal of the laws of entail, the abolition of primogeniture, the equal partition of inheritances, and the abrogation of State taxation for religious purposes. All of these things were deeply ingrained into the very structure of society in Virginia, and it was only after a long and desperate struggle that the measures of Jefferson were carried. The last-named of these bills he considered one of the two crowning acts of his life. In the epitaph which he drew up to be engraved upon his tomb, he designates himself as "Author of the Declaration of Independence, and of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom." In the Summer of 1779 he was elected Governor of Virginia. His term was during the darkest period of the Revolution. Virginia was almost defenseless, and Jefferson was charged with great inefficiency as Governor; and when his term expired he declined a re-election, thinking that, while the State was invaded, "the public would have more confidence in a military chief." At the next session of the House a motion was made for an inquiry into the conduct of Jefferson; but instead of ordering an inquiry, the House passed a vote of thanks to "our former Governor, Thomas Jefferson, for his impartial, upright and attentive administration."

In 1784, Jefferson was sent to Europe to assist Franklin and Adams in negotiating treaties with various Governments. In 1785, he succeeded Franklin as Minister to France. The four years which he spent in France were important in the development of the political character of Jefferson. He came into close intimacy with Condorcet, D'Alembert and other liberal thinkers, under whose lead France, it then seemed, was marching steadily forward to a glorious and peaceful revolution. All that he had seen abroad tended to strengthen his apprehension of the danger to liberty arising from a strong, centralized Government; and his absence from America had prevented him from appreciating the danger to public safety arising from a weak Government like that of the Confederation. In 1789, he returned to America upon temporary leave of absence. But Washington urged him to enter his cabinet as Secretary of State, Hamilton having already been chosen to be Secretary of the Treasury.

Had Jefferson been in America he would, beyond all doubt, have been opposed to the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and his opposition would most likely have turned the doubtful scale in New York and Virginia; and little could be hoped for from any Union which should not include these two powerful States. But the Constitution had been accepted, and trial was to be made of its working. Even then Jefferson was in doubt. He said that some portions of it "staggered" him, and, upon the whole, he was doubtful whether the good or bad parts predominated. But he accepted it, as Hamilton had originally done, as the best one possible at the time. Hamilton would so interpret the Constitution as to extend the power of the Government to the widest limit; Jefferson, theoretically at least, would restrict it to the narrowest limits; and between these two extremes there was room for a wide range of difference between Federalists and Republicans.

We need not here recount the early struggle between the two parties, which soon evoked a bitter personal hostility between the two great leaders. Jefferson charged Hamilton and other leading Federalists with being engaged in a deliberate plot to overthrow the republican form of government, and in its place to establish a monarchy and titled aristocracy. Washington, whose tendencies were decidedly Federal, vainly attempted to bring about harmony between the two leading members of his Cabinet. The decisive struggle during the administration of Washington took place in 1793, the question at issue being as to the policy of the United States toward France and Great Britain, between whom war had broken out. The Republicans were warmly in favor of France, and favored the permission of France to fit out privateers in American ports to cruise against British commerce. The Federalists, while leaning toward England, urged that absolute neutrality was the true policy. The Federal side was found to be decidedly in the preponderance, and on the last day of the year Jefferson resigned his place in the Cabinet, and returned to his home at Monticello, and was ostensibly engaged in regulating his private affairs, but still keeping up a busy political correspondence with his friends. Hamilton also left the Cabinet in 1795, and resumed the practice of law in New York, although he still remained the trusted counselor of Washington, whose farewell address was in great part written by Hamilton.

Washington having declined a re-election for a third term, the Federalists could scarcely do otherwise than fix upon Adams as his successor. The position of Vice President had no attraction for Hamilton, and Thomas Pinckney of South Carolina, was named as the Federal candidate. Jefferson became the Republican nominee for the first place. When the result of the vote for electors was ascertained, it appeared that the Federalists had a clear majority of ten or more, which would naturally insure the election of Adams and Pinckney. But when the electoral vote was counted, Adams had 71, nine less than had been expected; Pinckney only 58, eighteen less than the full party vote; while Jefferson had 68, and thus, standing

second on the list, was chosen Vice-President. Thi was the result of a double intrigue in the Federal party. For many reasons—prominent among which was that he was a New England man—there was, in a section of the party, a decided aversion to Adams as President. If a few Federal votes could be diverted to another person, then Pinckney, having the highest number, would be President, and Adams would be Vice-President. For this purpose eight electors, seven of them from South Carolina, voted for Pinckney, and not for Adams. But, unluckily for the intriguers, their clever scheme had become more than suspected; and the New England electors undertook to frustrate it; this they did, but more thoroughly than they had intended. Eighteen Federal electors dropped Pinckney's name, which left him third on the list, and therefore defeated. If it had happened, as it might well have done, that four more Southern Federalists had merely scattered their votes, Jefferson would have been President and Adams Vice-President.

Shortly after the commencement of the administration of Adams the tide of public favor seemed to be strongly setting in favor of the Federalists. Their opponents had sympathized with France; and now the excesses of the French revolutionists during the "reign of terror"—enormous in reality, and greatly exaggerated by report—aroused the execrations of the civilized world. The aggressive acts of the Directory, and the insulting reception accorded to the American envoys, threw the whole country into a fever of excitement. The President's message indicated an almost inevitable war with France. Large sums were voted for strengthening the national defenses; merchant vessels were authorized to resist attempts at search; the alien and sedition laws were passed in Congress by large majorities, in spite of the resolute opposition of the Republican leaders. Washington was placed at the head of the army, with the title of Lieutenant-general; and he accepted the trust on the condition that he should not be called into active service except in the event of actual war, and that Hamilton should be made Major-general, with charge of the organization of the army. The Republican leaders saw that as matters stood they had no chance in Congress, and they resolved to carry the contest into the State arenas, making the issue to hang upon the alleged unconstitutionality of the Government measures. Jefferson drafted the Kentucky resolutions of 1798, in which the obnoxious laws were denounced, and a determination was more than intimated that their execution would be resisted by force. Madison, who had been considered quite as much a Federalist as a Democrat, now went clean over, and drew up the Virginia resolutions, opposing the centralizing measures of the Federal party, and calling upon the States to see to it that their rights should be maintained inviolate. The tide began to set again strongly in favor of the Republicans, who had the great advantage of being able to place their opponents on the defensive. Washington died, and the prestige of his great name was lost to the Federalists. The keynote of the Republican triumph was set in the New York election of 1800, when headed by Burr, long the political and personal enemy of Hamilton, they won a thorough victory over their opponents. With this terminated the career of Hamilton as the leader of a great party; for with Burr wielding the politics of New York, and Jefferson those of Virginia, the only stronghold of the Federalists was in New England, where the influence of Adams was still predominant.

ANDREW JACKSON.

The Presidential election of 1801, measured the gains which the Republicans had made in two years. Jefferson and Burr were the Republican candidates, and each of them received the entire vote of the party, being seventy-four electoral votes, Adams receiving sixty-five. The Republican victory and the Federal defeat were far enough from decisive. Five votes taken from one side and added to the other would have changed the result.

The first question to be decided was, who shall be President? It must be either Jefferson or Burr; which of them, would depend upon the action of the States, each counting as one, expressed by their delegates in the House of Representatives; and the result would depend upon the course decided upon by the Federal members. There is no need here to go into the details of the bitter contest. In the end, Jefferson obtained a bare majority of the States, and became President; Burr, of course, becoming Vice-President. Jefferson used his victory with great discretion. He had come in on a swelling tide of popularity, and it behoved him to keep in the current. It is no reproach to him that he watched every whirl and eddy, and trimmed his sail to every breeze.

The somewhat stately official ceremonies which Washington had introduced, and which Adams had only partially laid aside, had been the subject of censure, and were unpopular with the masses. They were discarded. Day by day the popularity of Jefferson increased among the masses of the people; and day by day politicians came to see more clearly that his was sure to remain the winning side. Exterior events shaped themselves to his purpose. The purchase of Louisiana added largely to the national domain,

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

and the people cared nothing for the most elaborate demonstrations that the measure was unwarranted by the Constitution.

The brilliant exploits of our little navy against the piratical Barbary States flattered the national vanity. Burr, who had threatened to be a formidable rival, made shipwreck of his political fortunes, and it needed not his duel with Hamilton to give the last blow to his reputation. So when Jefferson's first term was drawing to a close, there was no doubt in any man's mind what would be the result of the next Presidential election.

Out of 176 electoral votes, Jefferson received 162. The same tide carried in George Clinton as Vice-President by the same vote; but the Constitution had, in the meantime, been amended so that the electoral votes designated which were cast for President, and which for Vice-President.

The first two years of Jefferson's second term were, upon the whole, uneventful. The great Napoleonic wars enured to the advantage of the United States, which, as a neutral, derived much profit from the carrying trade. This was rudely interrupted by the Berlin and Milan Decrees of Napoleon and the British Orders in Council, which together placed all the ports of Europe in a state of blockade, and, in effect, annihilated the foreign commerce of America.

Less injurious, but far more offensive, was the right assumed, and sometimes exercised, by British cruisers, of taking sailors claimed to be British subjects from American vessels. This reached its climax in the Summer of 1807, when in our own waters, the national frigate *Chesapeake* was fired upon by the British man-of-war *Leopard*, and four of her crew were seized as deserters from the British Navy.

The whole country was aflame, and had war then been declared, not a voice would have been raised against it. But Jefferson weakly, as it seems to us, contented himself with issuing a proclamation, prohibiting British armed vessels from entering American ports or waters; and then, France and Great Britain persisting in their hostile policy, Congress—the Republicans being largely in the ascendant—passed the questionable Act of Embargo, by which every American vessel was forbidden to leave any port of the United States.

The dormant Federal party now began to show signs of life, and so resolute was their opposition to this law, that it was repealed, and instead of it a bill was passed prohibiting all intercourse with both France and Great Britain. With the signing of this bill the official career of Jefferson came to a close, for he refused to be a candidate for a third term; although, in his retirement at Monticello, he continued to play a prominent though informal part as a Republican leader.

Jefferson left his party so firmly consolidated and so thoroughly organized that for fifty years, with two interruptions of four years each, it maintained an unquestioned ascendency. No weapon forged against it could stand, and every combination framed against it soon came to naught. The closing years of the life of Jefferson were harassed by pecuniary troubles. While in the public service he had wholly neglected his own private affairs. His great landed property ceased to yield him any income, and his numerous slaves consumed more than they produced. Yet all the time he was supposed to be a wealthy man. He maintained an almost princely hospitality at Monticello, which was thronged by admiring guests and visitors from all parts of the civilized world, who literally ate him out of house and home. He died on the 4th of July, 1826. On the same day and almost at the same hour, John Adams, his great compeer, passed away. On that same day, just half a century before, they had formally set their hands and seals to the Declaration of Independence; of which, if Jefferson was the author, Adams was the most able supporter, so that it may fairly be considered their joint work.

The Federal party made a determined stand at the next Presidential election, but the result showed that, notwithstanding the apparent advantage-ground afforded by the dubious position of our foreign relations, the Democratic ascendency was unshaken. Of the electoral vote, Madison, whom Jefferson had virtually appointed as his successor, received 122; only 47 being cast for Charles Pinckney, the Federal candidate. Madison, though the nominal head of the Republican—or, as we may now begin to style it, the Democratic Party—cannot be classed among our great party leaders. When he became President the absorbing question was that of war or peace with Great Britain. He was personally anxious to avoid a war. But the real control of the party soon passed into other hands; notably into those of two men who had scarcely reached the period of middle life, and neither of whom had borne any very notable part in national politics until, in the Spring of 1813, they, for the first time took their seats in the House of Representatives, in which the war-party was largely predominant. One of these new men was made Speaker of the House on the very day when he first set foot on its floor; and the other almost as soon was made Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs; and between them they had the shaping of the course of the party and the fate of the country. These two men were Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun.

Henry Clay was born near Richmond, Va., April 12th, 1777. His father, a Baptist clergyman, ministering to a poor congregation, died in 1782, leaving a scanty property to his widow and their seven children, of whom Henry was the fifth. When he was fifteen years old his mother married again, and with her new husband emigrated to Kentucky. The boy, whose education had been limited, remained behind, having, in the meantime, found employment in the office of the clerk of the Court of Chancery, where he began to read law as occasion offered. His evident capacity drew upon him the notice of Chancellor Wythe, a lawyer of the highest order, who took a special interest in directing the legal studies of the youth. Having been admitted to the bar at the age of twenty, Clay removed to Lexington, Ky., where he opened an office, and soon achieved a decided success, which was, perhaps, quite as much owing to his winning manners as to his professional qualifications. Like most aspiring young men of Kentucky, he was eager for public honors, and it is worthy of note that, in 1799, when the State Constitution was framed, he endeavored to engraft into it an article providing for the gradual abolition of slavery. In 1804 he was elected a member of the State Legislature; and two years after was appointed Senator in Congress, to fill a vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Adair. He was subsequently again returned to the State Legislature, was chosen Speaker, and in December, 1808, made a stirring report, indorsing the foreign policy of Mr. Jefferson, denouncing the British Orders in Council, and pledging to the President the undivided support of Kentucky in any and every contingency. In 1809 he was again sent to the United States Senate for two years, to fill a vacancy occasioned by the withdrawal of Mr. Thurston. It is worthy of note that, during this term, he spoke in favor of a protective tariff and against the recharter of the United States Bank. His fractional term as Senator having expired, he was, in August, 1811, elected a member of the House of Representatives, of which he was chosen Speaker upon the first ballot, and by an overwhelming majority. The greater part of the dominant party were thoroughly dissatisfied with what they considered the feeble and dilatory foreign policy of Madison, and were bent on

a war with Great Britain, and Clay constituted the committees of the House with a view to bringing this about. Prominent among the measures advocated by him was the immediate enlistment of 25,000 volunteers, and the construction of ten new frigates. Clay was at this time among the most ultra of the Democrats, and in debate he certainly overstepped the bounds of parliamentary decorum. Upon one occasion he denounced the venerable Josiah Quincy as "soiling the very carpet upon which he trod." He was re-elected Speaker of the next Congress, and war having in the meanwhile been declared, he was untiring in his efforts to provide for its vigorous prosecution.

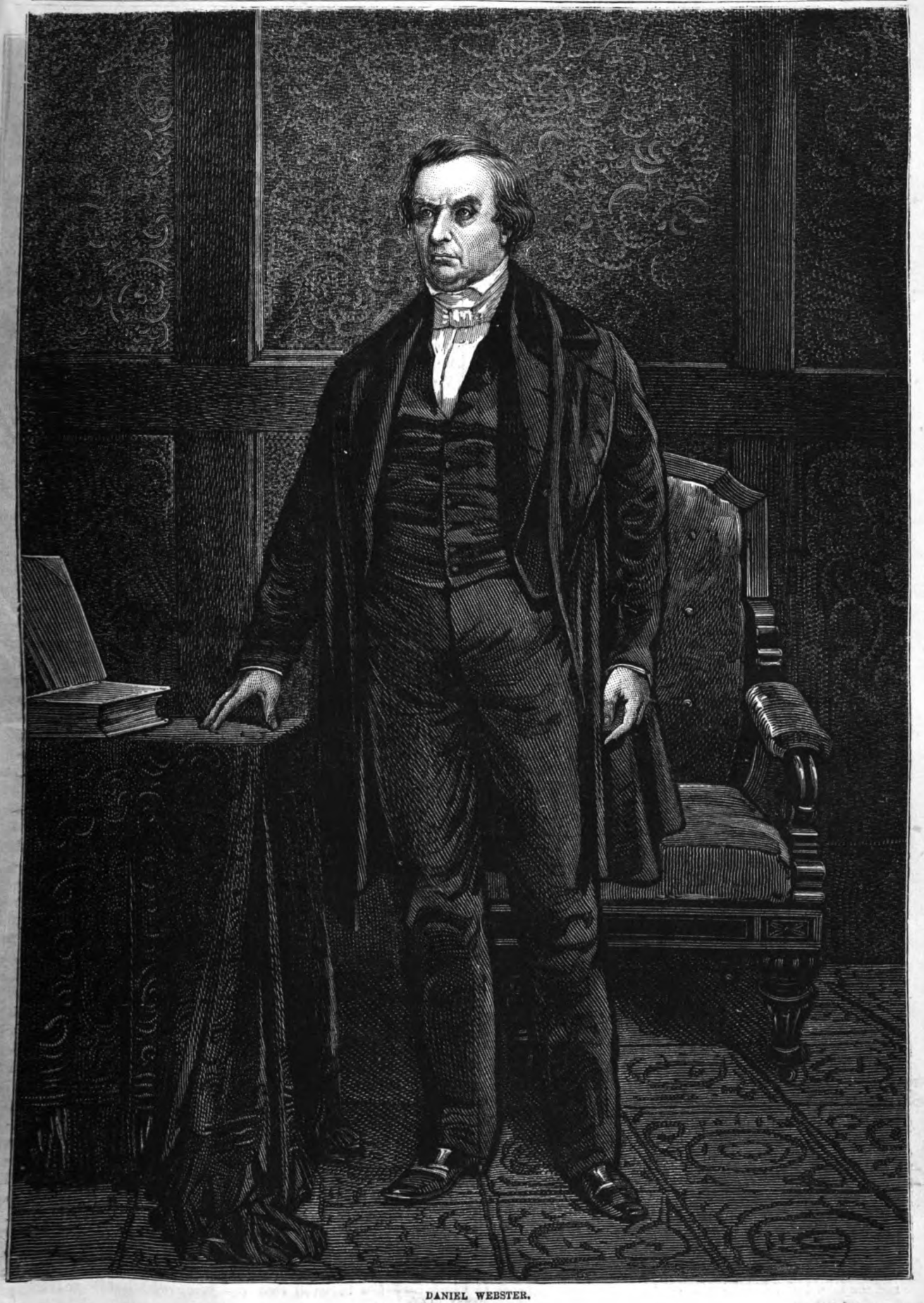
President Madison had never been heartily in favor of the war, and was thoroughly rejoiced when the British Government intimated a wish to enter upon negotiations. For this purpose he named as Commissioners Albert Gallatin, the most moderate of Democrats, John Quincy Adams, who had not long before cast in his lot with the dominant party, and James A. Bayard, a distinguished Federalist. Clay and another were subsequently added to the number of the Commissioners. He did not reach Europe in time to take any active part in the negotiations, the terms of which had already been agreed upon. Quite likely he would, had he been in time, have been loath to consent to a treaty in which the question of impressment—the vital point upon which the war had been urged—was quietly ignored. However, he was in time to affix his signature to the Treaty of Ghent, and on his return was hailed as a peacemaker. He was again elected to Congress, and again chosen Speaker, and so on in successive Congresses until 1821. In that year he declined a re-election, but was elected in 1823, and was again made Speaker. During all these years his influence was exerted in favor of those measures which came to be designated as the "American System," prominent among which were the protection of manufactures by a high tariff, and the prosecution by the National Government of important works of public improvement. He had, in the meanwhile, modified his views in regard to a National Bank, and now earnestly favored the establishment of such an institution. When the question of the admission of Missouri as a slave State came up, he finally drew up the famous Missouri Compromise, in virtue of which that Territory was admitted as a State, with the proviso that slavery should be excluded in all the remaining Territories lying north of the parallel of 36° 30′, that being the southern boundary of Missouri. Toward the close of Monroe's second term, he vehemently opposed the policy favored by the President and his Cabinet in regard to the revolted South American colonies of Spain, the recognition of whose independence he strenuously and successfully advocated.

During these years the Federal party, as such, ceased to exist. Its last great struggle was made in the Presidential campaign of 1812–13, when it cast 82 electoral votes for DeWitt Clinton; Madison receiving 128. At the next election, 1817–18, Monroe was put forward as the Democratic candidate, for what reason it is not easy to understand, unless it were that he was a Virginian. He received 217 votes, the Federalists being able to muster against him only 34, which were cast for Rufus King. At the next trial, the election went by default, the purely negative Monroe receiving 217 votes, and one New Hampshire delegate immortalizing himself by casting a solitary vote for John Quincy Adams. The period of Monroe's second Presidency has been misnamed the "Era of Good Feeling," but in truth there is no period in our history in which there was less of good feeling among politicians. The question was which of several men, all of them professed and recognized Democrats, should be the next President. These men were Clay, whose claims one would have thought stood highest; William H. Crawford, a member of the Cabinet, whom the Virginia junta of Congressmen had pitched upon for the place; John Quincy Adams, also a member of the Cabinet, who, notwithstanding his desertion from the Federal ranks, might count upon New England; Andrew Jackson, who had been formally nominated by the Legislature of Tennessee, a nomination which was at first looked upon by astute politicians as an absurd joke; and John C. Calhoun, who had a more than respectable following in every section, though perhaps not as yet very strong in any one, but likely to develop considerable strength in all.

John C. Calhoun was born in Abbeville District, South Carolina, March 18th, 1782. On both sides he was descended of that sturdy Scotch-Irish Presbyterian stock which has set its impress upon the Carolinas. His father died while he was young, and the first nineteen years of his life were spent with his mother and brother upon their moderate estate. He desired to fit himself for one of the professions, his early bent being toward the ministry, for which his grave character and consistent piety well fitted him. In time the affairs of the family prospered sufficiently to enable his mother and brother to assure him of support for seven years, while he was pursuing his professional studies. After two years in an academy in his native State, he entered the Junior class in Yale College, graduating in 1804 with the highest distinction. He gave three years more to the study of law, and commenced practice at the old family homestead. He entered warmly into the political questions of the day, and, in 1811 was chosen to Congress; having in the meanwhile married a cousin, who brought him a moderate competence. He took his seat at the same session in which Clay and Crawford made their first appearance in the House, and the three young men sprang at once into the front rank of those who were urgent for war with Great Britain, carrying their party with them in spite of the hesitation of the President. Clay, having been chosen Speaker, placed Calhoun upon the Committee on Foreign Relations, of which he soon came to be chairman. The British Government withdrew the obnoxious Orders in Council, but declined to abandon the right of impressment. Calhoun and his friends were not satisfied, and urged a declaration of war upon this ground, and at the same time opposed the entire Presidential policy of non-importation and non-intercourse. This brought Calhoun into great favor in the commercial States. After the close of the war the financial difficulties of the Administration became great, and the question of a national bank grew to be an absorbing one. A bill establishing a national bank was passed in the Congress of 1815–16, receiving the earnest advocacy of Calhoun, who also favored the protective tariff of 1816, and urged that Congress should make large appropriations for works of internal improvement.

Calhoun's career as a Representative in Congress closed, and he was made Secretary of War, the post of Secretary of the Treasury being given to Crawford. The House passed resolutions to the effect that money should be appropriated by Congress for the construction of canals, post-roads and other works of public improvement, and directed the Secretaries of War and the Treasury to draw up a plan for that purpose. Crawford, however, opposed the scheme as unconstitutional. Calhoun also advised the President to sign the Missouri Compromise Bill, holding that Congress had a constitutional right to prohibit slavery in the Territories, although that constitutional authority would come to an end the moment that any Territory became a State and was admitted into the Union. Party lines were not, at this time, well defined; indeed, there was nominally but one party—the Democratic. At this period Calhoun

HENRY CLAY.



DANIEL WEBSTER.

might very properly have been classed as a Whig, if that party had then been in existence.

The canvass of 1824, for a successor to Monroe, inaugurated a new era in the history of our political parties. Nobody but a recognized Democrat was even thought of; but it was certain that among these the contest would be a bitter one. The machinery of a regular nominating convention had not been invented. The candidates had usually been named by a Congressional caucus. Such an one was now held, and Crawford was selected. But only a minority of the members took part in this, and its authority was not conceded. Still, the chances at first seemed to be in his favor, but the wholly unexpected popular strength developed in favor of Jackson, especially in Pennsylvania, which had been supposed to be likely to go for Calhoun, presented a new element. Calhoun withdrew from the canvass for the Presidency, but was willing to be named for the Vice-Presidency; at the same time carefully avoiding the public expression of any preference for or against either of the other candidates. There can, however, be no doubt that he calculated upon the success of Jackson, believing also that he would never be thought of for a second term; and in this case, if he himself was chosen as Vice-President by a large majority, the way would be clear for him at the next election. The result apparently justified his sagacity. He was chosen by a large electoral majority; practically, indeed, he met with no serious opposition, for he received 182 votes, the remainder being scattered among five candidates. But for President no one even approached a majority of the electoral vote. Jackson led, having 99 votes; Adams came next, with 84; Crawford had 41, and Clay 37. The choice had, therefore, to be made by the House of Representatives, each State, irrespective of population, having a single vote, which must be cast for one of the three candidates having the highest electoral vote. Clay was thus ineligible. Of the States, Jackson had the entire vote of eight, and parts of four others. Adams had the six New England States, and parts of five others; Crawford had Virginia and Georgia, with parts of three others; Clay had Ohio, Kentucky and Missouri, with a part of New York. There were, in all, twenty-four States. To secure a majority of these, those which had gone for Clay must be gained for either Adams or Jackson; Crawford, who had suffered a paralytic stroke, being considered practically out of the question. The States which had gone for Clay would be greatly influenced by him as to the manner in which they should cast their votes. He voted for Adams, carrying Ohio, Kentucky and Missouri with him. New York, Maryland, Illinois and Louisiana, which had been divided, went the same way, which, added to the six New England States, gave Adams the vote of thirteen States; Delaware, Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia gave a merely complimentary vote to Crawford; so that for Jackson remained only the seven States of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Indiana and South Carolina; and so Adams was duly elected in the manner prescribed by the Constitution.

He appointed Clay to be Secretary of State, a position which had come to be regarded as the leading one in the Cabinet. A great outcry was raised at once; the election was said to have been the result of "bargain and corruption." John Randolph stigmatized it as "a coalition of Puritan and blackleg"; for which he was challenged by Clay, and a bloodless duel was the consequence. We are now far enough removed from the transaction to estimate it with candor. Clay being ineligible, and Crawford being practically out of the question, the friends of Clay had no choice except between Adams and Jackson, one of whom must be chosen, if there was to be any President. We do not see how he or his friends could have any doubts as to their proper course; for at that time Jackson had never given any evidence of political capacity; his whole previous career had been of such a character as to indicate that he was lacking in almost every qualification for high civil office. Crawford was free in expressing the hope that Clay's adherents would turn the scale to the side of Adams. That Clay was the one man best fitted for the office of Secretary of State was scarcely questioned. Whether it was advisable that he should accept the position, under the circumstances, is quite another matter. Many of his best friends were opposed to it; and he himself came to acknowledge that it was a grave political error. Its first result was that Adams and Clay ceased to be recognized as belonging to the Democratic party. Calhoun, as Vice-President, and all his strong following, were the bitter opponents of the Administration. The tide of popular feeling set more strongly than ever in favor of Jackson, who, at the ensuing Presidential election of 1828, received 182 votes, while Adams, now the National Republican candidate, had only 83. Calhoun was also re-elected Vice-President by a majority nearly as large as that of Jackson. Clay retired from political life for a couple of years; but in 1831 he was elected to the Senate, and began the second phase of his political life as a leader in opposition to the Democratic party. With the accession of Jackson to the Presidency properly begins his career as a great party leader.

Andrew Jackson was born at Waxhaw Settlement, North Carolina, March 15th, 1767. His father had tilled a few acres in Northern Ireland, and came to America in 1765. He was all his life a poor man, and died a few months before the birth of Andrew, his second son. The boy and his elder brother received some rough usage from the British soldiers during the later years of the War of the Revolution. His mother died, and he was left a destitute orphan. We catch occasional glimpses of him as a tall, active lad, sometimes working in a saddler's shop, sometimes teaching a school, and finally, at the age of eighteen, in a lawyer's office; although he is said to have been more fond of horse-racing and cock-fighting than of legal study. He must, however, have picked up something of law, for he was licensed to practice before he was twenty years old; and, within a year or two, was made public prosecutor for a district of North Carolina, lying in what is now the State of Tennessee.

In a few years he had become the owner of land and slaves; and in 1796, was a member of the Convention to draft a constitution for the newly-organized State of Tennessee; and was elected to Congress, where his tall figure and uncouth attire made him somewhat conspicuous. He attached himself to the Republican party of Jefferson, and was one of the twelve Members of Congress who voted against a laudatory reply to Washington's last Annual Address.

In 1797 he was chosen a Senator, but soon resigned and returned to Tennessee, where we find him for several years acting as Judge of the Supreme Court of the State, general of militia, trader, boat-builder, and planter; having, in the meanwhile, accumulated a considerable estate.

We pass over his great services during the War of 1812, culminating in the battle of New Orleans, and his subsequent services in the Seminole War of 1817. During this period he was engaged in several bloody personal rencontres and duels. In 1823 the Legislature of Tennessee elected him as Senator in Congress, and formally nominated him for the Presidency. This nomination, as Tucker records, was at first, thought little of, it being the general belief that "he did not possess the information, or respect for the civil authority, deemed requisite for the office of President; and very few believed that the favor which his military

successes had produced for him in his own State, would find much support in other States of the Union." How these prognostications were subsequently falsified has already been shown.

Jackson had passed the age of threescore when he entered upon the Presidency. He rose at once to the greatness of the occasion; and friends and foes found that they had been wholly mistaken in the man. He whom they had set down as an uncouth backwoodsman showed himself a dignified gentleman. He who had been supposed ignorant of and indifferent to political affairs was found to have made up his mind upon the great questions of the time, and his views happened, almost invariably, to coincide with public opinion. Those party leaders who had expected to find in him a puppet for them to move at will, found that he meant to be, and would be, President in fact as well as in name. Calhoun, who had counted upon being virtual President at once, and actual President at the next election, and whose adherents constituted the majority of the Cabinet, soon found himself roughly disabused. His friends were forced to retire; and before the close of the term he resigned the Vice-Presidency, and set himself in determined and unavailing opposition. Congress rechartered the United States Bank, and Jackson vetoed the bill. South Carolina, under the lead of Calhoun, threatened nullification, and Jackson gave all men to understand that any attempt to resist the enforcement of the laws would be sternly put down. The result of the Presidential election of 1832 showed how thoroughly Jackson had not only carried the Democratic party over to him, but had also brought the country over to the Democratic party. At this election Jackson received the 219 votes of fourteen States, and half of Maryland. Clay had the 49 votes of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Delaware and Kentucky, with half of Maryland. South Carolina, devoted to Calhoun, and hating both Clay and Jackson, pettishly cast her 11 votes for Floyd; and Vermont, in the anti-masonic excitement, cast her 7 votes for Wirt.

Never before in our history had there been a party victory so absolute and complete; for it had been won after a most vigorous contest, in which the opposition, most ably led, had put forth its best efforts; whereas at Monroe's second term the election had gone by default. Jackson's second administration was marked by the same characteristics as the first, and was as successful, although it happened that a strong combination, led by the "great triumvirate," Calhoun, Clay and Webster, placed the Senate temporarily against him, while the House was all the while decidedly in his favor. McLane, Secretary of the Treasury, refused to obey the President's order to remove the deposits from the United States Bank, and was displaced; his successor hesitated, and was replaced by Taney, who executed the order. The Senate passed a vote of censure upon Jackson, and refused to confirm the nomination of Taney, who thereupon received the appointment of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. But before Jackson's term closed, the Senate formally expunged from its Journal the very record of the vote of censure. Jackson's influence in his party was greater than that of Jefferson had ever been. Jefferson had virtually appointed Madison as his successor; Jackson as really appointed Van Buren to succeed him. His term of office closed March 4th, 1837, and he retired to his home, where he spent eight years in quiet and dignified retirement. The homely "Hermitage" became, as the stately Monticello had been, the Mecca of political pilgrims. Now that the fierce contests of his time have receded into the past, there are few who will hesitate to accord to Jackson a high place not only among our Ten Great Party Leaders, but also one of our three great Presidents—the other two being Jefferson and Lincoln. We do not place Washington on the list, for he occupies a position apart and by himself.

Van Buren succeeded, in the election of 1836 by a diminished, but still large, majority, receiving 170 votes; the Opposition, which had now taken the name of Whig, concentrating 73 votes upon Harrison; White, an independent Democratic candidate, receiving 26; South Carolina casting her 11 votes for Mangum; and Massachusetts, finding the election of Van Buren assured, complimented Webster by her 14 votes.

The electoral majority was indeed large, but the vote of the people was very close. In a popular vote of 998,000, Van Buren's absolute majority was only 26,000. Van Buren's weak hold, even upon his own party, was evinced in the election of 1840, when, to the surprise of all men, Harrison had a popular majority of nearly 150,000, and 234 electoral votes, while Van Buren received only 60. Thus, for the first time in a whole human generation the Democratic party met with a reverse.

The tide was turned again in 1844, when Clay, whose election had been thought certain, found himself in a popular minority of barely 25,000; although he had only 105 electoral votes, while Polk received 170. Again in 1848, the Democrats were defeated, Taylor receiving 163 votes, and Cass 127. Taylor, dying soon after, Fillmore, who succeeded him, appointed Daniel Webster as Secretary of State; and all men looked upon him as the future leader of the Whig party. Webster's whole career, and what remains of those of his great compeers, Clay and Calhoun, must be briefly summed up:

Daniel Webster was born at Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18th, 1782; he being thus some three months the senior of Calhoun. His father, a man of decided ability, cultivated a rocky and unproductive farm; and, although not poorer than his neighbors, was all his life in narrow circumstances. Webster graduated at Dartmouth College in 1801; was admitted to the bar in 1805; and in 1812, and again in 1814, was elected to Congress from New Hampshire. At the close of his second term he took up his residence in Boston, where he entered upon the practice of law with equal success.

In 1822 he was elected a Representative in Congress, and during the Administration of the younger Adams was the acknowledged leader of the National Republican party in the House. In 1827 he was elected Senator from Massachusetts; holding the post until 1839, when he became Secretary of State in Harrison's brief administration; continuing to fill the position under Tyler. In 1845 he returned to the Senate, where he remained until 1850, when he again became Secretary of State under Fillmore.

Though, confessedly, not only the ablest man in his party, but the foremost orator and most accomplished statesman of the nation, what seemed party exigencies always stood in the way of his being the party candidate for the Presidency. That place was accorded to Taylor in 1848, and to Scott in 1852. The springs of Webster's life were broken by the last blow, and he died October 23d, 1852, just before the election which resulted in the overwhelming defeat of his successful competitor for the nomination.

Thomas H. Benton claims a place among our Great Party Leaders, less on account of extraordinary ability or eloquence, than for long and continuous service in the Senate, unwavering adherence to his party through all its vicissitudes, tireless industry, and, perhaps, invincible pertinacity in debate. He was born in Orange County, North Carolina, March 14th, 1782, in the same year with Calhoun and Webster. His father dying while he was young, his

mother removed to Tennessee, where he began to study law. He entered the army as a volunteer in the War of 1812, rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, served as aide-de-camp to Jackson, with whom he subsequently had a personal rencontre, and for some years they were bitter enemies; though afterward Benton came to be his devoted adherent and eulogist.

In 1815 Benton took up his residence in St. Louis, where he established a political newspaper; and in 1820 was elected to the Senate of the United States, and was re-elected for each successive term until 1850; thus serving for thirty successive years. During all this time there was scarcely an important debate in which he failed to take a share, nor a single party measure which he did not support. For thirty years the politics of Missouri were in his hands as absolutely as those of South Carolina were in the hands of Calhoun; and he finally lost his seat in the Senate through a chance combination of most heterogeneous elements formed against him.

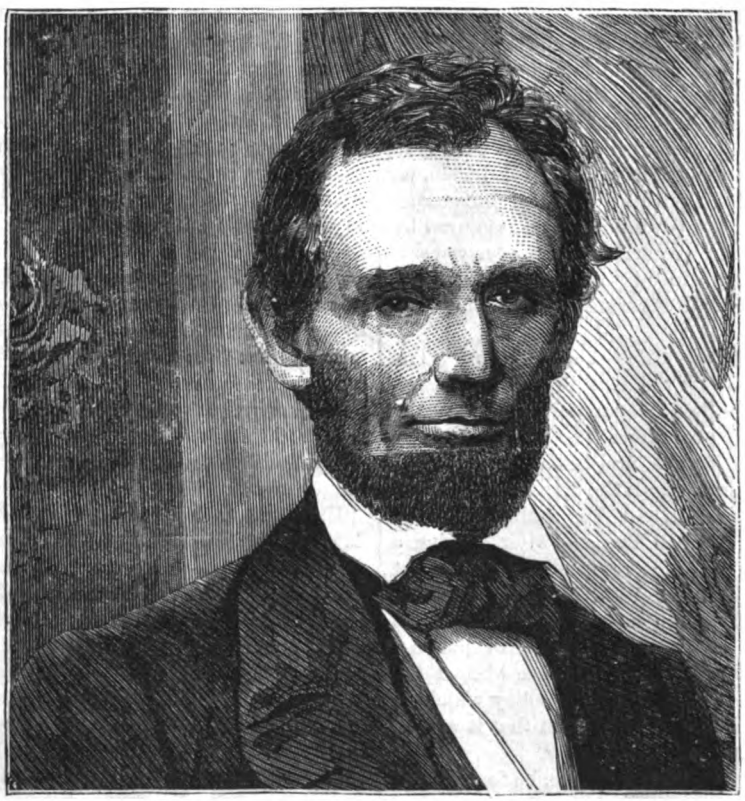
Perhaps the most striking proof of his absolute fealty to the Democratic party is, that in the canvass of 1856, he vehemently opposed the election of Fremont, his favorite son-in-law, to the Presidency. While still a Senator, he set about a political history of the times in which he had played a prominent part. In 1854, on the completion of his "Thirty Years' View of the Workings of our Government," he began a still more arduous labor: an "Abridgment of the Debates in Congress, from 1789 downward." He hoped to bring this down to at least as far as 1856, and actually completed sixteen large volumes, coming down to the great debates of 1850, in which himself, Clay, Webster, and Seward had taken prominent parts.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

But his physical strength failed him, and the last pages were dictated to an amanuensis, when he had lost the power of speaking except in a whisper. These two works are of priceless value to the student of our political history. Benton died at Washington, April 10th, 1858.

We pass in hasty summary over a few salient points in the political career of Calhoun and Clay, subsequent to the changes in their positions after the first election of Jackson. A great change had already begun in Calhoun's views upon the whole theory of government, growing out of his intense devotion to the interests of his own section, and especially of his own State. A protective tariff, which he had heretofore favored, now seemed to him to operate injuriously upon the South, and perceiving that the abolition of such a tariff was not at present to be looked for from the National Government, he cast about for some other recourse; and found it in the doctrine that every State had the right, in its sovereign capacity, to prevent within her own limits the execution of any laws which she deemed unconstitutional. This theory was advanced by him as early as 1828, in a paper which, without its authorship being announced, served as the basis of what came to be known as "the South Carolina Exposition." This doctrine of Nullification was brought forward in the Senate by Mr. Hayne, of South Carolina, and gave rise to the famous debate between him and Webster. Hayne resigned his seat, and Calhoun, having resigned the Vice-Presidency, was elected in his place in 1832. He was frequently found acting in concert with Clay and Webster in opposition to the Administration of Jackson, which he averred had become so corrupt that any hope of reform was wholly out of the question. He had, he said, "voluntarily placed himself in the small minority to which he belonged, in order to serve the State of South Carolina, and would not turn on his heel to be placed at the head of the Government." His personal hostility to Jackson cropped out at every turn. He voted against Benton's motion for expunging the resolution of censure passed upon Jackson for removing the deposits from the United States Bank, and against the confirmation of Mr. Taney as Secretary of of the Treasury. He had already, as Vice-President, given his casting vote against the nomination of Van Buren as Minister to Great Britain. For a time he was generally, though improperly, classed as a Whig. He remained in the Senate until 1843; and having, in the meanwhile, become reconciled with the Democrats, was spoken of as a candidate for the Presidency. In 1844, Tyler, who had been elected as a Whig, went practically over to the Democrats, and appointed Calhoun Secretary of State. He expected to have been retained in this position in the Administration of Polk, and declined the post of Minister to Great Britain, which was offered him instead. A vacancy was again made for him in the Senate, where he took his place, retaining it until his death. He was especially earnest in opposing any measure in any way injurious to the institution of slavery, fully abandoning the theory which he had formerly held, that Congress had the constitutional power of passing laws restricting slaveholding in the Territories; and frankly acknowledging that the Missouri Compromise was an error, restricting, as it did, the constitutional rights of the South. His views on this subject grew more and more decided as the feeling against the extension of slavery developed itself. He opposed the extension of the Ordinance of 1787 to the Territory of Oregon, and maintained that the establishment of the Constitution of the United

States over the territories acquired from Mexico was of itself an abrogation of the Mexican law prohibiting slavery there. In spite of failing health, he was earnest in urging forward a thorough political union in the entire South. His last political effort was the preparation of an elaborate speech, which, he being too feeble to deliver, was read by another, on March 4th, 1850. The continual agitation of the slavery question, he said, would result in the dissolution of the Union, which was already in imminent peril; while a long series of measures had resulted in changing the National Government from a Federal Republic into a consolidated Democracy; a wrong which could only be remedied by a vital change in the Constitution. What this change was, he did not specify; but it was probably one suggested in his posthumous work on "The Constitutional Government of the United States," to the effect that there should be two Presidents, one chosen by the free and the other from the slaveholding States, both of whom must approve of any bill before it could become a law. Ten days afterward Mr. Cass, in replying to this speech, asked some questions. Calhoun rose to answer them, but fell back into his seat. He was borne to his bed, from which he never rose, although he lived three weeks longer, dying March 31st, 1850. Apart from his early brilliant career, to Calhoun belongs whatever praise or blame may be awarded to the founder and creator of that party which, ten years after, undertook to carry out his theories to their logical result, and strove so stoutly for the dismemberment of the Union. For the rest, among all the great men of whom we have spoken or are yet to speak, Calhoun stands among the foremost for blameless purity of life, rectitude of purpose and firmness of conviction.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Clay, five years the senior of Calhoun, his early colleague and later opponent at almost all points, survived him not quite twenty months. The failure to gain for him the nomination in 1848 put an end to all likelihood that he could ever become President of the United States; but he was in that year chosen Senator from Kentucky, and he took his seat just forty-three years after his first appearance in that body. In 1849 the constitution of Kentucky was remodeled, and Clay urged the insertion of a provision for the gradual extinction of slavery; but the suggestion was rejected, as one of like import had been rejected half a century before. In 1851 his health began to fail, and he gradually declined until his death, June 29th, 1852. Besides his strictly party services, he had taken a leading part in all the great national "compromises" between the different sections of the Union: the Missouri Compromise of 1821; the Tariff Compromise of 1833; and the Slavery Compromise of 1850. Ambitious he certainly was; but his ambition was of a noble sort; and it was gratified in all save that of attaining its highest and ultimate end, the Presidency. In certain attributes of a great party leader, he exceeded either of his contemporaries or either of those who preceded or followed him. No one of them was his match in brilliant eloquence, in dexterity as the leader of a deliberative assembly, or in the enthusiastic personal attachment with which he inspired his followers. Strong men wept like children as once and again his highest ambition failed to attain its goal.

The three great party leaders, Calhoun, Clay and Webster, died within a single two years. We now pass more briefly to the three others whose national career began just as theirs was closing.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD was born at Florida, Orange County, N. Y., May 16th, 1801. His father was at once farmer, trader, physician, local politician, and judge. The son, after a usual common-school and academic education, entered Union College in 1816. But before his senior year had closed, a dispute occurred between him and his not over-indulgent father. He had outrun his rather scanty allowance, and contracted a tailor's bill of a hundred dollars, which his father refused to pay. In a boyish freak he ran away from college, and made his way to Georgia, where he engaged as principal of an academy. In a few weeks his father learned of his whereabouts, and sent a message to the trustees, forbidding them, under penalty of the law, from harboring the runaway minor—a message which they disregarded. A kind of reconciliation took place between father and son, and at the close of six months he returned to his home, entered upon the study of law, and was admitted to the bar in 1822. Two years afterward he resolved to go westward in search of a favorable field for practice. He happened to stop at the village of Auburn to call upon a former schoolmate of his sister, the daughter of a leading lawyer. The old man took a fancy to the young one, made him his legal partner, and soon gave him his daughter in marriage. Seward prospered in his profession and began to take part in local politics, in favor of the National Republican party. When the Anti-Masonic excitement broke out in Western New York, he allied himself with the new party, and was elected to the State Senate. In 1834 he was the unsuccessful candidate of the Whig party for Governor; but was successful in 1838, and again in 1840. At the close of his second term, in 1842, he resumed the practice of his profession, supporting Clay for the Presidency in 1844, and in

1848 acquiescing in the nomination of Taylor as the most available candidate. In 1849 he was elected to the United States Senate, and soon came to be accepted as the leading man of the Whig Senators, then in an apparently hopeless minority. But, owing to the suavity of his manners and to his utter disregard of all the diatribes hurled against him, he acquired a personal influence greater than that of any other Senator. He never frittered away his influence in mere parliamentary skirmishing or in mere personal debate; reserving himself for great occasions. He indeed spoke often and long, but only after careful preparation.

When the Whig party went to pieces, and the new Republican party developed itself, Seward took a prominent part in its organization, and was looked upon as its representative man. At the commencement of the canvass of 1860, few doubted that he would be the Republican nominee for President. In the Chicago Convention, his votes on the first ballots stood highest; but it soon appeared that he could not secure a majority of the whole, and the nomination was accorded to Lincoln; who, with rare appreciation of the demands of the time, appointed his leading competitor to the highest position in the Cabinet. Of the services of Seward as Secretary of State during the Civil War we shall not here speak. Lincoln reappointed him at the commencement of his second term. When the President was assassinated on the night of April 14th, 1865, an accomplice of the murderer made his way into the chamber where Seward was lying; his jaw having been fractured by his having been thrown from his carriage. He received several severe wounds, which, in his enfeebled condition, threatened a fatal result, and his recovery was slow and painful.

He retained his place in the Cabinet of Johnson. The restoration policy adopted by the new President was opposed by the leaders of the Republican party, to whom he soon came to be personally obnoxious. The mutual dissatisfaction grew into an open breach, and Seward came in for a full share of the odium into which the President fell. His career as a party leader was at an end. His health gave way, domestic sorrows closed in upon him, and after making a tour of a year around the world, he returned to his home at Auburn, where he died, October 10th, 1872. Public feeling, in respect to him, has even now righted itself; and while all men give full credit to his purity of purpose throughout, there are not a few, even of those who, at the time, set themselves against the restoration policy which he advocated, who have come to the conclusion that it was, in the main, a just and right policy.

When Seward took his place in the Senate, he found there a man twelve years his junior, who had already given proof of abilities of no common order. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS was born at Brandon, Vt., April 23d, 1813. His father, a village doctor, died while the son was an infant, and his widowed mother and himself found a home on the farm of a kinsman. The boy was in time apprenticed to a cabinet-maker, but his feeble constitution compelled him to leave his apprenticeship, and he was placed in the village academy. His mother married again and removed to Western New York, and her son was placed in an academy at Canandaigua. In 1833, when he was twenty years of age, he left home for what was then the Far West, hoping to find employment as a teacher. He was then a slender youth, scarcely reaching the average stature of a woman. By the time he had reached Winchester, Ill., his scanty funds were reduced to less than half a dollar. An auction was going on, and he was engaged to keep account of the sales, and received $6 for three days' work. But in the meantime he had made himself so popular, that, when he proposed to open a school, forty pupils were at once secured. He taught by day, read borrowed law-books at night, and within a year was admitted to practice; and in another year was elected by the Legislature Attorney-General of the State. In 1837 he was an unsuccessful candidate for Congress on the Democratic ticket, being defeated only by a majority of five votes. He held several State offices until 1842, when he was returned to the House of Representatives, and was re-elected in 1844 and 1846; but before taking his seat at the last term, he was chosen to the Senate, his term commencing in March, 1847. He showed himself the most adroit debater in the Senate, and before 1852 was recognized as among the leaders of the party. In that year he was a leading candidate for the Presidency; but by way of compromise between various sections of the party, Mr. Pierce was selected for the nomination.

The question of slavery soon grew to be the absorbing one, and Douglas believed that it was his mission to settle it on an enduring basis. In 1856 he put forth his scheme in an elaborate paper on "The Dividing Line between State and Federal Authority"; the essential points being that "every distinct political community in the Union is entitled to all the rights of self-government in respect to local concerns and internal polity; that a Territory, when legally organized, is such a distinct political community; that slavery is a purely local institution not prohibited by the Constitution; and that, by consequence, every Territory, as well as every State, has the sole right to legislate in respect to slavery within its own limits."

The majority of the Northern Democracy were willing to accept this theory, and had, indeed, sanctioned its cardinal principle in passing the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, introduced by Douglas, which virtually repealed the Missouri Compromise and the Compromise of 1850. The Southern Democracy, which had come virtually to include the entire South, would not assent to the principle that a Territorial Legislature might exclude slavery, or in any way impair the rights of slaveholders to take their slaves into a Territory and hold them there.

Upon this theory as a platform, Douglas became a candidate for the Presidency in the Democratic Convention at Charleston. He received more than half the entire vote of the delegation, but still lacked 50 of the 202 votes required by the established two-thirds rule of the party. The Convention separated without making a nomination, and in the end two so-called National Democratic Conventions were held, one nominating Mr. Douglas, the other presenting Mr. Breckinridge. Mr. Lincoln having been nominated by the Republicans, it seemed certain that he would carry all the free States against the divided Democracy, unless by some means votes could be withdrawn from him sufficient to prevent him from receiving the electoral majority. A temporary party was organized, which presented Mr. Bell for the Presidency. It was hoped that the election might at least be thrown into the House, where it was confidently assumed that Lincoln could not in any case receive a clear majority of the States.

This promising scheme worked ill for its projectors. Lincoln received 180 votes, being all from the free States except three from New Jersey. Breckinridge had 72; Bell 39, and Douglas only 12. But the popular vote showed a very different state of public feeling. Lincoln's vote was about 1,850,000; that for Douglas, 1,360,000; for Breckinridge, 870,000; for Bell, only 590,000.

When the secession consequent upon the election of Lincoln broke out, Douglas retained his position in the Senate as the acknowledged representative of more than half of his party, who, while opposed to the Republicans, were still more opposed to secession. When all hope of averting the Civil War had disappeared, he took a firm stand for the

Union, defending the line of policy indicated by Lincoln in his inaugural address. His last public act was to dictate from his sick-bed a letter to the chairman of the Democratic Convention of his own State, explaining and defending the course upon which he had determined. From that sick-bed he never rose, but died, June 3d, 1861, at the age of forty-eight, in the very prime of manhood, and when a political career seemed opening before him nobler than that which has been presented to any American, saving only Washington. Had he lived four years longer he could by no conceivable probability have failed to have been Vice-President at Lincoln's second election; and then, at Lincoln's death, the Presidency would have devolved upon him. With Douglas instead of Johnson at the head of affairs, the political history of the restored Union must have taken a shape quite different from that which it assumed.

Abraham Lincoln, who closes our list of Great Party Leaders, was born in what is now Larue County, Kentucky, February 12, 1809. His father emigrated from Virginia, and the early years of the son were spent in the hard work of clearing his father's farm, and he never received more than a single year's schooling. He grew up noted for his great strength and lofty, though awkward, stature; before he had reached manhood he had attained his full height of six feet and four inches. At eighteen we find him a boatman on the Mississippi; then a clerk in a country store; then a private and afterward captain of volunteers in the Black Hawk Indian war; and subsequently a land-surveyor. He began the study of law at thirty, was in a few months admitted to practice, and soon made his mark as a jury lawyer. In 1834 he was elected as a Whig to the State Legislature, and was twice re-elected. In 1846 he was chosen to Congress, being the only Whig member from his State. Declining another re-election, he was an unsuccessful candidate for Senator. He had always opposed the extension of slavery beyond its existing limits, and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise brought him forward as an opponent of Douglas and his famous theory of Popular Sovereignty. In 1858 he was a candidate for the Senate in opposition to Douglas, whose term was about to expire. The two candidates personally canvassed the State together, and the speeches of Lincoln first brought him into prominence before the country at large. Lincoln received the larger number of the actual votes of the people, but owing to the manner in which the Legislative districts were arranged, Douglas was elected. In a few months they came to be the leading candidates for the Presidency.

We do not propose, in this place, even to touch upon the events of the great Civil War; nor upon the wise and patient course of Lincoln during its continuance; nor upon the kindly and magnanimous policy which he had marked out, when the issue had come to be no longer a doubtful one. In his view it was not a war for the destruction of slavery, but for the maintenance of the Union. In the very agony of the struggle, he had written: "My object is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it. If I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it. If I could do it by freeing some and leaving the others alone, I would also do that." In his second Inaugural, pronounced when all men saw that the beginning of the end of the armed conflict was at hand, he foreshadows what he deemed the work yet remaining to be accomplished: Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. . . . With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

With abounding nobleness toward all, and no malice even toward those who must accept rather than offer terms, we cannot doubt that, when the Confederate forces had laid down their arms, and were ready to accept the issues which the war had brought or involved, Lincoln held a position in which he could, at the outset, have brought about a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and so have not merely bound up, but have speedily healed, the nation's wounds. But it was not so to be. In a brief space, the pistol of an assassin brought to an end a life upon which so much was depending. He died on the 15th of April, 1865. His short prominent public career was but a continuation and sequence of the more private one which had won for him the title of "the honest." In the four years and seven weeks of his Presidency, he had won the right to claim a place among the foremost of "Our Great Party Leaders."

CAPTAIN HODSON ARRESTING THE KING OF DELHI.

It has been deemed questionable whether the disaffection excited by the two royal families of Oude and Delhi, or even the vague discontent of the native troops, would have culminated in a revolt of the whole army, with its attendant atrocities, but for the very unexpected incident of the greased cartridges, which caused a most opportune and justifiable source for complaint against the British Government. The greased cartridges lighted the smoldering flame of rebellion, sending the ghastly cry of vengeance far and wide over the sun-baked plains of India.

Toward the close of 1856, it had been determined to replace the old infantry musket, "the Brown Bess," by an improved fire-arm, "the Enfield Rifle." Early in January, 1857, when the manufacture of those cartridges (which had to be torn by the fingers, or bitten), was proceeding briskly at a place called Dumdum, six miles northwest of Calcutta, in the artillery arsenal, a *classie*, or low caste workman, asked a soldier of the 2d Grenadiers—a high class Brahmin—for a drink of water from his *lotah*, or drinking vessel. The grenadier declined, on the plea that the vessel would be defiled.

"You think too much of your caste," said the *classie;* "but wait a little; the *sahib logue* (white gentleman) will soon make high and low caste on an equality; as cartridges smeared with beef fat and hog's lard are being made up in the magazine, which all Sepoys will be compelled to use."

The mention of the two kinds of fat was most effective, one being the abomination of the Hindoos, the other of the Mohammedans. The story spread like wildfire, and the sequel was not far off.

On the 25th of February, 1857, the Thirty-fourth Regiment of Native Infantry mustered at Berhampore, 116 miles north of Calcutta, where one Mungal Pandy cut down his officer. Pandy was hanged, and for a while reigned a temporary but a treacherous quiet.

On the 2d of May the Seventh Oude Irregular Cavalry, then cantoned about seven miles from Lucknow, when ordered to bite the new cartridge, sternly refused. On the 9th, 85 malcontents were brought to trial, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment with hard labor. On the following evening, while the Europeans were at church, the men of the Eleventh and Twentieth Bengal Native Infantry openly revolted. The European officers rushed to the spot, in the hope of pacifying them. One of the first who arrived was Colonel Finnis (brother of the then Lord Mayor of London), who was shot in the back while in the act of haranguing the

Twentieth. Choking with blood, he fell from his horse and was hewn in pieces.

The work of slaughter was now fairly inaugurated. The European bungalows were sacked and given to the flames; the Christians were all massacred, without regard to sex or age; women were foully outraged, and children shot down in a ghastly spirit of devilish revelry; while the mutineers, flushed with their terrible success, set off *en masse* for Delhi, where a sure welcome awaited them.

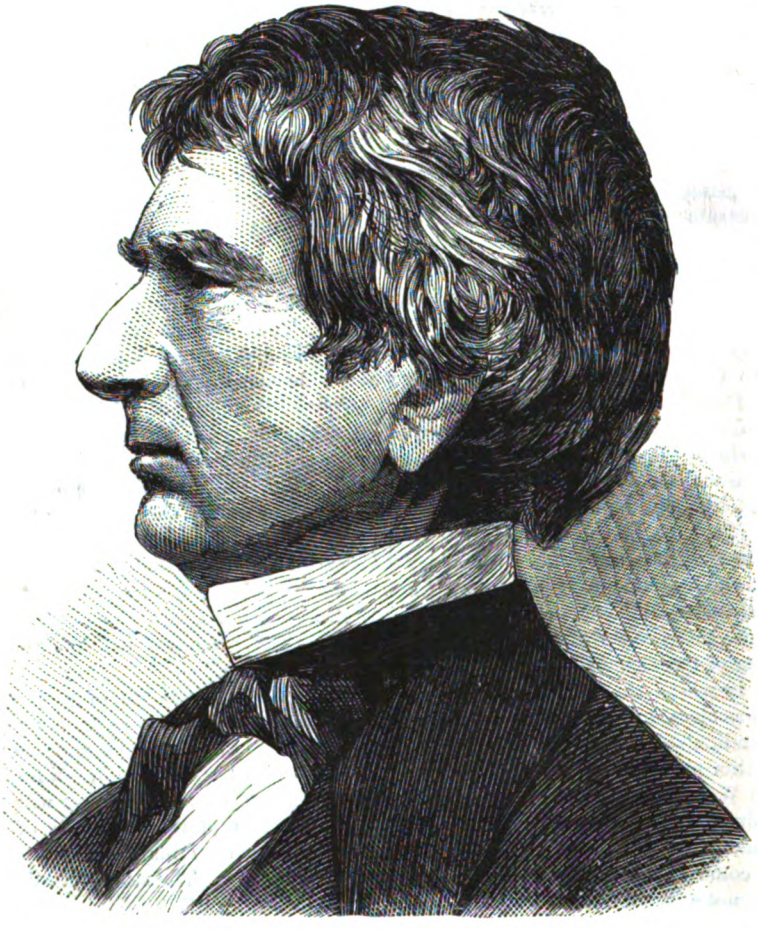
The three native British regiments in Delhi fraternized with the mutineers, and a fearful slaughter of European residents took place. Two British officers defended the great magazine, and ultimately blew it up, committing ghastly havoc. The mutiny in the city assumed the form and magnitude of an organized rebellion; and the King invested himself with the sovereignty of India. An old silver throne was brought into the marble hall of audience. On this he took his seat, under a salute of twenty-one guns, and received public homage as the heir of the Mogul. His first act was to cause the massacre of all the women and young girls who had fled to the palace for protection. under circumstances of peculiar horror. The Punjaub swam in blood. In the Doab, the mutiny was everywhere successful. In Oude the carnage was horrible; and then came the siege of Lucknow, followed by the massacres at Cawnpore.

One of the primary objects of the British Government was the recovery of Delhi, and all available troops were hurried on in order to wrench this important strategical point from the hands of the mutineers.

At three o'clock on the morning of the 13th of September, the assault was delivered upon four points, and seldom had assaulting troops such terrible impulses to inspire them as those of the four columns that hurled their strength on Delhi now. No danger daunted, no obstacle remained unsurmounted by them; and if daring can win glory, then glory was won there. Inch by inch was the ground contested, the combatants on both sides fighting like demons; and it was not until the 19th that Delhi was won.

On the 21st, the intrepid Captain Hodson, ascertaining that the King had fled to that wonderful pile, the tomb of Houmayoun, a few miles southward of the city, galloped thither at the head of fifty horse. Dismounting, and followed by a trusty trooper, he dashed into an open court, where he suddenly encountered the King, with his favorite wife Zeenat Mahal, who had been a chief instrument in the revolt. Every second lost meant his heart's blood and Hodson lost not a second. Rushing up to the King, who attempted to draw his jeweled *tulwaur*, he seized him by a golden chain that hung around his neck, and, presenting a revolver at his head, ordered him to mount in silence, threatening to pull the trigger upon the faintest sound. The trooper, following Hodson's example, captured Zeenat Mahal, and the two were brought back to the palace, where they were detained as prisoners.

Next day this fiery and indefatigable officer went in search of the two sons and grandsons of the King—the chief inciters of the Delhi atrocities—who were concealed in the tomb, and surrounded by a multitude of armed scoundrels from the city. The time was not one for hesitation or delay; so the fearless Hodson, with his own pistols, shot the princes dead upon the spot, and had their bodies hanged up in the Kotwallee, or Mayor's court. Several months after the King was tried and found guilty of the massacres of the British in Delhi. Lord Canning spared his forfeited life, but sentenced him to be transported to Burmah; and thus ended the royal line of Delhi, 332 years after its ascent to the Mogul throne.



WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

THE origin of printed ballots in Massachusetts was in this wise: Prior to 1830, written ballots were required by the Constitution of that State. The House of Representatives of Massachusetts consisted at that time of seven hundred and twenty members, the city of Boston sending seventy-two to that unwieldy body; therefore the writing of so many names upon a ballot was a laborious affair. On the 11th of May, 1829, David Henshaw tendered at the polls of Ward 7 a printed ballot, which the warden refused to receive. A suit was begun by Mr. Henshaw against the warden, Samuel H. Forster, to test the validity of this description of ballot. They had been in use in the State of New York, where they were found to be very convenient. It was carried up to the Supreme Court, and at the March Term, 1830, Chief-Justice Parker announced the decision of the Court—that printed ballots were legal, within the requirements of the Constitution.

THE "DERDBAH"; OR, WHAT I SAW AT ALGIERS.—THE DAY HAD VANISHED, AND THE WHITE, PHANTOM-LIKE FORMS THAT CROWDED THE TERRACE WERE INDISTINCTLY VISIBLE. SLOWLY THE VOICE OF THE CHEK-DBAH WAS RAISED IN PRAYER."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE "DERBDAH"; OR, WHAT I SAW AT ALGIERS.

I DOUBT if any metropolis in the world possesses a more heterogeneous population, or more variegated costumes, than the Moorish city of Algiers, which is charmingly situated on the shores of the Mediterranean, and which I visited in the Winter of 1867.

On certain days that public rendezvous known as La Place du Gouvernement resembles a vast ethnological museum, or international congress, where it would seem as if all the nations of the earth were represented.

French, English, Americans, Minorcans, Arabs, Italians, Maltese, Moors, Jews, Abyssinians, and Egyptians, form a gathering where the languages spoken are as dissimilar as the habiliments worn; where the Arab's snow-white "burnous" floats beside the red "culotte" of the French soldier; where the Turk's fez says good-morning to the more civilized but less romantic beaver; and where embroidered or gilded slippers fraternize with high top-boots *à l'espies*.

Among these many races are an inoffensive, quiet, and retiring people, existing almost in the state of a secret society. I refer to the negroes. They do not form a numerous body in Algiers, and for the most part are engaged in employments of minor importance.

Some are street-sweepers or grooms. Others are porters, and may be seen carrying enormous loads on their heads with as much patience as would an ox; and it is, without doubt, through a sentiment of fraternity that they show themselves kinder toward beasts of burden than do the Arabs and Jews. Others, again, weave mats with a straw called "alfa," or make baskets with the ends of reeds and short pieces of dyed yarn, which, though somewhat heavy, are gotten up with considerable taste and originality.

They are of an even disposition, and, amongst themselves, are at times of almost childish gayety; their laugh being almost Homeric; for, at such moments, their wide mouths, their open nostrils, their large ears (that stand out so conspicuously from their woolly heads), and, in fact, every feature or part of their sable faces, seem to dilate and brighten with hilarity.

The negro women may be divided into three classes—viz., servants, bath-women, and bread-sellers. These last are the most numerous, and in the Moorish part of the city they may be seen seated at the street-corners, before a pile of dirty loaves they offer for sale to passers-by. They are clad from head to foot in an ample blue "kaik," which serves rather to disclose than to vail the almost immodest voluptuousness of their forms, and which being usually negligently opened on the breast, permit all indiscreet eyes to behold their charms, which vary in color, from light-brown to ebony-black, and in shape from a cucumber to a watermelon.

The cheeks of the more aged have been branded by a hot iron—marks of the masters by whom they were owned previous to the conquest of their country by the French.

It was a matter of some surprise to me how those good people were able to gain their livelihood by their modest professions; but a good negro who sold pipes on the Place (with whom I frequently chatted in French), explained to me that I was in error, and that the business of bread-selling was very remunerative; and, moreover, that most of the women thus occupied were also "Ahrifa."

"What are Ahrifa?" I enquired.

He replied that it was not easy to explain, but promised to conduct me under his especial patronage to a *fête* which was soon to take place, and which would satisfy my curiosity.

I had read (I don't remember where) that the Ahrita formed a sect, or female corporation, which exists along the entire littoral of Northern Africa, and that there are among them certain strange practices, which cause them to be looked upon by the natives with a sort of veneration mingled with terror.

In Morocco, for example, where in legal matters no man has a right to put his hand upon the other sex, it is still at the present day the Ahrifa who are empowered to arrest culpable females, to imprison, to torture, and to execute them.

Since the conquest of Algiers, by the French, the Ahrifa have forfeited the right of executing, but are still permitted to play the parts of sibyls, and to practice medicine, which they do in a way something similar to our Indians of the West. They are much consulted by the Arabs, and pretend to be able to cure most diseases by their secrets, amulets and herbs.

Fever and nervous derangements, which are very common in these hot countries, are treated by them with much success. Should the patient's condition be critical, in addition to their medical remedies, they usually have recourse to certain religious ceremonies in honor of Sidi-Blen, who is the great "Marabout" of the negroes, and to whom they hold themselves indebted for their marvelous skill in healing.

These ceremonies, or *fêtes*, are called by them "Derdbah," and it was only through the kindness of my old negro friend that I enjoyed the privilege of being present at one of them.

They are usually celebrated in some ancient Moorish dwelling, the proprietor of which feels, of course, highly gratified and flattered by the honor conferred upon him by the selection of his house, upon which it is believed that the "Marabout" will shower down innumerable blessings.

The habitations are usually entered by a low door, from which a narrow passage leads to a small square court (very similar to the "atrium" of the Roman houses I have seen at Pompeii and Herculaneum), which gives access into little, windowless, white-washed rooms. Slight but elegant columns sustain a circular gallery which forms the first story, and which contains rooms similar to those on the ground floor. The whole is covered with a flat terrace or roof, whilst a few mats on the floors, an old chest in the corner, a brasier containing fire, and earthen vessels, constitute the household furniture.

It was into a house of this description that I was somewhat mysteriously introduced, for Europeans are only admitted by special favor to this *fête*, their presence being considered a sort of profanation.

But a golden key opens all doors, and with a small donation, all difficulties were surmounted, and, installing myself in a retired corner of the court, where I was comparatively unobserved, I determined to allow no detail of the ceremony to pass unnoticed.

I felt much surprised and dazzled as I gazed about me. To the right, to the left, on the ground, on carpeted staircases, and, in short, everywhere, negro women were grouped in attitudes almost "Etruscan." They were no longer dressed in their primitive garments, but in costumes of as brilliant and varied hues as were ever seen in the plumage of a parrot.

The Moors and Arabs possess excellent taste in harmonizing and blending colors, but the blacks, on the contrary, delight in the most extravagant contrasts, and will intermingle indigo-blue, canary-yellow, apple-green, and cherry-red, in a manner that would amaze a Parisienne dressmaker.

None of their extravagant eccentricities of taste had been

forgotten on that occasion, and nothing could be more singular than to behold those many beings, clothed in brocades and stuffs of the most varied and brilliant hues, with a stygian-like grin on their sable faces. If, however, there was a total absence of taste in their gaudy toilets, they were not wanting in richness. Silks, satins, Oriental tissues, gold, jewels, and glass finery, were prodigally displayed. It struck me as somewhat singular that those elegants were able to adorn themselves so luxuriously by selling loaves of bread at the street corners, or even by curing fevers; but I was afterward informed that they economize cent by cent during the greater part of their lives, in order to purchase a new ornament for their *toilette de fête*, and I remarked that the richest costumes were worn by the oldest and most wrinkled. Where does vanity not build her nest!

Leaning upon the balustrade of the terrace, a number of Moorish women gazed from behind their vails upon that strange assembly. Their large, languishing eyes, blackened with koheul, contrasted strikingly with their pale complexions, and sparkled with intelligence and gayety. They occasionally elbowed each other, and conversed in low whispers, and I felt certain that they were not paying compliments to those of whom they conversed.

I was regretting the impossibility of making myself acquainted with their remarks, when suddenly a tremendous noise broke in like a clap of thunder on my meditations. I thought the house was falling down, and started instinctively toward the door.

But there was no cause for alarm; it was only the orchestra striking up, and what an orchestra! One composed exclusively of drums, so that the musical rhythm depended entirely upon the rapidity or force with which they were beaten. Drums are said to have been invented by the Moors, and being unacquainted with any other musical instrument, they have done their utmost to perfect it, and it is incredible what a variety of kinds they have produced, from the diminutive "derbouka," made of baked clay, to the gigantic "tebbelt," hollowed out of a tree-trunk.

I have heard much of drums in times of peace, and in times of war, both in the Old World and the New, but never had I listened to such a cacophony before. Imagine, dear reader, a tournament between all the large bass-drums and all the frying-pans in Christendom, and you will have a faint perception of that frantic hubbub.

Near by, about twenty blacks, armed with heavy sticks, which were crooked at the ends, were pounding away with might and main on "tebbelts" of different sizes; and among them I perceived my negro protector, seated cross-legged before a tambourine of small dimensions, beating away as seriously as would a mechanical rabbit, whilst all the spectators were clacking between their fingers large quadruple castanets, called "krakel."

The *fête* commenced. An Ahrifa woman rose up, walked slowly to the centre of the court, and saluted those present by making a low bow, and crossing her hands upon the ground. She was dressed in a gaudy skirt or "soutah," that fitted tightly about her haunches, and which was relieved in front by a rich brocade scarf. Underneath a transparent muslin waist was visible a pair of gilded corsets, which half concealed her naked breasts. Two "foulards," one of green, and the other of scarlet, were passed under her chin, and tied behind her head, which was decorated with ostrich plumes and a crown of jasmine blossoms. Hollow silver rings (filled with small pieces of metal, so as to produce a jingling sound) were suspended to her ears, wrists and ankles; whilst an ample vail draped her shoulders, and completed her costume.

What her age might have been I can't say; for her flat nose, large lips and protruding eyes put at defiance all conjecture. She commenced balancing about to the right and left, casting around her most languishing glances, and was soon followed by another; and from the shouts of enthusiastic admiration, and the "hue-hue" with which she was received, I felt convinced that the Fanny Elssler of the blacks was before me.

With swinging arms, and her neck bent like that of an amorous turtle-dove, she commenced performing by the side of her companion. If the dancing of the Moorish women, with its lascivious and languishing undulations, is both graceful and piquant, that of the negroes is as grotesque as it is ungraceful. It consists of an almost continual transition from the rocking of a bear to the gambols of a monkey; and even were it not so ludicrous, it could scarcely seem otherwise in those uncouth blackamoors, decked out like masqueraders at carnival.

The throng gradually increased; Ahrifa after Ahrifa arrived, and joined in the dance; the batteries of "tebbelts" were beaten harder and quicker, and soon all were whirling and waltzing in a breathless *mêlée*. Arms flew wildly about, backs came in collision with backs, naked breasts conducted themselves in a most immodest way; and from time to time one of the sibyls would sink exhausted at the foot of a column, but being "called to time" by the unrelenting "tebbelts," the clacking of castanets, and by the cries of the spectators who were leaning over the border of the roof, she would soon rise up again on her swollen ankles, and the dance continue furiously.

I do not remember distinctly how long that state of things lasted, but, after a while my eyes became dazzled and my brain dizzy, so, when there was a momentary lull, I attempted to glide unnoticed toward the door; but my negro friend, perceiving me, bounded over his drum, and taking me by the collar, gave me to understand, in an almost menacing way, that the ceremony was not yet concluded, and that the most interesting part was about to commence,

Having come, there was no alternative but to remain; so, sinking again into my corner, I stopped up my ears with my fingers.

Silence was shortly afterward re-established, and the Ahrifa wiped the perspiration from their faces with the backs of their hands, as they slowly regained their places.

The day had vanished, and the white, phantom-like forms that crowned the terraces were indistinctly visible. Small candles, of many colors, were being lit up along the walls, revealing in their uncertain light all of those shining and excited faces, and slowly the solemn and hollow voice of Chek-Dbah was raised in prayer.

All noise and bustle had ceased, and the monotonous voice of supplication was the only sound that broke the silence.

A dozen or more of women entered, in single file, bearing in their hands small earthen pots, filled with burning cinders, plates covered with amulets, and various sorts of relics, belonging to the Ahrifa present. Forming a circle in the centre of the court, they made, collectively, a most reverential bow to Chek-Dbah, an old negro, with a white beard and bristling mustache, who put me in mind of a cat that has had his nose in the cream-jar.

Sweet-smelling incense being poured profusely upon the burning cinders, rose in vapory clouds, and the priest rising, commenced, in a nasal tone, an incantation, in which the name of "Sidi-Blen" was frequently pronounced. All of the amulets were handed to him, and after being blessed, were returned to their owners.

Then he advanced several paces, and the negro women by whom he was surrounded commenced arranging his toilet after a most singular fashion. Some crowned him with flowers; others rolled up his ample white trowsers above his

THE FIG-TREE OF PARADISE.—SEE PAGE 662.

knees. One fastened a scarf around his waist, and another tied around his neck a long, narrow apron, adorned with copper ornaments.

When thus decked out, he took from the hands of an Ahrifa two long and sharp knives, which were passed over the sacred perfuming-pots. A chicken and cock being then brought to him, he seized them by the feet with his left hand, and raised them three times above his head, as he turned his face toward Mecca (where are the remains of Mohammed), and pronounced, in a long, hoarse cry, the name of Marabout. Then, placing his foot upon the unfortunate chickens, he cut their throats, and releasing his victims, left them flapping about amidst the spectators.

I have since become acquainted with the motive of this useless cruelty, The slower the victim's death, and the more prolonged his struggles, or intense his agony, the more efficacious and acceptable will be the sacrifice; for the suffering thus imposed upon animals is supposed by the Ahrifa to diminish that which they may afterward be called upon to alleviate in human beings: and it was upon this superstitious belief that reposed the revolting spectacle I was witnessing, and which was only the prologue of the sacrifice.

Suddenly there was a bustle at one end of the court, and four negro men appeared, dragging a calf by its horns, which reared upon its legs, and offered a desperate resistance to its executioners, who were welcomed by a long, loud clamor, similar to that which would be made by a pack of hyenas, or jackals.

Prayers again were offered up, more fervently than ever; the animal was purified in clouds of incense, and after being crowned with flowers, like an ancient "hostia," the sacrificer raised his thin blade, still red with gore (whilst invoking Sidi-Blen), and throwing down the animal, planted his knife in his throat.

The poor beast sprang up, and attempted to fly, but on all sides extended arms barred his passage. A stream of frothy blood flowed from his neck, and his large blue eyes were pale with agony. He agitated his head, whilst bellowing loudly, and fell heavily on his side.

Twice in the midst of a pool of gore did he try to rise, spattering with blood the witnesses of that revolting scene; then a last convulsion agitated his body, and it lay lifeless upon its side.

By the light of the expiring candles, I saw the Ahrifa precipitate themselves pell-mell in the centre of the court, where, hooting like birds of prey, they steeped their hands and feet in the warm blood, whilst the fingers of Chek-Dbah were passed over the face of each Ahrifa, leaving upon it a red stain. Then the animal was cut up, and the dance recommenced on the bloodstained soil.

I had seen enough, and beat a hasty retreat, feeling both sick and disgusted.

The next day I found my negro friend, selling his pipes as usual on the public place. Assuming a most familiar air, he inquired:

"Well, didst thou amuse thyself?"

"If you were to get ill," said I, "would you send for a doctor or an Ahrifa?"

"God is God, and Mohammed is his prophet," he replied. Then, punching me in the ribs with his elbow, he added: "Wilt thou not buy a pipe of me?"

THE SHADOW OF THE SCYTHE.—"QUIETLY SHE STOLE FORWARD, AND PEERED ABOVE THE HEADS OF THE KNEELING PAIR; THEN, WITH A TERRIBLE CRY, FLUNG HER WHITE ARMS UPWARD, AND FELL FAINTING TO THE FLOOR."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE FIG-TREE OF PARADISE.

On the uppermost point of land formed by the confluence of the stately, wonderfully clear waters of the famous Euphrates with the less broad and muddy but scarcely less famous Tigris—both of which rivers originate in the Alpine regions of northern Koordistân, whence they roll, the Tigris in the north and the Euphrates in the south, through the entire length of Mesopotamia, finally effecting a junction at the point above referred to—there is the village of "Gorna," or "Korna," whence the joint waters of the two streams flow, under the name of "Shâtt-el-Arab" (Arab River), toward the Persian Gulf, receiving, but a few hundred yards below the village, and on the left bank of the "Shâtt-el-Arab," the stagnant waters of the Shaáb Kercha River, which, originating in the snow-covered peaks of Looristân, glides sluggishly through the Samargha Swamp, and mixes its waters, of inky hue, with those of the mighty "Shâtt-el-Arab."

A lovelier and more picturesque spot than this Arab village, snugly ensconced in a cluster of evergreen, date, fig, pomegranate, lemon, and orange-trees, at the confluence of those three rivers, can scarcely be found in Mesopotamia.

But what makes the place of great interest is the stanch belief of the Turks, Arabs and Persians, as well as of many *savans*, that it is the site of the Garden of Eden.

Korna being the first fuel station of the steamboat which carried me from Bassora to Bagdad, about the end of March, 1866, the boat was compelled to stop there.

I naturally felt an ardent desire to see an old and knotted wild fig-tree, pointed out from time immemorial, by the natives of that locality, to visitors, as a descendant of the identical fig-tree that, some 5,878 years ago, furnished the material to our common parents, Adam and Eve, for their first clothing. I therefore repaired to the famous tree, in company with two fellow-passengers and the captain of the steamer.

Though harboring some doubts with regard to the pedigree of the fig-tree, which the good people of Korna are so anxious to show to visitors, I could not help feeling some emotion when we arrived near the spot, pointed out by an old silver-bearded Arab as the ground once trodden by that happy couple, our first parents.

The tree in question was hidden in a cluster of trees of different species, not more than five hundred yards distant from the place where our steamer lay, but it appeared to me easily recognizable by the knotted and scarred appearance of its trunk, the bark of which was covered with the initials of names of former visitors.

After fully satisfying our curiosity with regard to the famous tree, we turned to retrace our way to the steamer, when it occurred to us that it was customary for visitors to take a small supply of the first clothing material of our ancestors along with them as a "souvenir" of the memorable spot. We therefore returned to the tree, which, by-the-way, is about twenty-five feet in height, with knotty, knobby, nearly erect trunk, about three feet in diameter, branching out about twelve feet from the ground, and tried to get some leaves by means of a walking-stick; but the lower branches were already stripped of every leaf, and we could not reach high enough to procure any.

I therefore determined to climb the tree and take my choice of fruit and leaves. But, lo! I had scarcely embraced the gnarled trunk, when a beautiful snake, of magnificent green hue on the back, and a yellowish-white on the belly, shot out of a hole in the tree, just above my head, at a spot where a branch had once been broken off.

The nimble reptile dropped down into the dry grass which grew in tufts all over the ground, and disappeared before we could make any attempt to dispatch it. The snake was about five feet long, but scarcely more than the thickness of the little finger. It belonged to a poisonous species called the "whip-snake," from its slender body resembling the thong of a whip. This kind of snake lives almost exclusively on trees with luxuriantly green foliage, where it can easily hide itself, being of the same hue, and darting from beneath the leaves upon birds, mice, etc.

The serpent's presence rather served to strengthen our belief in the identity of the spot. Having made sure, by battering the trunk of the tree, that it contained no more snakes, I crawled up and obtained a good supply of the leaves, which we intended to dry and take to Europe. I don't know whether my companions succeeded in taking them so far. I did not, I am sorry to say; for certain very estimable young ladies of Bagdad, Aleppo, and Smyrna, on learning that I had in my possession some of the leaves with which Mother Eve made her first attempt at dressmaking and tailoring, managed to coax me entirely out of them.

However, if any young lady should wish to see Mother Eve's first article of dress, she has only to apply to Captain H———, of Bagdad, Mesopotamia, who is a gallant old fellow, who will be happy to oblige her by calling at the "Original Millinery Store," in Korna, and procure the coveted article.

THE SHADOW OF THE SCYTHE.

BETSY ROWLAND wrung the blue-checked skirts out of the suds, and plunged them into the rinsing water with a sigh of fatigue.

"This hot weather is dreadful bad on the clothes," said she; and then, as she said it, standing up to rest her back, and looking out toward the east where lay the harvest fields, a shadow fell before the kitchen-door—a shadow grotesque and long, and oddly misshapen. It looked to Betsy Rowland like old Father Time in the spelling-book, for its back was bent, and in its outstretched hand it carried a scythe. Only a moment, gliding stealthily; then, like a shadow from a child's magic-lantern, it was gone!

Farmer Ellery's men were all at work but one, Abner Dale; and he, sick with fever, lay tossing on his bed.

The old woman stepped across the sill, and glanced at the roof, shading her eyes from the sun that poured across it. There was no moving object there. Every part of its surface was visible save the spot hidden by the broad chimney. At the window of the room where Abner Dale lay, the curtains were drawn. At the side of the house was a ladder-like flight of stairs, reaching to the corridor under the eaves.

If any evil-minded tramp had wished to surprise the sick man, without attracting notice from the front of the house or from the kitchen, he might have reached the roof by these means, and so the open window, defended only the swaying curtain. But who knew of Abner Dale's hoard, or the purpose for which he was *saving*, excepting Betsy Rowland?

"Abner!" she cried, with a shrill voice; "Abner, do you hear? Is there any one astir?"

"Not a soul!" said he.

Betsy Rowland wiped her wet arms on the jack-towel that hung upon the door, and shook out her paniered dress. She

went up the stairs into every room; no sign of anything was there. She peered in at the sick man.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" she said.

He lifted his yellow curls from the pillow with a look that was mingled of blush and smile and troubled thoughts.

"Bless you for asking!—no," said he; "only if you go to the field to-day, tell me who Marian Ellery is talking with."

"Yes, yes," said Betsy, with a bright twinkle in her old eyes. "Whoever she may be talking wi', she's thinking of you. Dinna fret yersel' about that. Somebody's about the house," she muttered to herself, as she took her way downstairs, "or else I've seen a spirit. Lord save us! it looks like that."

Through the kitchen-garden and the meadows she went, the warm grass brushing against her damp skirts, into the harvest-fields, among the very thick of the mowers, where Marian Ellery sat high on a throne of new-mown grass, queening it, throwing a word and a smile, now at one, now at another, of the busy men.

"Anything amiss?" asked Farmer Ellery; but Betsy only shook her head. If there was anything "uncanny" around, she would not bring ill-luck to the harvest by speaking of it.

She went slowly on, looking from side to side. There was William and George and John, and all the rest of them. No; one was missing—Matthew Blake, the black-browed stranger, the new hand; and, just as the thought crossed her, he stood wiping his mouth and forehead with a yellow handkerchief.

"Been up to the house, Matthew?" asked Betsy.

"Not I," said he; "just down to the well for water" and he fell to work again.

"We made sure you'd drowned yourself!" called out one of the others, stepping up to take his turn at the cedar pail.

Then Betsy sped back. All was quiet. When the supper-horn was blown, and the hungry men came trooping in, she went again to see what Abner Dale wanted.

At first she saw an empty bed. Empty? No; there was something still and stiff upon it—something that had been Abner Dale, with a pillow over its mouth, and a great clotted wound across its throat. He wanted nothing more on earth—not even Marian Ellery's smiles.

It was a hideous sight to see—a sight to be remembered for ever by those who saw it—not even a skillful butchery.

There was an inquest, and Betsy Rowland was called upon to answer with the rest, and testified that on the day, the very hour of the murder, probably, she had seen the shadow of a man walking, as she supposed, upon the roof of the house. They laughed at her for pretending to know that he carried a scythe in his hand, though it might have been that the man who had taken Abner Dale's life, and his money as well, had stolen one from the fields as he came; the bit of steel found by the bedside could scarcely serve for a clue.

There was no suspicion of any one, no cause for jealousy or hatred of the dead man; but Betsy Rowland hid the broken metal, saying to herself:

"I'll mind his bidding. I'll watch who Marian Ellery talks with."

Just a year from the day when Abner Dale looked his last upon the sunlight, Marian Ellery came smiling into the kitchen and slipped her arm about old Betsy's waist.

"I'm going to be married soon," she said.

"To Matthew Blake!" cried Betsy, with a look of horror on her face. "You're not afraid?"

"Afraid of what?" asked the girl. "Not of Matthew, surely. Father thinks the world of him."

"Never mind me, girl," said the old woman; "I was but thinking my own thoughts. And when is it to be?"

"At the harvest home."

The eve of the wedding-day was come. The bridegroom had ridden to town for his wedding suit, when Betsy Rowland went to Farmer Ellery with a troubled face.

"Master," she said, "I've served you faithful for twenty long year. I may be a foolish old woman, but I mean no harm, and I'll speak my mind out. There was a young man here a year ago that loved your daughter. Many and many a time he told me how dear she was to him. He had saved money for her sake only, and he hoped to marry her——"

"Abner Dale?"

"Yes, master; and Matthew Blake knew it; and Matthew Blake left the field the day the boy was murdered. Don't look that way at me. I'm not daft. I'm but telling what has grown upon me for a year, until I know it's true. The man who walked upon the roof carried a scythe. It was a bit of rusty scythe the inquest-men gave me. And now Matthew Blake will marry your daughter and—only hear me! There's a chest in his room that he keeps locked, that he fears to have touched. If you'll only come with me and open it I'll bless you all my life. If there's nothing in it I'll call myself a simpleton—I'll believe that the spot of blood washed from Matthew Blake's shirt was not Abner Dale's. It'll harm no one, and if there is nothing wrong there no one but you and I need ever know."

With a blaze of burning candles they entered the chamber where Matthew Blake's bed stood, Farmer Ellery and old Betsy Rowland. She pointed out the box. There was no other hiding-place in the room but that—a sort of rough trunk; and the old farmer, infected with her earnestness, lent himself to the woman's commands.

There was no key to be found, but with the strong blow of a hammer the lock burst open.

There lay one or two disused garments, and, under them, something the old woman snatched at eagerly.

A discolored, broken scythe, part of its handle severed by the rude stroke of an ax!

She took the jagged bit of steel she had kept for a year, from her pocket—the piece of steel that had been found by Abner Dale's bedside. She fitted it into the jagged, rusty scythe, notch for notch. Even the stains matched. And Farmer Ellery bent to look, and gave a heavy groan.

Some one else was looking, listening—a fair, slight girl. Quietly she stole forward, and peered above the heads of the kneeling pair; then, with a terrible cry, flung her white arms upward and fell fainting to the floor.

Betsy Rowland raised the blade above her head.

"Abner Dale!" she cried out, "I've found the man that murdered you. I did your bidding. I watched who Marian Ellery talked with, but she'll never marry him now."

Some one riding fast toward Farmer Ellery's house—some one in the dress of a bridegroom, but with a face from which some inner trouble had chased the bridegroom's joy—a trouble that had driven him home a day before he purposed—lifted his eyes.

A light was burning in his own chamber, and the troubled face grew white in the starlight. There were moving figures within—whose, he could not tell; but there rose high on the white wall the trembling shadow of a scythe, stretching its great curve the ceiling's length.

They were upon the bank of a shallow stream. The horse might almost have leaped it—could have forded it only a few feet below; but the rider's hand had lost its cunning. A false step, a fatal plunge, and in the morning Matthew Blake was found, out of the reach of all earthly judgments for ever and ever.

THE SILENT THRUSH.

By Guy Roslyn.

Poor thrush! you sit in your wicker cage, and stare throughout the day;
And know that you are bound with bars, and cannot fly away;
And you do not beat the feathers from your wings for freedom now,
As you did when you were taken from the swinging beechen bough;
Though you can hear your merry mates a-singing in the lane,
You sit all day in silence, in the sun or in the rain,
And remind me of the ancient king who never laughed again.

I wonder, melancholy thrush, if you remember aught
Of your partner, and your pleasures in the woods, ere you were caught?
Of the dainty fare in fresh fields, of a nest in sheltering green—
Do you remember anything of sweet things that have been?
Of mornings in the June-tide when the sun came o'er the hill?
For sure you know all is not well—some sort of sorrows fill
That little feathered frame of yours, else why are you so still?

Do you wish that I would go away? It may be I intrude,
But you should not turn your tail to me, for that is rather rude;
Do you think I'm talking nonsense? that the ill of men or birds
Is not to be made lighter by mere sentimental words?
If that is what you mean, my little friend, it may be so;
No doubt you think if I have pity for you in your woe,
I might help instead of talk—undo the door, and let you go?

And so I will, my lonely friend, for you often make me sad,
When I sit and see you silent while the other birds are glad;
There! be at liberty; the good deed is better than the word,
And I feel some blessing on me for helping but a bird.
Ah, now you are as happy as a little thrush may be;
You look this way as you sing loud upon the apple-tree,
And I know that you are singing out your sweetest thanks to me.

AUNT DEXTER'S MONEY.

By Con Cringle.

I think I see her now! Aunt Dexter—in her old stuff dress, that sixty years ago was black, but at the time to which I refer had, upon its edges and exposed folds, put out a second bloom of youth—mostly derived from the ink-bottle.

Uncle Dexter was my mother's brother, who, early in life, had gone west and made a fortune. I never heard of Aunt until I was a good, big lad, when, one morning, father received a letter running as follows:

"Chicago.

"Dear Brother: Your wife's brother, my husband, William Curtis Dexter, has gone the way of all flesh. I am coming to live with you. Susan Dexter."

We had a family council over this communication; that is, my father and mother and uncles and aunts got together in our best parlor and talked the matter over, while Bill and I listened outside.

Father says:

"Why don't she stay among her own folks? She ain't none of our kind."

"Brother!" solemnly observed my Aunt Martha. "Brother, she has money; and when she dies we may, with the blessing of Providence, share it."

"How do you know that she has?" demanded father.

"Read this, brother," replied Aunt Martha, in her most impressive manner.

Father took the paper, and, putting on his spectacles, read aloud:

"The will of William Curtis Dexter has been proved. He leaves behind him one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. May he rest in peace."

"I couldn't," said Aunt, "if I had treated my sisters as he has done."

"What d'ye mean?" said father.

Snatching the paper from his hands, Aunt Martha turned it over and pointed to a paragraph.

"Read that," she spitefully observed.

"Old Bill Dexter! This old miser has been true to his word, and hasn't left a dime to any of his kith or kin. We hear that his amiable young widow intends going East. Lucky Easterners!"

"What do you make out of that?" snapped Aunt Martha.

"Why, that he has married some young gal, and left her all his money—as he should," replied father.

"And ain't his own flesh and blood nothing to him?" angrily returned Aunt.

"Nothing to speak of when he was alive," smilingly answered father, "and absolutely nothing now that he is dead," he added, glancing round upon the sulky-looking crowd.

"Jes' 'the way wi' old folks when they marries young gals," piped Uncle Trask, who, hitherto, had contented himself with looking on in a stonily indignant fashion.

My father was a man who didn't get mad very often, but when he did he spoke his mind right out.

I think that I can see him now. Rising, and jerking up his shirt-collar, as he always did Fourth of July, when he delivered the oration, father shook his head at me for peeping in at the door during solemn family pow-wow, and said:

"Brothers and sisters, it 'pears to me that you all wants

AUNT DEXTER'S MONEY.—"'IS THIS THE RIGHT DEPOT?' 'YES,' I SAID, 'ARE YOU AUNT DEXTER?' THE LOVELY CREATURE LOOKED AT ME IN A PUZZLED FASHION, LAUGHED, AND SAID, 'OH, DEAR ME, NO!'"

a new religion mighty bad—that there is a big field for a crop of charity in your hearts! For five-and-thirty years nary one of you have remembered that you had a brother Bill—although we have named a son for him—but that's neither here nor there. You'd all clean dead forgotten your brother, William Curtis Dexter, until you received a newspaper announcing his death, and learned that he died worth a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. Then the floodgates of your love were broken down with a rush; your hearts yearned for your dead brother's money, and you raked and scraped off the dust of forgetfulness that, for five-and-thirty years, you had allowed to accumulate upon his memory, and got dreadful tender over his early decease. Say! s'pose he'd died on the poor farm, and hadn't ben worth a dollar and seventy-five cents, how much would you have thought about his memory then? I tell you that you wants a new religion—one with *Him*, who was all love and charity, in it; that you are a narrow-minded, avaricious, near, mean, griping set, and the sooner that you clear from this house, the greater will be my obligations to you!"

It was as good as a play to watch the faces of my uncles and aunts as father said this. At first they gaped at him in utter astonishment; then they grew red in the face, and finally rose to their feet, shook their fists at him, and left our house in a rage.

"Yew ken have her all to yourself, brother," said Aunt Martha, as she backed out of the door.

"Don't you worry yourself, Mat!" said father · "I don't want anything from her."

Two days after this, Aunt Dexter arrived, and I was sent down to the depot to meet her. Ours being an out-of-the-way place, very few people besides the regular inhabitants came to it, and the advent of a stranger was a circumstance to be recorded.

When the train stopped, out skipped a livey looking girl, who, looking round, said:

"Is this the right depot?"

"Yes," I said; "are you Aunt Dexter?"

The lovely creature looked at me in a puzzled fashion, laughed, and said:

"Oh, dear me, no! If your name is Cringle, that is the lady you want to see."

Saying which she pointed to a grim old gryphon, with a nose like a fish-horn, who, seated upon a pile of trunks, was grimly watching our proceedings.

"I don't want to see her; I was in hopes that you were my new aunt," I ruefully replied, as the pretty girl handed me her baggage-checks.

"Don't trouble about me," she faltered; go and look after your relative."

"Time enough; she'll keep."

And, leaving the smiling girl, I passed my aunt, just as though she were any other woman, and proceeded to procure the merry one's baggage.

The truth was, I was mad.

Having secured the packages, I assisted the charming vision into a vehicle, was thanked by a glance from her lovely eyes, and in another moment she was out of sight.

"Beauty Grue," I murmured; "now for the other luxury," approaching the pile of musty, old, hide-covered, moth-eaten, brass-nail-decorated hair-trunks—surmounted by a figure, the face of which, with its then crescent-shaped, tightly compressed mouth, looked grimly down upon me, while her boiled-haddock-like eyes followed my every movement as a compass does a jackknife.

I thrust my hands into my pockets, and, addressing the depot-master, said:

"Seen anything of a young lady from Chicago, named Miss Dexter?"

The haddock's eyes fairly protruded from their sockets as I uttered these words; and the black-garbed figure, who, perched upon her moldy trunks, looked like a vampire-bat hatching misery-eggs, croaked out:

"Hi! I'm your Aunt Dexter."

"D-o tell!" I said, just as though I didn't know it, and sauntering toward her at the rate of a mile an hour.

"Help me down," she says; "my limbs is all cricked, sitting here watching you galivanting with that pert little schoolgal!"

For two pins I would have driven home and left her. The idea of calling that lovely vision a "pert little schoolgal"! But my better nature conquered; and, climbing the pile, I reached out my hand and said:

"Glad to see you, Aunt Dexter."

I've told some titticohops in my time, but none of them ever stuck in my conscience as that one did; but, as I always think, Heaven is good to us, and we are forgiven such fibs.

The black blot, surmounted by the crescent-shaped mouth, fish-horn-like nose and boiled-haddock eyes, rose, grabbed my hand, tottered down the pile, and, throwing its arms about me, gurgled out:

"Kiss me, child."

"I'll be blistered if I do!" I said, holding her at arm's length.

"Ah," she murmured, in a mucilaginous voice, "is this an Eastern welcome?"

"It can't be did, aunty," I said, keeping her off with one hand and flourishing my whip in the other. "We must draw the line somewhere, and I never goes beyond pretty cousins."

She had a way of working her mouth about like a cinder-sifter before she spoke, and after I had seated her in the buggy, she yanked down the corners of her jaws and wagged her chin for a moment, then observed:

"Eighteen packages. I won't leave you nothing in my will if you ain't more civil, nephew!"

"I don't care a continental whether you do or no," I muttered, as I dragged the baggage along the platform and helped the expressman load up his wagon.

You should have seen father smile when I drove up to the house—and how sick he looked when Aunt Dexter froze on to him, and grabbed him round the neck, and moaned out:

"Oh, brother! at last—at last!"

"Yea!" said father, catching a sniff of the old lady's perfumed atmosphere (the result of her partiality to camphor and catnip-tea), and unhooking her before she could get her nose in his eye. "Glad to see you, sister Susan."

Mother had a spasm just then, which prevented her from embracing her newly found relation, finding which, Aunty went for brother Bill.

Now, William was one of those who would kiss a she-toad if he could gain anything by it; and the way he stood her clawing disgusted me.

"*So* glad to see you, Aunt Susan!" he said.

As I left the room, father overtook me, and, smothering a laugh, observed:

"Con, are you sure that this is the right one?"

"It's a melancholy fact, sir," I replied. "She is your sister-in-law and my aunt."

It was edifying to hear her talk about leaving her property to our Bill, and more than edifying to see him dancing after her.

She always wore the same old black bombazine gown, and used the same camphorated catnip perfumery; but, bless you! William didn't mind it.

"She'll leave me her property," he used to say. "I can

stand a good deal for the sake of a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars."

We were a year getting her out of our house, and finally she moved to a cottage belonging to father, which he let her have rent free. No wonder she was rich. She never spent a cent, and had a way of borrowing and taking things that fairly took away my breath.

Bill used to rub his hands and say:

"Lent her ten dollars again to-day. "I tell you, she's a regular miser. It's a good thing that she came to us."

I went away to sea, and was gone some years, only occasionally hearing from home; but I made out from one of my mother's letters that brother William had offended Aunt Dexter, and that she had gone to live with Aunt Martha. Later on, one of my sisters wrote me that the "old cat," meaning our Aunt Susan, was swinging round the family circle, and was, at the time Ciss wrote, staying with Uncle Grinling Trask.

At length fortune directed my steps homeward, and one fine day in July I arrived at the well-known depot. The church-bell was tolling, and it gave me quite a shock.

"What if it should be for father or mother?" I thought.

"It's for old Miss Dexter," said the depot-master, in reply to my inquiry—"an old miser who died here a few days ago."

"My aunt!" I said.

"Are you Con Cringle?" he demanded.

"I am," I said; "what of it?"

"You're in luck," returned the official. "They say that she's left all her money to you."

Now, human nature is the same in every one, modified and improved by teaching, precept and example; and for a moment I gave way to a vile joy. Life at sea is, more than half the time, a hard one; and, as I walked homeward, visions of a nice farm, a certain pretty girl as Mrs. Con Cringle, and the comparative ease of a shore life, came into my mind.

"Poor old Aunt Susan!" I thought; "so she has taken farewell of this beautiful earth."

As I neared the house, I saw the folks crowding in, and noticed that the stable-yard was filled with carriages.

Poor old Aunt Dexter! I should never again behold her haddock-like eyes, fish-horn-shaped nose and yanked-down mouth, hear her mucilaginous voice, or smell her camphorated-catnip perfumery.

"Well, well," I mused, "she might have done worse than have left her money to me—Bill, for instance." And as I entered the house I thought, "I'm mighty glad that she has euchred William!"

Mother forgot all about the funeral in her joy at seeing me, and father, who looked as smiling as a rose, laughed right out.

"Where are brothers and sisters?" I said.

Some were married, and others away, and I found that there was no one at home save mother, father and Bill.

"Where's Bill?" I inquired.

"With the corpse," returned father, smiling. "He won't believe that the old gal has gone back on him. Come, Con, the funeral is to take place in five minutes; let us go into the parlor. All the family are here, spite of what I told 'em before Susan came to live in this place. You see, she's been stopping with 'em all in turns, and has borrowed a good deal of money, one way and another, of 'em. These misers are all alike. She owes me eighteen dollars, to say nothing of five years' rent, and she's worth a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars! Be gentle with William, my son," he added, "and don't be proud of your prosperity."

I made up as serious a face as I could under the circumstances, and followed father and mother into the parlor, which was crammed with our kinsfolk; prominent among whom were Aunt Martha and Uncle Grinling Trask, while brother William, dressed in a brand-new sixty-dollar black suit, was seated in a chair by the head of the coffin, gazing at the features of his dear Aunt Dexter.

There she was, in the same old rusty bombazine dress that she had worn the day I met her at the depot.

All eyes were turned upon me, and I heard my Aunt Martha say:

"Well, Con needn't 'pear so tickled; he ain't got her money yet."

"No," said Uncle Trask, "that's true. I believe half-sister Susan had a good heart, and was a good Christian woman. The will ain't read yet. Many a slip 'twixt the cup and lip—hey, Martha?"

"Friends," said father, jerking up his shirt-collar in the old familiar style, "friends, my son, Con Cringle."

Some came forward and shook me by the hand, while others scowled at me for being the heir-presumptive to a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, with ten years' interest added; but, bless you! I wasn't proud, and could have stood a million just as easily.

Poor Bill! he was so overcome by the thought that he was soon to be separated from his beloved clay that he took no notice of me, but kept glancing at the deceased, murmuring:

"Poor Aunt Susan! Poor Aunt Susan! Cut off in her prime! Cut off in her prime!"

Our lawyer was there—a smart, jovial, round, little man. Squeezing my hand, he whispered:

"Congratulate you, Con."

"Thankee," I said.

Just then the minister arrived, and took charge.

He didn't trouble himself much about the deceased; and from the way that he trotted me out, one would have thought that he was celebrating my obsequies.

He wrecked me on the shores of Time; rescued me; pictured me as an humble young Christian, upon whom the golden shower of prosperity had suddenly descended; and gave me such a nice, lovely, perfect character, that I, forgetting all about my sailor-life, adopted his description right away.

"Thunder!" I thought, "I'll build 'em a new church."

When he had driven the last rhetorical nail in the fabric of my new character, he eased up, wiped his perspiring brow, and announced that the conclusion of the exercises would be held in the cemetery.

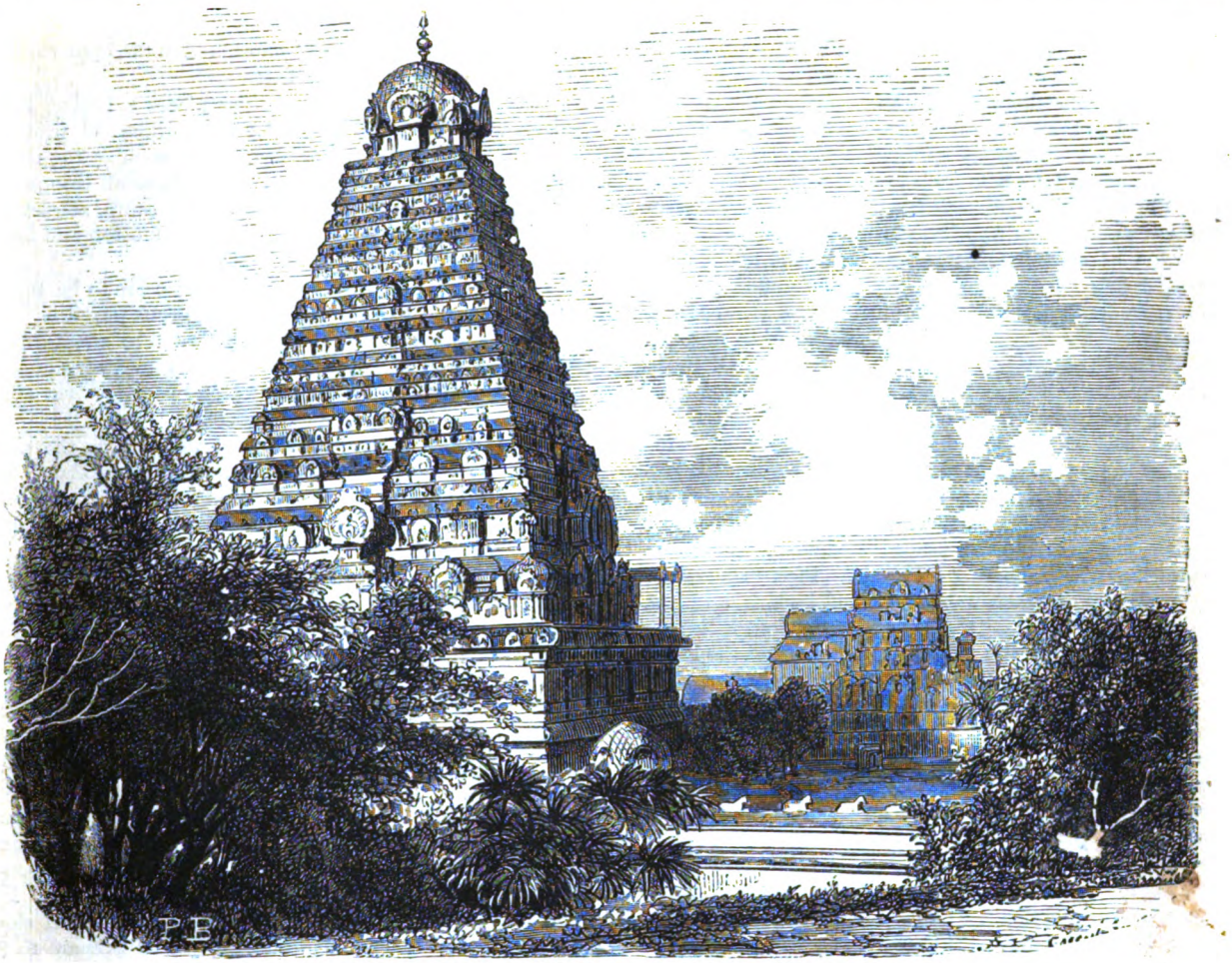
I was chief mourner, and if ever a c. m. tried to get off a tear, I did; but, somehow, the haddock eyes, fish-horn-like nose and yanked-down jaws of Aunt Dexter kept looming up before me.

After a few words, and the usual ceremonies at the grave, we returned home; brother Bill being so overcome with grief that he had to be led by a hired man.

In a short time we were once more assembled in our parlor; and, when all was as silent as the grave that we had just left, the lawyer rose, and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen: What I am about to say will, I guess, surprise you some. When Miss Dexter came to live here, she was as poor as a church rat; her husband, with whom she had lived on bad terms, having willed all his property to some institution. But—stay a moment, Con Cringle!"—for I was about to leave the room in disgust. "You needn't get mad, Con—you're all right. Since she has resided among you, she has contrived to save six thousand, five hundred and ten dollars and sixty-five cents, which she has invested in bonds and deposited with me, to be given to her nephew, Con Cringle."

TRACES OF TRAVEL.—OUR CAMP AT SOLIMAN BAGH.



THE GRAND PAGODA OF TANJORE.— SEE PAGE 671.

"A dead robbery, got up by the Cringles!" piped Uncle Grinling Trask. "She owes me two thousand five hundred dollars!"

"And me eight hundred!" moaned Aunt Martha.

"And me two hundred!" said Uncle Ben. "Oh, this is highway robbery!"

"And me four hundred!" said another relative, in a desponding voice; while brother Bill savagely observed:

"Dern her old picter! I'm ruined."

Rising, I said to the lawyer:

"Mister, take and sell them bills, and give the money to the poor."

"Dew yew *mean* that, Con Cringle?" they chorused.

"I do," I said; and, what is more, I kept my word.

I awoke from my dream of avarice, and, while fifty of God's poor blessed an unknown donor, I never saw a cent of Aunt Dexter's money.

OUR CAMP AT SOLIMAN BAGH, ON THE TIGRIS.

On my return to Bagdad from a visit to the famous ruins, or rather site, of the defunct mammoth city of Babylon, a few years ago, I found a letter waiting for me from Signor P——, an Italian gentleman, with whom I intended to return to Europe as soon as he should have succeeded in purchasing the requisite batch of splendid Arab horses, destined for Napoleon III., then Emperor of the French.

The letter was brought from Divanich (a small town on the right bank of the River Euphrates, about one hundred miles south-southeast of Bagdad), by a Bedouin horseman, and informed me that I need not expect my friend back in Bagdad for another month at least.

This news was very welcome to me, as I was longing for a fortnight's sport along the banks of the River Tigris, and heartily sick of traveling about the country examining ruins and digging for antiques, having by that time come to the conclusion that it was rather dull work, after all.

What I sighed for was excitement, and this I knew I should fully enjoy in a fortnight's encampment on the left bank of the Tigris, some twenty or twenty-five miles below Bagdad, hunting partridges, ducks, geese, flamingoes, pelicans, bustards, hares, foxes, jackals, gazelles, wild boars, hyenas and lions; all of which are to be met with in that locality, and this sport could be agreeably diversified by an occasional day or two of fishing, both the Tigris and Euphrates abounding in large and excellent fish.

My Bagdad friends, whom I had invited to join my expedition, declined the invitation, phlegmatically replying that the season was far too hot to think of sport, and that I would kill my horse in a few days by hunting in such oppressively sultry weather.

Luckily, or, rather, unluckily, the cholera broke out in Bagdad the following day, and spread so rapidly that hundreds of the inhabitants died within a short time. A sudden and marvelous change now took place in my phlegmatic friends; they all came almost simultaneously to the conclusion that their constitutions required a change of air without delay. Not one of them was at all afraid of the terrible disease—oh, no! But they felt sure that all they wanted was excitement—not in the filthy town, however, but out on the open desert; and the heat of the sun was declared

not to be so oppressive, after all, nor was there any more fear of knocking up the horses. In short, three days after the appearance of the epidemic, not one of the twenty European residents (there are no Americans in Bagdad), was to be found in town, but all were snugly encamped in tents, on a barren but salubrious spot on the border of the Lurian Desert, about twenty miles below Bagdad, between the ruins of the walls of "Soliman Bagh" (Garden of Solomon)—which walls are said to have formerly encircled a beautiful garden of enormous extent, now an arid waste, the huge walls being a long range of unsightly mounds of parched clay, gradually crumbling to pieces—and the left bank of the Tigris, the very spot where I wanted them to come.

Even of the native inhabitants of Bagdad, all those who had the means to live for a few weeks outside of the town walls, hastily deserted their homes and pitched their tents about half way between Bagdad and the little, wretched village of Garara, about six miles further down the river.

Our camp at Soliman Bagh consisted of about twenty tents and a batch of excellent horses, guarded day and night by a gang of "Aghels" (armed Bedouins, who make the escorting and protecting of caravans their profession), and a number of excellent watch-dogs and hounds, and last, but not least, protected by the guns of the gallant little gunboat *Satellite*, placed by the British Government at the service of Colonel K——, then British Consul-General of Bagdad, and riding snugly at anchor on the stately river in front of our camp; so that it would have been no easy matter for any marauding Bedouin band to take possession of our camp, even if the "Frankies" (Europeans), who were amply provided with fire-arms of the very best description, had been far away at the time of the attempted capture of the camp.

It never did happen, however, that we were all absent at once, as there were a few ladies to attend to, who shared our camp life, and enjoyed it hugely.

Our time passed in a very agreeable style indeed. Long before daylight the bustle in the camp used to commence. Then you could see Arab grooms busy rubbing down, saddling and bridling horses; others might be seen coupling grayhounds; here a sportsman carefully examining his fire-arms and ammunition, there another engaged in the sensible occupation of stowing away a few of such provisions as were transportable.

In the low shrubbery, some two hundred yards distant from the camp, the last plaintive howl of a prowling jackal dies away as he retires reluctantly to his lair at the approach of daybreak.

Soon a small squadron of silent horsemen issues from the camp, headed by a friendly Bedouin, who carries a hunting falcon on his right hand, and leads a couple of powerful grayhounds, lashed to a line, with his left. The cavalcade is evidently bound for the Desert, for the purpose of hunting gazelles, and is soon lost to view in the dim haze of early dawn.

Again the camp is silent for an hour or so; no sound interrupts the silence of the night and the peaceful slumber of the inmates of the camp, except the occasional cough of a horse, the loud snoring of the sleeping grooms, the sudden splash of a fish in the adjacent river, or the call of, "*Wheneek?*" (Where are you?) of one of the Bedouin watchmen on the lookout; with which question he occasionally hails or challenges his fellow-watchmen on the opposite side of the camp, who, in order to prove that they are not asleep, shout back, "*Houi!*" (Here!) which short conversation is indulged in by these guardians about every half-hour, both day and night.

Bedding is frequently carried out of the tents and spread upon the ground, in the centre of the square, near the horses, the young folks preferring to sleep in the open air, under the starry heavens, to being smothered in the oppressive and hot atmosphere inside the tents.

On retiring to rest, each of them places a loaded gun or pistol under his pillow, less for the purpose of protection than to keep the jackals at bay; for as soon as the camp is silent these beasts of prey will prowl in small troops about the low shrubbery which surrounds the camp, attracted by the inviting scent of fat poultry, game, mutton and fish, in our store-tent.

After a while everything in camp appears to be soundly asleep, except two awkward and boisterous puppies. Presently an energetic curse is heard, followed by a well-directed boot coming in rough contact with the head of one of the curs, eliciting an unearthly howl, and causing their abrupt and ignominious exit from the stage.

Scarcely has order been restored when, from the neighboring shrubbery, the half-plaintive, half-jubilant, long-drawn howl of a jackal is heard, soon followed by apparently all the available vocal talent of his species in the Desert, to the intense disgust of every living thing in creation but themselves.

Whoever has had the misfortune to have once been serenaded by these midnight prowlers, can well understand the grudge everybody in camp bears them.

By-and-by the whole available force of jackals in the neighborhood congregates on the crest of the mound in the rear of the camp, and reconnoitres, silently and with knowing eye, the situation.

A keen-eyed observer might now notice a stir, scarcely perceptible though it might be, among the prostrate human forms on the ground; the dogs, which notice the gathering of jackals on the mound, begin to bark, but are soon silenced by a few commanding words, in an undertone. Four or five apparent sleepers may now be seen to turn slowly round on their faces, grasp their rifles and prepare to fire, when, by some inexplicable cause, the jackals disappear, as if by magic, behind the sheltering mound; but they are sure to reappear before long.

Ha! there is one, there another, there a third one, and so forth. None of them make the slightest noise, but with sniffing nose, pricked ears and knowing eye, they take their survey of the camp and its contents, at their feet.

As soon as the wily brutes have grouped together a little, the men, who have remained immovable in the position which they occupied at the time of the sudden disappearance of the jackals, fire simultaneously at the scarcely audible command of "Fire!" Bang go the rifles, and down to the foot of the mound roll a few of the would-be intruders, some of them stone-dead, others dying, yet anxious to get away into the shrubbery if possible. They are, however, speedily overtaken, and mercilessly speared by a few of the agile and keen-sighted Aghels off duty, who, the moment they hear the volley, jump up from their beds, pursue the fugitives with their long lances, wherewith they impale them; considering gunpowder far too valuable to be wasted on such game.

The carcasses are at once dragged down to the river's edge, pitched into the Tigris, and, floating down the stream, get a free passage to the far-distant Persian Gulf.

By-and-by the nocturnal shadows disappear entirely, the morning star alone glitters still visibly on the firmament; but the light of even this last beacon of the night glimmers so unsteadily, and is so rapidly declining, that in a few minutes it will fade away altogether.

Presently the herald of the morning, the proud and wakeful chanticleer, perched on the firewood piled near the kitchen, flaps his wings, stretches his neck, and salutes the new-born day with his shrill yet cheerful voice.

Hajee Habib, the head "saice" (groom), jumps up, and, with a vigorous pull of the arm or a slap on the back, he recalls his still soundly sleeping inferiors to a consciousness of their daily duties.

Other horses are rubbed down, saddled and bridled, some for ladies, some for gentlemen, who presently issue from their tents, mount their animals, and canter together gayly out of the camp, for their usual morning ride, up to the ruins of "Taak Kesra," or "Madain"—an imposing, dilapidated palace of Sassanide origin, built on the site of ancient Ctesiphon, distant only about three miles above the camp—or the whole cavalcade proceeds a few miles into the Desert, leaving only two or three of the "howajies" (gentlemen) at home to see that everything goes all right there during their absence. The drowsy night watchmen are in the meantime relieved by others, and retire to their conical tents to rest.

Numerous camp-fires soon crackle energetically, and cook the various breakfasts. The horses in camp begin to show signs of impatience, and neigh lustily for barley and water, and the shaggy watchdogs loudly challenge a number of dusky human forms, who slowly amble up to the camp. These latter are women of a neighboring Bedouin tribe, and bring milk, butter, cheese, eggs, fowls, sheep, etc., which they offer for sale.

They are not allowed to enter the camp, however, as they are all more or less afflicted with kleptomania; wherefore the servants go out to meet them about fifty yards distant from the outermost tent, near the river's edge, where the barter takes place, and where the servants from the gunboat also have an opportunity of participating in the transactions.

Now and then a shot is fired, either by an officer on board the steamer or by one of the gentlemen in camp who staid at home, into a swarm of wild ducks or geese, flying overhead or floating on the river, or else at the numerous partridges which come out of the shrubbery down to the water to quench their thirst, whilst some of the crew of the steamer are busily occupied with fishing.

After the lapse of an hour or two, the party that went out to enjoy a morning ride returns to the camp, both man and beast in the best of spirits, that is, provided the former finds a substantial breakfast ready upon the table, to which meal more than ordinary attention is paid, even by the delicate-looking fair-sex, whose appetite has been wonderfully sharpened by the pure and bracing early morning air of the Desert.

After breakfast, a game of whist, *écarté*, chess or dominoes is played till between ten and eleven o'clock, about which time the hunting party usually returns, their coming being announced by a servant on the lookout for them, stationed on the crest of the mound some 150 yards distant in the rear of the camp, a portion of the ruins of the walls of the reported famous garden.

Finally our Nimrods make their appearance in the camp, not with the dashing canter of the party of ladies and gentlemen who have merely returned from their morning ride, but slowly and steadily, horse and rider covered with perspiration and dust, evidently quite knocked up, and looking altogether much the worse for wear. Even the proud falcon droops his wings and head, and the hounds, with their long, tapering tails quivering between their legs, limp painfully by the side of the panting steeds, mouths wide open, and tongues swollen and protruding—in short, everything tends to indicate that the little band had a long, break-neck chase after the fleet gazelle, justly famed as the swiftest quadruped on earth.

It appears, however, that the wonderful speed of these animals avails them nothing in their precipitous flight before the gallant falcon, as two of their species may be seen dangling from the saddles of a couple of the hunters, in company with a splendid gray fox, various hares, partridges, etc., all of which fell victims to the velocity of the falcon and grayhounds.

THE GRAND PAGODA OF TANJORE.

TANJOUR, or, as the English term it, Tanjore, was for many ages the strongest place in India. It successively resisted the arms of France and England, but finally had to succumb to the latter power, to whom it now belongs.

The temple was a wonder of architecture; and the perfect preservation it still retains enables all at the present time to enjoy its elegant details, which, though sometimes *bizarre*, present truly a marvel of unity, ornamented with a thousand statues.

This beautiful temple is consecrated to Vishnou, and all its ornamental sculpture is devoted to the celebration of that divinity and his adventures.

To Tanjour emphatically belongs the distinction of being the Athens of Hindoostan. Its buildings equal in point of grandeur those of the Acropolis. The height of this grand pagoda is about two hundred and seventy-one feet; it has twelve stages of columns, crowned with statues elaborately carved. The Brahmins assert that the dome is made out of one entire block of stone.

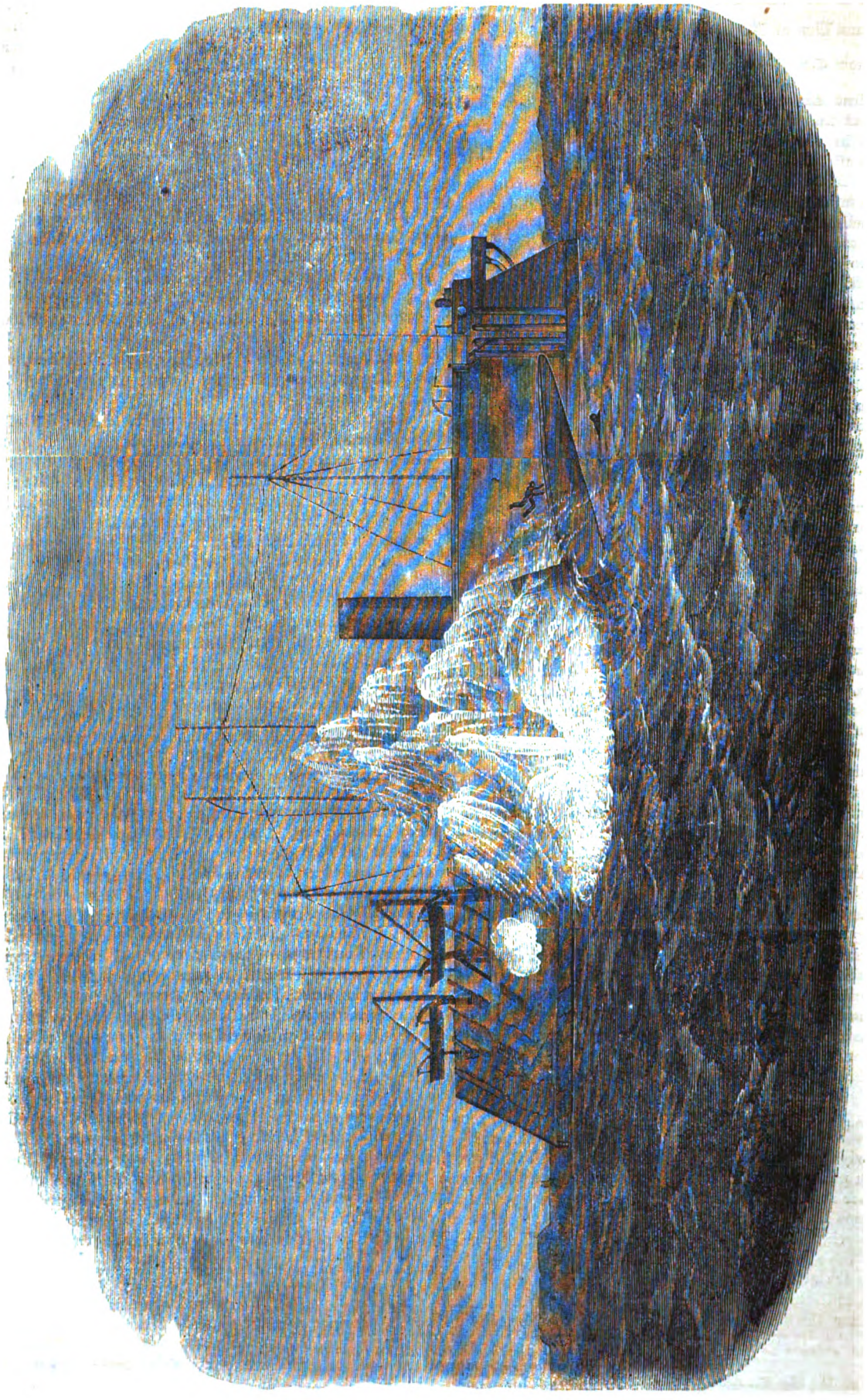
Tanjour is one hundred and seventy miles from Madras, and is the capital of the maritime district of Tanjour. Including its suburbs, the town is nearly six miles in circumference. There are two forts, one of which comprehends the rajah's palace, in which is a group sculptured by Flaxman; the other containing one of the handsomest temples in India, and a college, formerly a place of Hindoo learning. The population is estimated at eighty thousand.

FEIGNED MALADIES AMONG SOLDIERS.

PRETENDED diseases were once very frequent among soldiers in the Army, in order to effect their discharge. Medical skill may now, however, be said to have almost put an end to all attempts of the kind. Perhaps one of the most extraordinary was the following.

A soldier asserted that he had nearly lost all power over the inferior extremities, in consequence, as he stated, of a hurt received in the loins. Active means were employed to expose him; and, as he was from the first suspected of being an impostor, the measures were long continued. The patience of the medical officer who attended him became exhausted, and the man was eventually recommended to be discharged. Upon the day when he was to receive his discharge, he crawled upon crutches to the office where it was to be given to him. Having obtained the document, he begged one of the officers of the establishment to read it to him, which he did twice. After satisfying himself that the discharge was properly made out, the "cripple" first deliberately threw away one crutch, and then the other, and darted forward, overturning two men who happened to be before him, and finally disappeared, springing over a car with a water-cask on it which stood in his way.

IT is a curious fact that, notwithstanding the sure destruction, sooner or later, of houses built near the base of Mount Vesuvius, the Italians do not cease to build there. The town of Terre del Greco, containing nearly 10,000 inhabitants, is constructed on the lava stream of 1631.



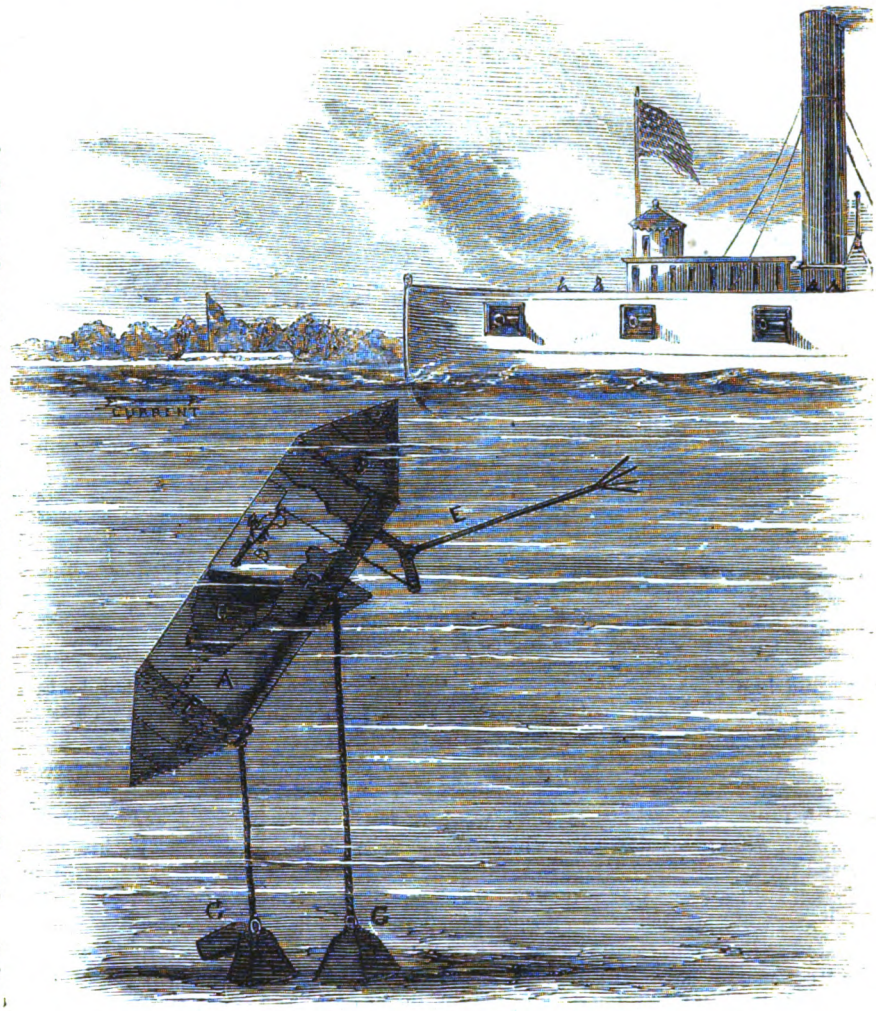
▲ CONFEDERATE TORPEDO BOAT ATTEMPTS TO BLOW UP THE U. S. IRONCLAD FRIGATE "NEW IRONSIDES," IN CHARLESTON HARBOR, OCT. 5, 1863.

TORPEDOES,

And their Use in Modern War.

By Lieut.-Col. Chas. H. Webb

The first historical mention of the use of the torpedo in warfare is found in the contemporaneous accounts of the siege of Antwerp, in 1585. It is related that on that occasion the Dutch used what may be deemed the germ of the modern torpedo, namely, vessels filled with explosives, each provided with clockwork, which set a matchlock in action, timed to fire the charges on approaching the enemy's fleet. Of course the destructive effect of these machines depended entirely on the accurate timing of the mechanism, and we may fairly suppose that they frequently failed to inflict any damage upon the enemy; but it is stated that they were so far successful that more than eight hundred Spaniards lost their lives thereby. At the siege of Rochelle, in 1628, the English employed floating petards, and succeeded in destroying several galleys; but it was found that they were as likely to inflict damage upon the assailants as the assailed, and were so uncertain of effect that their use was soon abandoned.

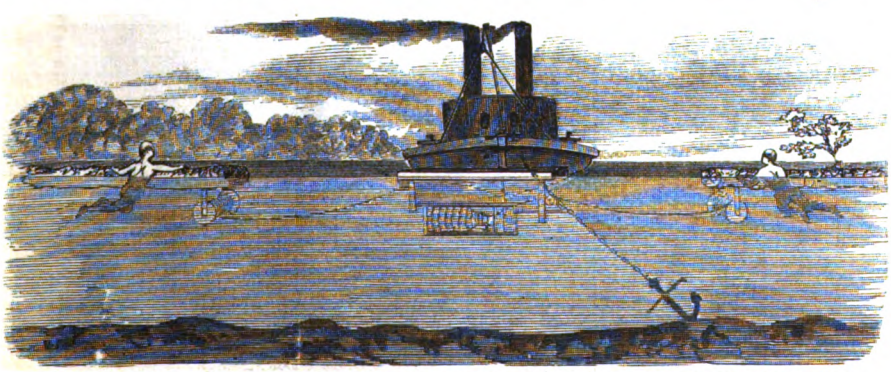


ANCHORED "CONTACT" TORPEDO USED BY THE CONFEDERATES ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

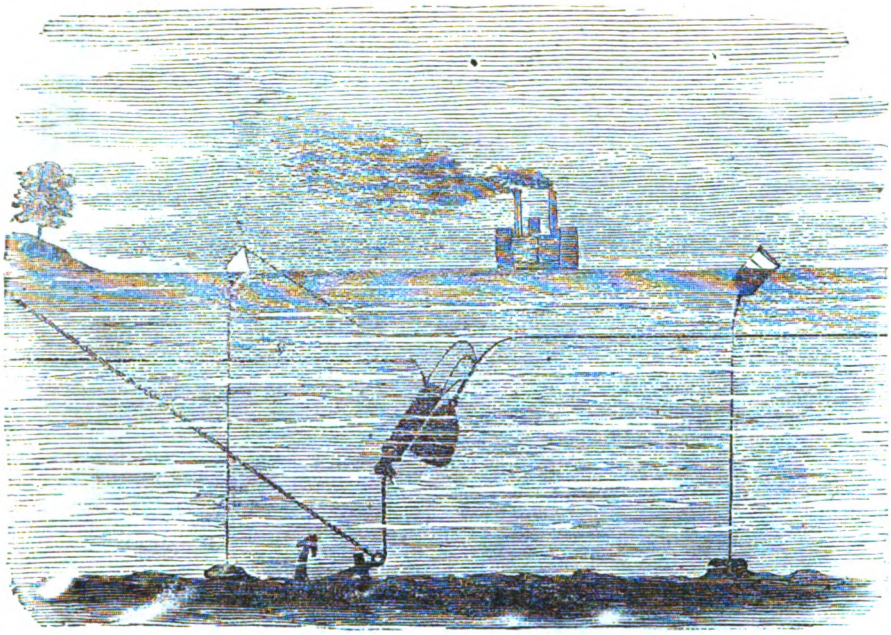
For nearly two centuries thereafter, although many torpedoes or marine explosives were invented, and some of them actually employed in war, none attracted much attention. The first really practical application of the idea to ordinary warfare was made by David Bushnell, a captain of engineers in the American army during the Revolution. His device was that of a submarine boat carrying a torpedo containing one hundred and fifty pounds of gunpowder, intended to be attached by a wood screw to the bottom of an enemy's vessel, and discharged by means of clockwork. The invention was tested in 1776, in New York Harbor; Sergeant Ezra Lee, of the Continental Army, attempting to blow up the *Eagle*, a British ship of war, the flag-ship of Lord Howe. The result was failure. It was found impracticable to attach the torpedo, which was cut adrift, and soon after exploded, without doing any injury, though it doubtless occasioned considerable astonishment among the finny inhabitants of the bay. The following year Captain Bushnell made another attempt, directing a floating percussion-torpedo against the English frigate *Cerberus*, then lying off New London. It completely destroyed a schooner moored alongside the frigate, but did no harm to the latter. Torpedoes of similar construction were employed against the English ships in the Delaware, but without result.

Charles I. Bushnell, a direct descendant of David Bushnell, is now residing in New York City, and preserves the original models, plans and designs of his distinguished relative, who may justly be termed the father of the torpedo.

The next development of the idea of submarine explosives was due to the inventive genius of Robert Fulton, to whom we owe the successful application of steam propulsion to marine navigation. Nearly twenty years after Bushnell's first efforts, he took up the subject, and, through many experiments, felt his way to the evolution of the fact which proved the germ from which all subsequent inventions in



DARING ATTEMPT OF CONFEDERATES TO EXPLODE A FLOATING TORPEDO UNDER THE BOWS OF A UNITED STATES GUNBOAT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.



ANCHORED CONTACT TORPEDO USED BY THE CONFEDERATES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

the same line have sprung The name "torpedo," taken from the Electric Ray or Skate, which had that designation in the Latin tongue, was first applied to submarine explosives by Fulton. He endeavored unsuccessfully to induce the Emperor Napoleon to employ his invention against the English fleets, and, failing in that, went to England in 1804, and, with great difficulty, obtained authority to undertake the destruction of the French fleet at Boulogne.

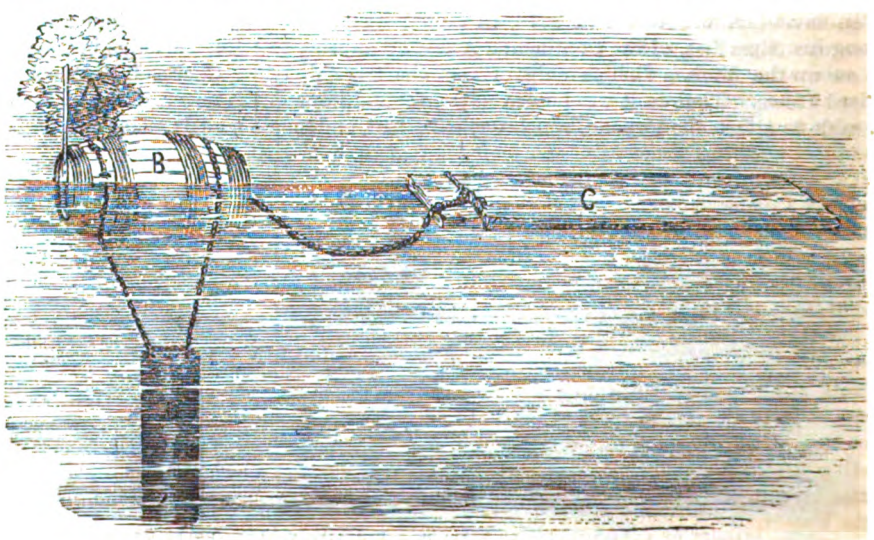
Fulton's attempt was known as the "Catamaran Expedition," and was sent against the flotilla which Napoleon had prepared at Boulogne for his projected invasion of England. The "catamaran," invented by Fulton, was a coffer, or oblong box, about 21½ feet long by 3¼ broad, made of thick plank, lined with lead, calked and tarred in the seams, and coated with hot pitch; it contained 40 barrels of powder, other inflammable matter, a piece of clockwork, and enough ballast to keep the upper surface about on a level with the water. The catamaran was towed near the enemy, and then left to the action of the tide to be drifted foul of the enemy's vessels, to which it was to cling by means of grappling-irons, floated with pieces of cork. The clockwork was so adjusted that in five or ten minutes after the catamaran was launched, a mainspring drew the trigger of a lock and fired off the powder. There were too many chances of failure here, and the attempt was unsuccessful owing to the difficulty of timing the clockwork used to fire the fuses. In the following year Fulton made an experimental trial in the harbor of Deal, and blew up and entirely destroyed the brig *Dorothea*, which had been provided for that purpose. He employed two drifting torpedoes, which were connected by a rope and floated down until they fouled the hawser by which the vessel was anchored, when one of them, charged with nearly 200 pounds of powder, exploded under her bottom, and utterly destroyed her.

The English Government, however, notwithstanding this complete demonstration of the power of the torpedo, looked coldly upon the invention, and gave no encouragement to the inventor. Proud of the tacitly acknowledged sovereignty of the seas, England showed little favor to a device which her practiced seamen saw at once would, if successful, peril her naval supremacy, and place the weakest power on an equality with the strongest.

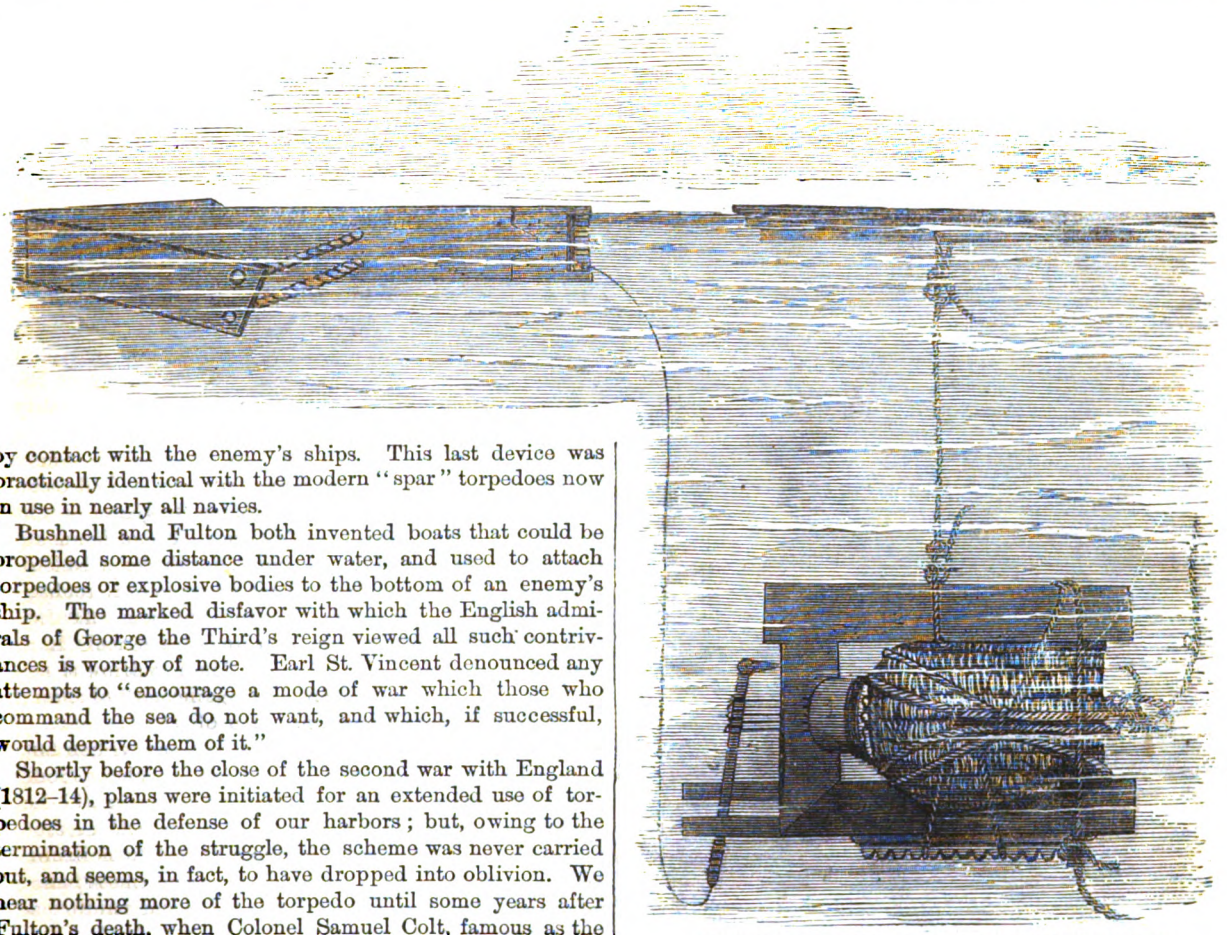
One British admiral, whose well-won reputation had been earned in many a hard-fought naval conflict, argued, in a report to the Admiralty, that Fulton's invention, while undeniably ingenious and effective, was barbarous and inhuman, and calculated to take from England that empire of the seas over which she had so long held a more than imperial sway.

The theory that such a mode of warfare was non English, and unworthy of the descendants of the sea-kings, found general acceptance, and Fulton, despite the success of his experiments, found himself ignored by the British Admiralty, and returned to America, where he repeated his experiments with equal success, and experienced a like repulse; the naval authorities having no faith in the torpedo for use in actual warfare.

Fulton's system comprised four distinct classes of torpedoes; floating or buoyant mines, to be anchored in channels or harbors, and provided with mechanism for exploding the charge when struck by a vessel; drifting, or line torpedoes, of the kind he used in destroying the *Dorothea:* harpoon torpedoes, designed to be attached to an enemy's vessel by a harpoon shot from a gun, and then to be exploded by clockwork; and what were termed by the inventor "block-ship" torpedoes, to be carried on projecting spars borne by vessels specially constructed for the purpose, and exploded



DRIFTING TORPEDO USED BY CONFEDERATES.



BUOYED TORPEDO USED BY THE CONFEDERATES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

by contact with the enemy's ships. This last device was practically identical with the modern "spar" torpedoes now in use in nearly all navies.

Bushnell and Fulton both invented boats that could be propelled some distance under water, and used to attach torpedoes or explosive bodies to the bottom of an enemy's ship. The marked disfavor with which the English admirals of George the Third's reign viewed all such contrivances is worthy of note. Earl St. Vincent denounced any attempts to "encourage a mode of war which those who command the sea do not want, and which, if successful, would deprive them of it."

Shortly before the close of the second war with England (1812–14), plans were initiated for an extended use of torpedoes in the defense of our harbors; but, owing to the termination of the struggle, the scheme was never carried out, and seems, in fact, to have dropped into oblivion. We hear nothing more of the torpedo until some years after Fulton's death, when Colonel Samuel Colt, famous as the inventor of the revolver, took up the inquiry, and made many experiments in the application of electricity to the firing of submarine explosives. He produced some striking results, between 1829 and 1843, successfully blowing up several vessels at anchor; and finally, in the latter year, he destroyed a brig under full sail on the Potomac, operating by electricity from a station in Alexandria, five miles distant. The success of this experiment created quite a sensation among naval men at the time; but, notwithstanding this and similar demonstrations of the power of the torpedo, Colonel Colt's plans were not systematically adopted by any government. After Colonel Colt's death there was found among his papers a project for a complete system of buoyant submarine mines, which were to be planted in groups of five in the channel to be defended. He devised one of the very first insulated cables ever attempted, for the purpose of connecting them with the shore. It terminated with a platinum wire fuse imbedded in a priming of gunpowder. Colt proposed, by the use of a powerful reflector, to throw the image of the ship upon a map of the submerged mines at the operator's station, thus enabling the latter to fire the charge exactly at the right moment. A modification and improvement of this plan has been adopted by the United States Government for the defense of our harbors.

From the conclusion of Colt's experiments, the subject seems to have slumbered until the breaking out of the Crimean war, although much progress was gained in submarine blasting, and some valuable discoveries made, applicable to marine torpedoes. Captain Hennebert, an engineer officer of the French army, devised an elaborate system of submarine mines, but no opportunity was offered for its use. M. Jacobi, in 1855, invented a new kind of contact mine, which was used in the harbors of Cronstadt and Sebastopol. The fuse was formed by a small bottle of sulphuric acid placed in the centre of a preparation of chlorate of potash and sugar. The shock of contact with a vessel broke this bottle, when an explosion followed, communicating with the charge and igniting the mine. Torpedoes of this description were exploded under the frigates *Firefly* and *Merlin*, but without any serious result.

The knowledge that these infernal machines were hidden obliged the combined fleets of England and France to manœuvre with great caution; but beyond a few accidents, and inspiring some amount of fear, the torpedo did little actual damage.

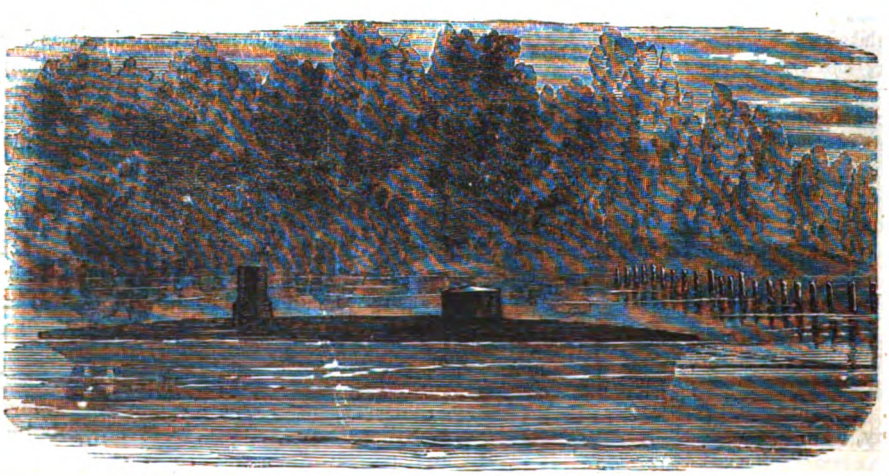
The failure of Jacobi's torpedoes was due rather to the fact that he employed very small charges than to any defect in his plan. He used but eight or nine pounds of powder, and his mines were consequently deficient in force. Besides mechanical and contact torpedoes, he also employed those exploded by electricity, but without much success.

During the siege of Sebastopol, the French engineers used, with complete success, torpedoes for destroying the vast granite docks built by the Russians at that port; and the attention of the naval authorities of all maritime nations was thus again called to the subject of submarine explosives, and their importance generally conceded. As a consequence, when the Franco-Austrian war of 1859 broke out, Colonel Von Ebner, of the Austrian army, prepared a system for the defense of Venice more complete than anything of the kind previously undertaken. He devised buoyant torpedoes, contained in wooden cases strengthened by iron hoops. Each case was moored to a triangular frame resting firmly

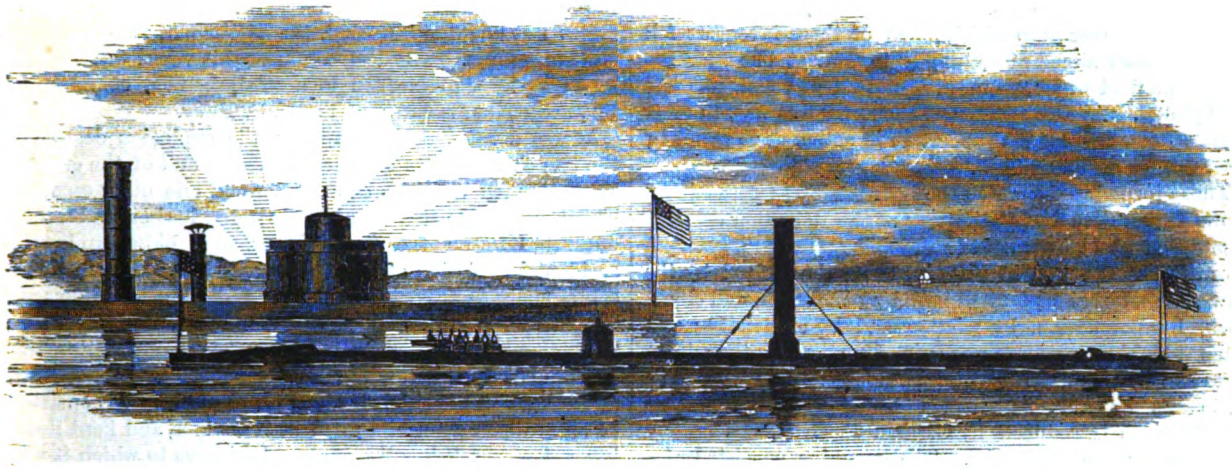
EXPLOSION OF A TORPEDO UNDER THE GUNBOAT "COMMODORE BARNEY."

on the bottom. The three chains secured to the case were kept taut by the tendency of the torpedo to rise to the surface, while the spread of the triangle prevented their twisting—thus keeping the conducting cable connecting with the galvanic battery free from injury. Von Ebner's torpedoes were charged with gun-cotton and ignited by electricity. No estimate can be made of their relative value, as no occasion was offered for a practical test.

The real development of the torpedo into an effective weapon for coast and harbor defense dates from the American Civil War of 1861–5. Here, for the first time in history, the torpedo took the first place among engines of war—doing far more damage than the well-known artillery, the more recent application of the ram, and all other efforts and accidents combined. The Confederates, having no fleet, and very insufficient means for improvising one, naturally turned their attention to so simple and effective a method of defending their numerous harbors and extensive line of coast. Their newly created navy was entirely too weak to cope with the powerful fleets of the United States, or to guard the many inlets by which the interior might be reached, against invasion by ships superior in number, in build, and in armament. Neither had old-established or newly built fortifications proved themselves adequate to keeping out the enemy's ships, whenever they made a serious attempt at passing. The importance of the torpedo was, therefore, recognized at a very early period of the war. Naturally the subject

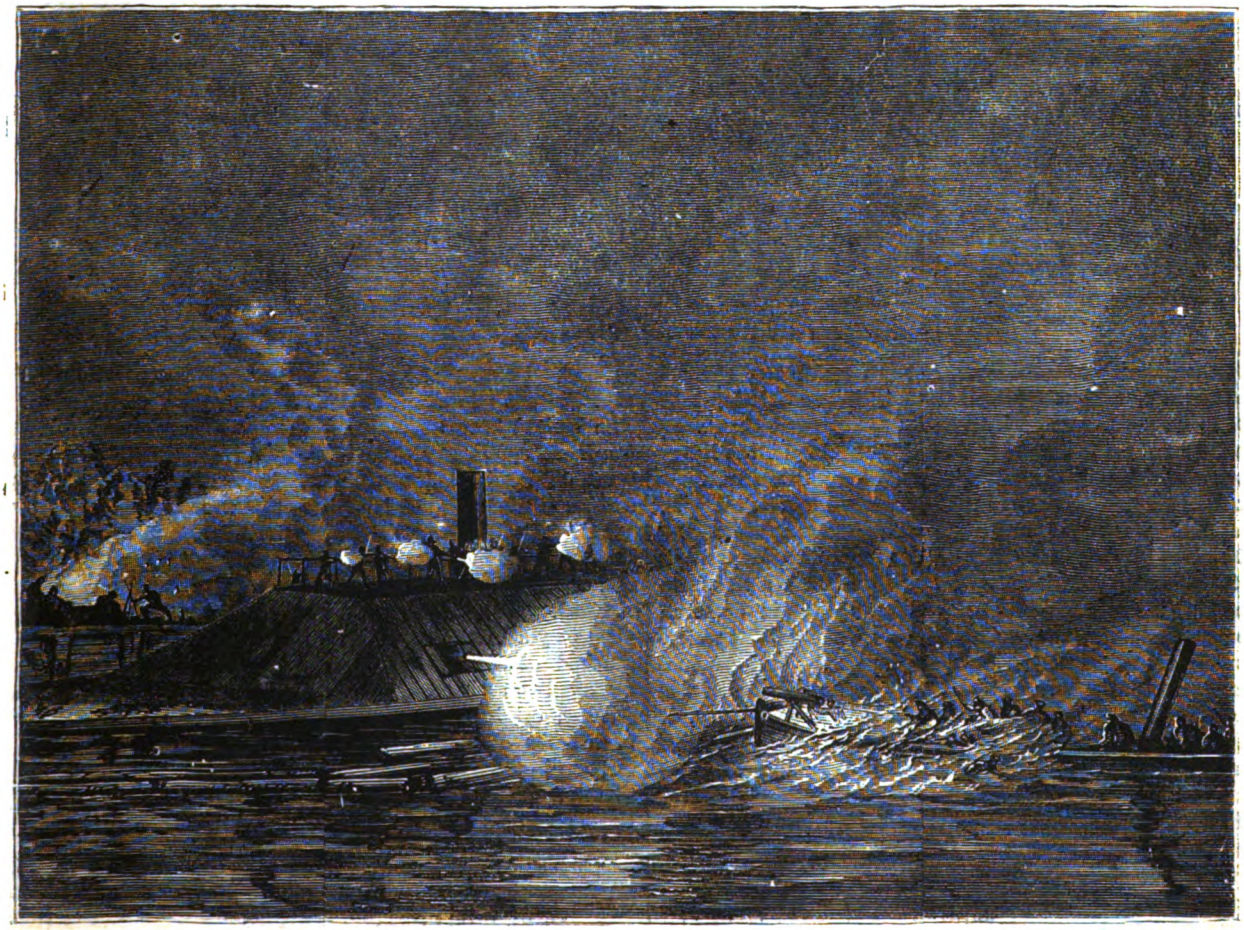


U. S. TORPEDO BOAT "STROMBOLI."



U. S. TORPEDO BOAT "NAPA."

attracted the earnest attention, not only of Confederate naval officers, but of inventive civilians, and many an ingenious mind turned its attention to the task of inventing some submarine explosive by which the largest and most powerful vessels might inevitably be sunk within a few minutes after being struck. As a result, the Confederate War Department was absolutely overwhelmed by the applications of inventors, every one of whom demanded an examination of his plan or model. It being necessary to grant all such requests, for fear of possibly overlooking a perhaps really useful invention, the attention of the examining officers was, naturally enough, often called to the most absurd schemes. Among the various devices submitted may be mentioned twin torpedo-boats, propelled by rockets; diving apparatus, by means of which torpedoes might be attached to the bottom of the enemy's ship; balloons, that were to ascend, and, when they arrived just above the vessel, to drop some kind of torpedo on the deck; rotation torpedo-rockets, to be fired under water; submarine boats, with torpedoes attached to a spar; buoyed, drifting, contact and



DESTRUCTION OF THE CONFEDERATE RAM "ALBEMARLE" BY A TORPEDO BOAT UNDER COMMAND OF LIEUT. W. B. CUSHING, U. S. N.

electric torpedoes; in fine, any variety of plans, and yet very few practicable ones.

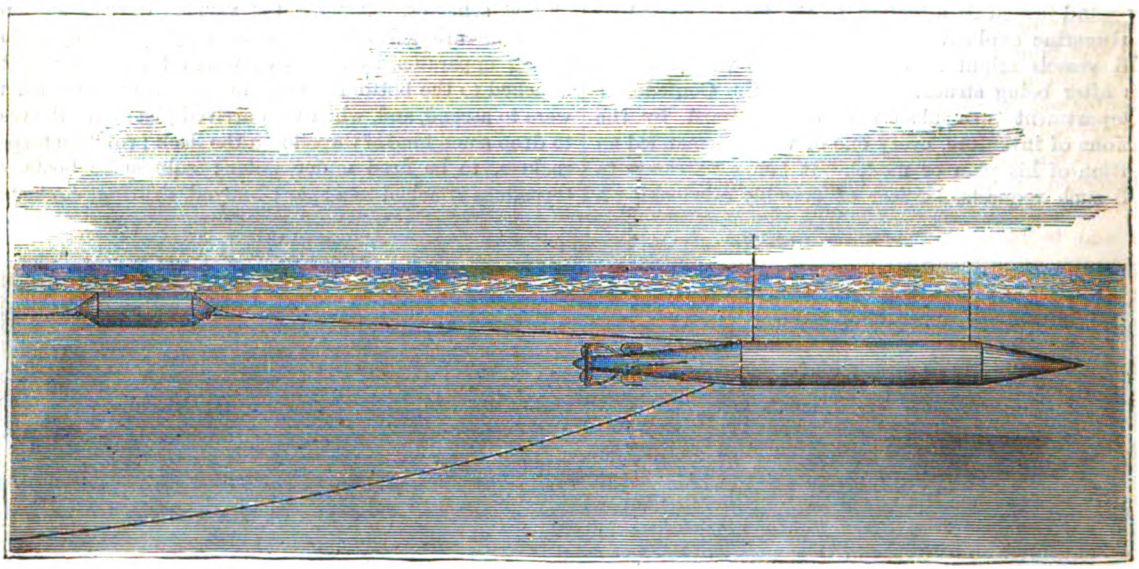
The great error into which most of these inventors fell was, that they aimed at accomplishing, all at once, far too much in a field which, to most, if not all of them, was still unexplored. As a consequence, the apparatus was, in most cases, so complicated and uncertain in action as to result in utter failure on being tried.

Those torpedoes by which the heaviest losses were caused to the Union fleet during the War of the Rebellion excelled in simplicity of construction and in cheapness. The torpedoes used by the Confederates included those fired by the slow-match, by acids; ignited both by concussion and clock-work, by percussion, by friction and by electricity; and much valuable experience was gained concerning the advantages and defects of the several methods employed.

Singer's buoyant and mechanical torpedo, with some modifications introduced by Captain McEvoy, was largely used during the Civil War. The machine consisted of a conical iron cylinder; the apex, to which the mooring-chain was secured, being the underneath side. The lower part contained the powder, the upper the air-chamber to give the necessary buoyancy. A loose metal top covered the torpedo, and was attached to a copper friction-tube fitted into the lower end by a chain, so arranged that when the torpedo was inclined by a vessel's striking it, the heavy cover slid off, and, throwing its weight on the rasp, drew it out, thus exploding the tube and charge. This torpedo, as at first constructed, was exploded by the concussion of a bolt, moved by a spiral spring, upon percussion caps fitted to tubes connected with the powder-chamber. In this form the torpedo became quite useless after lying six or seven months in fresh water, or even one month in salt water. Investigation showed the cause to be a very curious one. Marine worms (the *terredo navalis*, *limnaria*, and others that abound in Southern waters) attached themselves in perfect clusters to the torpedo, between the caps and the bolt, deadening the force of the blow on the caps, and thus preventing the explosion of the charge.

From the use of various kinds of submarine explosives, the Southern waters soon became so dangerous as to interfere seriously with naval operations. During the continuance of the war, the Union Navy lost eight iron-clads, eleven wooden war-vessels and six army transports, besides several tugs and dispatch boats, by torpedoes; while many other ships were temporarily disabled. In twelve cases the torpedo destroyed the vessel using it. The Confederates lost one fine iron-clad, the *Albemarle*, at Plymouth, North Carolina. The destruction of this vessel was effected by a spar-torpedo attached to a small launch, commanded by Lieutenant Cushing, of the U. S. Navy.

It was a most daring exploit; the explosion destroyed the launch as well as the enemy's vessel, and of the crew of thirteen men only the commander and one other escaped. Two Confederate steamers in Charleston harbor, and a flag-of-truce boat on the James River, were blown up by the accidental explosion of their own torpedoes. The first vessel actually destroyed by a torpedo during the American Civil War was an iron-clad called the *Cairo*, blown up in the Yazoo River, in December, 1862. Her destruction was accomplished by a torpedo of very primitive construction, an illustration of which is given on page 675. It consisted of an ordinary demijohn filled with powder, and kept floating a few feet below the surface by buoys to which it was attached. The buoys were anchored with ropes and weights. The ignition of the charge was effected by a friction-tube, from the ring of which a long string led to a station on shore. The *Cairo* was so completely shattered that she sunk in about twelve minutes after the explosion. The United States monitor *Patapsco* was sunk in Charleston Harbor, January 15th, 1865, by a torpedo. The vessel went down within less than a minute after being struck, and more than two-thirds of her crew were lost.



THE LAY TORPEDO TOWING OTHER TORPEDOES.

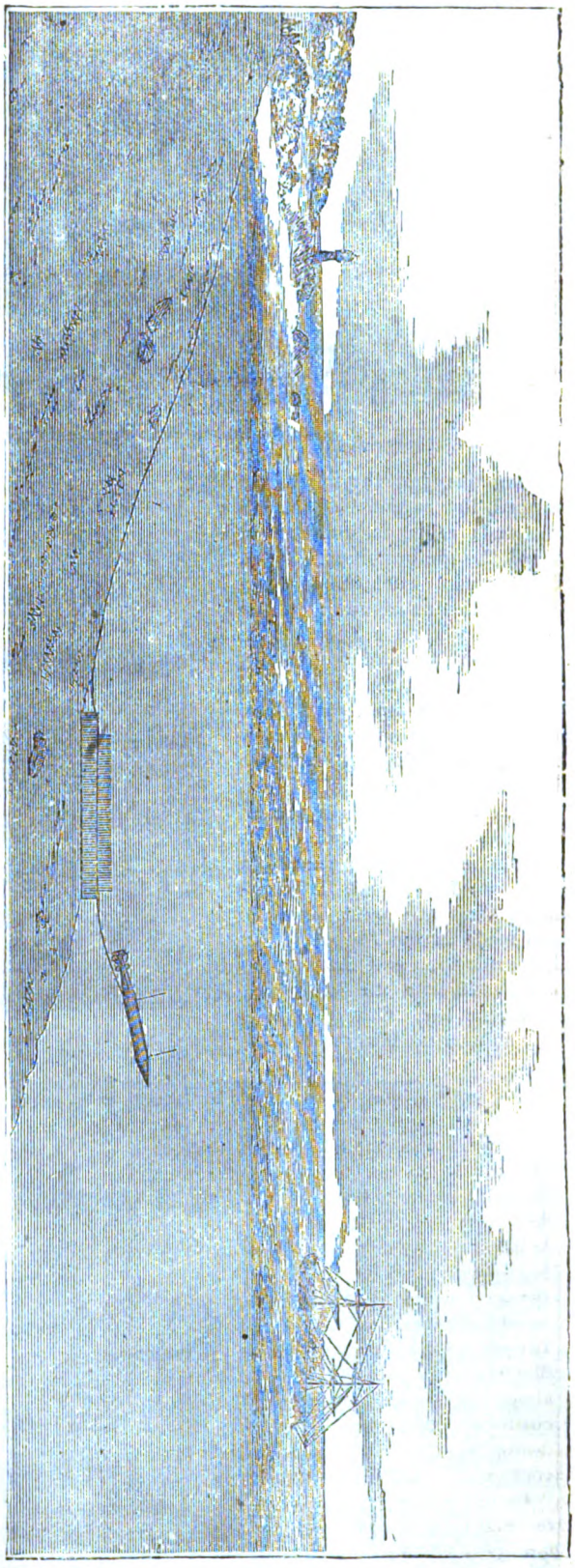
In Admiral Farragut's daring fight in Mobile Bay, the United States monitor *Tecumseh* was destroyed by a torpedo, and of her crew of 130 men but two officers and five seamen escaped. The gunboat *Commodore Jones* was blown to pieces by a charge of 1,750 pounds of powder, placed in the bed of the James River, and fired by electric wires managed on shore. Another gunboat, the *Commodore Barney*, originally a Williamsburgh ferry-boat—a service to which she has returned since the war—struck a contact-torpedo in the James River, which exploded under her bottom with such force as to lift the vessel ten feet out of the water; while a jet of water was hurled fifty feet in the air, and then fell with deluging effect on the deck, washing thirty men overboard, all of whom but two, however, were saved. Owing to the great strength of her frame, the gunboat escaped with little injury.

It is unnecessary to refer to the many other instances

of the successful use of defensive torpedoes in the American Civil War. Their employment in offensive operations during the same mighty struggle presents many features of interest; and although the results obtained were rarely commensurate with the risks incurred, much valuable experience was gained which has since been utilized.

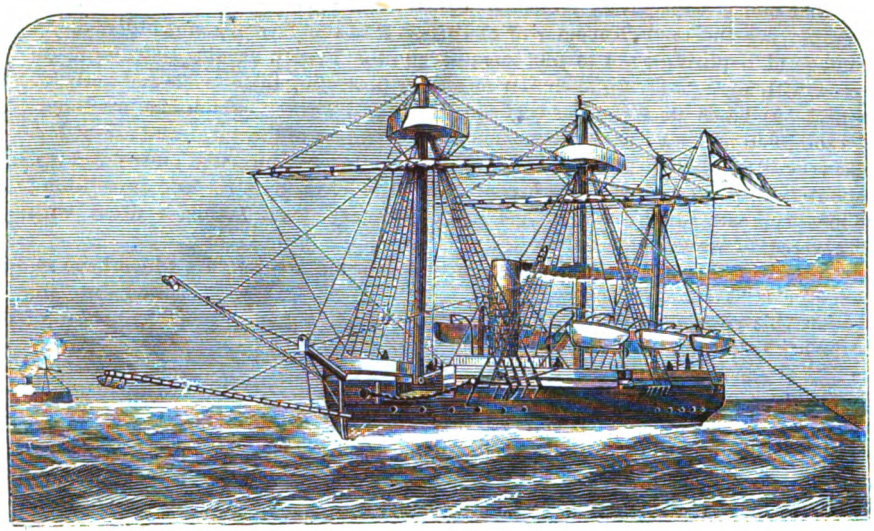
It may be affirmed to be the opinion of all naval authorities that a boat, by means of which torpedoes may with the greatest secrecy and safety be brought into contact with the enemy's vessel and exploded at the moment of touching without damage to the operator, will form, hereafter, an essential part of all judicious arrangements for coast defense. Soon after the outbreak of the Civil War, this conviction of the importance of torpedo-boats turned the attention of naval engineers to such devices. The first attempts aimed at submarine boats, since these only could approach the enemy unobserved. The results from the use of this class of boats were very unsatisfactory, so much so as to almost justify practical engineers in declaring against their use. The first of these boats was built at the Tredegar Works, Richmond, Va., in 1861. It was only twenty feet long, built of boiler-iron, and intended to be used as a diving-bell, from which to attach a torpedo to the bottom of a vessel. It proved an utter failure. Another submarine boat was built at Mobile in 1863, which seemed, theoretically, to promise a better prospect of proving effective. Its inventor was so sanguine of success, that he induced the military authorities to send the boat by railroad to Charleston. It was a cigar-shaped steamer, all but a small portion submerged; a spar ten feet long extended laterally, with a torpedo containing a sixty-pound charge suspended from the end, to be ignited by a chemical fuse. On the first attempt at using this contrivance, the little vessel was lying alongside a float in Charleston Harbor, preparing to start on her mission of destruction among the Federal fleet; while her crew were getting on board, she was suddenly swamped by the swell of a passing steamer, and went to the bottom, carrying three men with her. She was soon raised again, and a second attempt made, which also resulted in disaster, and the drowning of five men. Raised for the second time, a third attempt was undertaken, under the direction of Lieut. Glassel of the Confederate navy, when the Union iron-clad frigate *New Ironsides*, one of the blockading squadron off Charleston Harbor, was attacked. An illustration of this exploit is given on page 672. The *New Ironsides* received a very severe shock, and a great volume of water was thrown over her spar deck, deluging the engine-room, but no serious damage resulted. The torpedo steamer disappeared in the vortex occasioned by the explosion; her commander, Lieutenant Glassel, was picked up in an exhausted condition by a boat from the *Ironsides*, the remainder of the crew perished.

A submarine torpedo-boat, called, from the name of its inventor, a "David," used in 1864, was so constructed that it could be lowered to any depth, propelled at the rate of four knots an hour by hand-paddles, and supply fresh air to a crew of nine men for half an hour. This was a cigar-shaped vessel, only about one-fourth of it being above water, and that portion not unlike the back of a whale. She dragged a floating torpedo until it came under the keel of an enemy's ship, when it was made to explode, and could also carry a spar torpedo. The latter was of copper, fitted with eight sensitive fuses, to explode on contact with the enemy's side, and was carried on a spar end, which, by means of a topping-lift, could be lowered some eight feet below the surface. In this position the torpedo was sixteen feet from the boat. Using this last device, this boat, under the command of Lieutenant Dixon of the Confederate navy, made an attack upon the United States steamer *Housatonic*, in Charleston Harbor. The commander of the latter vessel reported that the torpedo-boat was first seen about one hundred yards from the ship, and



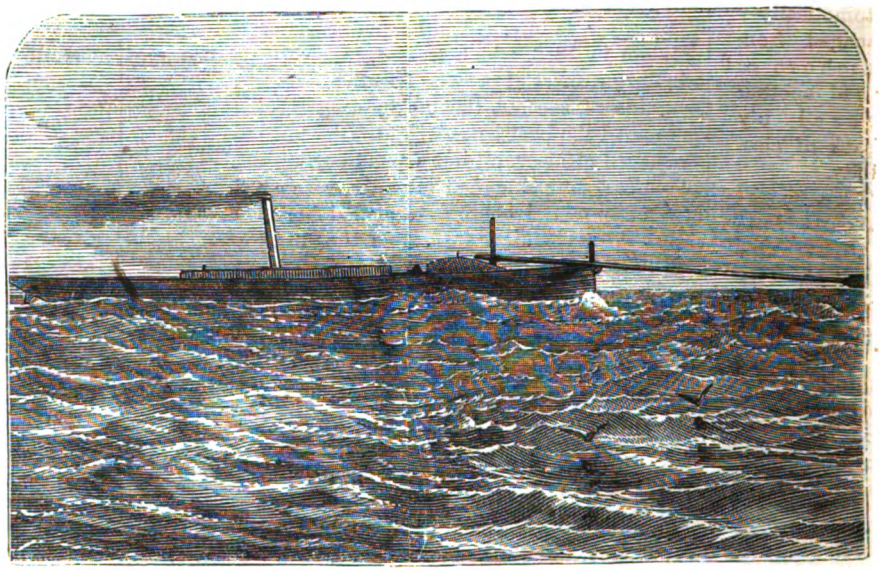
MEN ON SHORE DIRECTING THE "LAY" TORPEDO FROM A SUBMARINE CAISSON TOWARDS AN APPROACHING VESSEL.

had the appearance of a plank moving in the water. It came directly toward the ship, and was close alongside within two minutes from the time when it was first seen.



THE NEW BRITISH TORPEDO-SHIP "FLAMINGO."

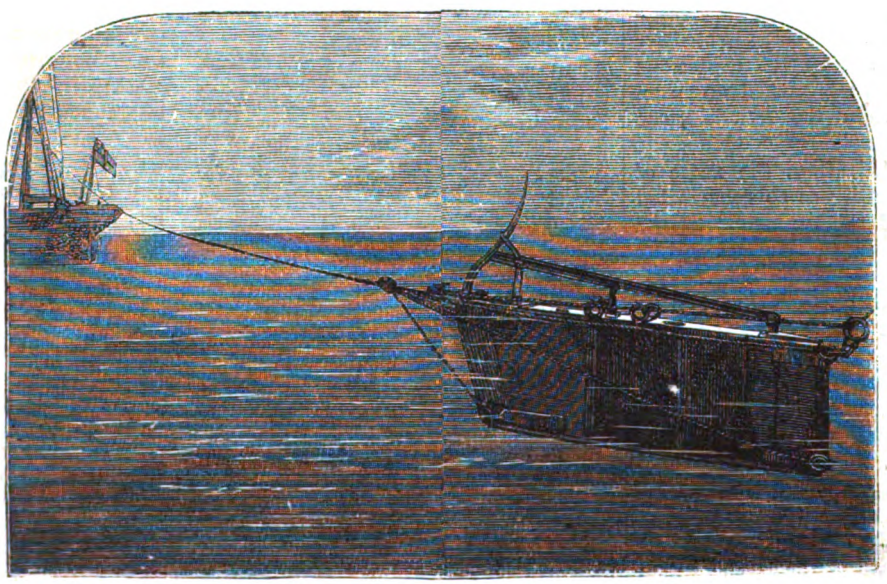
During this time the chain was slipped, the engine backed, and all hands called to quarters on board the gunboat, but in vain. The torpedo struck the ship forward of the mizzenmast on the starboard side, in a line with the magazine; the explosion occurred almost immediately, and the *Housatonic* sank, stern first, within a few minutes; the crew having barely time to reach the deck before she went down. Neither the torpedo-boat nor its crew was ever seen again. The torpedo having been placed in the bow of the boat, it is surmised that she went into the hole made in the *Housatonic* by the explosion, and having no power sufficient to back out, sunk with her. Other attempts with submarine boats were usually disastrous, and their use was practically abandoned.



TORPEDO LAUNCH USING SPAR TORPEDOES.

In the construction of a practicable submarine boat, designed to carry a crew, and to be operated by them, there are two conditions to be fulfilled. First, the speed of the boat must be great enough to enable it to advance at least one mile, and retreat the same distance, without the necessity of coming up to the surface. Second, its course under water must be accurately determinable.

The first condition is difficult to fulfill, because it involves the intricate question of the motor to be employed. To fulfill the second question is wellnigh impossible. In the numerous trial-trips which various inventors of submarine boats have had to make, it has almost invariably happened that the boat deviated from the prescribed course after going a few knots, and missed the appointed mark more or less widely; the boat sometimes even, to the great astonishment of those in it, coming up near the starting point.



THE "HARVEY" TOWING TORPEDO.

Steam cannot be employed as a motor for submarine boats, because the maintenance of the fire requires too much air; and, moreover, the escape of the smoke would betray the position of the boat. Constructors have, therefore, turned their attention to compressed air and man power; but the latter will never suffice to turn a screw so as to attain the speed

required, and all trials of boats moved by that means have proved unsatisfactory. The method of employing the expansion of compressed air has the advantage of requiring no separate chamber for supplying the crew with air.

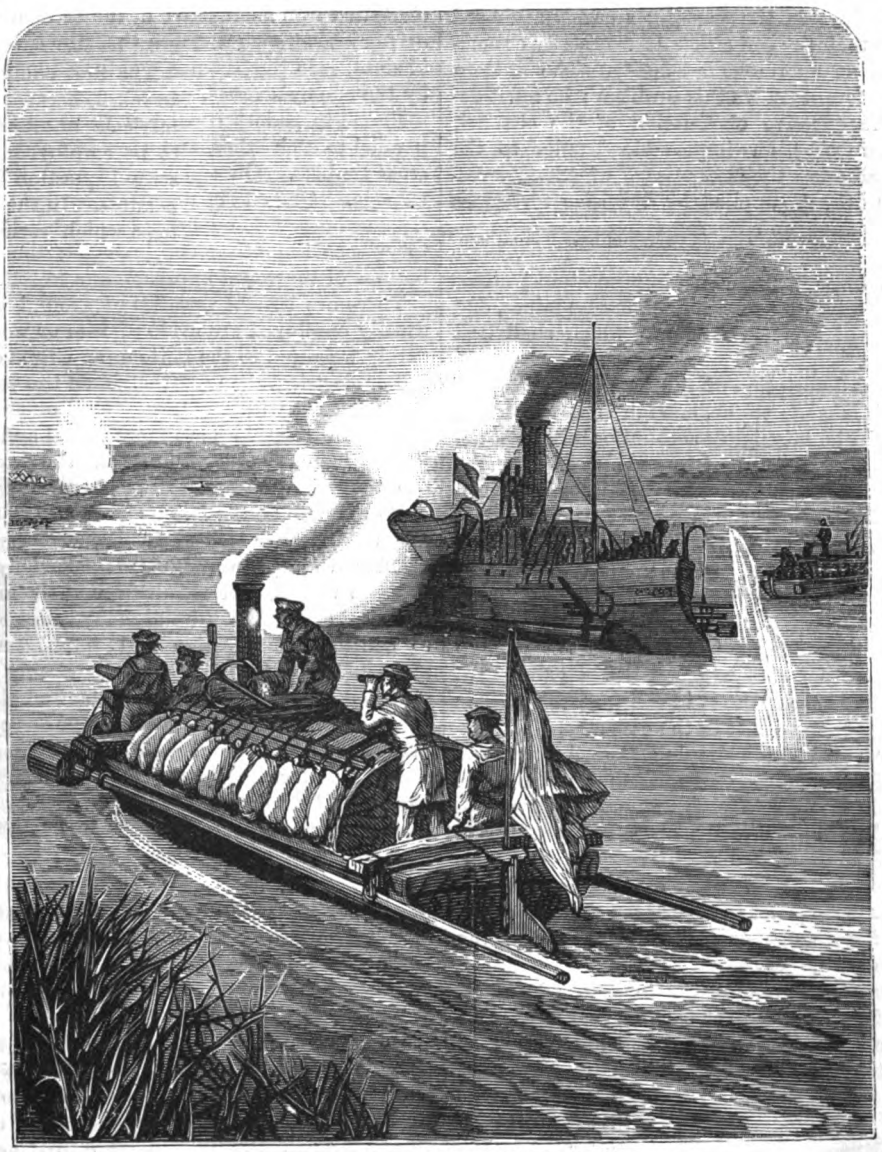
More recently, compressed carbonic acid has taken its place among motion-generators. As it is solidified under a pressure of forty atmospheres, it occupies very little space; it still expands under a pressure of about twenty atmospheres, and is, therefore, probably the most compact material for the feeding of engines yet discovered. The objections, however, to the employment of submarine boats, which require a crew, are so many and manifest, that naval engineers are almost unanimous in pronouncing against them; preferring those operated automatically—managed from the shore or from another vessel by means of electricity.

The most elaborate form of submarine boat is the French *Plongeur*, a model of which was exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1867; but this, like all its prototypes, is now regarded with little favor, since experience has shown that either success or failure generally involves the lives of the crew.

It is worthy of note as showing the slow development of torpedo warfare, that most cases of the destruction of vessels by this means during our civil war occurred in the last two years of the struggle.

Denmark, in the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1864, planted her coasts and harbors thickly with torpedoes, and succeeded in destroying one of the invading vessels. In the war between Paraguay and Brazil and her allies in 1865-8, the Paraguayans employed torpedoes in defending their river coasts, and although their engineers labored under great difficulties from the want of proper materials and means of construction, they destroyed the iron-clad *Rio de Janeiro*, and disabled the *Tamandare*.

The coasts of the Baltic and North Seas were so effectively protected against the French fleet, during the Franco-German War of 1870–1, that the French commanders dared not attack them; while the French naval authorities made use of similar means for protecting their rivers and harbors. The war between Russia and Turkey, which has just terminated, furnished some examples of the successful use of torpedoes. One Turkish monitor was surprised and blown up, with the loss of her entire crew, by a torpedo expedition; the Russians using ordinary steam launches fitted with spar-torpedoes.



RUSSIAN TORPEDO LAUNCHES ON THE DANUBE.

The improvements in marine architecture which have resulted in the production of iron-clad vessels capable of withstanding the heaviest fire of modern artillery have rendered it necessary to devise some means of attacking the only remaining vulnerable points—namely, the deck and bottom. The former can sometimes be struck advantageously by the vertical fire of mortars; the latter may be most easily and effectively assailed by the torpedo.

This fact has led to the establishment by all the chief maritime nations of special schools for the investigation and improvement of submarine warfare, and, quite naturally, the studies and experiments carried on are enwrapped in the greatest possible secrecy. Several countries, among them the United States and Great Britain, make a distinction between the offensive and defensive branches, keeping the schools devoted to these respective objects entirely separate.

England has the *Vernon* torpedo-ship at Portsmouth, the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, and the School of Military Engineering at Chatham.

In this country, the school for defensive torpedoes is located at Willett's Point, New York Harbor. Here experiments are being constantly made, and members of the Corps of Engineers trained in the use of submarine explosives of

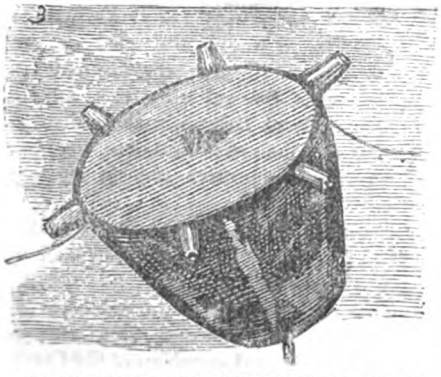
all descriptions. The general principles upon which this service should be conducted have now become, by experiments and experience, quite well established. The great commercial cities lying on the seaboard are, under the present conditions of marine warfare, their most vulnerable points, and it is, therefore, of the first importance to protect them.

The war fleets of the present day, protected by almost impenetrable iron armor and driven onward by the untiring power of steam, are enabled to rush swiftly past the forts which guard the entrance of a harbor, taking advantage of the darkness of night or the obscurity of fog, leaving their adversaries to find them in the morning securely anchored in positions where their fire can either destroy a city or compel the payment of an enormous indemnity. The modern engineer has, therefore, to solve this problem: he must devise means for the effective obstruction of the channel, which, while interposing an impassable barrier to the enemy's ships, shall allow the free passage of friendly vessels. This means is best supplied by defensive torpedoes planted in the channel, and operated from the forts on either shore.

Hence, military engineers are devoting the utmost attention to the study and improvement of submarine mines, and to the development of systems of defense which shall best subserve these ends.

While no detailed description of the American system of submarine defenses is made public, enough is known of the general plan to render an intelligible account possible. At the entrance to the harbor, groups of torpedoes are arranged across the entire channel, so placed as to be completely flanked by the guns of the forts. In a strong casemate, out of reach of the enemy's fire, is the operating-room, containing electrical batteries, testing galvanometers, and the necessary apparatus for operating, under the charge of a skilled subordinate. From this point, submarine cables radiate to all points of the channel, connecting with the torpedoes. At some commanding point, where the whole channel lies like a map before him, is posted an officer who is in constant telegraphic communication with the operator in the casemate. Numerous buoys, each provided with a simple electrical apparatus, are anchored in all the channels of approach, but are never exposed to view. If a vessel touches any one of them, the fact is automatically signalled to the operator, who, by the simple pressure of a lever, discharges the torpedo at the exact moment when it will effect the greatest injury. As the buoys are placed somewhat in rear of the torpedoes, the use of outrigged frames or nets for the protection of the vessel will be of no avail.

In case it is attempted to remove the torpedoes by grappling or dragging for them by night from boats, the channel will at once be swept by rapid discharges of grape and case shot, fired automatically by electricity. The torpedoes used are just as effective a year after they are planted as when first laid; but if a single cable becomes defective or a single charge wet, the same ingenious mechanism reports the fact automatically, and within five minutes after its existence the exact location and nature of the injury are known in the operating room. To prevent the enemy from attempting operations under cover of night, the electric light is brought into play.



A RUSSIAN TORPEDO CAPTURED BY THE TURKS.

In rivers where a rapid and constant current exists, use can be made of double drifting torpedoes, so arranged that the connecting rope will foul the hawsers of vessels at anchor. The torpedoes being thus brought alongside a ship by the force of the current, a simple mechanism is set in motion by the same agency, which soon releases a hammer and causes an explosion.

Pile torpedoes carry a charge of gun-cotton within an elongated iron shell fixed at the head of the pile, which is driven into at such a depth that the torpedo, although out of sight, is in the best position for exploding on being struck by the enemy's vessel.

Frame torpedoes consist of three or four heavy timbers parallel to each other, and a few feet apart, tied together by cross timbers. On the head of each timber is a cast-iron torpedo. One end of the frame is fixed in the bed of the river or harbor to be defended, and held by weights so as to present the other end, carrying the torpedoes, to the bottom of the vessel approaching.

There are several varieties of ground torpedoes. Those usually employed are made of iron or wooden cylinders securely weighted to the bottom, and fired either by mechanical or electrical agency—that is, on the vessel's coming into contact, or at will.

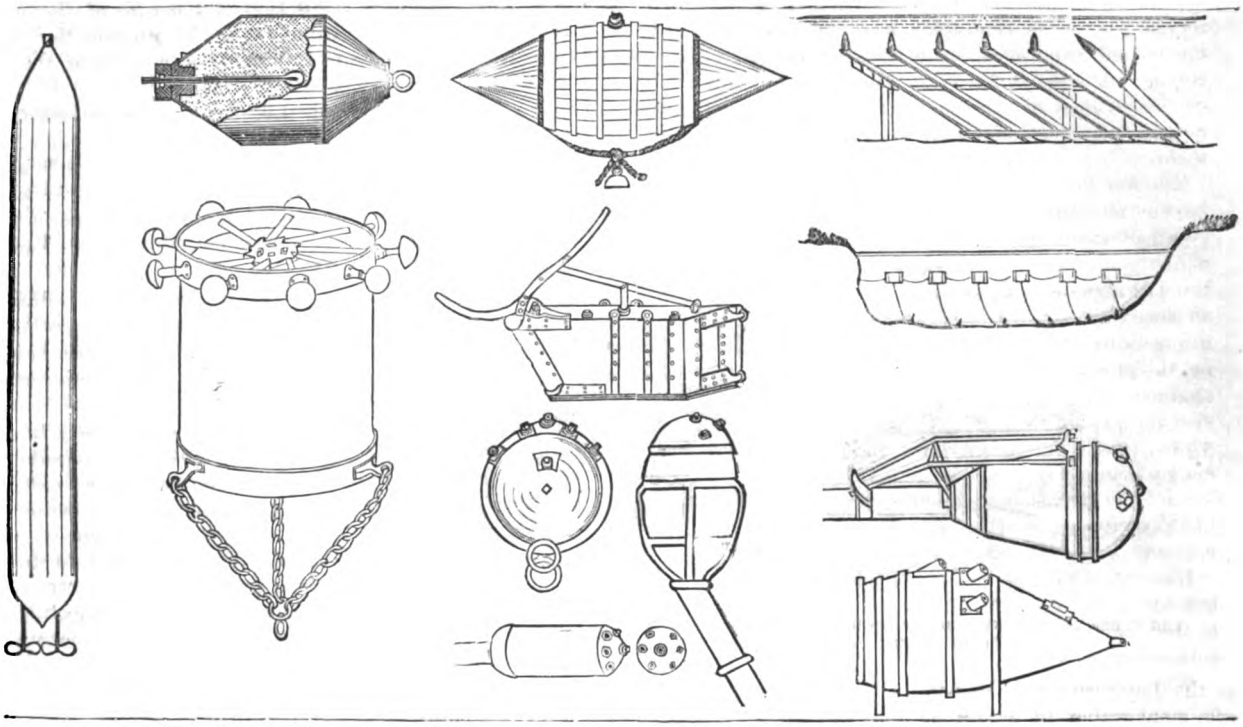
Buoyant torpedoes are more useful and more largely employed than any other kind. Like the ground torpedo, they can be fired by mechanical or electrical agency; or can be made to combine the two by attaching to them a very ingenious contrivance termed a "circuit closer."

Offensive torpedoes are employed chiefly in naval combats between vessels, and require for their management much technical skill. They are of many varieties, and are subject to constant modification and improvement, since many naval officers of all nations are closely engaged in their study and development. This class includes spar torpedoes, automatic fish torpedoes, otter or Harvey torpedoes, submarine rockets, and torpedo boats. There is also a mixed class, those termed fish torpedoes, which are directed and controlled by means of electricity.

Some of the most brilliant naval exploits on record have been accomplished by means of the spar torpedo, notably that of Lieut. Cushing, in the destruction of the *Albemarle*, to which we have already referred.

The American school for offensive torpedoes is located at Newport, Rhode Island, and its classes are kept constantly full by details from the officers of the navy, who are required to go through a regular course of instruction in all the details of torpedo warfare.

The various kinds of torpedoes now in use in the principal navies of the world may be divided into two general classes. First, stationary torpedoes used for coast and harbor defense; second, those employed in offensive operations against the enemy. The ordinary contact torpedoes belong to the first class, and of these we furnish several illustrations. As an example of this class, the following description of one of the earliest forms used by the Confederates in the American Civil War will suffice. The references are to the engraving at the top of page 673, it being a representation of an anchored contact torpedo used by the Confederates on the Tennessee River. *A*. Torpedo and bottom cone, made of heavy iron securely riveted. Body, four feet long; cones, one foot in length each. *B*. Air chamber, made of sheet-zinc, lightly fastened. *C*. Chamber containing seventy-two pounds of gunpowder. *D*. Pistol, the muzzle of which rested among the powder. *E*.



THE VARIOUS KINDS OF TORPEDOES USED BY THE NAVAL POWERS OF THE WORLD.

Firing-rod, with prongs, designed to catch the bottom of a boat going up against the stream. *F. F.* Heavy iron bands for strengthening the torpedo, and to which the anchors were attached. *G. G.* Weights to keep the torpedoes in position.

Any vessel coming from up-stream would press down and pass over the torpedo, while any boat going up and coming in contact with it would discharge it.

The illustration on page 674 shows the mechanism of a drifting torpedo used by the Confederates on the Mississippi and other Western rivers. The details of the contrivance may be understood by the following description :

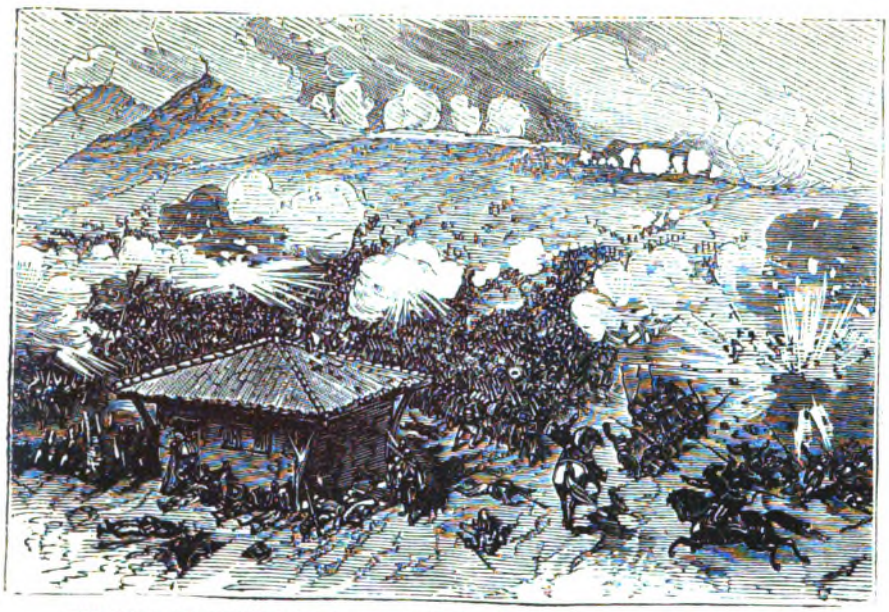
A. Is a bunch of cotton, several feet out of water, tied on the top of a pole fastened to the buoy. *B.* A sugar-cask, made air-tight, to act as a buoy or float. *C.* A long piece of timber, or plank, attached to the cask by a rope, for the purpose of swinging round a vessel's bow. *D.* A tube, ten inches wide and three feet long, made of boiler iron three-eighths of an inch thick, inclosing about 500 pounds of powder, in the centre of which was a clock-work attached to a hammer and percussion cap connecting with a slow-match, the whole surrounded by fine powder. This was picked up on the Mississippi near Baton Rouge, by a boat's crew from the United States ironclad *Essex*. The clock-work, which was of brass, secured on an iron plate one-quarter of an inch thick, four inches wide and fourteen inches long, was still running when the torpedo was examined by its captors. Attached to the clock-work were two hammers, under which were two ordinary percussion tubes inserted in the plate and covered by percussion caps. A sheet of tin was bent over this whole arrangement, forming a protection to the machinery, and this again was in a cloth bag to keep it clear from the powder, in the centre of which it was placed the tubes being connected therewith by percussion paper. It did not appear how much time would have elapsed before the hammers would have struck the caps.

Captain McEvoy's contrivance is the best example of the drifting torpedo. It is usual to suspend it from a log of timber or drift-wood, which floats on the surface, carrying the torpedo some ten feet beneath. So long as the apparatus continues to drift, all goes well ; but as soon as the motion of the torpedo is interrupted by fouling a vessel at anchor or the piers of a bridge, the current running past acts on the rudder-blade, when a given number of revolutions releases a hammer, and causes the explosion.

The Harvey towing torpedo is the joint invention of Captain John Harvey and his nephew, Commander Frederic Harvey, both of the British Navy, and is considered by the British Admiralty to be the most practical weapon of the kind for sea service. A full-sized torpedo, such as that shown in our engraving, contains a charge of from seventy to eighty pounds of powder, or one hundred pounds of dynamite. It can also be loaded with gun cotton or any other explosive agent. This torpedo is towed by the operating vessel and diverged from the ship forty-five degrees on either quarter. When the torpedo comes in contact with the enemy the centre bolt is forced down, which causes the explosion. A loaded torpedo weighs about three hundred pounds, and has a cork buoy attached to keep it from sinking too deep. It is not necessary to make a "hit" with this torpedo. If the enemy fouls the tow line at any point, the continued movement of the operating ship brings it into contact and causes an explosion. After a long series of experiments this weapon was adopted by several maritime powers, including Great Britain and Russia.

The Lay movable torpedo is a cylindrical iron hull, of a cigar shape, 23 feet in length, 22 inches in diameter, propelled by an engine worked by compressed air, and capable of carrying a magazine with an explosive force equal to a ton of gunpowder. The vessel is run submerged in the water, and is wholly guided and perfectly controlled in all its movements by the operator, who is stationed on shore or on shipboard, who directs all the motions of the boat, and explodes the magazine at will, by the agency of a single small electric cable attached to the boat, and which is paid out as she runs ; the other end being attached to a small keyboard which is under the hand of the operator.

Repeated trials have conclusively demonstrated the fact



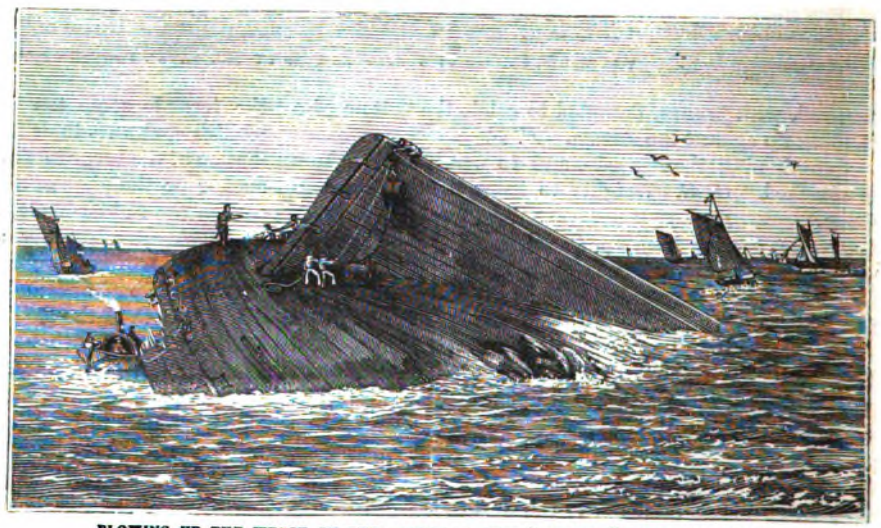
THE TURKS ASSAULTING FORT ST. NICHOLAS IN THE SHIPKA PASS—RUSSIAN TORPEDOES EXPLODING IN THE PATH OF THE CHARGING COLUMNS.

that the Lay torpedo is as perfectly manageable in action as the most easily handled small-boat, and that it can be sent with accuracy and speed in any required direction. This torpedo cannot be exploded by concussion, but only at the will of the operator; thus securing both safety and certainty in its operation.

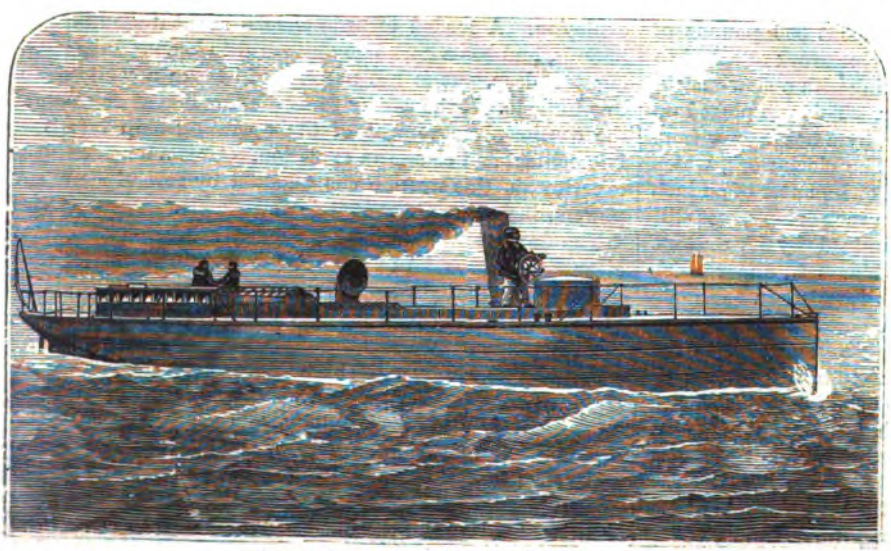
It is the opinion of many naval engineers that the Lay torpedo is one of the most effective weapons of marine warfare ever invented and constructed. Either for attacking or destroying an enemy's vessel, or for coast and harbor defense, it appears to be in all respects perfectly adapted to the purpose. It can be used as a towing boat, to effect an entrance to the harbor of an enemy or approach his fortifications, even if they are protected by fixed mines or torpedoes in the channel.

To the Lay torpedo-boat may be attached a line of floating explosive mines, connected with the operator's station, like the torpedo itself, with electric cables. The torpedo-boat may be dispatched with these floating mines in tow to open the channel. The mines can be detached from the boat at any given point, and sunk in position by an arrangement peculiar to their construction, still retaining their electric connection with the operator's station.

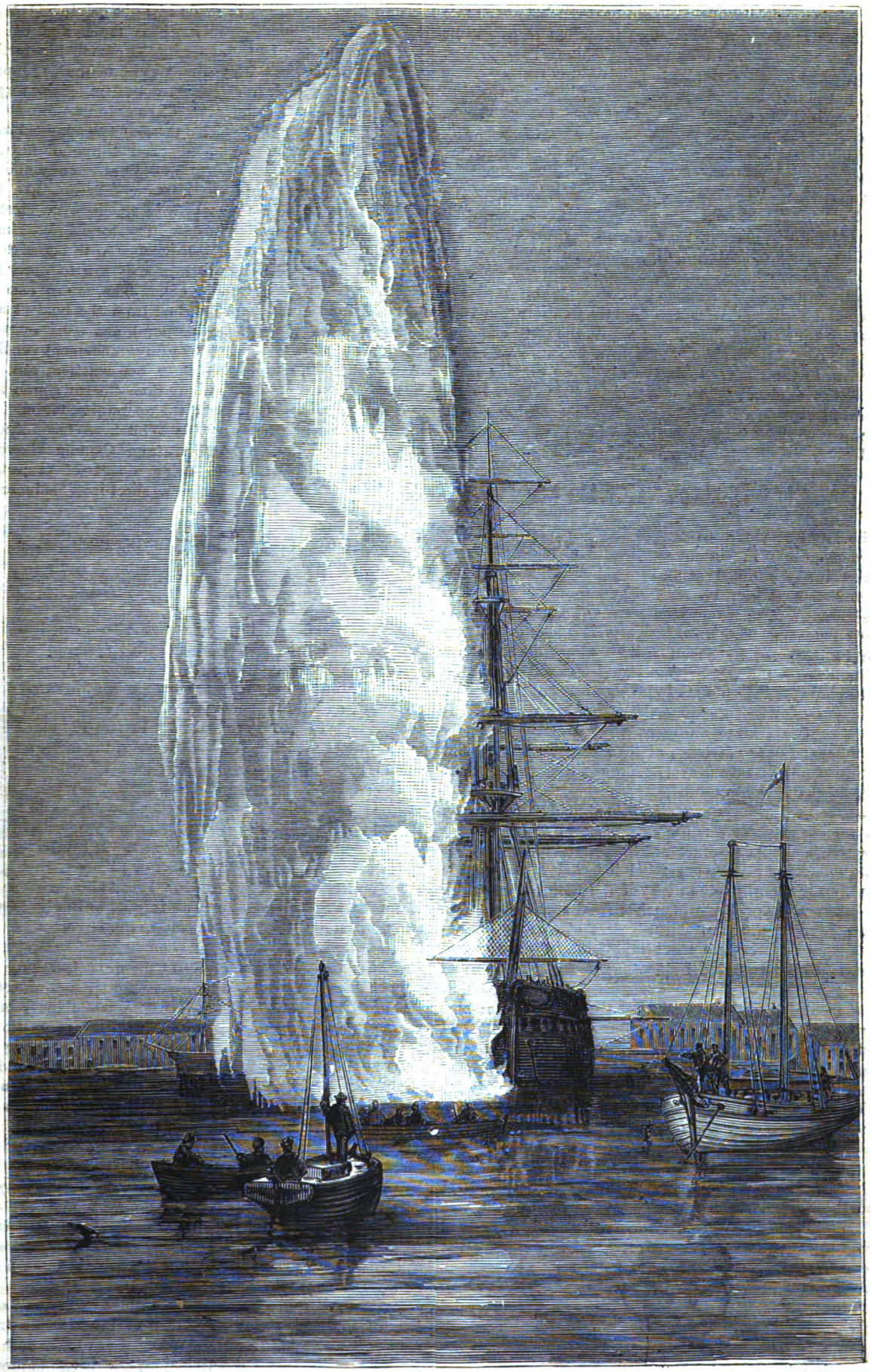
The Whitehead fish torpedo differs from Captain Harvey's in being a sort of projectile. It is a sheet-iron. submarine rocket, about 14 feet long, the fore part containing gun-cotton or dynamite, while the remainder contains a pneumatic arrangement for compressing air, a four-bladed screw and rudders. It is discharged from a tube in the bows of a steamer; an apparatus called the ejector drives it out, and at the same time sets the mechanism in action. The torpedo travels forward by its pneumatic force, and explodes when the fore end strikes an enemy's ship. The operators in the steamer take aim before they discharge this singular missile, which was originally designed to travel 1,000 yards at a speed of seven knots an hour. It has since been improved,



BLOWING UP THE WRECK OF THE AMERICAN SHIP "FOREST" WITH TORPEDOES.



NEW ENGLISH TORPEDO VESSEL "LIGHTNING."



TORPEDO EXPERIMENTS AT NEWPORT.

so that it is now claimed that it can be propelled at the rate of 20 miles an hour, while another invention on the same principle, recently tested by the English naval authorities, is asserted to have traveled at the astonishing speed of *forty* miles per hour. It seems probable that, if either the ship from which it was discharged, or the enemy's vessel should be moving, still more, if both were under way, accuracy of aim would most likely be an unsurmountable difficulty.

The improved Whitehead torpedo is in reality an explosive submarine cigar-shaped cylinder, worked without the aid of electricity. The large size is nineteen feet long by sixteen inches in diameter. The bow portion contains a bursting-charge of 360 lbs. of gun-cotton (equivalent to about 1,000 lbs. of gunpowder), together with the fuse and detonating apparatus, arranged to explode on striking. The central portion carries the engines to drive the twin screws by which it is propelled; whilst the stern chamber holds the compressed air, reduced to a pressure of about 1,000 lbs. to the square inch, the air being employed for driving the engine. The engine, although weighing only 35 lbs., is capable of exerting a force of something like 40 horse power. The torpedo is steered in a horizontal direction by an automatic pendulum working fore and aft. This arrangement, and another for making the detonating material harmless in the event of the torpedo failing to strike the object attacked, is kept secret. Direction is given to the torpedo by means of an iron impulse-tube built into the vessel, where it can be discharged at a considerable depth beneath the surface of the water. The torpedo is passed into this tube on rollers, and eventually expelled from the ship by a piston. On its way out a tripper catches against a stud in the tube, and sets in motion the propelling power. Aim is taken by laying the ship herself on for the enemy—a line of sights parallel to the axis of the torpedo being fitted on one of the decks for that purpose. The speed of this torpedo on first leaving the vessel is about twenty-six miles an hour, with a proportionately reduced speed as the distance of travel increases, till about three-quarters of a mile is reached, when the motive power is expended.

There are only two known attempts at using this weapon with intent to destroy: the first made by the British cruiser *Shah*, about midsummer last, when she unsuccessfully tried to sink the Peruvian rebel ironclad *Huascar*; the second, quite recently—the night of the 26th of December last—when Russian steam launches fired some Whitehead fish torpedoes against the Turkish fleet at anchor off Batoum. The vesssels were most injudiciously lying unprotected, and unsurrounded by floating spars or a circle of hanging nets. Two of the expended Whiteheads—most perfect machines of the newest kind (it is not known how many were fired)—were picked up at daylight. Both had failed in the attack, although one bore unmistakable evidence that it had struck its mark and crushed in its head against the side of one of the ironclads. Providentially for the Turks, it only partly fulfilled its mission, failing to explode, through an imperfection in the firing apparatus.

Captain Ericsson, the famous inventor of the system of iron-clads called "monitors," which may be said to have revolutionized the naval warfare of the world, has invented a movable torpedo, which is designed to be submerged to a depth of fifteen or twenty feet, and to carry a charge of four hundred pounds of nitro-glycerine directly under the bottom of an enemy's ship. It is moved by atmospheric air under moderate pressure. The operator is in a vessel which tows the torpedo; a tubular cable about half a mile long connects them. Compressed air is driven through this cable, and the movements of the torpedo are thus governed from the vessel.

The torpedo, which is made of light galvanized iron, is ten feet long by nineteen inches in diameter, and has propellers which can be acted on by the compressed air conveyed by the cable. The cable can be wound or unwound on board the vessel, so as to retain the torpedo at any distance, not exceeding half a mile; the steam power of the vessel gives a speed of ten knots an hour on approaching an enemy's ship; while the firing of the torpedo can be delayed until the proper moment seems to the commander to have arrived.

Outrigger torpedoes attached to small steam launches have been experimentally tried in many different forms; the outrigger being, in some instances, twenty-five feet long and immersed ten feet under water; the trigger line, electric wire or fuse, running along the outrigger, and the torpedo itself being shaped and charged in diverse ways.

Several Governments have constructed special torpedo vessels instead of attaching torpedo outriggers to ordinary steam launches, and these are undergoing trial and scrutiny.

A most remarkable experiment with a new vessel of this kind was recently made at Cherbourg, France. A little steamer, called the *Thornicroft*, worked by a lieutenant and three men, pursued and overhauled, successively, two old disabled vessels, which were towed out to sea at the rate of fourteen knots an hour; delivering upon each blows with a torpedo which projected from her bow. "A rent as big as a house" was made in the side of the ship, and she sank at once. The *Thornicroft* only spun round and round for a few moments, and then returned uninjured to the squadron from which she had started.

The United States torpedo vessel *Alarm*, constructed by Admiral Porter, is also furnished with spar-torpedoes, but is a much larger vessel, and, unfortunately, of inferior speed, steaming only 12 knots, while the *Thornicroft* runs 18 knots, and the new English torpedo-boat *Lightning*, although only 84 feet in length, by 10 feet 10 inches beam, is the fastest vessel in the British navy, the mean speed attained by her being considerably over 19 knots an hour. This vessel is designed to used the improved Whitehead torpedo—an explosive instrument that can be made to go at the rate of twenty knots for a thousand yards, and at any desired depth from one to thirty feet. It can be set to explode either on striking an object or at any particular distance under one thousand yards. It can also be set so that if it misses the object aimed at, it goes to the bottom and explodes on half-cock; or to come to the top again, so as to be recovered, as it has buoyancy enough just to float on the surface of the water when not in motion.

It is calculated to make a hole, on bursting, of seventy feet area, and there seems to be no doubt that if one of them strikes a ship of any sort or description now afloat, she must at once go to the bottom. The torpedo vessel need not be nearer than one thousand yards, and if the first shots do not take effect, she can still deliver more, as the vessel assailed would be positively unaware of the attack until she was blown up.

The British torpedo-ship *Flamingo*, of which we give an illustration on page 680, is now with the British fleet at Prince's Islands, in the Sea of Marmora. She is a composite screw vessel of 774 tons, and carries three guns. In this new class of vessel it has been the aim of the constructors to combine good sea-going qualities and handiness under sail with great offensive power for attack with ram, guns and torpedo, while the ship is defended against similar assaults by being provided with several water-tight divisions of the hull, and with numerous boats, which might act as guard-boats to ward off a torpedo attack. The ship is also furnished with a metal spur, which can be shipped

or unshipped as thought desirable; the bows being so strengthened as to be capable of resisting the shock of ramming any description of vessel. The engraving represents the ship cleared for action, the outrigger torpedoes being ready for lowering beneath the water, a Harvey torpedo towing on each quarter, and the topmasts, etc., sent on deck.

Messrs. Thorneycroft, of Chiswick, and Messrs. Yarrow, of Poplar, England, are the largest and most scientific builders of steam torpedo-launches in the world, and, as may be expected, have introduced many valuable improvements. Their boats are more like the ordinary steam launch than the American "Davids," exposing very much more of the hull—a difference requisite to give ample internal working room, a high rate of speed, and a fair certainty of working their spar-torpedoes in rough seas, such as they are intended to encounter. The speed of these boats varies, according to their size, from fifteen to twenty-five miles an hour.

A novel use of torpedoes is shown on page 684. On September 11th of last year a terrible collision occurred off Portland, on the English coast, between the English ship *Avalanche* and the American ship *Forest*. Both vessels were sunk, and many lives lost. The wreck of the *Forest* afterward rose to the surface, bottom up, and drifted about in the channel, a dangerous obstruction in the path of navigation. After several fruitless attempts, the wreck was finally blown to pieces by means of torpedoes, and the shattered fragments towed into the neighboring harbor of Portland.

Torpedoes have frequently been used in land warfare, for the defense of fortifications and intrenched positions; but the effect upon the assailants has generally been found to be rather moral than material. An exception must be made to this statement, however, as regards the recent war between Russia and Turkey. That struggle was noteworthy for the successful use of land-torpedoes, with frightful loss to the attacking forces, on several occasions. On the 21st of August, 1877, forty battalions of Turks assaulted Fort St. Nicholas, in the Shipka Pass, held by a greatly inferior Russian force. As the charging columns rushed up the rugged slope, under a terrible fire of musketry and artillery, terrific explosions of torpedoes, fired by electricity, suddenly burst forth beneath their feet, annihilating whole battalions, and filling the air with clouds of earth, stones and human *débris*. The assault was utterly repulsed, and the Turks suffered a loss of more than five thousand in killed alone. These results render it probable that torpedoes will hereafter be much more widely used in military operations on land, and are likely to prove an important factor in the defense of all fortified places, while they may often be used with advantage in field operations.

For some time past naval authorities have been searching for protectives against torpedo attacks of all kinds. The electric light carried at a vessel's topmasthead, to illuminate the sea around her at night-time, probably stands first. Then there is the "crinoline" of wire netting hanging from wooden booms, which stand out at right angles to the vessel's side and encircle her, and catch such dangerous missiles as the fish torpedo, causing them to explode harmlessly, away from the vessel's side. Then come Gatling guns, throwing a perfect hailstorm of large bullets; and lastly, many means of dragging and destroying the enemy's fixed or defensive mines. But of all these last, probably no method is more effective than that of employing torpedoes to destroy torpedoes—*countermining*, as it is termed. This is executed in the dark, under cover of the ship's guns, when the boat advances to the supposed site of the torpedoes, and sinks another, firing it by her boat electric battery when sufficiently removed from the force of the explosion. 150 lbs. of gun-cotton so exploded would probably destroy one-half of the torpedoes within a radius of 200 yards; thus opening out a passage for the attacking ship.

The marine torpedo has, for some reasons difficult to explain, played an insignificant part in the Russo-Turkish War—probably chiefly due to the want of torpedo material, rather than the deficiency of objects to be attacked.

Another war with Russia will find her very differently armed, for she has recently ordered 142 of the most powerful torpedo-boats known, 100 of which are to be delivered at Odessa, in the Black Sea, within a few short months.

A last and most important item in the application of the torpedo, is a sufficiency of well-trained officers and men. Strenuous endeavors are being made by all the Great Powers to be perfect in this respect.

It will be seen that marine torpedoes vary greatly in their character. Gunpowder, gun-cotton, dynamite and nitroglycerine are severally used as the explosive material, while mechanical concussion, chemical action, the time fuse and the electric current are variously employed as the means of ignition. The floating power may be in the torpedo itself, or may depend on the power of a boat or some other vessel. The explosion of the torpedo may involve the destruction of a costly apparatus, or only of an inexpensive sheet-iron vessel filled with combustibles. It may be available for use in any sea or ocean, or only within a short distance of the shore; and may be visible to the enemy, either on or near the surface of the water, or be immersed at a depth of several feet.

These numerous diversities show that the whole subject is yet in an experimental stage. The next great naval war is likely to solve many of the problems connected with it, and give to the torpedo a definitive rank as a weapon of offensive and defensive marine warfare.

Navies are at present estimated very much in proportion to the magnitude and armament of the ships which compose them. A vessel like the *Devastation* or *Inflexible*, of the English navy, or the *Dandolo* or *Duilio*, in the navy of Italy, is assumed to be the embodiment of the greatest amount of force which can be put upon the water. The Italian Government, it is said, is about to build a ship, to be plated with armor three feet in thickness, to carry 150-ton guns, and to sail at the immense speed of 18 knots. That the building of such vessels should be attempted at all, indicates what are the qualities in which it has, up the present time, been supposed that naval strength lies. But while huge engines of war of this kind are devised, another invention is being gradually perfected, which threatens entirely to neutralize them. The once despised torpedo now seems destined to render useless the most ponderous guns and the heaviest armor, and to place the weakest naval power almost on an equality with the strongest.

As a weapon of war, the torpedo is yet in its infancy, but the possibilities of its development seem as boundless as the seas over which it may yet rule unchallenged.

EBBING AND FLOWING WELL.

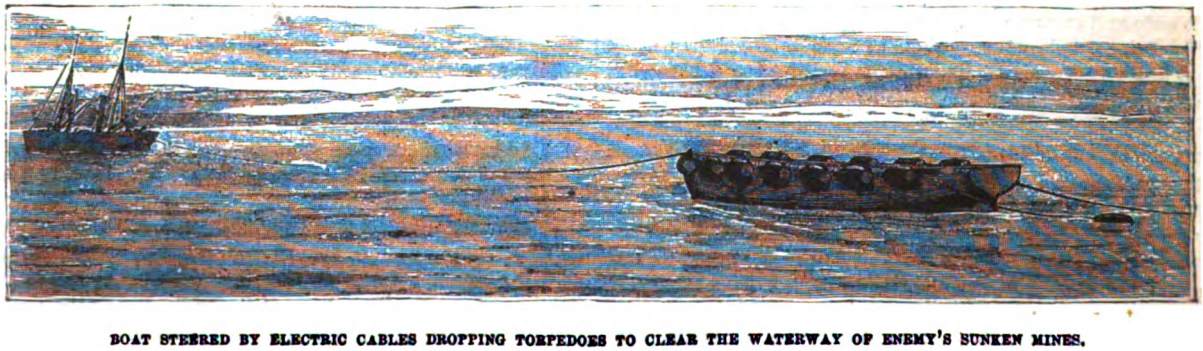
THIS extraordinary spring is at Soolen, in Germany. At every hour of the day crowds surround the well, which is encircled by a proper guard, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the mysterious phenomenon. Each person tries to detect its beginning, by fixing his eyes on the empty space in the shaft, the eleven or twelve feet depth of which, from the brim to the water, presents nothing but "darkness visible." On the black surface at the bottom, a gentle ripple is scarcely perceptible, produced by a few bubbles of gas; in other respects all is as still as the grave. Presently certain hollow sounds reach the ear, resembling the report of

distant artillery, or drums; and the shaft is observed to fill slowly, by the water ascending like mercury in a thermometer, the surface becoming, at the same time, agitated and noisy. A thick foam covers it, which is only broken in the centre, by a rapid succession of explosions of gas (almost carbonic acid), during which the water, where the foam is partially dispersed, assumes the green hue of the sea in high latitudes. In the meantime, the upward progress of the water, accompanied by great commotion, continues steadily, until the great shaft is filled to the brim with water, agitated in the most violent manner.

TORPEDO EXPERIMENTS AT PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND.

To those who have looked down from the stern of a ship, hurried along by a gale through the sea, and have seen the water foaming against and lashing the rudder, in perpetual leaps and contortions, it will afford some notion of the aspect of our well at the moment here indicated; in short, a sailor is reminded of that very phenomenon. Or, the well may be compared, in its extreme turbulence, to a great caldron of water boiling on a furnace as rapidly as possible.

When this turbulence is at its maximum, the emission of gas which preceded the ascent of the water in the well abruptly ceases, and in a few seconds the surface of the water in the shaft becomes perfectly tranquil. The water descends, and continues to do so, at first rapidly and then more slowly, until it has subsided about nine or ten feet. This point has but just been reached, when a sudden swelling-up of the water first, and then of the gas, is again observed at the bottom. The shaft fills very slowly, and the flow of water and gas continues for a long time progressively to increase, apparently not attaining its maximum until the water is at its full height, which requires from thirty to forty minutes after the first return of the stream. In this state of violent agitation it remains for about two hours, sometimes more, but often much less, when the preceding cycle of the phenomena is repeated. The period of intermission varies considerably. In general, that peculiarity has been observed every three hours, but its recurrence is greatly influenced by the number of pumps at work to extract the water from the well: the more pumps, the fewer periods of intermission.



BOAT STEERED BY ELECTRIC CABLES DROPPING TORPEDOES TO CLEAR THE WATERWAY OF ENEMY'S SUNKEN MINES.

A REAL BEAR STORY.—"TO HIS UTTER DISMAY HE DISCOVERED A HUGE BLACK BEAR, ALMOST AS BIG AS AN OX, WALKING LEISURELY OFF WITH THE PIG IN HIS ARMS."

A REAL BEAR STORY.

EVERYBODY has been telling "Bear Stories," good, bad, and indifferent; but as I can vouch for the authenticity of one in which a king and a queen, in connection with Bruin himself, were the principal actors, and that too in the backwoods of Canada, I think the mere announcement of my *dramatis personæ* ought to whet the teeth of the reader, as well as his appetite, so that he may be prepared to devour my narrative with gusto and avidity, as it ought to be devoured.

In speaking of my king and queen, however, it may not be known, generally, that those distinguished titles were invariably bestowed upon the man and wife who happened to be the first settlers in any township; so that the number of these potentates was not by any means few in the unreclaimed wilderness, where a degree of respect was paid them from the fact of their being the pioneers of those specified localities, and consequently better versed than their neighbors in stirring stories of the bears, wolves and Indians that infested them at an early date.

Humphrey Finley and his wife Margaret were the acknowledged sovereigns of the township of Emily. They had left their native country, Ireland, and settled on a Government grant here about the year 1825.

Those were the times that tried a man every way, although, strange to say, there was often a weird charm about them that steeped them to the lips in a sort of strange and dusky romance.

If the king and the queen were the rulers of a small patch of clearing in those early days, the bears and the wolves were the terrible lords of the forest, and this these two settlers and their little ones soon began to comprehend to the fullest. The fox was a thief, and only stole an occasional goose or hen, but the other two classes of enemies were destructive beyond measure to their majesties' infant resources in live stock and grain.

The bears laid waste their little patch of Indian corn, and the wolves destroyed their two or three sheep at one sweep, until, the second year of their settlement, they found that their whole Winter provisions consisted of a few bushels of potatoes, a single bag of flour, and a hog between two and three hundred weight, yet to be killed, and which was regarded as the mainstay of the family, with what further sustenance could be drawn from the milk of a small cow.

The Fall had arrived, and every one in "the bush" then made his own shoes. The king, like another Crispin, set to work to cover the feet of his wife and his little ones, tying before him a huge buckskin that he had himself tanned for an apron, and which he fastened round his waist with stout thongs cut from the hide. This covered his breast and nether limbs completely, and served to preserve his

clothes from the stains and the wear and tear incident to the "gentle craft."

He had pegged away bravely all day until verging toward the afternoon, when it was voted that the hog should be killed, as the weather was sufficiently cool, and a desire for even a taste of any kind of fresh meat almost overpowering.

No sooner thought of than the door was taken off its hinges, and laid across two empty barrels, while a roaring fire was lighted under the sap-kettle, filled with water.

In due course everything was ready, and poor piggie was soon lying quiet enough, and displaying such monstrous proportions, that the king, who was an exceedingly active and powerful man, could scarcely get him into the kettle, with the help of the queen and the two youngsters. Before dusk, however, he was scraped as white as your shirt-collar, and hung up to a stout iron-wood pole, laid across two beech saplings firmly planted in the ground, the pole lying in a fork of each, from which it and the pig might be readily removed by a couple of men.

The king had not removed his apron, as he intended to resume his indoor work by the light of some fat pine knots for an hour or so, and as, strange to say, it was neither wet nor soiled. He was adverting to this latter, when his attention was arrested by a slight noise outside.

Not knowing what to make of it, he stepped to the door, when, to his utter dismay, he discovered a huge black bear, almost as big as an ox, walking leisurely off, with the pig in his arms, and with as much apparent ease as if the dead animal were as light as a feather.

One cry of alarm and surprise, and the king grasped an ax, and was out of the house, followed by his wife, who now comprehended the calamity that threatened them.

In a few paces the terrible robber was overtaken, when a severe stroke of the ax caused him to drop his prey, and turn upon his pursuer. Once again the ax was raised, but before it had time to descend upon the now infuriated monster, it was dashed away through the gathering gloom, and the next instant the king was rolling on the earth in the clutch of the antagonist that sought to disembowel him with the fierce and powerful nails or claws of his hind feet.

Now it was that the tough and stout buckskin apron came into play; for had it not been for the resistance it offered to the immense claws of the bear, the township would have been without a king in a very few seconds.

All this time the queen was beating the brute with a club she had picked up; but she might as well have been tickling him with a straw.

Bewildered with the cries of her husband and those of her children, she forgot to go in search of the ax; but now, as his voice began to grow weaker, as he was being strangled to death in the gigantic grip of the beast, the thought of the butcher-knife flashed across her mind, and, with the speed of the wind, she darted off for it, returning in a few seconds to hear what seemed to her to be the last dying groans of her only prop on earth.

The king had some way managed to keep his head beneath that of the bear, and to clutch him about the neck, so that the animal was unable to use his teeth. Now, however, as if satisfied that his victim was secure, he again rolled over him, and rested the whole of his ponderous weight upon his trembling frame.

At this juncture, the queen, with a coolness and bravery, and a desire for sure and swift vengeance on the destroyer of her husband, as she supposed, stole up quietly to the animal, and deliberately feeling for a space between two of his ribs over the region of his heart, with one fierce plunge, buried the knife to the handle in him.

There was a brief shudder, a low, gurgling sound, and he rolled off the body of the prostrate man, as dead as a doornail.

An hour afterward, Humphrey Finlay was conscious, although severely "mauled and knuckled." Owing to some distant neighbors, who had fortunately called, the pig was reinstated in its former position; but this time in company with another dead animal that cut up to fine advantage a day or two afterward, and whose skin and grease, as well as meat, were found to be most valuable although rather expensive godsends, as the king carried the marks of that fearful encounter to his grave.

It was to the queen, however, and her affectionate courage and daring, that the whole success of the dreadful affray was attributed; for, from the hour of its occurrence, her right to rule over Emily became established on a basis so broad and firm, that the monarchs of all the adjoining townships paid her special deference at all bees and merrymakings.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN RHINELAND.

As a result of the war with Germany in 1870, France lost the last of the conquests of the great Bourbon, Louis XIV. It has been so usual to depreciate the Bourbons, that this seems strange, and perhaps, after all, the thought may arise, that the same Bourbons were not the worst of rulers, either for the good or the glory of France. They wrested from Germany territory which their successors have failed to hold.

Alsace and Lorraine were German and Protestant. When they fell to France, many of the people sought homes in Ireland or America, where they were long known as Palatines. In Ireland they have been absorbed into the Celtic element, improving it by a little German thrift; and to these Irish Palatines we owe the commencement of the Methodist Church in America.

In this country the Palatines settled in Dutchess County, on the Mohawk, and in Pennsylvania.

Zenger in New York is their noblest man, as Barbara Heck their heroic woman.

Those who submitted to France retained to a great extent their Protestant faith, and the Sunday afternoon in Alsace resembles rather our Puritan Sabbath than the Sunday of the gayer French. Calm and quiet, reading the Bible or books of devotion, characterize the severe morality of these Germans, who were annexed but not assimilated.

Though the larger cities yielded somewhat to the influence of their French conquerors, the inhabitants of the country parts and smaller towns adhered tenaciously to the customs and language of Germany. It was thus the stronghold of Protestantism in France, and, from its vicinity to Germany, kept alive its language and traditions, corrupted, of course, in time by French intermixture, so that the Alsatians were rather slighted by the French as not speaking pure French, and by the Germans as not speaking pure German.

Alsace is also remarkable as containing a very large proportion of Jews, who often become objects of the fierce anger of the peasantry, whom their usurious dealings render permanently hostile.

Alsace, rich in its fertile soil, and in its mineral wealth, as well as in manufactures, will prove a welcome addition to Prussia when time shall have reconciled the people to their change of masters.

Never praise or talk of your children to other people; for, depend upon it, no person except yourself cares a cent about them.

THE LIGHTHOUSE ON THE SKEVE MHOIL.

IT was the sixth of September, some thirty years ago, and Jamie Gurlock's birthday. Jamie was a flaxen-haired, apple-cheeked lad, six Summers old, with strong, sturdy limbs, and a spirit like his father's—fearless and bold. He was in great glee this afternoon, having been allowed a half-holiday from school in honor of the day; besides which, there was to be a splendid currant-cake for tea; and, better than all, Mam Gurlock was engaged in putting the finishing touches to a new coat, bright blue as to color, and with beautiful gilt buttons, in which he was to be arrayed after tea, and go with his mother to the lighthouse, and surprise his father with an unexpected visit.

So, when tea was over, Mam Gurlock and Jamie took their way, by a zig-zag path, to the sandy beach, where they found Miles Gurlock's own little boat, the *Seamew*, moored high and dry, just above the highest fringe of sea-weed which the ebbing tide had washed. The boat was quickly run down to the water, and Jamie and the basket of eggs placed carefully in the stern; after which Mam Gurlock took her seat and pushed out boldly from shore, showing, by the way she handled the oars, that she thoroughly understood their use; and, as soon as she got into deep water, began to pull steadily in a straight line for the lighthouse, two miles away, which stood out, stern and gray, from the flaming wreck of clouds in the western sky.

A tall, comely young woman of six or eight-and-twenty, with a fresh, frank face and dark, sunny eyes, was Mam Gurlock. The daughter of a fisherman, and the wife of a lighthouse-keeper, she was thoroughly at home on the water, and never looked to greater advantage than when engaged as she was at present. She had rolled the sleeves of her lilac dress high up her white and shapely arms, and had thrown off her bonnet and let down the coils of her dark hair, that she might have the full benefit of the cool evening breeze; and, as her well-rounded figure swayed gracefully to the motion of the oars, she looked like what she was—a picture of fresh, healthy womanhood—homespun, I grant you, but of thoroughly good material.

Mam Gurlock, turning to look while she was yet half a mile away from the Skeve Mhoil, could see her husband standing out on the rock to receive her; for Miles Gurlock had not forgotten that it was his boy's birthday, and had watched mother and son through his glass from the moment the tiny speck of a boat had caught his eye when it was first putting out from land. His sunburnt face broadened into a glad smile of welcome as he secured the little craft, and, lifting out Jamie, gave him a kiss and a rough, hearty hug, not forgetting a word of praise for the pretty blue coat.

"We've brought thee a lump of cake, dad, and it's ever so good," said Jamie; "and some eggs, and a posy that smells as if all the garden was squeezed up together."

"I'm right glad thou's come, Mam," said Miles, giving his wife's hand a warm grip of welcome. "I was just longing to have my little *Seamew* here, when I saw thee putting out from shore."

"Nothing wrong, dad, is there?" said Mam, turning anxious eyes on her husband.

"There is something wrong, my lass, but nothing that need frighten thee," answered stalwart Miles. "Old Martin was taken with a fit about an hour and a half since, and, though he soon came out of it again, it has left him very weak and poorly-like; so I'm going to take him ashore and see him safe to his sister's house in Warrendale; and now that my own boat's here, I'll e'en go in that, and then I shall get back in half the time it would take me if I went in that great, awkward coble of ours, which is one of the nastiest boats to pull that ever I was in in my life."

"And what's to become of me and Jamie while thou's gone?" said Mam.

"Thou talks as if I was going to be a month away, when I shall be back in three hours at the furthest. Thou must just make up thy mind to spend a night on th' Skeve, and help Abel Rushton to look after the lamps; for since he met with his accident, 'tother week, he hasn't rightly got the use of his arm; besides, thou knows what a timersome chap he is. Thou can put Jamie into my berth when it's his bedtime; and I'll pull both of you ashore early in the morning. And now I'll go and fetch old Martin down to the boat."

Very cadaverous and ill looked Martin Gilbert, the head-keeper, as he followed Miles Gurlock down the rocks to the boat—a middle-aged man, with grizzled hair that fell to his shoulders, and with aquiline features that looked almost as keen and hard as if they had been carved out of wood.

Another hug of the youngster, a cheery "good-by, old lass!" to Mam, and Miles Gurlock stepped after Martin into the boat. A shove with the oar sent her out into deep water, and then, under the long, steady strokes of Miles, the *Seamew* sped swiftly on her way.

The trio who were left behind stood watching the receding boat till it showed like a speck in the distance. Jamie, as soon as he got over his disappointment at not being taken ashore with his father, made up his mind that it would be very pleasant to spend a night on the Skeve Mhoil. He had manufactured a tiny fleet of paper boats, whose evolutions he watched as they were tossed to and fro on the mimic waves of a little pool left by the tide among the rocks.

The evening grew at once dull and chilly.

"Hadn't thou and the lad better come up-stairs, mistress?" said Abel Rushton. "We shall do no good standing here, I reckon; and it's high time I set about lighting the lamps."

Mam Gurlock gave a ready assent to the proposition; and after another last look the three went up the steep, copper ladder that led from the base of the lighthouse to the little square doorway high up in its side, through which admission was gained to the interior—Abel first, then Jamie, and Mam last of all.

To gain access to the lighthouse, you had to climb a fixed copper ladder, for some twenty or thirty feet, which brought you to a low-browed doorway in the thick wall, entering through which, you found yourself in a room, much more spacious, probably, than you had been led to expect. This lower apartment was used chiefly as a workshop and store-room; in the middle of the floor was a square wooden trap-door, which, on being pulled up by means of an iron ring, disclosed to view an extensive aperture, in which the provisions and better class of stores were usually kept. From this room an iron staircase conducted you to the one next above it, which was fitted up with some degree of comfort, and was dining-room, sitting-room and bedroom in one, the beds being three narrow berths, like those on board ship, raised one above the other against the wall, and shut in by neat dimity curtains. Everything, in fact, not only in this room, which the men called their parlor, but throughout the building, was characterized by cleanliness the most exquisite. An iron staircase led from the parlor to the lamp-room, the highest point of the lighthouse, outside of which

ran a narrow gallery, whence, in clear weather, there was a magnificent view.

Mam Gurlock and Abel Rushton sat in the little parlor together, one on each side of the table, with an oil lamp burning betwixt them—the former employing herself, while waiting for her husband, in mending one of his old coats, for Mam always carried a housewife in her pocket; while Abel was doing his best to spell out a well-thumbed collection of country-side ballads, leaving off now and then to vary the monotony of his occupation with a few attempts at conversation.

"Ay, ay, mistress, I'll try it, if so be as thou recommends it; but if I don't get better soon, I must just go and see owd Dr. Sampson."

"It's time the *Seamew* was back, I'm thinking," said Mam. "Thou might just step outside and look out for her; thou would see her in the moonlight a good way off."

"Miles has mappen had to stay a 'while with th' owd chap," remarked Abel; "thou's no occasion to get anxious about him."

"Nay, I'm not exactly anxious," said Mam; "only it's time he was back again."

SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN RHINELAND.— SEE PAGE 690.

It had been quite dark for some time past, and Miles Gurlock, in the *Seamew*, might be back at any moment. Jamie, contrary to his usual custom, had put in no protest this evening against being put to bed, the temptation of sleeping in his father's berth proving stronger than his desire to keep his mother and Abel company.

"I will send thee some ointment for thy shoulder by the first boat," said Mam Gurlock to Abel, "and thou must get Miles to rub it in for thee. It's made from a recipe of my mother's, and is reckoned very good for anything of that kind."

Abel Rushton put down his book, rose, stretched himself, yawned, and then went slowly down the staircase in obedience to Mam's request. A minute or two later his voice was heard calling from below:

"I can just make out the boat, but she won't be here for ten minutes yet."

Mam's grave face relaxed into a smile, and her needle shot more quickly through her work. She wanted to finish the coat before her husband got back, but she had still five minutes' work to do when she heard voices below, too far off for her to rocognize the tones. Then she heard the

THE LIGHTHOUSE ON THE SKEVE MHOIL.—"SHE STARTED TO HER FEET AT SIGHT OF TWO STRANGE FACES."—SEE PAGE 691.

noise of footsteps ascending outside, which came presently into the lower room; and then, after a pause, began to mount the iron staircase that led into the room in which she was now sitting.

"The footsteps of two men—those of Miles and Abel," she said to herself, without turning her head to look, for she was putting in the last stitches. Did Miles think she had not heard him coming up, that he stood there stock still at the top of the staircase, thinking, perhaps, to surprise her when she should turn round? Next moment saw the last stitch put in, and, with an emphatic "There!" Mam stooped, and bit her thread in two, and then, with the coat held out at arm's length, turned smilingly to confront her husband.

The coat dropped from her fingers, and, with a low cry of terror, she shrank back a step or two, crying as she did so:

"Steve Davidson, what hast thou done with my husband?"

"By the great Fiend himself, it is Janet Gawne, and nobody else!" exclaimed the man thus addressed.

He was a man of immense size and strength, with black hair and beard, and eyes to match; with large, well-shaped features, which years of dangerous warfare against whatever was good and lawful had hardened into a set expression of mingled cruelty and suspicion.

His companion was a little, shambling, red-haired man, who squinted horribly, and walked with a limp—a villain of a far more intellectual stamp than Black Steve.

Black Steve, when he had in some measure recovered from his surprise at finding Mam Gurlock there, or, as he called her, Janet Gawne, such having been her maiden name, gave vent to a laugh that seemed to shake the very building, so loud and uproarious was it; while poor Mam, white and terrified, crept still further away, till the wall arrested her further progress.

"Caught in as pretty a little trap as ever I seen in the whole course of my life!" exclaimed Black Steve, with much gusto. "Sit down, Mr. Cris; sit down for a moment, while I explain this little affair."

Mr. Cris took a chair, and nodded to his friend to proceed.

"You'll perhaps scarcely believe it, but I was once in love with that white-faced cat," resumed Steve; "and I believe I should have won her if that smooth-faced Miles Gurlock had not come between us. But from that day I was like dirt under my lady's feet, and there was never a kind word for me afterward. On the night of Warrendale Fair, I, thinking no harm, tried to kiss her; but she up with her hand and slapped me in the face, and told me her mind in a way that opened my eyes completely; and then up came Gurlock, and knives were out, and there would have been blood spilt if they hadn't separated us by force. I swore to be revenged on both of them, and Black Steve always keeps his promises, either for good or bad. I swore to be revenged, and you will see whether I know how to keep my promise!"

He brought his huge fist down upon the table with a bang, and emphasized what he had said by half a dozen terrible oaths.

The noise awoke Jamie, and next moment one of the dimity curtains was drawn on one side, and the lad's pretty, disheveled head thrust through the opening. The two men were, fortunately, standing with their backs to the berths, and did not see the movement; but Mam saw it, and her heart gave a great bound as the thought of her child's danger flashed for the first time across her mind. A drooping of the eyebrows over the staring, wide-open eyes, an almost imperceptible movement of the head, and quick-witted Jamie took the hint intended for him; he drew back in silence, the dimity curtain dropped into its place, and the wild look of terror died, in some measure, out of the trembling mother's eyes.

"As pretty a little romance of unrequited affection as I've

THE LIGHTHOUSE ON THE SKEVE MHOIL.—"MAM GURLOCK, TAKING JAMIE, WENT UP TO THE LAMP-ROOM."

heard for a long time," exclaimed Mr. Cris; "and I'm not the one to stand in the way of your revenge, Steve, my boy. But, first of all, let us attend to business—let us accomplish the purpose for which we came here; there will be time enough to consider this young person's case afterward—eh?"

"Will madame oblige me by taking a seat?" resumed Mr. Cris, in the blandest of tones, addressing himself to Mam, and pointing to a chair.

Mam felt that she was obliged to comply, and sat down accordingly.

"Pardon the liberty I am about to take," went on Mr. Cris; "but the necessities of the case must be my excuse."

So speaking, he drew from his pocket some pieces of thin cord, with which he proceeded to fasten Mam dexterously and securely in her chair. Mam would probably have begged for mercy; but when she looked from one face to the other of the two villains, she saw how worse than useless any such plea would be.

"I am now going to put one or two interrogatives to you," resumed Mr. Cris, "and the more truthfully you answer me, the better it will be for your own welfare."

"I'll answer none till thou or thy mate tells me what has become of my husband," said Mam, stubbornly.

"Your husband! What do I know or care about your husband?"

Black Steve whispered a word or two in his friend's ear.

"Oh, that was him, was it!" said Mr. Cris, aloud. "He has been well looked after, you may be sure," he added, turning to Mam; "we have not forgotten to attend to his little comforts; only it's not convenient for him to come home this evening. He desired his love to you, and begged you would not fret—no, not even if it should so happen that you were never to see him again."

Black Steve was tickled by his friend's pleasantry, and vowed, with a terrible oath, that Mr. Cris was the best company in the world.

A horrible misgiving took possession of Mam's heart; these men had murdered her husband and seized his boat, and were here for some vile purpose, of which, as yet, she was in ignorance. And Abel Rushton, too—what had become of him? Had he shared a similar fate? Well, if Miles were really gone, it scarcely mattered what became of her, she thought. Ah, yes; there was Jamie! for his sake she must strive hardly for her life—for his sake she must pray that Heaven's mercy might find for her some loophole of escape!

These thoughts occupied Mam Gurlock, so that she scarcely heard the question which Mr. Cris put to her.

"Where does Martin Gilbert keep his store of money?"

"I don't know," said Mam, wearily.

"You lie!" said Mr. Cris, fiercely. "Don't you know that three months ago old Gilbert had a legacy of £300 left him, and that he is such a miser, and puts so little faith in the safety of banks, that he always keeps the money by him, wherever he may be—on shore during his holiday times, and in the lighthouse when he is on duty? Don't you know these things, I say?"

"I know that old Martin had a bit of money left him, and that he likes to keep it somewhere near at hand; but where he hides it away, I know no more than the dead."

"We'll soon teach you to know," said Mr. Cris, with an oath. But at this juncture Black Steve touched his friend on the shoulder, and drew that personage's attention to a seaman's chest, on which the name of Martin Gilbert was painted in large letters.

"It will be here, if anywhere," said Steve.

The chest was locked, as a matter of course; but Steve, with a skeleton key, soon opened the simple wards. The clothes were tossed unceremoniously on the floor; and Steve's itching fingers, diving here and there toward the bottom of the box, brought to light, before long, a canvas bag full of sovereigns, which he flung on the table.

The two men seated themselves at the table to count over their ill-gotten gains. While they were thus employed, the dimity curtains opened again, and Jamie's frightened face peered through. The men were so intently occupied, that Mam could, without fear, signal Jamie, by sundry frowns and shakings of the head, that he must on no account allow himself to be seen. Jamie understood, and was seen no more.

"A hundred and ninety each—and a very pretty little haul!" exclaimed Black Steve.

"The old fellow's legacy and savings all in a lump," remarked his friend, complacently.

"No doubt of it," said Steve. "For my part, I think we can't do less than drink Mr. Martin Gilbert's health. What say you? We are not hurried for half an hour, and I daresay we shall find a drop of the right stuff somewhere about."

"Agreed. Find something to drink, and I'm your man."

"Oh, I've been here before, and know where the stores are kept."

"What about *her?*" said Mr. Cris, jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of his prisoner.

"Time enough to finish her little business, curse her! before we go," said Steve; and he descended toward the lower room, taking with him a small lantern. "A prize! a prize!" he shouted next minute. "Come here, old fellow, and give a helping hand."

Mr. Cris jumped up, and with a last scrutinizing glance at his prisoner, followed his friend. Black Steve had, in fact, found a bale of rich stuffs and a keg of hollands, which the lighthouse keepers had picked out of an abandoned ship a few days before, and which Martin Gilbert had put temporarily away with the other stores.

Mam Gurlock was left alone. Now or never she must make an effort for liberty and life. If they could only creep out unseen—she and Jamie—and get down to the boat before their flight was discovered! But in that little *if* lay the whole difficulty. It was a dangerous game to play, with the two men in the lower room, through which she would have to pass with Jamie in her arms; but no other plan offered even the faintest loophole for escape. Both the men were armed; and even if she got clear of the rock before they discovered her flight, she could scarcely hope to get out of range, and would they not shoot her down as she sat at the oars? Well, it would be better to die, either by a bullet or by drowning, than to fall again into the hands of these terrible men. To prevent pursuit, the other boat must be cut adrift.

"Hist, hist, Jamie!" called Mam, in a loud whisper, and next moment the little face showed itself through the curtains.

"Don't speak, but get softly out of bed and come hither," added Mam, in a low, smothered voice. Jamie slipped out of bed with the quickness of a lamplighter.

"Oh, Mam, what have the bad men done to thee?" he cried, forgetting his mother's caution as he ran to her.

"Hush-h-h!" cried Mam, with a look of terror. "Thou mustn't speak just yet; but take that knife that lies on the table, and cut this cord that holds my arms. That's it. Now give me the knife," and next moment the severed cords fell one by one to the ground.

Her first act was to snatch up Jamie in her arms.

"God in Heaven bless thee, my darling, and keep thee from all harm!" she murmured through the yearning, passionate kisses. The next moment, she was herself again,

resolute and composed. She put the lad down, drew off her shoes, and stealing on tiptoe to the staircase, went down on her hands and knees, and looked through the opening.

The trap-door was open, and tilted upon end. Black Steve and his companion had leaped into the cavity. They had apparently opened the bale of silk, and having satisfied themselves as to its quality, were now, by the obscure light of the lantern, engaged in driving a large gimlet into the keg of hollands.

Suddenly, there flashed through her brain a thought, which sent the blood coursing to her heart. Holding up a finger to Jamie, she stole noiselessly down into the lower room, and glided forward till her hand rested on the trap-door; and peering round the edge, she saw that the two men were still intent on their occupation.

One after the other, the two iron hooks that held the door in its upright position were silently removed, and the same instant it fell forward into its place with a terrific crash, and shut in the two men who were below. Mam Gurlock sprang forward as the door fell, and before either Black Steve or his friend could recover from their astonishment, she had run home the two large bolts.

Now for the boats! To run nimbly up the staircase into the upper room; to wrap Jamie in the warm pea-jacket she had been mending for his father; to lift him in her arms, and hasten down again, and so past the trap—where the imprisoned men were already making desperate efforts to break out—to the outer door, and then swiftly down the outside ladder; and then skirting the base of the lighthouse, along the rocks at a rapid pace, toward the little cove in which the boats were ordinarily moored, still holding the lad pressed tightly in her arms—was for Mam Gurlock the work of a minute. She knew that she had not a moment to lose; that the old wooden trap would not long withstand the desperate strength of Black Steve. Down she went swiftly, but cautiously, over the slippery rocks, picking her way with caution toward the little basin in the rocks—before her, life and liberty—behind her. But where were the boats?

Once, twice, thrice she looked around; but the boats were nowhere to be seen. "Heaven help me, or I shall go mad!" murmured Mam to herself.

In agonized despair she stood for a minute or two, utterly puzzled and confounded. She set Jamie down for an instant, and strained her eyes out over the dark waste of waters. More than a quarter of a mile from the Skeve Mhoil, she plainly saw two boats, evidently lashed to each other, in the larger of which a man was seated. Looking more intently, she distinguished that the smaller boat was her husband's little *Seamew*, and the larger one that belonging to the lighthouse, while the man could be none other than Abel Rushton, whose sprained shoulder would prevent him from using the oars.

He had not been killed, but got clear away; his purpose in taking both boats doubtless being to prevent pursuit, and, by cutting off their means of escape from the rock, to render the capture of the two men a matter of certainty. In doing this, Abel had thought of nothing except to get ashore as quickly as possible, and gather a number of trusty friends to Mam's rescue. But he might drift on for hours. Abel's accident precluded him from rowing; and although the tide had turned now, and was coming in rapidly, the boats had got into a current which ran direct for the lee of the Giant's Nose, a headland some four miles away.

Mam turned, and hurried back to the spot where she had left Jamie. But when she reached the lighthouse, with Jamie in her arms, and had set foot on the lowest rung of the ladder, she heard the crash of breaking wood in the room above, and the loud voices of the two men as they burst out of their confinement, and knew that she was too late.

All her mother's soul went forth in a brief agonized cry to Heaven that her child might be saved; and then, scarcely knowing whither she was going, she ran back to the landing-place, in the desperate hope that help might already be coming from the shore.

All the instincts of her nature rose up in revolt at the idea of self-destruction, and she dismissed the thought as soon as it was conceived. No! she would fight for her life, while the faintest hope remained, and when that was gone, would strive to die bravely, as the wife of Miles Gurlock ought to die.

"I wish dad would come and take us home," sighed Jamie, whose fears were beginning to be lost in his desire for sleep. "Last time I was here I crept into the Kelpie's Hole, and when dad couldn't see me, he thought I had tumbled into the sea, and rarely frightened he was."

The Kelpie's Hole! How foolish of her not to have thought of it before! She bent her head humbly for a moment, and a solemn feeling of gratitude pervaded her whole being. But she had no time to lose.

"Thou must hide in the Kelpie's Hole again to-night, Jamie, my man," she said; "and thou musn't speak, nor let anybody know thou's there, nor show so much as thy nose out of it, till the two bad men have gone away, and Abel Rushton or thy dad comes back to the Skeve. Dost thou understand?"

She had been stripping off her warm woolsey petticoat as she spoke thus, in which she now proceeded to wrap Jamie, putting Miles's heavy pea-jacket over all; and then snatching him up in her arms, she ran, as fast as her strength would allow her, to the little jutting ledge of rock under which was the entrance to the Kelpie's Hole—an entrance only large enough for Jamie, encumbered as he was, to wriggle through, but expanding inside into a tiny cavern, with sufficient space for a lad of his age to sit or lie without being cramped.

Then she ran with weak, uncertain footsteps, from the dangerous neighborhood of the hole, and then, pretending that her foot had slipped, she sank down on her knees on the rock, and waited for what might happen next.

With many loud oaths, Black Steve hurried after his victim, Mr. Cris bringing up the rear.

"You Jezebel!" exclaimed Black Steve, "I'll put an end to your vagaries at once and forever!" but Mr. Cris hastened up, and striking his friend's arm on one side, sent the bullet intended for her to flatten itself harmlessly against a rock.

"Don't you be in quite such a hurry, my friend," said Mr. Cris; "there will be plenty of time for that sort of thing afterward. I want to have a little conversation with this young person."

Black Steve growled.

"In the fiend's name, how did you contrive to get loose?" said Mr. Chris to Mam.

"That is for thee to find out, and not for me to tell," replied Mam.

"Perhaps so, but if——"

What more Mr. Cris intended to say was never known, for at that moment, Black Steve, with a loud cry, came running back from the landing-place.

"The boats, the boats—they are both gone!" he exclaimed.

"Stir from this spot, and I'll shoot you through the head!" said Mr. Cris to Mam, as he hurried away to verify with his own eyes the startling assertion.

"This all comes of your clumsy style of tying the fellow up," said Mr. Cris, savagely. "If I had secured him myself, we should have found him where we left him!"

"How about your own handiwork, then?" retorted Steve, pointing to Mam. "She didn't get away, did she? Oh, no!"

"There's some deviltry about the whole business that I can't make out," said Mr. Cris. "I could have sworn that it was impossible for that woman to stir; and yet in less than five minutes after I leave her she is free. I can't understand it at all. But, however, we have no time to bother our heads with that just now; the question is, how are we to get away from this cursed den?"

Black Steve scratched his head disconsolately.

"Wasn t that a boat I saw lying on the other side of the rock?" said Mr. Cris.

"Oh, that's one of the old lighthouse boats that got a hole knocked in her bottom last Winter," said Steve.

"You mind this she-cat, while I go and have a look at the boat," answered Mr. Cris.

In the course of a minute or two he came hurrying back.

"All right, my hearty!" he exclaimed. "There's nothing the matter with the old tub that I can't set to rights in a couple of hours—at least, sufficiently to make her answer our purpose. There's wood and tools and a kettle of pitch in the lighthouse. We'll cheat those longshore fellows yet, Steve, my boy; and live for years to come to tell our adventures."

"But, first of all, how are you going to dispose of this piece of goods?"

"Oh, shoot her, or drown her," replied the brutal giant; "so long as you finish her off, it don't matter."

"Nay, my friend; if you would allow me a suggestion, I would say, why not bind her securely to this wooden stoop, and leave her there?"

"Leave her there for the tide to come up and drown her, I suppose you mean?"

"Nay, my impulsive Stephen; you have no right to assume that I meant anything of the kind. All that I said was to fasten her to that stoop. If the tide persists in coming up, as you say, why, that is no business of ours."

PENGUINS ON THE SOUTH POLAR ICE.—SEE PAGE 699.

Black Steve picked up the rope that had been used to bind Abel Rushton, and grasping Mam roughly by the shoulder, bade her get up.

She sprang to her feet as though a serpent had bitten her, the moment Steve touched her shoulder.

"Are you men or monsters?" she exclaimed, turning suddenly, and facing her tormentors, "that you talk of torturing a poor helpless woman thus? Have you no mothers or sisters of your own to think of, who would shame you out of so terrible a crime? If I must die, let me die quickly: you have the means at hand. What have I done to either of you, that you should condemn me to a death so horrible."

"Look here, Janet Gawne!" exclaimed Black Steve, fiercely; "seven years ago I swore to be revenged on thee, and this night I'll keep my word. I've longed, times out of mind, to be revenged on thee and thy smooth-tongued husband. Now that the chance has come, I'm not going to let it slip through my fingers." And Black Steve laughed a great, brutal laugh of triumph.

Mam Gurlock uttered no further word of any kind, but passively suffered herself to be led to the "stoop," Mr. Cris in so far assisting his friend; after which Black Steve

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proceeded to tie her to the post as securely as his skill knew how. Then, after a few mocking words, they left her, and at once set about their task of patching up the old boat, on which their safety now entirely depended.

The stoop was merely a stout wooden post, fastened down to the rock with iron clamps and screws, to which the larger class of craft might be safely moored.

Yes, Mam Gurlock was left to her fate, and a very dreadful one. The tide was rising fast. Already its tiny, lapping waves were washing about her feet and ankles; in less than an hour it would cover her head. The wind had died away again with the turn of the tide, and a bank of cloud was now creeping up the sky with dark intent, shutting out the stars, one after another, and would soon obscure the moon itself.

Mam Gurlock's eyes unconsciously followed the cloud in its slow, steady advance. By the time that black canopy had shut out the whole sky, the waters would have closed over her, and she would be reckoned no more among the living. Well, now that Miles was dead, there did not seem much in life to desire. Jamie would be well cared for and properly brought up by Miles's relations at Birchallen; still, it would have been sweet to see the lad grow up, and to watch the ripening promise of his childhood fulfill itself. But not for her might such happiness be.

How fast the tide was rising! It reached to her waist already. But a very little while now, and her life, with all its pleasures and pains, would be closed, like a book that is shut up for ever.

What was that! She could not keep down the smothered shriek that burst from her lips, as suddenly she felt the touch of something on her shoulder.

She was so fast bound that she could not turn her head to look; but the next moment Jamie's voice sounded in her ears, and it seemed to her the sweetest music she had ever heard.

"Oh, Jamie! why didn't thou stay in thy hiding-place?" said Mam. "Hie thee back, dear, as fast as thou canst go, and don't stir out again till daylight."

"I'm frightened, Mam, to be there by myself in the dark. If the kelpie came home and found me, what would he say? Have the bad men tied thee to the stoop, Mam? Shall I run up into the lighthouse, and try to find a knife again?"

"Nay, lad; the bad men would see thee, and then they would kill thee. But, oh, Jamie, if thou couldst but undo that knot in the rope just under my arm!"

Jamie set to work, with fingers and teeth, to unfasten the knot indicated by his mother, which he was able to reach without difficulty, the back of the stop resting against a shelf of rock some three feet in height, on which the lad was now standing. But the knot was a hard one to unpick, and seemed, at one time, as though it would withstand all Jamie's efforts; but after a while it began to feel looser to his fingers, and he had just said: "I shall soon have it done now, Mam!" when the mother's watchful ears heard footsteps advancing over the rocks.

"Into the water, Jamie!" whispered Mam, turning sick with terror; "and don't speak or stir till I tell thee."

Jamie slipped into the water like a young otter, and crouched under the lee of the rocky ledge on which he had been standing, with nothing but his nose and chin exposed to view; while Black Steve came striding down, to see that his victim was still secure. Having felt at the rope, and satisfied himself:

"By the seven holy pokers! but this is the finest bit of sport I've had for many a day! How does the water feel this evening, Mistress Gurlock? Cool and pleasant, eh?" said the ruffian, with a laugh which told at once that he was half-drunk. "Yes, you're a plucky one; but you'll look rather washed-out, I reckon, at low-water to-morrow. Well, good-by, dear—good-by, and pleasant dreams to you!" And, with another brutal laugh, Black Steve strolled back slowly over the rocks.

Mam Gurlock breathed once more.

"Now, Jamie, lad, try thy hand at the rope again," she said, in a low voice; and Jamie scrambled on to the rock, and shook the water carelessly from him, somewhat after the fashion of a dog, and set to work again, with nimble fingers and sharp teeth, to free his darling mother. At length the task was accomplished, and, for the second time that night, Mam Gurlock's bonds fell from her, thanks to the aid of Jamie.

Having wrung some of the water out of her dress, Mam, followed by Jamie, proceeded to creep cautiously on her hands and knees round the lower edge of the Skeve Mhoil, till she came to a point in a direct line with the entrance-ladder, and in full view of both the men, had they turned their heads to look. Peering from behind a rock, Mam saw the two men very intent on their task—Mr. Cris hammering away with might and main, while his amiable friend held a huge lantern. Mam felt that she could scarcely have a more favorable opportunity, since the noise of the hammering would serve to drown any that might be caused by the movements of herself or Jamie; but, at the best, it was a dangerous proceeding.

Inch by inch, silently and cautiously, Mam Gurlock, with Jamie by her side, emerged from the shelter of the rock, and crawled across the open space to the next large stone; then, after a minute's rest, forward again to the next sheltering spot; and so from one to the other, ever nearer the desired haven. While they were still some distance from the lighthouse, and at the moment they were half-way between the two boulders, Mam saw Black Steve put down his lantern and turn his face directly toward the spot they then were. Mam's hand gave Jamie a warning squeeze, and mother and son remained as immovable as though they had been cut of stone, till the danger was over. The black-haired giant yawned, stretched out his huge arms, and, after gazing seaward for a few moments, resumed his task.

This danger over, Mam and Jamie crept stealthily on their way, reaching, at last, the foot of the lighthouse. Then Mam, taking Jamie on her back, began the ascent of the ladder. Step by step, as silently as a shadow, she had reached the top in safety, and had just swung Jamie round from her shoulder, and passed him in through the little entrance-door, when Mr. Cris, pausing from his work for a moment, turned to contemplate the state of the weather; and as he did so, his quick eye caught the outline of something dark moving on the ladder.

"Look to your prisoner, Steve!" he cried; and, drawing a pistol from his belt, fired.

The bullet whizzed past Mam Gurlock's head, but did not touch her; and before there was time to fire a second shot, she was safe within the lighthouse, with the little iron door shut and bolted.

She caught Jamie to her heart, and murmured a brief thanksgiving to Heaven; and then her overwrought nerves gave way, and she fell into a sort of half-swoon, from which she was aroused, after a minute or two, by a violent hammering at the iron door.

It was Black Steve, furious at her escape, trying to force an entrance. She had little fear that he would effect his purpose, for she knew the stout old door would not yield readily. Still, there was a possibility that the door might give way under the assaults of the furious giant; so Mam, followed by Jamie, ascended to the room above, and, taking down an old blunderbuss which hung against the wall, more

for ornament than use, she proceeded to load it, to the best of her knowledge, from the bag of bullets and the powder-flask in her husband's chest, which Miles always kept there ready for an occasional fowling expedition.

Thus armed, Mam Gurlock, taking Jamie by the hand, went up to the lamp-room, determined, should Black Steve break in, and such dreadful occasion arrive, to sell her life as dearly as possible.

She stole out into the gallery, and looked down. He was still hammering savagely at the door, but, as yet, to little purpose; while Mr. Cris, on the rocks below, was swearing at him for a senseless fool, and vowing that they would not have time to finish the boat and get clear away, if he delayed a minute longer.

Mam crept round to the opposite side of the gallery, and, straining her eyes, without hope or expectation, over the dark waste of waters, saw—what? A large boat, pulling rapidly and steadily for the Skeve Mhoil! It was only a few hundred yards away, and could be clearly seen, thanks to a momentary break in the clouds, through which the moonlight streamed, full and bright. And then Mam Gurlock, with a sob of heartfelt gratitude, accepted the appearance as a blessed reality. As a signal that the boat was seen, she then began to toll the bell, rung by the keepers in foggy weather, when the lamps were invisible; and its solemn tones now boomed forth with dread significance to the two wretches below.

But wary Mr. Cris had also seen what was coming, and had passed the alarm to Black Steve; and as the bell gave forth its first stroke, the two men were pushing their boat down into the sea. Another moment, and they were pulling for the shore. But the boat had been badly mended, and the water began to come in rapidly, so that Mr. Cris had to occupy himself in bailing; while Black Steve could make but little headway with the water-logged craft.

Five minutes later the strange boat rounded the edge of the Skeve Mhoil, on its way to the landing-place; and next moment the flight of the two men was discovered, and the boat's head was at once put round in pursuit.

Black Steve and his companion at once ceased rowing, and sat quietly on their oars, as though merely waiting for their pursuers to come up, to yield. But when the pursuing boat had got within a dozen yards of the other, Mr. Cris leaped suddenly from his seat, and fired both his pistols at the advancing foe; and then, with a wild, inarticulate cry of rage and despair, he leaped headlong into the waves, and sank to rise no more. Black Steve was an excellent swimmer, and before the confusion incident on the firing of the two pistols among the crew of the boat was over, he had slipped quietly into the water, and, coming up after a lengthened dive, struck out boldly for the shore.

The boat and crew proved to be those of a revenue-cutter, which had picked up Abel Rushton as he was drifting helplessly. On hearing his story, preparations had at once been made to capture the two villains and look after the safety of Mam Gurlock and her son.

Leaving two of his crew to look after the lighthouse, the officer in charge of the boat carried Mam Gurlock and Jamie ashore, where a search was at once instituted for missing Miles. After several hours' search he was found, bound hand and foot, in one of the many caves for which that part of the coast is noted. He stated that he had been set upon by Black Steve and three more men as he was returning from seeing Martin Gilbert safe home. He had received a blow on the head, which had rendered him insensible; and, on recovering his wits, had found himself tied hand and foot and left in charge of two of his captors. On the landing of the revenue-cutter's boat, these men had taken the alarm and left him.

The body of Black Steve was washed up a day or two afterward, several miles down the coast. He had been caught by the current, and carried away and drowned.

The money, in the effort to obtain which Mr. Cris and his friend lost their lives, was found intact on the table of the lighthouse, where they had left it while occupied with the mending of the boat; and when old Martin Gilbert died, some three years afterward, the whole was left to Mam Gurlock.

LOVE'S DISGUISE.

Miss Solomon's excellent and amusing picture speaks for itself. It does not require any supernatural sagacity to see that the peddler is no peddler at all, but a lover in disguise; and it is only another proof of that "natural depravity" which some consider as the original sin of the female heart, that when a handsome young lover is concerned, a young lady does not hesitate at putting a little duplicity into her acting.

Our readers will please observe that while the old aunt is looking very critically at the wares of the pretended peddler, the latter is busily engaged in squeezing the niece's hand, which is certainly not altogether proper in a peddler, if he be only a peddler. He may be licensed by the State to sell pins, thread, needles, lace, and trinkets, not forgetting thimbles, card-cases, and portemonnaies; but we have strong doubts if "squeezes" are one of his articles for sale, although they may be always an article *on hand*.

The Abigail looks as though she were thoroughly awake to the little comedy playing before her eyes and under her employer's nose, and that she, like all damsels of that mischievous class, was well paid for her discreet and judicious blindness.

Let us hope, for the sake of our young ladies, that the old aunt was cross and unreasonable, and that he was an unimpeachable young man and formed to make her happy. In such a case we ourselves can sympathize with the youthful pair who are obliged to resort to masquerade to get a husband.

PENGUINS ON THE SOUTH POLAR ICE.

In the penguins of the Southern Hemisphere, the shortness of wing, and aptitude for swimming and diving, are more conspicuous than in the auks of the northern regions. In the water, the penguin makes use of its small, featherless wing-stumps as paddles; on land, as fore feet, with whose help it scales so rapidly the grass-grown cliffs as to be easily mistaken for a quadruped. When at sea, and fishing, it comes to the surface for the purpose of breathing, with such a spring, and dives again so instantaneously, that at first sight no one can be sure that it is not a fish leaping for sport. Other sea-birds generally keep part of their body out of the water while swimming; but this is not the case with the penguin, whose head alone appears upon the surface; and thus it swims with such rapidity and perseverance as almost to defy many of the fishes to equal it. How much it feels itself at home on the waters may be inferred from the fact that Sir James Ross once saw two penguins paddling away a thousand miles from the nearest land.

On many uninhabited islands in the Southern Hemisphere this strange bird is met with in incredible numbers. On Possession Island, for instance, a desolate rock discovered by Sir James Ross in latitude 71° 56′, not the smallest appearance of vegetation could be found; but inconceivable numbers of penguins completely and densely covered the whole surface of the island.

Duperrey ("Voyage de la Coquille") found the Falklands swarming with penguins. In Summer and Autumn these strange birds leave their burrows early in the morning, and launch into the sea for fishing. After having filled their capacious stomachs, they waddle on shore, and remain for a time congregated on the strand, raising a dreadful clamor; after which they retire to enjoy a noontide sleep among the high tussack grass or in their burrows. In the afternoon the fishing recommences. Lesson says that about sunset on fine Summer evenings, which, unfortunately, are but of rare occurrence on those foggy, storm-visited islands, all the penguins together raise their discordant voices, so that at a distance the noise might be mistaken for the hoarse murmur of a great popular assembly. As soon as the young are sufficiently strong, the whole band leaves the island, departing, no one knows whither, though the mariners frequenting those seas believe that they spend the Winter on the ocean. This opinion seems to be corroborated by the observations of Sir James Ross, who, on the 4th of December, in 49° S. latitude, met on the high seas a troop of penguins that were doubtless on the way to their breeding-place. He admired the astonishing instinct of these creatures, half fish, half bird, which leads them hundreds of miles through the pathless ocean to their accustomed Summer abodes.

LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG.—SEE PAGE 703.

It may be imagined how the neighboring seas must abound with fish, to be able to nourish such multitudes of penguins, whose stomach is capable of holding more than two pounds, and whose voracity is so great that they are often obliged to disgorge their superabundant meal. The elongated stomach reaches to the lower part of the abdomen, and the whole length of the intestinal canal is twenty-five feet, fifteen times longer than the body; so that nature has evidently provided for a most vigorous appetite, whetted by sea-bathing and sea-air.

There are several species of penguins. The largest (*Apterodytes antarctica*) weighs about eighty pounds. It is a rare bird, generally found singly, while the smaller species always associate in vast numbers. In 77° S. latitude, Sir James Ross caught three of these giant penguins, the smallest of which weighed fifty-seven pounds. In the stomach of one of them he found ten pounds of quartz, granite, and trap fragments, swallowed, most likely, to promote digestion.

The penguin, like his northern representative, the auk, lays but one single egg. His not unsavory flesh is black. Besides his dense plumage, he is protected against the cold of the higher latitudes by a thick cover of fat under his skin.

Humboldt's penguin (*Spheniscus Humb.*) is frequently found in the Bay of Callao. This bird is a little smaller than the common gray penguin, with a somewhat differently colored back and breast. The Peruvians call it *pajoro niño*, "little darling bird," and keep it in their houses; it is easily tamed, gets very familiar, and follows is master like a dog. The sight of the fat creature, awkwardly waddling about the streets on its short feet, and violently agitating its wing-stumps to maintain its equilibrium, is inexpressibly grotesque.

Tschudi kept one of these tame penguins, which punctually obeyed his call. At dinner it regularly stood like a stiff footman behind his chair, and at night slept under his bed. When "Pepe" wanted a bath he went into the kitchen and kept striking with his beak against an earthen jar, until some one came to pour water over him.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE ORGAN MOUNTAINS OF BRAZIL.

OVER-CONFIDENT in my woodcraft, I left the plantation of the Brazilian gentleman where I was staying, to take a solitary mountain ride. The path was about the steepest I ever ascended on horseback, and I do not exaggerate in saying that in many parts it was an angle of considerably over forty-five degrees; indeed, I really thought it impossible for a horse to maintain its equilibrium at such an angle. But the steepness was not the most objectionable feature; for the track was zigzag, upon a "cuchillo," or sharp, narrow edge of a small projecting ridge from the main hill; which may be compared to climbing up a knife-blade at an equal angle, but instead of your zigzag route being on the flat side of the blade, you are obliged to follow it upon the edge: the reader may imagine what turning space we had at every angle of the road. At last I *did* arrive at the summit, and on gazing down eastward toward the plains, had a very romantic view of—clouds of vapor; for a thick, dense mist was rapidly rising, and had enveloped all beneath in fog and mystery.

ADVENTURE IN THE ORGAN MOUNTAINS OF BRAZIL.—"I SAW COILED AROUND HIS FORELEGS, HISSING AND TWINING, AN ENORMOUS DOBLE NARICE, ONE OF THE DEADLIEST SNAKES OF BRAZIL."

At half past four I commenced the descent, and was soon enveloped in the ascending masses of clouds of mist, which were so thick as to prevent my seeing ten yards around; it was also most penetrating, and soon saturated my light garments, leaving me cold and decidedly uncomfortable.

The descent was not quite so steep as the ascent, but quite bad enough, and the tall brushwood on either side of the track kept slapping in my face and affording me a continued series of shower-baths gratis.

About five, P.M., night began to set in, and at half-past five it was perfectly dark. I was still descending, yet still in the clouds, and douched with piercingly cold "dew-drops"; but I could not see the end of that seemingly interminable, horrid, narrow, steep path. I ground my teeth with vexation, and yearned for my dinner! Still onward and downward. Six o'clock—seven o'clock—half past seven; the horse keeps on until a solid mass looms through the darkness, standing out against a momentary clearing in the sky. The post-house? No, there are no yelping curs about, and post-houses are never without them. What can it be? In front there rises a perpendicular wall of rock; it stops my way on the left and on the right. But there appears to be an opening; it is an immense fissure, cleft straight up and down in the black mass before me. The horse refuses to enter. Yet the pass, if such it be, must be explored; we must find an outlet somewhere from the seemingly quadrangular space we have got into.

I dismounted and felt with my sword in advance. Ha! oh! Caramba! where am I? Echo answered, as I lay at full length on my back, on the soft wet sand at the bottom of the fissure. It was only a small step of about two feet down, but not being aware of that fact, I tumbled in, and, luckily for me, fell with the pocket of my coat beneath me; for, being disagreeably *impressed* with the fact that it contained a very hard substance, I felt for it, and found just the thing above all others I wanted at the moment, a *match-box* containing large wax matches, which would soon throw some light upon the passage, and also on the dial of my pocket compass. Accordingly I struck a light and proceeded to examine the place.

On the wet, sandy bottom I discovered several tracks (my own being the largest and most recent), and concluded it must have been a pass leading in an easterly direction; which, as far as I could judge, was about the proper course to reach San Juan.

This pass was 100 yards long and very narrow, and took me on to what I set down as a plain on the other side. So on I rode in the drizzle and cold, weary and hungry, straining every nerve and sense to catch the sound of life, whether human or animal; either would have been welcome, to relieve the monotony and loneliness of that miserable nocturnal ride.

All at once my horse reared, frantically snorting and quivering with terror. By a gleam of light I saw coiled

around his fore legs, hissing and twining, an enormous doble narice, one of the deadliest snakes of Brazil! I drew my revolver, and, at the risk of wounding my horse in that uncertain light, fired, with a prayer to Heaven to direct my aim. Providence preserved both me and my horse. My balls told, and with one last hiss the hideous creature dropped to the ground before he could fasten his fangs in my horse.

How rapidly we dashed on need not be told.

PARRHASIUS.

THERE stood an unsold captive in the mart,
A gray-hair'd and majestical old man,
Chain'd to a pillar. It was almost night,
And the last seller from his place had gone,
And not a sound was heard but of a dog
Crunching beneath the stall a refuse bone,
Or the dull echo from the pavement rung,
As the faint captive changed his weary feet.
He had stood there since morning, and had borne
From every eye in Athens the cold gaze
Of curious scorn. The Jew had taunted him
For an Olynthian slave. The buyer came
And roughly struck his palm upon his breast,
And touch'd his unheal'd wounds, and with a sneer
Pass'd on; and when, with weariness o'erspent,
He bow'd his head in a forgetful sleep,
Th' inhuman soldier smote him, and, with threats
Of torture to his children, summon'd back
The ebbing blood into his pallid face.

'Twas evening, and the half-descended sun
Tipp'd with a golden fire the many domes
Of Athens, and a yellow atmosphere
Lay rich and dusky in the shaded street
Through which the captive gazed. He had borne up
With a stout heart that long and weary day,
Haughtily patient of his many wrongs;
But now he was alone, and from his nerves
The needless strength departed, and he lean'd
Prone on his massy chain, and let his thoughts
Throng on him as they would. Unmark'd of him,
Parrhasius at the nearest pillar stood,
Gazing upon his grief. Th' Athenian's cheek
Flush'd as he measured with a painter's eye
The moving picture. The abandon'd limbs,
Stain'd with the oozing blood, were laced with veins
Swollen to purple fullness: the gray hair,
Thin and disorder'd, hung about his eyes;
And as a thought of wilder bitterness
Rose in his memory, his lips grew white,
And the fast workings of his bloodless face
Told what a tooth of fire was at his heart.

* * * * *

The golden light into the painter's room
Stream'd richly, and the hidden colors stole
From the dark pictures radiantly forth,
And in the soft and dewy atmosphere
Like forms and landscapes magical they lay.
The walls were hung with armor, and about,
In the dim corners stood the sculptured forms
Of Cytheris, and Dian, and stern Jove;
And from the casement soberly away
Fell the grotesque long shadows, full and true,
And, like a vail of filmy mellowness,
The lint-specks floated in the twilight air.
Parrhasius stood, gazing forgetfully
Upon his canvas There Prometheus lay,
Chain'd to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus—
The vulture at his vitals, and the links
Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh;
And as the painter's mind felt through the dim,
Rapt mystery, and pluck'd the shadows forth
With its far-reaching fancy, and with form
And color clad them, his fine, earnest eye
Flash'd with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip
Were like the wing'd god's, breathing from his flight.

"Bring me the captive now!
My hand feels skillful, and the shadows lift
From my waked spirit airily and swift,
And I could paint the bow
Upon the bended heavens—around me play
Colors of such divinity to-day.

"Ha! bind him on his back!
Look!—as Prometheus in my picture here!
Quick—or he faints!—stand with the cordial near!
Now—bend him to the rack!
Press down the poisoned links into his flesh!
And tear agape that healing wound afresh!

"So—let him writhe! How long
Will he live thus?—Quick, my good pencil, now!
What a fine agony works upon his brow!
Ha! gray-hair'd, and so strong!
How fearfully he stifles that short moan!
Gods! if I could but paint a dying groan!

"'Pity' thee! So I do!
I pity the dumb victim at the altar—
But does the robed priest for his *pity* falter?
I'd rack thee, though I knew
A thousand lives were perishing in thine—
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine?

"'Hereafter!' Ay—*hereafter!*
A whip to keep a coward to his track!
What gave Death ever from his kingdom back
To check the skeptic's laughter?
Come from the grave to-morrow with that story—
And I may take some softer path to glory.

"No, no, old man! we die
Even as the flowers, and we shall breathe away
Our life upon the chance wind, even as they
Strain well thy fainting eye—
For when that bloodshot quivering is o'er,
The light of heaven will never reach thee more.

"Yet there's a deathless *name!*
A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,
And like a steadfast planet mount and burn—
And though its crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes as it shone,
By all the fiery stars! I'd bind it on!

"Ay, though it bid me rifle
My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst—
Though every life-strung nerve be madden'd first—
Though it should bid me stifle
The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,
And taunt its mother till my brain went wild—

"All—I would do it all—
Sooner than die, like a dull worm to rot—
Thrust foully into earth to be forgot!
Oh, heavens!—but I appall
Your heart, old man! forgive——ha! on your lives!
Let him not faint!—rack him till he revives!

"Vain—vain—give o'er. His eye
Glazes apace. He does not feel you now—
Stand back! I'll paint the death-dew on his brow!
Gods! if he do not die
But for *one* moment—one—till I eclipse
Conception with the scorn of those calm lips!

"Shivering! Hark! he mutters
Brokenly now—that was a difficult breath—
Another? Wilt thou never come, oh Death?
Look! how his temple flutters!
Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head!
He shudders—gasps—Jove help him!—so—he's dead."

How like a mounting devil in the heart
Rules th' unrein'd ambition! Let it once
But play the monarch, and its haughty brow
Glows with a beauty that bewilders thought
And unthrones peace for ever. Putting on
The very pomp of Lucifer, it turns
The heart to ashes, and with not a spring
Left in the bosom for the spirit's lip,
We look upon our splendor and forget
The thirst of which we perish! Yet hath life
Many a falser idol. There are hopes
Promising well; and love-touch'd dreams for some;
And passions, many a wild one; and fair schemes
For gold and pleasure—yet will only this
Balk not the soul—Ambition only gives,
Even of bitterness, a beaker *full!*
Friendship is but a slow-awaking dream,
Troubled at best—Love is a lamp unseen,
Burning to waste, or, if its light is found,
Nursed for an idle hour, then idly broken.
Gain is a groveling care, and Folly tires,
And Quiet is a hunger never fed—
And from Love's very bosom, and from Gain,
Or Folly, or a Friend, or from Repose—
From all but keen Ambition—will the soul
Snatch the first moment of forgetfulness
To wander like a restless child away.
Oh, if there were not better hopes than these—
Were there no palm beyond a feverish fame—
If the proud wealth flung back upon the heart
Must canker in its coffers—if the links
Falsehood hath broken will unite no more—
If the deep-yearning love, that hath not found
Its like in the cold world, must waste in tears—
If truth, and fervor, and devotedness,
Finding no worthy altar, must return
And die of their own fullness—if beyond
The grave there is no heaven in whose wide air
The spirit may find room, and in the love
Of whose bright habitants the lavish heart
May spend itself—*what thrice-mock'd fools are we!*

HOW HARRY GAINED HIS HEIRESS; Or, LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG.

"And you really don't know how Harry got his wife?" asked young Delaplaine of his friend, Major Ross, as they sat over their wine, puffing their cigars with exemplary regularity and vigor.

"No," said the major, "except that Harry Carr is one of the handsomest and bravest young fellows I know."

"Yes," returned Delaplaine; "when an Irishman is a gentleman, he is generally the *crême de la crême.*"

"Indeed, for the matter of that, so is a Frenchman. There is something in the Celtic nature which pushes a thing to its flower, or its bud."

"And then, being born in Cork is another recommendation; never yet knew a Cork man that wasn't a capital fellow—generally fond of his bottle, but always a gentleman."

"If you mean that for a pun," said the major, "it is a very bad one."

"Ah, I see! you wanted to make my *cork* fit your bottle. But I will tell you how Harry won the heart of Adelaide Van Rensselaer."

"'I am dying,' as the love-sick poetesses say, 'to hear.'"

"Harry, who studies very hard every year, generally takes his month at the seaside."

"Yes, I have met him there."

"Well, about two months ago he was strolling on the heights, when he saw a young lady on the beach in a great distress of mind. The tide had risen, and quite cut her off from returning; the only dry spot was narrowed down to a little space where the rocks rose at least six feet, and in that overhanging way which is worse than perpendicular."

"I think I know the exact spot," said the major. "Why, it is quite a romance, and reminds me of something in Walter Scott."

"Rapidly proceeding to the spot, he called to the lady, who came toward him. Then he observed that she had a dog with her, about whose safety she appeared to be as solicitous as for her own."

"Ah!" said the major, with a sardonic smile; "I see it all now. He saved her, and then she threw herself into his arms, and, a parson happening to pass that very minute, they were married, the dog acting the part of heavy father."

"My dear Ross," said Delaplaine, with the serious air of a man who has been vexatiously interrupted in his story by some flippant remarks, "do you want to know how Harry gained the heart, hand and purse of his rich wife, or do you not?"

"Certainly I do. I am a bachelor in search of just such an article, and may find the knowledge useful."

"Then be silent."

"I will. I am, like a certain animal, 'all ears.'"

"Well, when the lady turned her face toward him, he saw one of the loveliest he had ever seen. There was the slight, roseate blush of excitement, which lit it up like the purple day at dawn. She opened her lips, and a strain of music succeeded, which was in these words:

"'Oh, sir, save my dog!'

"'Permit me, madam, to assist you up first, and then we will think of your dog.'

"'No, sir. Pray oblige me, and take dear Fido.'

"The music ceased from her lips; but from her eyes it came like a gentle, inaudible stream of electric incense. She then handed up her dog, which Harry received with the greatest care and attention, and the next minute he had the sweeter pleasure of assisting the fair owner of Fido from her rapidly vanishing sand-pedestal to upper *terra firma.*

"Having accomplished his mission, he said:

"'Permit me to wish you good-morning, without I can be of any further use to you.'

"'Oh, sir, pray come to our cottage, and let my aunt thank you. If anything had happened to Fido it would have broken both our hearts.'

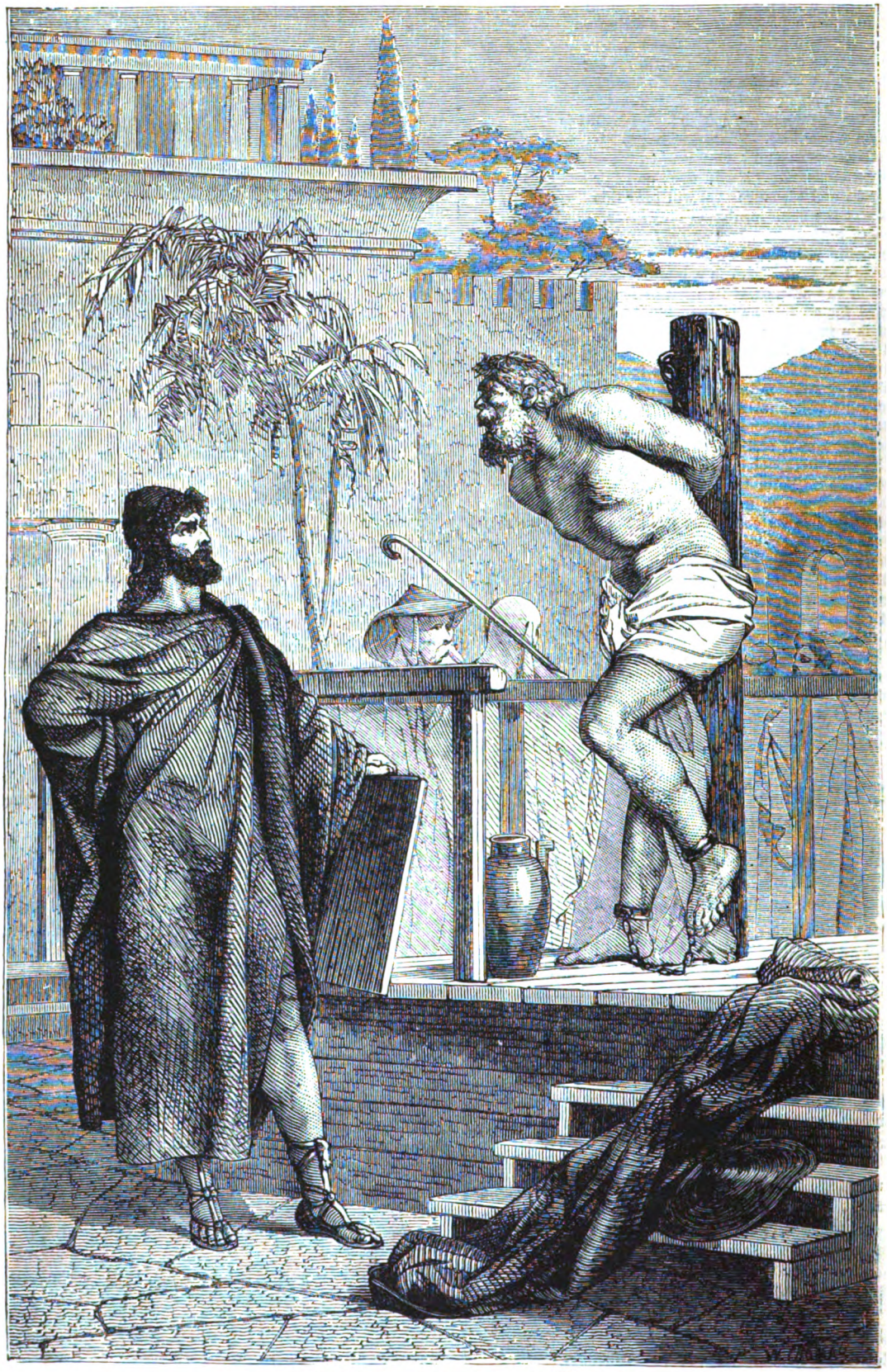
"Well, as Harry says, 'she looked so very lovely that I felt my vest palpitating more than usual, and so I bowed and walked by her side; and before I had reached the beautiful cottage where she lived, I was over head and ears in love.'

"She led Harry into the house, which was magnificently furnished, and he was introduced to her uncle, Mr. Van Rensselaer, one of the wealthiest of all our citizens. Then came the aunt—now you know all. Last Monday they were married, and the old boy, her uncle, came down with a quarter of a million, with the promise of more when the time comes. Harry and Adelaide are happy as the day is long; as a proof of which I must say that, although they have been married nearly a week, they haven't had a single quarrel."

The major gave a sigh, and, as he filled up his glass of *Chateau Margaux*, ejaculated:

"I'm ready, now and for ever after, to save a lovely heiress, and her aunt's dog, on the same terms."

Those we Love.—To be in company with those we love satisfies us; it does not signify whether we speak to them or not, whether we think on them or indifferent things, to be near them is all.



PARRHASIUS.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 702.

THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.—"A GAUNT, BLACK, ILL-SHAPEN HOUSE, SOARING TO A HEIGHT OF THREE STORIES IN FRONT, BUT WITH A SLOPING ROOF THAT REDUCED ITS PRETENSIONS ABRUPTLY TO ONE STORY IN THE REAR."

THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.

By Etta W. Pierce.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

It stood upon a lonely by-road in the old town of Medford, Massachusetts—a gaunt, black, ill-shapen house, soaring to a height of three stories in front, but with a sloping roof that reduced its pretensions abruptly to one story in the rear. Many of the lower windows were boarded up. In the centre of the lichened roof arose one enormous chimney, from which no cheerful smoke ever curled upward to Wintry or Summer skies. Behind it arose a wooded hill; before it stretched a starved, neglected field, with tumbling stone walls, and clumps of unpruned orchard-trees growing among the weeds and wild grass. No other human habitation was anywhere in sight. It was a house "under some prodigious ban of excommunication," situated in a lonely, unfrequented neighborhood, and given over, by common consent, to utter desolation and decay. For twenty years no tenant had crossed its threshold; for twenty years the people round about had shunned it, and timid travelers quaked in body and spirit alike when forced to pass it, even at a distance; for twenty years the black shadow of Murder had hung upon it—a shadow that would never be lifted. Abandoned, feared, rarely approached, even by the strong-nerved and curious, the house under the lonesome, pine-covered hill, with its front to the dreary, weed-grown field, was known near and far as "a haunted house."

On a certain night in the late Summer, something happened at this place of dark repute—something which cannot be explained until the reader goes back with me to search for the little seamstress of Seedy Court—beautiful Mercy Dill.

When Miss Affry Black left her lodging-house to go to the office of the British Consulate in answer to Peter Finch's advertisement, Mercy, overcome by a strange foreboding of evil, an unaccountable sadness that seemed to deepen and strengthen as the hour for her marriage drew near, took up her work and descended to Miss Affry's domain to find solace and companionship with her kind old friend.

She reached the familiar sitting-room only to find it disordered—a rare thing, indeed—and empty. Glancing out of the window, she saw Miss Affry herself just rushing out of the court like one demented, her shawl awry, her bonnet askew, her rheumatic old legs stumping along the pavement with a speed that amazed Mercy. What had happened to the old woman? Whither was she going? She looked as if bound on an errand of life and death. Even as Mercy watched her she vanished around a corner.

Small as this disappointment was, Mercy's heart sank in an odd, miserable way. She turned from the window, put the disordered room to rights, arranged Val's books again upon the shelf, folded up the paper which contained Mr. Finch's notice, all unconscious of the mischief it was to work in her life, and then ascended to her own chamber and sat down again to sew until Miss Affry's return.

Half an hour went by.

Then the bell of No. 10 rang violently.

Mercy knew that she was the only person left in the house, and she ran at once to answer.

As she opened the door she saw that a close carriage was drawn up before it, and at the threshold stood a man—a stranger, with an alarmed and portentous air.

"You are Mercy Dill?" he asked, in a tone as perturbed as his manner.

"Yes," she answered, thrilling with quick apprehension.

"Mr. Valentine Black sends me to fetch you to him. He has been taken with a fit at the banking-house of Sardis & Co. He cannot be moved—the doctor thinks he will not last an hour. For God's sake, Miss, make haste and come at once!"

Val sick — Val dying! With a stifled scream Mercy staggered back.

Taken completely by surprise, overwhelmed by an unspeakable anguish, it never occurred to the unfortunate girl that these dreadful tidings might be false.

Wildly she flew for her outer garments, flung them on, and rushed from the house—the house that she was destined never more to enter.

"You will be at the banking-rooms in ten minutes Miss," said the man.

He grasped her with one hand, and opened the carriage door with the other. It was a close vehicle, as I have said, and curtains were securely drawn across its windows. In one corner sat a dark, motionless object—a man, with a handkerchief clutched in his gloved fingers.

Mercy did not see him till her foot was on the step; then a thrill of sudden alarm and apprehension ran over her—her first suspicion of foul play. She would have recoiled, but swift as thought the driver pushed her straight into the carriage, and as he did so, the man in the corner leaped up and seized her in a terrible grasp.

She caught one glimpse of a swarthy, scarred face, full of wicked triumph and exultation; then, before she could utter word or sound, a handkerchief, saturated with some deadly, sickening odor was pressed down upon her mouth and nostrils. Mercy knew no more.

The carriage turned from the door of No. 10, and rolled out of Seedy Court. It crossed Charlestown Bridge at a pace, which, though lively, was not swift enough to attract attention, and through the squares and busy streets beyond, went on toward the open country.

No sound came from inside it.

The driver, a stolid-faced man, sat on his box like an automaton. Not one person of the many who saw the carriage pass gave it any particular notice.

It entered Somerville, rumbled through the streets of that quiet town, and approached Medford in the shadows of the declining afternoon. The stolid driver knew his business, evidently, and needed no instructions. Turning from the populous quarter of this latter place, he urged his horses into a lonesome by-road, where few dwellings were to be seen, and these only at long intervals.

The lowing of cows, the chirp of crickets under the stone walls, alone broke the almost mournful stillness of the failing day.

On he went, until a turn in the solitary way presently brought him in sight of a desolate, weed-grown field and a gloomy, pine-covered hill, under which stood an old, black house, with the long western shadows creeping over its one gigantic chimney, its dreary, boarded-up windows, and the rack and desolation of all its surroundings.

It was the haunted house under the hill—the house upon which the curse of black murder rested and always would rest while a timber remained in its place.

The carriage turned from the road into a deep-rutted track which led across the field to the door of the abandoned dwelling.

Strange to say, some signs of life were now visible about the place. Recent foot-prints could be traced in the wild grass that grew up to its very threshold. A faint, blue smoke ascended from the great chimney.

At a window in the second story, a woman's face appeared, stared out through the dirt and cobwebs for an instant, and then vanished.

The driver stopped at the door, sprang down from his box and called:

"All right, sir!—this is the house."

Out from the carriage stepped Signor Discordo, holding in his arms the inanimate figure of Mercy Dill.

"Where is zat female Sally?" he cried, kicking impatiently at the grim old door. "Halloo there! Joseph, man of music, make haste, or *sacre!* it will be the worse for you!"

The thud of a crutch was heard inside. A rusty bolt was drawn back, and Joseph, the organ-grinder, the wretch from whom Discordo had bought his first knowledge of Mercy, appeared, greasy, unkempt and leering, on the threshold.

"Ha! you've caught your bird, master!" said he, at the sight of the burden Discordo bore.

"Hold your tongue, idiot!" replied Discordo, ungraciously. "Where's zat witch Sally, I say? Ze girl is dead with ze chloroform, and I, pah! I am half-smothered too—ze cursed stuff! Bring me a glass of brandy."

In great haste Joseph produced a flask and a glass, and poured the desired stimulant for his employer. As Discordo tossed off the liquid fire, a woman's voice, somewhere from above the two, called, shrilly:

"This way, master—the room is ready."

With the senseless girl in his arms, Discordo mounted the stair. It was thick with dirt and mold, and rickety with age. Strips of discolored paper hung from the wall, and at its head stood an old woman in a cotton gown much the worse for wear—an ill-favored hag, with stiff, bristling gray hair, a wizened, leathery face, and a long, sharp nose

that came down to meet a cruel, pointed chin—Joseph's wife Sally.

Led by this creature, Discordo entered a square, dreary chamber, partially supplied with old-fashioned wooden furniture. In one corner stood a huge, four-posted bed, upon which Discordo laid the rigid figure of Mercy Dill. At the sight of her the woman Sally started back in dismay.

"Eh, what! You've killed her, master!"

"Killed her!" cried Discordo; "God forbid! Pour some brandy down her throat, woman! Would I kill one whom I adore? *Peste!* do as I bid you, and be lively."

Sally set about restoring the unconscious girl. It was no easy matter. Mercy came back to life as reluctantly as if she knew the trouble which awaited her—the frightful net in which she was snared. Finally, however, a thrill ran over her prostrate figure, the lids lifted from her violet eyes; she sprang up on the four-posted bed, and, with a cry, looked around the unfamiliar room.

Its two windows were draped in cobwebs, and darkened by a clump of ragged fir-trees that grew close up to their narrow frames. The floor was deep in dust. A few old, rickety chairs and a chest of drawers leaned against the moldy, discolored wall. A ragged patchwork counterpane covered the high bed, and there was a deep, cavernous fireplace, in which stood a pair of rusty andirons, upholding a half-consumed back-log—relic of some fire kindled there twenty years before.

In wild bewilderment the girl gazed at all these things. What had happened to her? This was not her lodging-room at Seedy Court. And then her eyes fell upon old Sally, who stepped forward from the foot of the four-poster, nodding and grinning in a way that was meant to be reassuring.

"How d'ye do, Mercy?" she said. "You remember me, don't you? Sour Sally, you used to call me, when you were a little brat. Many a good turn I've done your mother, and many a glass I've emptied with her in my day. Come, ain't you glad to see an old friend, my dear?"

Mercy stood in the centre of the dusty floor, and stared hard at the woman. Yes, she remembered her only too well—a wicked hag, fierce of tongue, hard of hand—Moll Dill's boon companion and neighbor in the reeking tenement-house where the girl's unhappy childhood had been passed.

"You are no friend of mine!" cried Mercy, wildly. "What place is this? Where is Val?—is he sick—is he dying? as that man said. This is not the banking-house!"

"Well, no, not exactly, my pretty," answered Sally, with a hideous grin. "Val is all right, I dare say, but you won't see him to-night. You're in a nice, quiet place, with old acquaintances. Here's a gentleman that'll explain the whole matter better than I can, dearie."

Discordo advanced from a corner where he had been hiding, and saluted Mercy with a low bow. At a sign from him, Sally vanished from the room, leaving the kidnapper alone with his victim.

At sight of that swarthy, scarred face, the truth burst like lightning upon Mercy. She saw at once the trap into which she had fallen—comprehended the cruel ruse which had placed her in the power of the man whom she feared and hated above all mortal beings.

"My dear Mees Dill," began Discordo, with scarcely so glib a tongue as usual, for something in the girl's appearance struck confusion to his very soul, "I hope you are better. It desolates me to use harsh measures with one so dear, so lovely; but consider. You haf driven me to it yourself."

She stood like a statue, her great, dilating eyes fixed upon him in unqualified horror.

"Then it was a lie—the story which you sent that man to tell me?" she said, slowly.

"Alas, yes!" answered Discordo, lightly. "A necessity—an imperative lie, my beautiful. I would it were not. I would zat Mr. Black were at death's door this very minute; but, dame! it is scarcely probable. I give you my word zat, so far as I know, he is alive and well."

"What place is this? Why have you brought me here?" demanded Mercy Dill.

Discordo rubbed his jeweled hands softly.

"This place, my beautiful, is a retired villa zat I haf hired expressly to give you a taste of country life. Why haf I brought you here? To save you from a marriage zat is abhorrent to my very soul. *Sacre!* For two whole days haf I watched zat house in Seedy Court to find you one minute alone. When I saw ze old ghoul, Mees Affry, depart in haste this afternoon, I says to myself, ze hour is come! And I call ze carriage I haf kept at great expense in ze next street, and, bravo! I bag my game with not ze smallest trouble in the world! Did you think I would leave you to Black—zat clown, zat clod! *Mon Dieu!* No. Such beauty as yours deserves a better fate. You shall never marry the banker's clerk—not this night, nor any other—I swear it!"

A two-edged sword seemed driving through Mercy's heart. The hour for her marriage with Val Black was close at hand. What would he say at her disappearance?—how would he account for it? She had left no word, no clue behind her. The thought of her lover, wild with anxiety and, perhaps, doubt, was too much for Mercy. She advanced toward the door like a little queen.

"And you think I will stay here?" she cried, wildly. "Not a minute! You think you have brought me to some place from which I cannot find my way back to my friends. You shall see."

Discordo stepped lightly before her.

"Not so fast, my beautiful! You don't understand. I shall haf to speak plainer, I see. Not this day, nor for many a day to come, will you leave your present retirement. Ze house is old, but it has strong locks and bars; and your two old friends, Joseph ze grinder of organs and his excellent wife, will watch you like bulldogs, for I haf made it their interest to do so, and they will do anything for money. Now listen. I had two good reasons for snatching you from Mr. Black. One was, to prevent him from making you his wife, and ze other was to give you a chance to reconsider ze answer you made to my suit when I asked you to love me. Do you remember? You haf treated me badly, my beautiful—you haf scorned me without pity, and now I haf you in my own hands, and, my faith! I shall hold you till you grow more kind. In this place you are cut off from ze world. Here you shall stay till you haf taken back all your scornful words—till you love Discordo even as he loves you."

Her eyes blazed with righteous wrath. She confronted him with a face like ashes, and slim hands clinched involuntarily at her side.

"*How* will you keep me?"

"By force, my fair one, since it's plain zat I can do it in no other way."

"And do you think my friends will not miss me? Do you think they will not search for me? Do you think they will leave me in your power?"

Discordo, leaning back against the door, elegant, unruffled, caressed his waxed mustaches with one careless hand.

"Ah, *petite*, how little you know of the rules of strategy! I have left no traces behind me that can be followed. If any person in Seedy Court saw you enter my carriage, they will swear you did it of your own will, which is quite true.

Zat will be so much evidence against you, my own. Then, too, I have a plan by which I can soon check your lover's inquiries. He knows zat I adore you, Mees Affry knows it, for I told her with these very lips. In due time Monsieur Black will receive a letter from you, dated at New York, in which you will inform him zat you haf fled with me—zat you are my loving and beloved wife; zat he need look for you no longer, as you are on the eve of sailing for my own Italy. This letter I have just sent to a trusty friend in New York, with instructions for him to mail it again to Mr. Black at Seedy Court. Ta, ta!"

The white face of the girl kept its brave look. She was what Signor Discordo called game.

"Val will never believe it!" she said, simply.

"Will he not?" replied Discordo, with a cruel leer. "Alas, my innocent! I think he will. He is by nature as jealous as a Turk. He will search the city over for you, and find you not; he will remember zat I loved you ardently, and zat women are false and fickle. Then ze old aunt, she will say, 'What better thing could you expect of Moll Dill's daughter?' Bah! Both will take my letter for gospel truth—you will see."

A great pang of fear and foreboding pricked through Mercy's sinking heart. Oh, God! if it should be even as he said!

"You have kidnapped me!" she cried, with white lips; "you threaten to keep me here against my will. I am poor and ignorant, but I know that such things are crimes; there are laws in the land to protect the weak and friendless, as well as the rich and strong."

"True—too true," answered Discordo, mockingly; "but ze law will know no more about you than will your lover, Mr. Black—I shall take good care of zat. It's an easy matter to keep you in this house for weeks and months and years, and no living being be ze wiser."

"Have we come so far, then?" said Mercy. "It is not dark yet; we cannot be many miles from Boston—surely not beyond the reach of human help. I have a voice, and I will use it. Men and women are everywhere. Some one will pass this way, hear me, and hasten to my assistance."

Discordo laughed.

"No person ever willingly comes near this house, my beautiful! Twenty years ago ze owner of it, an old farmer, was murdered in this room—in zat bed there in ze corner, and his money carried away by ze murderers, and now his ghost comes back and haunts ze place, and none can live here, and every one thinks it accursed, and flees from it as from purgatory. So your chance of making yourself heard is but small. If you grow too noisy, Joseph and his wife will gag you. Take my advice, and do nothing violent. It haf cost me much trouble and money to get you into my hands, and be sure I shall hold you fast. This chamber is your prison. Here you will haf plenty of time to think upon my devotion, and your own hard-heartedness, and by ze time three months are over, zat fine spirit of yours—zat high, brave spirit will be well tamed."

His voice and look were full of dark menace; but if he had expected tears or cries or supplications from his captive, he was disappointed. Mercy confronted him with an almost superhuman courage in her face, although at that very moment she was thinking of Val Black returning to Seedy Court through the twilight, to find her gone—gone on her marriage eve, and no living soul to tell him of the snare into which she had fallen—of the cruel foe who was holding her from him at this hour of hours.

"You are not a man," she said, "but a devil!"

Discordo smiled.

"True, *petite;* therefore be wise, and do not provoke me. I once killed a woman, as young and almost as beautiful as you—killed her with no more compunction than I would feel in crushing a little gnat, and she never did me any harm, either. *Now* do you understand ze man with whom you haf to deal?"

He advanced toward her. She waved him back with a gesture of unspeakable aversion.

"I understand you," said Mercy Dill. "I loathe and abhor you, but I am not afraid of you!"

"You are not afraid of me, who can grind you to powder if he will?" hissed Discordo.

"God is between us. He will take care of me," replied Mercy.

A wrathful gleam shot into the man's black eyes.

"Will God take care of you?" he scoffed. "Ah, my beautiful, zat remains to be seen!"

He seized her roughly in his arms. As he did so a loud rap echoed on the door of the chamber.

"Master," called the voice of Joseph, "the carriage is waiting, and the driver swearing fit to raise the roof. Be lively, or he'll make off and leave you."

Discordo started back, and released Mercy.

"I must go," he muttered. "I haf business in another quarter zat will not let me stay. I haf secured you, my lily, but, alas! I cannot stop to woo you now. Look for my return, however, at an early day. Rest assured zat I will make my visits here as frequent as possible. Let me kiss your leetle hand. You will not? Unfortunately I haf no time to urge ze matter; but when I come again, take good care zat I find you in a more amiable mood."

With this he hurried out of the chamber, and locked the door upon his prisoner—hurried down the rickety stair to the impatient driver of the carriage, muttering as he went—

"*Sacre!* It is difficult work, this wooing of two women at once, both unwilling, both unkind! It is bad for a man's temper. Well, I haf bagged my beauty; now for ze blonde heiress with ze million of wealth."

He sprang into the waiting vehicle, and rolled swiftly away from the house under the hill—from the victim of his lawless strategy.

And in the chamber of murder, where the ragged fig-trees rapped like ghostly fingers on the pane, Mercy Dill saw the darkness creeping in through the blurred windows—felt the horrors of her position closing upon her like a nightmare; and with a burst of prophetic anguish, a sudden sense of being utterly alone and forsaken, she fell on her knees, and stretched her arms into the gathering gloom, crying aloud with bitter tears:

"Oh, Val! oh, Val! I shall never, never see your face agai

CHAPTER XXII.

A LETTER.

Miss Vann visited Eric Saxe's studio a few days after the Sardis ball, and Ethel went with her to see the picture of Elaine, "the lily maid of Astolat." Bee refused to go, and met all Miss Vann's urging with determined excuses. Her head ached, she did not care for Mr. Saxe's pictures, nor for lovesick Elaines, on canvas or in the flesh. So the two rolled off in Miss Vann's coupé, and an hour or two after, Ethel returned in high feather, enthusiastic over picture and artist alike.

"Elaine is just lovely!" she cried.

"'Where could be found face daintier?'

It is like you, Bee; or, perhaps, like what you might be, were you love-sick for some obdurate Sir Lancelot. And the artist—how handsome he is! how *distingué!* Charlotte

Vann has been telling me his romantic history. Strange that you never once mentioned him in your letters, Bee."

The color flashed into Bee's pretty face.

"Did he tell you that I knew him?" she asked, brusquely.

"No; but he looked unutterable things while Miss Vann and I were tracing your familiar lineaments in his picture. In the words of Mrs. Browning, he has eyes that take the breath. Tell me truly, was not Mr. Saxe your lover, or, at least, your very warm admirer at Newport last Summer?"

"No," Bee answered, bitterly, "he did not love me in the least, Ethel—he did not admire me. Don't talk of him, please—his name is an offense to my ears."

Ethel stared, then smiled; then, being a person of tact, gathered up her rich train and left the room.

Days and nights followed, crowded with ball, rout, opera, matinée, dinner-parties, receptions and kettle-drums. The season was in full blast. Mrs. Sardis lived only to sacrifice what health and strength she had to the severe exactions of society. As the chaperon of Beatrix Sardis, and the mother of Count Stahl's betrothed, this lady's hands were, indeed, full. Two hundred morning calls per week, with from three to a half-dozen engagements per night, and a whole train of nervous diseases to fight against, left her often in a pitiable state when Finette was called to administer the sleeping drops, somewhere in the wee small hours of the morning.

As for Bee, she plunged with feverish eagerness into the whirl of gayety. Everywhere the persistent attentions of that fascinating foreigner, Baron Strozzi, made her conspicuous; but, in spite of Mrs. Sardis's open encouragement, his suit did not prosper. A man of less perseverance might have retired disheartened from the field; but the baron was not easily discouraged. He had no successful rival. If Bee wasted no sweetness upon him, neither did she bestow any upon her other admirers. All were alike repulsed. Strozzi believed that a fortune of a million was worth some patient waiting. Many things were in his favor. He held to his purpose like a bulldog, and bided his time.

Meanwhile it was Count Stahl who supplied the baron with money—how unwillingly, none knew better than Strozzi himself—money borrowed from the banker. The two noblemen met frequently under the Sardis roof, they were lionized in the same circles, and everywhere they treated each other with punctilious courtesy, but that was all. The tie of blue blood failed to draw them into any intercourse resembling friendship—in fact, they might be said to avoid each other when they could do so unobserved. Sometimes, as he watched Strozzi, a look of unspeakable hate, mingled with an almost equal fear, would creep into the count's sleepy eyes; but exposure for one meant ruin for both; therefore each kept the secret which lay betwixt them with inviolable fidelity.

One day Ethel Sardis went to call upon her old friend, Mrs. Jack Severne.

She found the brunette bride sitting in a gorgeous boudoir, with a blonde Boston belle who had come to New York to spend the Winter—Alice Bradford. The three friends met after the fashion of their age and sex—with kisses, incoherent questions and exclamations of delight. Then Ethel was given a low *fauteuil* before the open fire, and conversation opened briskly.

"How delightful to meet again on home ground!" said Alice Bradford, whose moonlight fingers were busy with some gay silk embroidery; "it seems years ago since we parted at Lucerne."

"Ages," acquiesced Ethel.

"Our party reached Paris the day after you left it, and we sailed for home the following week. *En passant*, are you not looking a little pale, Ethel, and just a little bored?"

"I dare say," replied Ethel, serenely. "So many balls and receptions and opera nights are very trying. One begins at last to feel that it would be pleasant to don sackcloth and ashes, like Heloise."

"Fortunately, your pallor is always becoming, Ethel," chirped Mrs. Severne. "Now, when *I* lose color, I am a fright, and must either rush to the rouge-pot or hide myself from the light of day."

Miss Bradford carefully picked a knot from her silk.

"And you are very, very happy, dearest Ethel?" she purred.

"That goes without saying, does it not?" replied Ethel, with a calm smile.

"Has your trousseau arrived? And how many bridesmaids are you going to have, dear? I suppose I may not ask a word about the bridal dress? Of course it is Worth's latest miracle. I hope the count will have no more duels to fight. That affair at Lucerne gave me a dreadful fright. And to think, dearest, that men forget so soon! One day they are ready to die for us, and the next, they have ceased to remember that we exist. Have you seen Lawrence Harding since your return from Europe?"

Ah! that was her meaning, was it?

Ethel opened her languid eyes.

"No."

"You will find him greatly changed. He is not at all like the Larry we once knew."

"Indeed! *You* do not change, Alice, dear—you keep your old attachments with great fidelity," smiled Ethel.

The shot told. Miss Bradford colored to the roots of her hair. The awkward pause was filled up by Mrs. Severne, who knew all about her brother's love-affairs, but preferred on this occasion to give no exhibition of that knowledge.

"Lawrence came home from Europe in a grand mood," she said, carelessly. "He had arranged everything in his own mind, poor dear! Mamma and I were to take a cottage, and live upon whatever wages he could earn, and bid defiance to misfortune, and all that impossible sort of thing; but my marriage put an end to his plans—very happily, too, I think," with a demure smile.

A door behind Ethel's chair unclosed suddenly. Some one stepped into the room—a privileged visitor, in a long, gray overcoat, with his fur cap in his hand.

"Talk of angels," murmured Alice Bradford, with a quick glance at Ethel, "and you will hear their wings."

Mrs. Severne made a little *moue*.

"Wings! Never, by any stretch of fancy, could one connect such things with these big, earthy shoulders. Larry, you need no introduction, I hope, to your old friend Ethel."

Ethel Sardis turned, and found herself face to face with Lawrence Harding—face to face, for the first time since that parting in the cathedral at Lucerne. There was a half-moment of silence—time enough for well-bred people to recover from any ordinary shock of surprise; then Ethel held out an exquisitely gloved hand.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," she said, sweetly.

He held the patrician fingers an instant, then let them fall.

How thin he had grown! How cold and stern his face looked! She saw, perhaps, as she had never seen before, that it was a face of power and strength and resolution.

"Thank you," he gravely answered. "I did not think to meet you here. I had almost forgotten that you and Evelyn were school-friends."

Not the slightest agitation in his voice or manner. This encounter with the fair woman who had rejected him for a title and a position seemed not to move him in the least.

"Perhaps he has forgotten that I was ever friends with any member of the Harding family!" thought Ethel.

They exchanged a few commonplaces, then said Mrs. Severne to her brother:

"You must stay and dine with us, Lawrence. Your visits always take my breath, they are so swift and short."

"Stay!" murmured Alice Bradford.

Lawrence shook his handsome brown head.

"I have a business engagement in another part of the city. Being ladies of leisure, you naturally forget that working people can spare but little time for the pleasant things of life."

Mrs. Severn pouted.

"Ethel, dear," she explained to her visitor, "mamma and Lawrence have a little martin-box of a house, where they dwell together like amiable hermits. Mamma cannot be induced to go into society again. So many of her friends deserted her at the time of our troubles that she has quite lost faith in human nature. She now believes in nothing but Lawrence. She has become a sort of female Diogenes; and the worst of it is, she seems really to enjoy the life, and Lawrence also."

At this moment, Mrs. Severne's lap-dog seized a mouthful of Alice Bradford's embroidery silks, and ran off to the far end of the room, where he took refuge under an antique cabinet.

Lawrence went to the rescue, and brought back the spoil to its owner, and proceeded to help her to disentangle the snarl which the brute had made. Meanwhile Ethel talked with Mrs. Severne, but her languid eyes saw more than they appeared to see. Not one of the coquettish glances which Miss Bradford cast at her assistant, not a flush nor a dimpling smile escaped her. A thrill of inexplicable indignation stirred the heart of Count Stahl's betrothed.

"Disgusting!" she said to herself; "how *can* Alice wear her heart on her sleeve like this? Anybody with the least penetration can see that she adores him."

And yet it was really none of Miss Sardis's business. Why should she care though a score of Boston blondes stood ready, figuratively speaking, to fling themselves at Lawrence Harding's head?

Presently a clock on the mantel struck the hour, and Ethel arose and made her adieux.

Lawrence escorted her down the stairs to her waiting carriage. Half way in the descent her foot chanced to slip on the polished oak, and she would have fallen had he not caught her promptly on his arm. For one instant her beautiful patrician body was pressed against his side, for one instant, his stern gray eyes looked straight into her own.

"Your marriage is close at hand, I hear," he said, in a strange voice.

"Yes," she answered.

"I wish you joy, Ethel."

"Thank you, Lawrence."

That was all. The next moment he had handed her into her carriage. She rolled homeward among its cushions, shivering under all her wraps of fur and velvet; and with a slow step and a very odd expression of face, Lawrence Harding returned to Mrs. Severne's boudoir.

A few hours later, and Ethel saw her old lover, As she entered the Academy of Music that night, his face was the first upon which her eyes rested. He was in the Severne box, leaning upon Alice Bradford's chair, and looking off toward the stage, absorbed evidently in the warbling of the prima donna.

At the entrance of the Sardis party, he turned and looked at Ethel. What did he think of her? Her dress of costly silk shimmered through folds of Brussels point. Diamonds blazed on her marble arms and exquisite throat, and in the superb masses of her waved bronze hair. Her face was like an old cameo—as cold and as white, too—the great, dark eyes alone held a slumberous fire under the sweep of their long lashes. Mrs. Sardis, in velvet and brocade, with a priceless opera cloak upon her thin shoulders. Bee in blue faille and pearls, very fair and girlish, and sweet. Count Stahl, elegant and adoring, "the observed of all observers"; and the banker, cold, gray, and aristocratic, made up the party.

The great three-tier chandelier blazed overhead; the music poured out gloriously from the prima donna's silver throat; jewels blazed; lovely eyes glistened; white arms pressed the velvet cushions like Pygmalion's marble; and in the midst of the warmth and brilliance, the perfume and melody, Ethel Sardis's eyes met those of Lawrence Harding—met and spoke unutterable things for a moment; then he turned away, and bending over Miss Bradford, pointed out to her something in the libretto.

And Alice was looking her best this night, in a Worth toilet, with a blue feather and a diamond aigrette in her golden hair, and with what Ethel called the "Boston expression" upon her face—that is, a certain lofty repose of feature which gave her the appearance of a Minerva.

"Ethel," whispered Mrs. Sardis to her daughter, "observe that pair—Miss Bradford and Lawrence Harding. I understand that their engagement is expected daily by their friends, and certainly, it *does* seem imminent. An excellent match it will be—for him. The Bradfords are rich and well connected."

Ethel answered not a word.

Ah, what an evening it was!—splendid, interminable; full of feverish bitterness. The count hung over his betrothed and murmured tender nothings. Gounod's music was divine, but ah, the perversity of the human heart! not all the admiring eyes leveled at her from every part of the house, not the presence of her titled lover, elegant and devoted, not the envy of observing friends, could compensate Ethel for the sight of Larry Harding leaning over Miss Bradford's chair and whispering in her jeweled ear, as forgetful of the old love as if it had never been. Verily, blessings brighten as they take their flight!

She was glad when it was over—when they all arose to go. In the lobby they encountered the Severnes. Harding passed Count Stahl without recognition, bowed quietly to Ethel, and disappeared in the crowd, with Alice Bradford hanging to his arm. The Sardis party went back to Fifth Avenue. On the stair, Bee, half asleep, stopped to murmur—

"What a delicious night, Ethel!—what heavenly music! I think I never enjoyed myself so much—the baron was not there!"

"I am tired of operas," was Ethel's brief answer; and then she entered her own sumptuous chamber, and sat down before the mirror to await the appearance of Finette, who was disrobing Mrs. Sardis, and measuring out the nightly dose of soothing drops. Scarcely had she done so, when her eyes fell upon a long, thin envelope, placed in a conspicuous position upon her toilet-table, and addressed in an unfamiliar feminine hand, to Miss Ethel Sardis. She took it up, wondering, broke the seal, drew out a sheet of paper and read these words:

"For God's sake, do not marry Count Stahl! I know the man—know his past life; you do not. Be warned in time. If you will come alone to Central Park to-morrow at the hour of three P.M., I will meet you there, and give you information of great importance. You are rushing blindfold upon a terrible fate! Enter the park by the Seventy-second Street gate, and be sure to come alone. Three o'clock sharp. I dare not affix my real name to these lines, I will not use a false one; therefore, I must simply sign myself, your

"FRIEND."

She read these words again and again—did Ethel Sardis.

Suddenly the door opened and Finette, the French maid, entered. Ethel held out the anonymous sheet.

"Finette," she said, in French, "who put this letter upon my table?"

Dark, stolid, with a face like brown stone, the maid advanced to her mistress's side.

"I did, mademoiselle," she answered. "It was after you had started for the opera. The other servants were out. The bell rang. I went to answer, and behold, a man stands at the door; he has this letter in his hand; he asks me to give it to my young mistress—to her only. Then he is gone before I can draw a breath. I bring his letter to your room—I place it there on your toilet-table. I hope it contains no bad news for mademoiselle."

Ethel crushed the mysterious warning in her jeweled hand, flung it quickly into a drawer, and turned a key upon it.

"Loose my hair, Finette," was all the answer she made, "and be quick! My head aches; I am very tired."

"Yes, mademoiselle."

Finette took the pins deftly from the rich, perfumed tresses. Down they rolled in a silky torrent all over her brown hands.

She braided them for the night, put Miss Sardis's jewels into their boxes, folded up her laces and silks, and arrayed her for repose. Not another word did maid or mistress speak.

Ethel sat staring straight into empty space, like one who turns a terribly perplexing matter in one's mind, and knows not how to decide it; and Finette, flitting stealthily about the room, with an expressionless face and eyes that absorbed many secrets while betraying none—Finette, I say, watched her.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN THE PARK.

ETHEL SARDIS dismissed her French maid, and, alone in her chamber, sat in deep meditation till the hands of her watch pointed to the hour of one. In vain she told herself that the anonymous letter was unworthy of notice—that some envious foe had written it; that to give it a moment's consideration was gross injustice to the count. The words still burned like fire before her eyes. She unlocked the drawer in her toilet-table, took out the obnoxious sheet, held it to the gas jet and saw it consume, and yet the demon was not exorcised.

As sleep was out of the question, it occurred to Miss Sardis that the last new novel might possibly aid her in driving away her unpleasant thoughts. She descended the stair at once.

The library door was standing ajar, and through it stole a long, red shaft of light. Some one beside herself had "murdered sleep." Ethel pushed open the door and looked into the room beyond.

It had but one occupant—her father, and he was sitting at an inlaid table, reading what seemed to be a—letter!

"Good heaven! can my unknown correspondent have written to him also?" thought Ethel.

His face looked strangely haggard and worn in the subdued light. He did not see or hear his daughter till she stood by his side. Then he started violently, and dropped his letter—dropped it upon the table, quickly, before her. The writing was large and ugly, like some unformed schoolgirl's, but every word was as legible as print. Involuntarily Ethel's eyes ran over the open sheet, and read, without meaning to read, these opening lines:

"MY DEAR, KIND GUARDIAN—You told me to call you that, and oh, I am very, very glad to do so!—I am growing strong and well again. I like the school, I study hard, I try to learn all that you wish me to know. My teachers will write to you soon, and report my progress. Every hour of my life I bless you for your goodness——"

She read no more; for, swift as thought, Cullen Sardis snatched up the sheet and thrust it into his pocket. Father and daughter looked at each other. Her face was full of surprise, his of annoyance and displeasure.

"Pardon my rudeness, papa," smiled Ethel. "I did not mean to read it. You have a ward? What a secret! Who is she?—pray tell me."

His cold mouth twitched nervously.

"Pardon me; I cannot gratify your curiosity, Ethel. You have intruded upon a purely private matter. Is this the way in which you pass your nights? Heaven forbid that your mother's maladies should get hold of you!"

Ethel drew back in some dismay. What new mystery was this?

"I want a book, if you please, papa. I am going to read awhile before I sleep."

He turned away with a shrug of the shoulders. She made a selection from the crowded shelves of the library, then returned to his side and put one hand upon his arm. The banker was not, and never had been, an affectionate father. He was proud of his daughter, he lavished his wealth freely upon her; but there was not much love or familiarity between the two. Courteous and indulgent he always was, to both wife and child; but fond or demonstrative, never.

"Papa, may I ask you a question?"

"As many as you like, Ethel."

"Suppose you should receive an anonymous letter that reflected, let us say, upon the character of—of—a friend. What would you do, papa? How would you treat such a communication?"

"With the contempt it deserved."

"You would not allow it to influence you in the least against your friend?"

"Certainly not. How earnest you are! I hope you have not been writing anonymous letters to anybody. Come, Ethel, now I have something to say to you. Count Stahl is more than anxious that you should name an early marriage-day. Let me urge you to do so. I wish to see you settled in life."

She opened wide her dark eyes.

"You are impatient to be rid of me, papa, and I your only child! Fie!"

He frowned a little, moving uneasily in his chair.

"Not impatient, Ethel; but it is scarcely fair to keep the count dancing attendance upon you here, especially when it is necessary, as he himself has told me, that he should be at home. I suspect that the steward of his estate is managing his affairs in a ruinous fashion. I have already loaned him money to meet his expenses here. He ought to be in Saxony, looking after his revenues and his dishonest servants. I shall talk with your mother to-morrow, Ethel."

Ethel looked surprised, and not well pleased. Her father wished to hasten her marriage with the count—he was eager to secure his titled son-in-law. It was not strange, yet it gave Miss Sardis an unpleasant sensation.

"I do not understand why the count should borrow money of you, papa," she said, coldly; "he is rich, is he not?"

"Yes; but remittances have not been sent to him promptly. I scarcely comprehend it myself, but all the same I am glad to oblige him with a few thousands. There, my dear, you ought to be taking your beauty-sleep. Late hours are ruinous to bright eyes. Good-night."

Ethel returned to her own room as perplexed as when she left it. *Could* she treat that nameless, impertinent letter with the contempt it deserved? Let us see.

On the following morning Count Stahl appeared at the Sardis mansion.

"I have come to beg you to mention the day which will make me the happiest of men," he said to his betrothed. "It is impossible for me to remain many weeks in the New World, for my presence is so much needed on my own estates. Yet I cannot return without you. Consider my situation. I adore you, and I have your consent to be my wife. Make me blessed by naming an early marriage-day."

Mrs. Sardis, who was present at this interview, arose from her chair with a great rustle.

"My daughter will study your best interests, count," she said, hastily. "She will not embarrass you by any unnecessary delays. I think we need not keep you waiting beyond the third week of January."

She looked fixedly at Ethel; the latter mechanically extended her hand to her lover. He covered it with kisses.

"A thousand thanks!" he murmured.

So it was settled. On Wednesday of the third week in January, Ethel Sardis would become the Countess Stahl, and sail at once for Europe.

Having thus accomplished his desire, the count lunched with the family, and then returned to his hotel.

As the day wore on a great restlessness seized upon Ethel. There were callers to receive, invitations to read, arrangements of great magnificence to discuss with Mrs. Sardis; but none of these things could banish the anonymous letter from her memory. Again and again she determined, recklessly, to go to the Park, and again and again she revoked the decision. Miss Vann appeared directly after lunch, and carried Bee off in her coupé; and, as Fate would have it, Mrs. Sardis's nerves forced that keen-eyed lady to retire to her own chamber for a little rest. Thus Ethel was left alone.

She went to her room, donned the simplest dress in her wardrobe, a long, gray cloak, a plain hat and a thick vail. Even then she hesitated. She was soon to be the count's wife—how could she doubt him? Her prudence, her good sense cried out against it; yet all the same her feverish, irresistible desire to go—to confront his accuser face to face remained unappeased. "You are rushing blindfold upon a terrible doom!" She would know, at any cost, what those words meant.

All unobserved, Ethel left the house, and walked swiftly away in the direction of Central Park.

The day was dreary and cold. The north wind whistled sharply round the corners of the streets. The Park was in its Winter dress of sombre brown. Ethel entered it by the Seventy-second Street gate just as the city clocks were striking three. She cast one hasty glance around. As she did so a figure glided out from the nearest walk, and stood before her.

"Miss Sardis!" said a voice.

It was a woman of medium height and ordinary figure, dressed from head to foot in deepest black, and shrouded in the thickest and blackest of vails. She looked like a walking exclamation-point. Ethel waited for her to lift the covering from her face, but she made no motion to do so. Not a feature, not an outline could our heroine discern through that sombre disguise—nothing but two sparks of light that were, doubtless, eager and alert eyes.

"Thank Heaven, you are here!" said this person, in a low but distinct voice. "You did well to come. Let us walk into the Park a little way, to some place where we shall not be seen or interrupted."

For her life, Ethel could not speak. The woman in black led the way, and she followed silently out of one intricate path and into another, until presently they reached a secluded spot, shut in by leafless trees and shrubbery, close to the border of a sheet of frozen water. Not a living thing was anywhere in sight.

"We shall not be disturbed here," murmured the woman.

She pointed to a rustic seat. Ethel sat down, raising, as she did so, the vail from her pearly face.

"Who are you?" she demanded, haughtily.

"The writer of the letter which you received last night, and your sincere friend," answered the woman.

"That is very indefinite. If you are my friend, let me see your face."

"Pardon me, I cannot!"

"At least, tell me your name."

"Why should I do that? You would be none the wiser—it is quite unknown to you."

Ethel arose, indignantly.

"I decline to hold further conversation with so mysterious a person. Your letter was a gross impertinence. I warn you, do not repeat it!"

The woman extended a pair of black-gloved, deprecatory hands.

"Stay!" she said; "do not be angry, Miss Sardis. You must not go until you hear me. It matters little who or what I am; the thing which I have to tell you—that only is of importance."

Her tone arrested Ethel in spite of herself.

"And what have you to tell me?" she demanded.

The vailed woman made an imploring gesture.

"You are going to marry Count Stahl? For God's sake, don't do it! You had better jump into the bay—you had better give your hand and fortune to the poorest beggar that skulks through these streets of New York. He is not worthy to touch your garments. Be warned by me. You do not know him; I do. You made a bad choice at Lucerne—don't start! It is not too late for you, even now, to draw back, and recall the American lover. You think the count rich; he is not. He dissipated his possessions long ago. You think he is marrying you for love; it is a lie. He cares only for your fortune. You think him noble; he is so only by the accident of birth. His past is made up of excesses—moreover, he is guilty of an enormous crime."

Ethel had fallen back unconsciously upon the rustic seat. In a sort of frightful fascination she stared at the straight, black shape before her—at the carefully disguised face, where the eyes shone like half-smothered coals through the sombre vail.

"Miss Sardis," went on her strange companion, "your betrothed husband is a murderer; the blood of a woman is upon his hands—one, too, as good and young and beautiful as yourself. And that blood is still crying to heaven for vengeance!"

A chill, not born of the north wind in the Park, crept over Ethel.

"I see that you are mad," said she.

"No," answered the woman, in the same low, earnest tone in which she had hitherto spoken, "I am not mad. You know, you feel that my words have the ring of truth."

"Truth!" echoed Ethel, with spirit; "they have the ring of falsehood and slander and malignity. Why do you

not make your accusation openly to all men, instead of coming here, disguised and nameless, to pour it into my ears only ?"

The woman in black wrung her gloved hands.

"I dare not ! I hate him, and I *fear* him ! I have no proof sufficient to support my charge, yet all the same it is God's solemn truth—not slander, not falsehood, however appearances may be against me. I do not aim to secure Count Stahl's punishment—it would require a powerful hand to do that, and I am humble, friendless, weak ; but I seek to save *you*—to open your eyes to the danger before you. Only the strong can thrust openly. The contest betwixt that man and me is too unequal for me to dare much. If I can cheat him of the bride and the fortune that he covets, it is all I ask. Miss Sardis," and here a passionate disappointment broke into her smothered voice, "I thought, I hoped, that you would believe me !"

Ethel Sardis looked as if turning to stone.

"How is it that you claim to know Count Stahl," she said, coldly, "when he has not an acquaintance in this country ? And who was the person whom he, as you say, *murdered ?*"

"I will answer both questions, I will even make myself known to you, upon one condition—swear never to marry him. You do not, you never will, love him ; so it is not a hard thing which I ask of you."

"Preposterous !" answered Ethel. "I reject your condition with contempt."

"You will not believe the count to be a villain and a murderer ?"

"A thousand times no !"

"Then God help you ! The day will come when you will wish that you had been more credulous. He will destroy you without mercy, if he ever finds it for his interest to do so. Look to yourself when that time comes ! Something tells me, Ethel Sardis, that you will never die peacefully in your bed."

A thrill of sickening, indefinable fear rushed over Ethel.

"This is growing too melodramatic. If you have anything more to say, go to my father, with proofs to support your statements. *I* cannot listen to you any longer."

The woman in black sank suddenly upon her knees there on the frozen earth at Ethel Sardis's feet.

"Oh, believe me !" she implored, wildly ; "do not sacrifice yourself—you are young and beautiful and good. I have told you only a part of the truth ; what would you say if you knew all ! Lawrence Harding loves you ; for his sake, for your own sake, for the sake of everything that you hold dear, don't marry the count !" Ethel gave a great start, and recoiled from the kneeling figure.

THE FATHER'S PET.

"*Lawrence Harding !* Did *he* send you to make this scene ?" she gasped.

"As Heaven hears me, no ! He has no knowledge of what I have told you. I am a stranger to him."

"Leave me !" cried Ethel, with her hands before her face. "Leave me—I can bear no more."

The woman arose. She saw that Miss Sardis was on the verge of hysterics.

"Be calm," she said, "I am going. I have done my duty—eased my own conscience. Remember my parting words—woe to you if you marry Count Stahl! The doom of the first countess is waiting for her successor. Farewell!"

With these words, the woman in black turned from Miss Sardis and the rustic seat, and walked swiftly away. If Ethel's wits had been less confused, she might have noticed that the retreating figure was strangely like that of her mother's maid, Finette—the dark, stolid Frenchwoman who was supposed to know little or nothing of English. As it was, however, our heroine did not observe the resemblance.

Faint and sick, she leaned back in her seat, all things swimming before her eyes. The thoughts that came crowding upon her were not pleasant. She blamed herself for coming to the Park. She tried to feel convinced that she was the victim of a practical joke, or the malice of some secret enemy. It was impossible to believe that one grain of truth lurked in the terrible things which the vailed woman had said. Could any reasonable being give credence to such an accuser—such vague, wild, accusations? No. What should she do—tell the count? Never! Keep the matter locked in her own heart? Yes, always. And then a legion of perplexing thoughts rushed upon Ethel—sudden distrust of the count and of her own future—an overpowering consciousness that she might esteem and admire her betrothed husband, but that she did *not* love him—that her pride and ambition were involved in the marriage now so close before her, but not her heart.

It was, perhaps, the darkest moment that Miss Sardis had ever experienced in all her life.

Presently a heavy foot crunched along a neighboring walk, and paused beside the rustic seat. A grimy hand touched Ethel's shoulder.

"I'll trouble you to give me some money, Miss," said a hoarse voice.

Ethel started and looked up. Near her stood an unkempt, ragged tramp, with a leering, villainous face, and the general aspect of a pariah.

He held out to her a dirty palm. She arose to her feet.

"I have no money," she answered, attempting to escape past him. He caught her by her long, gray cloak.

"You have rings in your pretty ears, Miss," he muttered; "diamonds, too—I know diamonds when I see 'em—and bracelets on your pretty wrists under your sleeves there. I ain't particular—jewels or money—it's one to me. Hand over, my dear."

Ethel cast one quick glance around. No living thing was in sight; no gray uniform of the Park police gladdened her eyes. It was a novel plight for Miss Sardis to find herself in—novel and very unpleasant.

"Release my cloak!" she said, with her haughtiest air, but here was a man—the first she had ever met—who had no respect for Miss Sardis's commands.

He grinned shrewdly in her beautiful pale face, snatched her wrist and forcibly detached from it a broad gold bracelet. She cried out, more in indignation than fear, and the wind took up her voice and carried it straight to the ears of a person who was walking, unseen and unheard, along a path on the other side of the shrubbery.

"Stop that!" said the thief, planting a hand unceremoniously upon Miss Sardis's mouth; "if you scream, I'll choke you, by ——"

He did not finish his unholy sentence, for the next instant some one had him by his dirty throat; some one tore Miss Sardis's bracelet and Miss Sardis herself from his hold, and that some one was a tall, brown, deeply-astonished but thoroughly self-possessed fellow, in a long, gray overcoat, and fur cap—Lawrence Harding.

"You scoundrel!" he cried, vigorously compressing the windpipe of the tramp. "What are you doing here?"

For obvious reasons the man did not answer.

As for Ethel, she gasped out three words, in an agony of alarm and apprehension:

"Let him go!"

The amaze on Harding's brown face deepened.

"Let him go!" repeated Ethel, mildly. "I beg—I entreat you, let him go!"

Harding stepped back and silently released his prisoner. The man took nimbly to his heels and vanished among the trees, leaving Miss Sardis and her rescuer alone together.

She leaned against the rustic seat, colorless, trembling from head to foot. He hastened to support her. She looked up at him with a wan attempt at a smile.

"You wonder that I asked you to release the man," she faltered. "My reason is this: I do not wish any one to know that I have been in the Park this afternoon."

The predicament in which he found Count Stahl's betrothed must have perplexed him greatly; but he quietly answered:

"I will take good care not to mention the matter. Allow me," and he took her white wrist, fastened upon it the bracelet, buttoned the French glove which the thief had torn apart, and then drew her hand through his arm.

"Lean upon me—you are trembling!" he said; "are you—is it possible that you are here *alone?*"

Unconsciously she clung to him, as the weak always cling to the strong. How grand and brown he looked!—how calm and unmoved, too, though he was holding the girl whom he had once madly loved, and looking into the great, dark, dilating eyes which had once been his heaven.

"Yes, I am alone," she shivered. "You think it very strange, but I cannot explain. May I ask you to take me home?"

She was in distress, evidently. Her lip quivered, tears dimmed her large eyes.

"Most certainly," answered Lawrence. "I am on my way to dine with Mrs. Severne. I fear you have been greatly frightened. It will be better for you to draw your vail; you can scarcely escape observation on the avenue."

Silently she drew the soft tissue over her pale face. Then the two walked away together.

The short, Winter day was already dying. A pale, bleak sunset filled the west. Under their feet rattled the last dead leaves of the year. Neither spoke. Harding's face was bent upon his breast—it wore a cold, sombre look. He could hear his companion's agitated breath, her garments brushed against him—a vague perfume was wafted to his nostrils with every movement of her draperies, her patrician hand held tremblingly to his arm; but he spoke not a word, he gave her not so much as a glance.

They entered Fifth Avenue, and parted at the door of the banker's brown-stone palace. Ethel flung back her vail with a faint, sweet smile.

"You have done me a great service," she murmured. "I thank you much. We are friends, are we not, Lawrence?"

Her bewildering eyes were raised wistfully to his. She put out her hand with an unsteady movement. He pressed it in his own.

"Surely."

"You do not hate me for—for—any of my past misdeeds?"

Into his brown face leaped a look that made her shrink.

"Hate you!" he repeated, slowly. "My God, no!"

The next moment he was walking away down the avenue, and Ethel Sardis ascended the carved stair to her own chamber, at the door of which she met Finette, in spotless cap and apron, looking anxiously out for her young mistress.

"Hasten, mademoiselle," said the maid, in French; "you will still have time to dress for dinner. Madame your mother has but just awakened—she does not know that you have been out!"

Ah, this brown-faced Frenchwoman was a treasure! Ethel resigned herself to her hands, thankful that she had no excuses or explanations to invent.

Count Stahl's betrothed had been warned. Would she profit by the warning? The woman in black had tried to save her by the only method which she dared employ. Would she succeed? Alas! the means had defeated the end. Verily, her labor had been in vain.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A GHOST.

IT was one to be remembered, Mercy Dill's first night in the haunted Medford house, where treachery and violence had made her an unwilling prisoner. The unhappy girl, plunged in the depths of misery and despair, bereft of help and hope alike, paced the dreadful chamber back and forth, wringing her hands like one distracted, trying to think out some plan by which she could acquaint Val and Miss Affry with her situation. Val! The thought of him was like a dagger in her heart. Through all her confusion of mind, one purpose took clear and decisive shape before her. She must escape from this place—from Discordo's power, or die!

She tried the door; it was fast and strong. She looked the chamber carefully over; it contained no outlet save the window and chimney. The former was two stories from the ground, narrow, set with small panes, and nailed up with great care. Above the bed, she discovered a cupboard in the wall, and climbing up to it, found it full of rubbish—old newspapers, a pot of paint, dried solid, a box of red ochre, two or three stumpy brushes, some rusty nails, but nothing of the smallest value. In an agony of despair, the girl sank down on the dusty floor of her prison, and wept as if her heart would break.

Hour after hour dragged by. The chamber was dark as death. A deep silence fell upon the house—her precious pair of jailors had retired for the night, evidently. And now new terrors overwhelmed Mercy. Discordo's story of the man who had been murdered in that very chamber twenty years before rushed back upon her memory. She began to hear strange sounds all about her in the darkness—groans, faint, smothered cries, loud knocking.

Wild with nervous terror and excitement, Mercy sprang upon the miserable bed, and crouched down there in a heap, shaking from head to foot.

Knock, knock went the ghostly hand, somewhere overhead. A long-drawn groan, ending in an unearthly screech, came from the window. Did the soul of the murdered man indeed haunt the scene of his death? Suddenly Mercy became aware that something *living* was in the room, moving over the dirty floor. There was a vein of true courage in the girl's nature. She arose to the occasion, sprang up from her crouching posture, and presently descried two or three gray shapes, long and lean, scampering away into the corners. Rats! She drew a great breath of relief.

The groaning began anew. She followed it to the window. After much listening, Mercy decided that the unearthly sound rose solely from a long, gaunt fir-bough, which swung back and forth in the night wind, and scraped the old clap-boards fitfully.

Just as the blood began to grow warm again in her veins, a ray of candle-light crept in under her door—she heard steps, the thud of a crutch on the stair, and then the voices of her two jailors.

"Drat the house! His danged ghost is a-walking here yet!" said Joseph. "Groans in the chimney, raps on the door, feet a-shuffling overhead! Hold up the light, woman! You're a-shaking fit to drop."

"Oh, Lord!" quavered the voice of Sally; "hear him! A hundred dollars a night wouldn't pay one to stay in such a place. It's worse than any reg'lar graveyard under the sun."

"Murdered folks *will* have queer ways, woman," returned Joseph; "they make it a point never to keep to their graves. See for yourself—nobody's here. The girl is safe enough. Who could get into the house through our locks and bars? Try her door, simpleton."

The door was tried. Then Mercy heard the two retreat down the stairs, Sally muttering as she went:

"If we lose *her*, we lose the money! Oh, drat it! There goes the groaning again—he's a-coming arter us!" and the noise of a rush and a tumble convinced Mercy that her keepers also had their ghostly fears, and that her own simple explanations regarding the strange sounds in the old house had not yet occurred to their superstitious souls.

A sudden composure came over her. She sat down at her lonely window in the gloom and silence, and lifted up her glorious young voice, clear and sweet as a silver bell, in that most pathetic of hymns:

> "Abide with me! fast falls the eventide,
> The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide;
> When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
> Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!"

She sat there, sleepless, all the night.

On the moody hill under which the house stood, and which was the only thing visible from Mercy's window, the wan dawn appeared at last. She found a rickety washstand in a corner, and a jug of water, and bathed her white face, and smoothed out the masses of her golden hair. By-and-by, old Sally unlocked the door and entered, bearing a wooden tray on which were placed two or three slices of bread, an egg, and a cup of tea.

"Here's your breakfast," leered the hag. "I hope you slept well, dearie. Betwixt the ghosts and your psalm-tunes, I never passed such a night since the Lord made me. I'll choke you if you don't stop them dratted hymns! If you *must* sing, give us something lively; but religion I can't and won't abide here!"

Mercy gazed steadily at the speaker. Afterward in the kitchen, old Sally confessed to her husband that the girl gave her a turn, so cold and white and spirit-like she looked.

"So Discordo has put you here to guard me," said Mercy.

"Yes—Joseph and I, my pretty. Perhaps you think you might knock me over and run off. Aha! old as I am, I've the strength of half a dozen like you; and down at the foot of the stairs Joseph is waiting, and he'd kill you dead afore you could get out of the door. We mean to keep you safe, dearie, so don't try to play any tricks."

Instinctively Mercy felt that it would be worse than useless to appeal to this woman for pity or help.

"Where am I?" she cried at last; "where is this place?"

"Miles and miles from Boston—that is all you need to know," grinned Sally. "Now, take my advice, and be kind to Mr. Discordo, and drop your high and mighty ways. You're a proud one, stiff-necked; and holding yourself as dainty as a lady—ta, ta! Moll Dill's daughter! He's a fine gentleman, and generous as a prince. It's my opinion he means to marry you."

Mercy answered not a word.

"Lor, he came to Joseph in a dreadful state of mind," went on Sally, glibly, "and said how you was a going to throw yourself away on another man, and he wanted to find a nice, quiet place where he could take you for a few weeks; and Joseph remembered this house—he used to work on the farm years ago, afore the old man was murdered. And so you're to have country board here for awhile. Mr. Discordo will be back in a few days, and you'd better treat him civil; for he might kill and bury you in the house, and nobody would be the wiser. As for your other lover, you'll never set eyes on him again—make up your mind to that!"

A faint spasm crossed Mercy's colorless face, but still she did not speak. Of what use could it be to bandy words with this hag?

Sally waited a moment, and, finding that the prisoner was not inclined to converse with her, she said, curtly: "Rap on the wall if you want anything, and I'll come," and then she retired, carefully locking the door behind her.

Mercy had no appetite, yet she forced herself to eat a little of the food, knowing well that she would need all her strength. What was to be done? How could she send word to Val of the vile durance she was in, and warn him to have faith in her, and believe no falsehood of Discordo's making? It was a question not easy to answer. Escape she must; but *how?*

Wearily, hopelessly the day dragged on. At noon Sally appeared again, with a tolerable dinner for the prisoner. She cast her ferret eyes about the chamber to make sure that all was right there, and silently departed as she had come.

The afternoon waned. Darkness gathered on the wooded hill behind the haunted house, and in Mercy's forlorn prison. Despairing, worn out with perplexity, fear and sorrow, she saw the night fall again. No lamp was allowed her in her den, and presently the gray rats began to scamper about the floor, and all the obnoxious noises of the preceding night made themselves heard with new violence. A high wind was blowing, and the shrieks in the chimney, the rapping and scratching on the roof, became appalling. The gaunt fir-tree outside Mercy's window thrust its arms against the pane like some black ghost. A dozen demons seemed gibbering in the walls and at the door. Below stairs, old Joseph and his wife were shivering and shaking in mortal terror. Cowardly and superstitious, both believed in the murdered farmer's ghost, and expected to see it walk at any moment into the kitchen. Plainly, life at the haunted house was likely to be as unpleasant to them as to their prisoner.

"The foreigner will have to pay for all this, old woman," quavered Joseph, as the importunate sounds made the two draw nearer together over the fire; "that's how I console myself. When I hears a groan, I says, 'Five dollars for *that* strain on my nerves!' and when I gets a big scare, and trembles, I sets it down at ten. Mr. Discordo will have a fine bill to settle afore he's done with me. Oh, Lord! what's that?"

Far up the rickety stair the tumult of knocks and groans—loose shingles flapping on the roof and dead boughs pounding the clapboards—grew deafening.

"Take the candle and come with me, man," cried old Sally, starting up; "ten to one the girl's escaping! If we lose her, what'll your fine gallant say?"

Hanging fast to each other, the two stumped up to Mercy's door, upon which Sally rapped loudly, calling out:

"Are you there, Mercy?"

"I am here," answered the girl, from within.

"Do you see any danged spirits?" cried Sally.

"I hear them," answered the girl, dryly.

"Do you want anything?"

"No; go away. I would rather be with ghosts than with you."

The two retreated, muttering, down the stair.

As for Mercy, she had enough real terrors to think about, without conjuring up imaginary ones. She groped her way to the corner, where stood the four-poster on which murder had once been done, and flung herself down upon it.

"Val, Val!" she sobbed, softly, in the darkness, clasping her slight hands, as if in prayer, "wherever you are to-night, have faith in me! Let no one set you against me. I will escape from this place, I will return to you, or I will die."

Then she fell at once into the deep, dreamless sleep of utter exhaustion, and, while the lean rats scampered about the floor, and the noises went on in chimney and roof, slept undisturbed till morning light.

The second day brought no change in Mercy's situation. While Val Black was searching stubbornly for his missing betrothed, and listening, silent and morose, to the dark hints thrown out by Miss Affry and the London lawyer, Mercy sat in the dusty, rat-infested chamber of the haunted house, thinking over impracticable plans of escape, and singing her brave Gospel Hymns, amid the maledictions of Joseph and his wife, to whom this sort of music was particularly offensive. She was forced to abandon all hope of exit by the window. It was nailed with great care, and as every unusual noise brought the alert Sally instantly to her chamber, she felt that any attempt to force the sash would at once attract the attention of her keepers.

On the third day Mercy proceeded to investigate the chimney, and found, to her dismay, that two stout, horizontal bars of iron had been placed across the opening, and wedged so firmly that no power of hers could move them. Alas! Discordo had indeed made fast his prison before he brought thither the unhappy victim.

Another day passed—another, and another. The fear of Discordo's return weighed upon Mercy like a terrible nightmare. Sally's step upon the stair often made her heart stand still; not a moment was she free from this overwhelming terror. And by night, strange dreams of Val assailed her. He was no longer her fond and faithful lover; a broad gulf parted them. He was drifting far, very far away from her. He had abandoned her to Discordo. One night, as she lay asleep on the bed of murder in the corner, while the rats raced about the floor and the wind blew the gaunt fir-tree noisily against the clapboards, Mercy dreamed of a great ship moving on the sea. She heard the rattling of its cordage, the voices of the sailors; and on its deck, looking like some prince who had just found his dominions (oh, strange vagary of sleep!) she saw her lover, Val Black. She called to him, but he turned his face from her, and would not answer; and when she, with love's persistency, repeated her cry with bitter tears, she heard his familiar voice answer, in proud displeasure: "I am done with you; you are nothing now to me." Whereupon Mercy awoke with a cry of anguish, and such sudden heaviness of spirit as banished sleep from her eyes for the rest of the night.

And at that very moment, far away on the restless Atlantic, Sir Valentine Arbuckle, moody and sleepless, was looking from his stateroom window up at the great stars that

kept watch over the sea, thinking—thinking, not of Deepmoor Hall and his new wealth and grandeur, not of anything which lay before him, but of his low-born love—the girl who had, as he supposed, deceived him so basely, whose beautiful face, wan with some mysterious reproach, seemed ever at his shoulder—ever before his shuddering eyes. He would never see that face again, he said to himself; neither would he forget it on this side of the grave.

For eight long days Mercy pined in the haunted chamber, consumed with dread of Discordo's coming; never knowing that the latter was pursuing higher game far away at Newport, satisfied, the while, that his captive was quite safe in the place he had provided for her. On the ninth day something happened.

"You may expect Mr. Discordo to-night," grinned old Sally, as she brought the girl her dinner of bread, cold meat and tea. "Drat it! you're as white as a spirit."

"*To-night!*" murmured Mercy, clinching her small hands at her side.

"So he told me when he went away," said Sally.

Mercy did not taste her dinner. She paced up and down her prison like one distracted, mutely praying for help to the Power that had befriended and kept her through all her short, dark life.

Presently her eyes fell upon the cupboard above the bed. She opened it, looked at the rubbish crowded into its narrow space, and a thought, an inspiration, flashed like lightning across her mind. Could she do it? At least she would try.

In a fever of apprehension she waited for night to fall. Should Discordo appear before she had time to make her experiment, all would indeed be lost. Fortunately, the twilight gathered dark and threatening. A wild wind sighed round the old, black house; rain fell at intervals—Mercy could hear it on the roof and against the pane.

Just before the last of the daylight disappeared, she took from the cupboard the box of red ochre, the pot of paint, red also, and, with a little water from her jug, mixed the two together. Then she drew a sheet from the bed, smeared it in a frightful manner, folded it carefully, put it, with the paint-pot, into the cupboard, and flung herself down upon her miserable pillow as if in utter despondency and pain.

A foot on the stair! Her heart gave a great, suffocating bound. But no! it was only Sally with her supper.

"You look mighty cast down," said the old woman. "Here's a sausage that I've fried for you—eat it. Maybe 'twill raise your spirits. Oh! that dratted ghost has begun again, has he?" with a frightened glance around the room, as a great commotion sounded suddenly in the chimney.

"Yes," shivered Mercy; "the way he goes on is dreadful. Oh, Sally, take me down stairs with you—I shall die here!" Sally grinned.

"Do you think me a fool? Mr. Discordo told me expressly that you wasn't to leave this chamber. So, ghosts or no ghosts, here you'll have to stay. Maybe, if you ask it as a favor, Discordo 'll take us from this place altogether. We'd be glad enough if he would, both Joseph and I."

The fir-tree, at this moment, dragged its boughs along the dilapidated clapboard with a hoarse shriek. Sally dropped her tray and fled from the room as fast as her old legs would carry her.

Down-stairs she went, to the kitchen, where Joseph sat quaking over a fire of green apple-tree boughs.

"The old man's walking!" announced Sally, her gray hair bristling upon her head; "there'll be no rest for anybody in the house to-night. I wish you'd been hanged afore you ever told your fine gentleman of this place, which is nowise fit for living folks to abide in."

Joseph was too far overcome with terror himself to take umbrage at the words of his spouse.

"The ghosts have got into the fire," he muttered; "it's sputtering and groaning and fizzling, but it won't burn. Shut the door, woman, and bring out the brandy-bottle—let's take something hot."

A gust of wind, tearing through the crazy old hall at that moment, wrenched the latch from Sally's hand, and banged the door violently against the wall. The pair yelled in chorus. Sally was the first to regain composure. She went to a closet, produced a bottle of brandy, and poured a strong draught for herself and her lord. Then the two sat down at the dull fire, to quake at every fresh noise, and listen for Discordo's arrival.

Suddenly an appalling sound broke the silence of the kitchen—a long, lamentable human shriek, somewhere in the upper portion of the house. It floated down the stair, and filled the room—a terrible, agonized cry. Directly after, both heard a fall.

Sally started to her feet, and seized a candle.

"Come with me!" she cried.

"Oh, Lord! where?" quavered Joseph.

"To her room, you fool! Did you hear that scream?"

The two mounted to Mercy's chamber. Her door was fast, and though they listened intently they could hear nothing inside.

"Mercy!" called Sally, in a trembling voice.

A deep groan answered. The woman put her mouth to the keyhole, and called again;

"What ails you, girl? What's the matter in there?"

Another appalling groan. She took a key from her pocket, unlocked the door and looked in, while Joseph peered warily over her shoulder.

For a moment they could see nothing. Then from the bed in the corner, out of the intense darkness and silence, arose a shape, tall, terrible; shrouded in white from head to foot, and smeared down all its grim length with the ghastly sign of murder—a shape which, in the flaring, uncertain light of the tallow candle, was enough to make the hair rise. and the blood grow cold with horror. He had come back from his grave—the victim of murder—he was rising bodily from the bed on which the foul deed had been done, twenty years before!

The apparition moved toward the pair at the door. A wild flutter of blood-stained garments, a shriek of wind in the chimney, and with a yell fit to raise the roof, Sally dropped her candle, and retreating backward, missed her footing, and fell headlong down the stairs. At the same instant, the desperate hand of the ghost wrenched Joseph's crutch from his hold, and precipitated the wretched cripple after his companion.

Dashing off the smeared sheet which wrapped her, Mercy leaped over the fallen bodies of her jailers, and gained, in one breathless rush, the entry below. By a gleam of firelight, which issued from the kitchen, she found the outer door leading to freedom and the blessed protecting night. It was fast. With all her might she pulled at the rusty bolt, drew it back with much difficulty; and with one look at the bodies lying in a heap at the foot of the stair—were they senseless or dead?—Mercy sprang like a deer across that accursed threshold, and through the wind and darkness ran wildly away from the haunted house under the hill.

CHAPTER XXV.

A BLOW IN THE DARK.

HER little strategy had succeeded beyond her wildest expectation—she was free!

She fled across the field in which the house stood, till she

came to a stone-wall. Over this she climbed breathlessly, and found herself in an open road. She was entirely ignorant of her bearings, knowing not even the name of the place to which she had been abducted; but she dared not waste a moment in deliberation—her jailers might already be in pursuit. Fly she must, somewhere, in some direction, and trust the rest to Heaven. Heaven guided her and turned her face straight toward the town. Mercy scurried off like a hunted wild creature through the wind and rain.

She had not gone far when the sound of approaching wheels arrested her steps. A carriage was coming toward her along the unfamiliar road. Instinctively, Mercy cast herself down in an undistinguishable heap by the wayside, holding her very breath.

It advanced rapidly—plainly the driver was in great haste. In spite of the darkness, Mercy could see that it was a close vehicle, with a man on the box, and two reeking horses at the pole. As the swift wheels neared the spot where the girl lay prostrate on the damp earth, some one inside the carriage called out, loudly and impatiently:

"Drive faster!"

Merciful heaven! It was the voice of Discordo!

The horses turned into the lonely field, and dashed across it toward the haunted house. In a few moments at the furthest he would know all.

With her heart in her throat, Mercy sprang to her feet and fled. Fear lent her wings, desperation gave her strength. He would pursue her, overtake her, if possible. Away she went through the merciful darkness, following the winding road which would ere long, as she rightly judged, lead her into reach of human help. Never did frightened bird fly faster. By the time Discordo alighted from his carriage at the door of the haunted house, Mercy had reached a bend in the murky way, and espied at a little distance before her a light—the beacon of safety and salvation. She ran toward it. It shone from the window of a cottage standing in a trim garden beside the highroad to the town. The gate was open. Mercy ran through, sprang into a porch covered with sweet-smelling vines, and crouched down there, half mad with terror and excitement.

She was free—she was safe—she was close to human succor and companionship. Thank Heaven!—thank Heaven!"

With a wild ringing in her ears, with her heart thumping like a trip-hammer against her side, she waited. Not long. Far off on the wet road she soon heard it coming—the carriage, driven at furious speed. Had Discordo turned coward at last? Finding that his victim had escaped, was he hastening to secure his own safety before she could expose his outrageous villainy? At any rate the vehicle tore past Mercy's place of concealment as if upon an errand of life and death. It vanished in the night; the noise of the swift wheels died away on the wind, and then all was still.

For awhile Mercy remained in her covert, listening, fearing; then as it became certain that her danger was over—that she was indeed delivered from her persecutor, she arose with a great burst of silent thanksgiving, stole out into the road again, and walked off in the track of Discordo's carriage. She must make her way back at once to Seedy Court—to Miss Affry and Val, and tell them her story.

But where was she? How many miles lay before her? Was her face set in the right direction or not? Presently she heard a heavy vehicle in the road behind her, and a cheery whistle, followed by the words:

"Get up, old horse!"

It was a heavy market-wagon, packed with boxes and barrels, the whole covered with a piece of sail-cloth. A lantern burned upon the seat, where, also, she discerned the figure of a middle-aged, honest-faced countryman, jerking the reins over the broad back of his farm-horse. Made bold by the urgency of her case, Mercy stepped up to the wheel of the wagon and into the lantern-light, and quavered.

Please, sir, is this the road to Boston?"

Her appearance was decent enough, for she had secured both her hat and shawl in her flight; but her face, shining through her drifting golden hair, was like the face of the dead. The man drew up his horse at once, looking curiously at the figure by the side of his wheel.

"Yes," he answered.

"Oh, please, sir, is it far away?" said Mercy, in an uncertain voice.

"Well, a few miles, miss."

"Would you kindly tell me the name of this place, sir?"

"Medford."

She drew back. He spoke to his horse and moved on, but at the end of a few yards stopped again, as if struck with a sudden thought, and called to Mercy through the darkness: "Here, miss, are you traveling to the city?"

"Yes, sir," faltered Mercy.

"It's a long walk for you, at this hour of night," said the man, good-naturedly; "you're welcome to a seat here on the load with me, if you like."

She hesitated only for a moment; then, full of gratitude for this unexpected help, climbed up to a place by his side. Mercy had keen instincts, and she knew at once that she was safe with this man.

"Got business in the city?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered; "I am going to find some friends there."

Thank Heaven! this reply seemed to satisfy him. He jogged on, calling out now and then to his stout horse, but giving her no further attention. She soon found that he was casting up some perplexing mathematical account in his mind—calculating the worth of his load, perhaps—and the occupation kept his thoughts entirely averted from his companion, for which she was devoutly thankful.

The wagon being heavily laden, progress was necessarily slow. Mercy sat motionless, voiceless, staring out into the night before her, and thinking only of Val and Miss Affry. Nine long days she had been missing! No doubt they thought her dead. Every moment that kept her from them now seemed like a century.

They rumbled on, slowly but surely, and finally saw a great many lights shining far off—myriad sparks of fire against the gloom. Then they crossed a bridge, and entered the city.

"Whereabouts are your friends, miss?" said the driver.

Mercy told him.

"I'll drop you close by; or, seeing it's so late, I'll drive into the Court, if you're afraid."

She declined this offer with thanks. She was not afraid. In a moment she would be with her dear ones. She scrambled down from the wagon, bade a grateful farewell to this stranger who had befriended her in her need, and, turning the corner of a street, found herself once more in Seedy Court.

One eager rush along the pavement, and Mercy was at the door of Number 10. She looked up at the grimy, wooden face of the old house. It was as dark as the grave. Everybody was in bed, of course—landlady and lodgers alike.

Timidly she rang the bell. No answer. Again, louder than before. No light, no sound anywhere. Number 10 was wrapped in profound silence and darkness. She waited, listened; but no one came to open the familiar door to her. Miss Affry was wont to leave it unlocked for the convenience of her lodgers, but to-night it was as fast as bolt and key could make it.

Oh, how could Val, how could Miss Affry sleep, while she stood there, houseless and trembling, at their threshold? Once more Mercy pulled the bell, but with the same result. Bewildered and disappointed, she sat down in the darkest corner of the steps, under the shelter of the dusty old grapevine.

"I will make no more noise; I will not try to disturb them," she said to herself, "but just wait here till morning. It will not be long."

She drew her old shawl about her shoulders, and tried to feel that everything was right. After all, she had been gone but nine days. Surely no misfortune could have overtaken the Blacks in that little time. Nevertheless, a great sadness began to creep over Mercy—a foreboding of evil.

How silent and dark was the Court! Every rustle of the dry grape-leaves made her start and tremble. Was it Discordo's step that she heard advancing along the pavement? No—only a rush of wind. Suppose he should come back to the court to look for her, and find her waiting there alone? The thought made her flesh creep. However, her fears were groundless. Neither her arch-enemy nor any other person appeared to alarm her. She fell asleep, at last, with her head resting against the fast-closed door, and, undisturbed in her dark corner, slept on till morning.

When she awoke, the sun was rising over the roofs of the great city. She arose to her feet, cramped, confused, frightened. Where was she? One glance around the place answered her. She was safe in Seedy Court, close to Miss Affry and her lover.

Surely the Blacks were awake by this time. She rang the bell, confident of an immediate answer; but none came. Glancing up at the house, Mercy, with a thrill of sudden, nameless fear, saw that all its shutters were closed. She reached and opened one belonging to Miss Affry's sitting-room, and, raising herself on tiptoe, looked into that familiar place. It was empty. A bare floor and four bare walls alone met her sight. With a great shock of astonishment and terror, Mercy saw, felt, that Number 10 was deserted—that Val and Miss Affry were gone! But where?

Dismayed, bewildered, she stood confronting this unexpected and almost incomprehensible misfortune. Discordo's threat in the haunted house rushed back upon her memory. He had deceived the Blacks with his falsehoods—made them to doubt her, Mercy—set their hearts against her, perhaps! This conviction came upon her with a great shock. Whither had they gone? How could she find and undeceive them? She remembered the banking-house. Val would be there—there he was to be found every working-day in the week. She had only to hasten thither, then, and tell him all.

Mercy departed from Seedy Court, and reached State Street long before the banking-house was open. Nothing was left for her to do but hover about its vicinity, walking up and down, too desperate and anxious to care for anything but the errand which had brought her there. She looked in vain for Val. People began to crowd into the street, but he came not.

Presently a handsome carriage drove up to the door of Sardis & Co., and a man, tall, imposing, autocratic, alighted and entered. Business, then, had begun. Mercy glided straight after the important-looking person — straight into the handsome banking-room, where the clerks had now assembled to their daily work. She cast one wild look around. Val was not there!

"Oh, sir, will you tell me where I can find Mr. Black?"

She spoke to the gentleman who had entered before her. He turned and saw her standing just inside the door—a forlorn little figure in a shabby gown and crumpled hat and shawl, her beautiful face as colorless as ashes, the golden hair disordered about it, the great sorrowful eyes heavy with unshed tears. Cullen Sardis gave a perceptible start.

"Mr. Valentine Black, sir," faltered Mercy, an unspeakable eagerness and anxiety breaking into her voice. "He is one of the clerks. I do not see him. Is he here this morning?"

"Black!" answered Cullen Sardis, gazing in a sort of fascinated curiosity at the wan, uplifted face. "No, he is not here—he sailed for England two or three days ago."

"England!"

The room, the cold, high-bred face of the speaker whirled before Mercy's eyes.

"Oh, sir, you cannot mean it—you must be mistaken!"

"Not at all," answered the banker. "I will call Mr. Phillips to tell you about it. You are some relative of Mr. Black's?"

She wrung her hands involuntarily.

"I am his promised wife, sir."

Mr. Sardis elevated his gray brows.

"And do you not know of his recent good fortune?"

"No, sir. I have been away—out of the city, sir, for nine days."

Mr Sardis motioned to his head clerk, who came out from behind a handsome railing, and approached the two. The banker whispered something in his ear, and walked away to a private room. Jacob Phillips went up to Mercy Dill.

"Our late clerk, Mr. Valentine Black," he began, as if he were giving business details to some customer, "has fallen heir to a title and fortune in England. He is, or will be, a baronet. Nine days ago, an English lawyer, who had been sent to America to search for the rightful heir, found him out, and acquainted him with his good luck. He sailed at once, with Miss Black, for his new possessions. It appears that his father was the younger son of a noble family, and was disinherited because of a low marriage, and that his name was not Black but Arbuckle. You look faint—be seated."

Mercy clutched the door to save herself from falling.

"A baronet!—Val! I am very ignorant, sir—I suppose I do not quite understand it. He was so poor and humble, sir—almost as humble and as poor as I!"

Phillips seemed impressed with the girl's appearance.

"It is quite true. Can I do anything for you?" he said.

She caught her breath, as if choking.

"Oh, sir, he left some word for me, did he not—some message?"

"Not here."

"Did he say nothing about me—oh, try to remember—*nothing?*"

"I fear not—I am sure not."

She turned blindly, groping with one hand to find the door.

"Thank you—I will go now—I am sorry to have troubled you."

How she reached the open air she never knew, but presently she found herself upon the street again, feeling as stunned and helpless as if some one had dealt her a blow. Val rich and a baronet!—Val gone to England with Miss Affry, leaving no word for *her*—it was incomprehensible! Should she go down to the wharf, and throw herself into the water, and so make an end of this confusion of brain, this agony of heart that assailed her? The deep religion which controlled the girl's nature strangled that temptation at its birth. She crossed one street and turned into another, never knowing what she was doing, for the pavement seemed to heave under her feet, and everything was blurred and misty before her eyes, and led by some blind instinct, went on, and stopped at last at the Aid Society Rooms.

Here a new disappointment awaited her, though she was

now incapable of feeling or even comprehending it. The Rooms were closed. Work had failed, and the door was fast against applicants. Ignorant of this fact, however, and because she was too weak to stand, Mercy sat down mechanically upon the topmost stair to await the appearance of the matron.

(To be continued.)

AN INTERESTING INVALID.

He was first seen—at least, so tradition goes—loitering at the Wayverne Pool, flinging pebbles into its depths to sound them. He had the dreamiest pale, handsome face imaginable, and a slender, lazy, graceful figure. He looked exactly like a poet, and the immediate impression was, that a poet he must be.

Those who descried him were three young ladies, Misses Bess Latham, Kate Colwood, and Ella Warren, commonly known as "Cinderella," and their attendant cavalier, Mr. Allan Grahame.

They simultaneously stopped still to contemplate so remarkable a vision. And then, recovering partly, they burst into excited whispers.

"How I should like to know him!" cried Miss Bessie.

"And I!" echoed Miss Kate.

"It would be a desirable acquaintance, no doubt," said Cinderella; then, after reflecting a moment, she added, "Though strangers are sometimes dangerous. It is a wonder we heard nothing about his arrival here. He must, I think, have come yesterday."

"By Jove!" cried Allan Grahame; "I remember hearing there was one passenger by the stage yesterday. This must have been the person. Well, girls, if you want to know him so particularly, I think I can manage the business for you."

"Oh, do!" exclaimed Bess and Kate, in a breath.

"Very probably I shall to-night. He must be a poet, or artist, or something, to find pleasure in his present occupation. He's aiming seemingly at something in the water. I wonder what he is trying to hit?"

"An idea, perhaps," said Ella; and to avoid attracting the stranger's attention, they strolled away.

"How is it, Ella, that you don't take much interest in him?" asked Miss Bessie, mischievously.

"Poor Cinderella!" whispered Kate. "Don't sneer at her, Bess. She knows how foolish it would be to take any interest in good-looking young men."

Cinderella was rather plain, it is true. Her flaming red hair was worn short, in the most eccentric taste; her nose was most violently *retroussé*, and her complexion was a moist surface, on which appeared nothing but freckles.

That evening Allan Grahame, after a little perseverance, succeeding in finding the handsome stranger at a cottage just beyond the outskirts of the village. To scrape acquaintance, as the expression goes, he employed a little ruse, which was nothing more ingenious than to fire off a gun near the cottage-door.

As anticipated, the stranger appeared with a light at once, to discover what was the matter.

"Beg your pardon for disturbing you," laughed Allan. "This confounded gun went off accidentally. I don't think I'm shot; at least I—I—certainly don't feel shot," he added, examining himself carefully.

"Come in, and you can see better."

Allan went in briskly.

The stranger's taste in furnishing apartments was conspicuous at once. On the walls hung all sorts of charming pictures; at a desk in the middle of the room were rare and costly books; the furniture about as delicate and beautiful, even down to the Pompeian spittoons and dragon-headed tobacco-jar.

THE SPANISH WAITRESS.—SEE PAGE 723.

"You are a stranger here, I fancy," said Allan, looking around.

"Yes; though this place I occupy was arranged for me two weeks ago. I am Fitzhugh Pyrcie: and you have seen some of my poems, perhaps?"

"A poet, in truth!" thought Allan. "I think not; but I never read anything except the papers and the almanac," he answered. "You have come down for quiet, and that sort of thing, I suppose?"

"No; I am invalided. Overwork, taxed brain, too feverish abandonment to composition, have quite knocked me up. You see a man who is madly destroying himself."

The stranger offered this information with a complacency

AN INTERESTING INVALID.—"HE WAS FIRST SEEN—AT LEAST SO TRADITION GOES—LOITERING AT THE WAYVERNE POOL, FLINGING PEBBLES INTO ITS DEPTHS TO SOUND THEM."

that, under the circumstances, was somewhat singular. Allan proceeded to give his own history.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Pyrcie," he added, in conclusion. "I shall take pleasure in introducing you around. You do not object to society?"

"On the contrary, Grahame," answered Mr. Fitzhugh Pyrcie, rather familiarly for an acquaintance of ten minutes. "I adore society. I especially worship the sex. Let me read you my 'Ode to Women,' hot from my brain."

"No, no!" cried Grahame, nervously. "I hear you cough every now and then, and reading aloud might not be well for you. But I have a proposition to offer, before I forget it. There will be a party at Mr. Latham's to-morrow evening—I shall get you an invitation. You will see lots of nice people, and enjoy yourself."

"I may, Grahame," sighed the poet; "and many thanks to you! But to me this world's barren—my dear sir, my heart is ashes!"

"Indeed!" echoed Allan, much disturbed at this information. "Well, you needn't over-dance, you know; and there'll be plenty of wine, and things to eat, and——"

"Yes, yes," returned Mr. Pyrcie, shaking his head; "no doubt, Grahame. Many thanks again. You may call for me at your own hour. Good-night!"

Allan left then, but somewhat mystified.

"Cool customer, by Jove!" he thought, striding home. "These poets are always half cracked. They know nothing about the real world—the rough, vulgar world—but have an idea it's a place like those states of existence they describe in their books. This fellow's an idiot. I shall tell the girls so."

And he kept his word. They listened with breathless interest, as he talked at Bessie's window, where they were all assembled the next morning.

"Of course he shall have an invitation!" said Bess. "Papa must do him especial honor. A poet—a real, live poet! And what a beautiful name!"

In the evening the Latham parlors were crowded. Everybody knows what parties in the country are. Mr. Fitzhugh Pyrcie came in about nine, piloted by Grahame.

"Now, my dear Grahame," he drawled, gesticulating with his gloved hand, "don't do the thing rudely—I mean the introduction. There's an art in bringing the lion of the evening properly on the carpet, and if this art is not understood, there will be a most disgusting *faux-pas*."

"Why, the fellow's a regular snob!" soliloquized Allan, mentally.

"Sound my name audibly, and be sure to say, the author of 'Hylas and the Nymphs,' a poem of the pure Greek school. My 'Aphrodite' I don't much boast of."

The poet was dressed in a manner really astounding. He wore his hair hanging down upon his forehead, of course; his shirt-collar was cut deep at the throat; in the bosom glittered diamonds; his coat and vest were of the most exquisite purple velvet, and his unmentionables of some material so peculiar as to be utterly indescribable.

The introduction was, to his comfort, properly done. He sat down amid universal silence. Allan was fast moving off, relieved to be rid of him.

"Come back here, Grahame!" he cried. "I want to ask you some questions. Where's the pretty Miss Latham you spoke of as we came along?"

"That's she at the piano. The lady beside her is Miss Katie Colwood. The one on the other side is Miss Warren."

"You mean our friend with the carroty hair? How can such homely beings exist?" sighed Mr. Pyrcie. "If I were not as good-looking as I am, Grahame, I should go into the forest and be a hermit. To be ugly would not become my character of poet, you know. But were I a fright, like that poor creature yonder, I should shoot myself!"

"Well, of all the snobs!" thought Allan. "I can't stand his society an instant longer. I shall give him to Bess."

It was a glorious evening, and nothing occurred to mar its pleasure till about midnight.

Mr. Fitzhugh Pyrcie exerted himself wonderfully. He danced and talked, and laughed and flirted, and was the very life of the entertainment.

But among sundry other members of the male sex, congregated in corners, he was not quite so popular.

These gentlemen thought him a donkey, an empty headed fop, a gaudily-dressed idiot.

For their opinions, however, the poet cared nothing. He stared at them superciliously when the dancing paused, and once, when one of them ventured to ask him how he liked the village, he drawled:

"Tolerably. Don't like the looks of the men in it—they are such vulgar clods. Their big hands and feet, and double-soled boots, nearly kill me."

With which he sauntered off, leaving his questioner paralyzed with rage.

About eleven and three-quarters or so, Mr. Pyrcie took Allan Grahame's arm, and slipped down into the supper-room.

"Look here, Grahame," he said; "I've asked that confounded little red-headed chit to dance the next set with me. I don't know what madness put it into my head to do it. I could never dance with her, you know."

"Why not?" asked Allan, calmly. "She is quite a nice young lady, and her family is most respectable. She will be an heiress one of these days. There's money for her in England—much money."

"Hang her money! I can't dance with her, and I won't. I wish you would decline in my name. If I did it, a scene might take place, which would be awful," replied Pyrcie.

"Very well, sir," answered Allan, his eye kindling. "I shall do so."

He went straight up-stairs, and over to Cinderella. He whispered a few words to her. She listened attentively; she began to tremble, her face reddened, she burst into tears, rose, and quitted the room.

The insult had stung her as vitriol burns.

Pyrcie observed all. As Allan turned toward him, he beckoned to him.

"By Jove! I didn't expect that, Grahame. I must have hurt her feelings."

"You did, sir; but it is no matter. Yet, you may hear of the affair again."

Allan turned on his heel, and went away.

This was the only disagreeable circumstance of the evening. The affair ended, like country balls generally, only with the approach of dawn.

Next day Allan Grahame called on Mr. Fitzhugh Pyrcie.

"You must apologize for your conduct to Miss Warren, sir. I take up the matter, since she has no brothers."

"Certainly, Grahame. I was just on my way to her house. I will go there, if you'll show me the way, and make the most abject apology possible."

Allan pointed out the road, and they separated.

Next day they met again. Mr. Pyrcie was suffering with what he called "one of his bad days." He was nervous and melancholy.

"By Jove, Grahame," he said, "I went to see Miss What's-her-name yesterday, and she wouldn't accept my apo'ogy. I shall keep at her, however, till she consents to forgive me."

Mr. Pyrcie ran his course like a comet. He was the wonder, the admiration, the constant talk of the village. He

visited everywhere, paid devoted attention to all the young ladies, and was loved by every one in return.

The story of the insult to Cinderella got out, from the fact that that young lady had not shown her plain face since the party.

She was mercilessly ridiculed, and some ingenious soul sent her an anonymous letter.

Next day she left the village.

"Now, Grahame," said Mr. Pyrcie, when he heard of it, "that woman has made herself perfectly foolish in this little affair with me. I've been to her house every day this week, and offered the most abject apologies, and hang me if she didn't refuse to listen!"

Mr. Fitzhugh Pyrcie was just at the summit of his popularity when he vanished.

Whither had he gone? None knew.

The amazement was general. Imagine what it would be if the sun should suddenly go out some day!

But one person was afflicted particularly, and this was Miss Bessie Latham. She shed so many bitter tears all day long, and was so utterly wretched, that old Mr. Latham locked her into his study, and demanded to know what ailed her.

"Pa," she sobbed, "we were engaged to be married, and he has run away without a word."

"Indeed. Well, I shall take you up to town, and see my lawyers, Burtytop & Co., and we'll find out something about this Mr. Fitzhugh Pyrcie."

Next day the old gentleman was as good as his word. He went up to town with Bess, in his private conveyance, and they went in the afternoon to Burtytop's.

Old Mr. Burtytop sat with his feet on the mantelpiece, smoking.

"Ah, Latham, is that you? And Miss Bess too!" he cried. "More trouble, I see by your faces. Let me call Bob, if you're in a hurry; he must be present while you tell me what your business is, because, you know, he attends to all his lazy old papa's business—he! he! Eh, Miss Bess? Bob's a nice fellow—a practical, clear-headed young rascal, with no nonsense about him. He's in the room there, with two new clients, now. I'll tell you something about him," continued old Mr. Burtytop, slyly, all smiles; "but don't breathe a word of it. He was married this morning. Ha, ha, ha!"

"This morning—and back at the office in the afternoon!" exclaimed Bess.

"Yes. Spliced at twelve—hard at work by two. No time lost or money spent in honeymooning, you see. Ha, ha! Let me call him." He went to the door, and called, "Robert, let me speak to you a moment!" Then he returned to his chair. "Bob's quick at settling things. These people have only been with him three minutes, and he is dismissing them already."

The door opened and three persons appeared. They were Mr. Pyrcie Fitzhugh, Mr. Allan Grahame and Miss Katie Colwood.

The tableau of amazement that followed would have roused an audience in a theatre to absolute enthusiasm.

Mr. Fitzhugh broke the silence by bursting into a fit of laughter.

"My good friends," he said to Mr. Latham and Bess, "I have just been explaining this little mystery to Grahame and Miss Colwood. I believe I have been playing a trick upon you country folk. I can't—can't——"

He broke down, confused.

"What's all this, sir?" asked his father.

Briefly, it was simple enough. The scamp had gone down to the village in the character of a poet, and had made love to and jilted both Kate and Bess.

"But whom have you married?" asked Allan Grahame.

"Hem!" coughed Mr. Bob Burtytop, greatly embarrassed. "I have married Ella Warren."

There was a terrible row about the adventure; but, as Bob was certainly married, all felt compelled to make the best of it.

"That boy a poet!" growled old Mr. Burtytop. "Never wrote a rhyme in his life! The most practical scamp in the world!"

"But," said Allan, "I don't understand this yet. You insulted Miss Warren about her red hair once. How could you ever endure the red hair?"

"My dear fellow," said Bob, "the color of her hair made no difference to me; I was entirely interested in the color of her money. You see, she came into the English inheritance some months since. We were charged to let her know this, and settle the estate; and it struck me it would be worth my while to marry her. I planned my adventure, went down among you all in my poetical character, insulted Miss Warren to have an excuse for visiting her next day, did so, and took the opportunity of letting her know her good luck, and my real name, etc.; and from that hour out I courted her, while you supposed I was making apologies, and she left to marry me. I was also, of course, the author of the anonymous letter. Ingenious experiment, wasn't it?"

But Burtytop & Co. lost several clients.

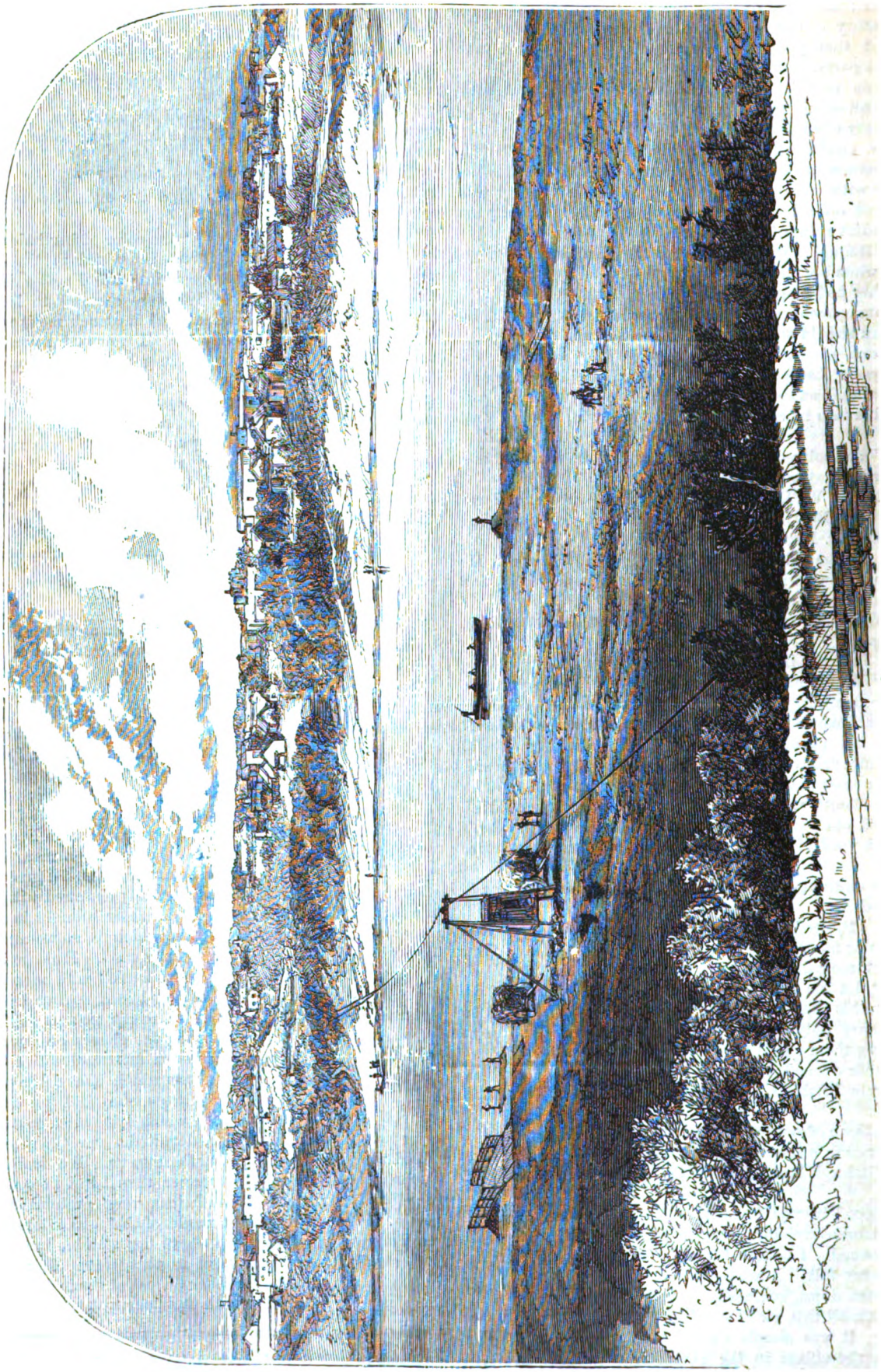
THE SPANISH WAITRESS.

Lady Herbert, in her charming book of "Rambles in Spain," gives us many glances at the social life of that strange people.

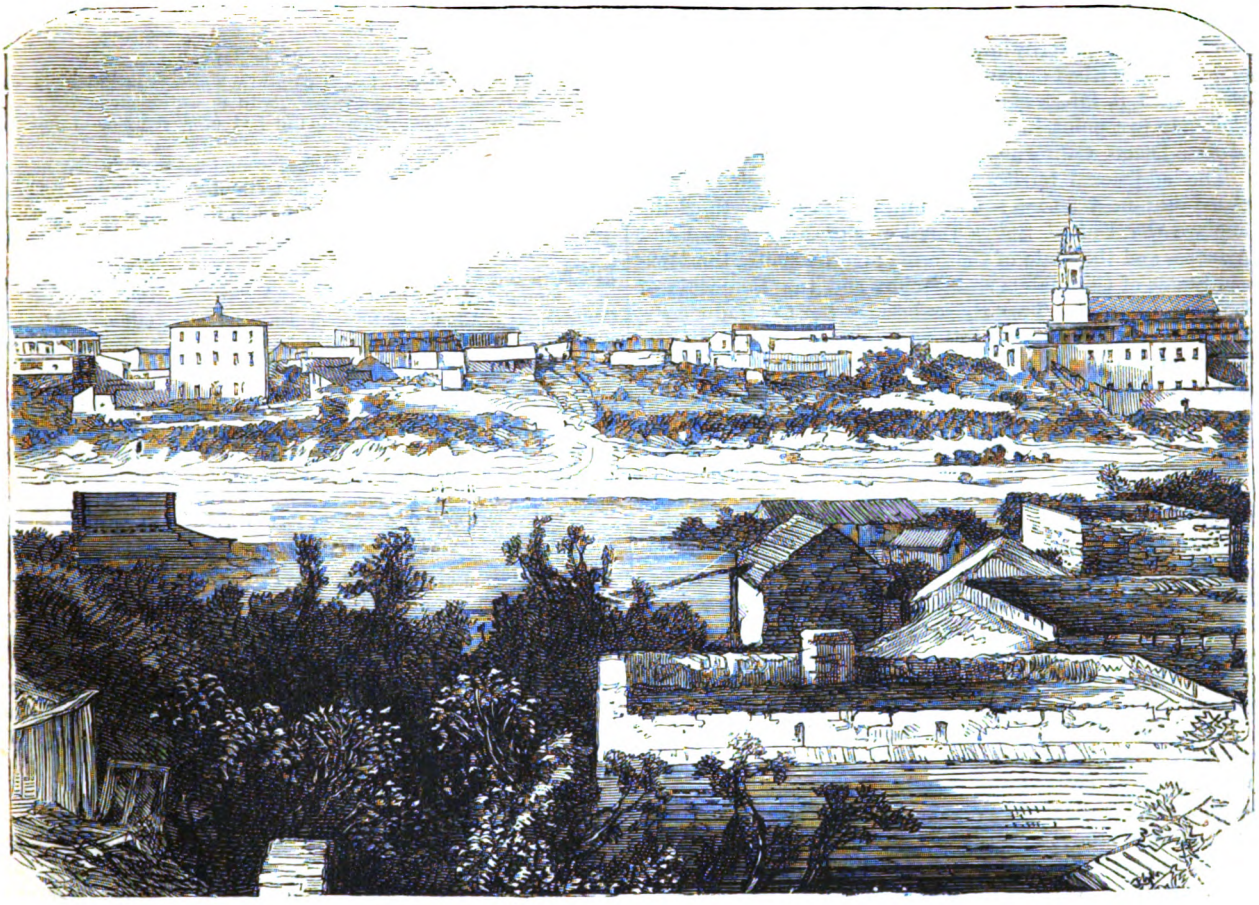
During their journey to Madrid they were obliged, owing to an accident to their carriage, to put up at a village inn; and while she lamented the want of general comfort to which she had been accustomed when traveling in France and England, she was much impressed with the manners and appearance of the attendants. She observes that there was none of that obsequiousness so characteristic of English waiters, or of that pert vivacity so common in France.

"We were waited upon," she relates, "by a man whose bearing invested the omelettes he carried with a dignity not belonging to them; but I was perfectly charmed with the grace with which the innkeeper's daughter brought in some glasses of that pleasant light wine which is so welcome to those who have traveled over a dusty road. Had she been a princess she could not have borne herself with more self-possession. When my husband explained to her that he preferred having the flask, that he might pour it out himself, she placed the tray containing the glasses on the table, and left the room, reappearing soon afterward with a large pitcher with some wine in it, into which she deliberately poured the contents of the glasses she had previously brought; she then, with a look which I thought contained somewhat of wounded pride, departed. Sir Charles then refilled the glasses, and handed them to us. We found the wine excellent, but rather stronger than I had been accustomed to take; it was, nevertheless, very grateful to our palates. I have often since thought of that girl's demeanor, which seemed to me so much above her station, but which I afterward found was natural to that class. It must be confessed that even the humbler classes of Spain have manners strangely at variance with their occupations."

Calumny is like the brands flying from a large fire, which quickly go out if you do not blow them.



OUR SOUTHERN FRONTIER.—THE TOWN OF NUEVO LAREDO, MEXICO.



OUR SOUTHERN FRONTIER.— LAREDO, TEXAS.

OUR SOUTHERN FRONTIER.

THE EAST AND WEST BOUNDARY LINE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO.

By General Egbert L. Viele.

If the north and south line of the Mexican boundary was a blunder that has been made more and more manifest each year for the thirty years since it was established, the east and west line has been shown to be an equally absurd one. If the east and west line differs from the north and south line, it is in the fact that the former is even more desolate and forlorn than the latter in all its dreary extent. Along the former, little or no water is to be found, while the latter is entirely a water-line. In both instances the treaty was successful in developing the most useless and forlorn portion of the American continent.

It will be remembered that the original treaty of August, 1848, being based on a purely hypothetical line, was so indefinite in its terms that the joint commission appointed to locate the boundary on the ground attempted in vain to do so, and subsequently compromised on another and entirely different line than the one intended; the result of which was that the United States Commissioner allowed himself and the country he represented to be defrauded out of many thousand miles of territory. In order to remedy this, and, more particularly, to secure an improved location for the boundary, a subsequent treaty was negotiated, and an entirely new line established. An extended area was thereby added to the original territory ceded by Mexico. This additional territory was known as "the Gadsden Purchase," from the name of the then United States Minister to Mexico. The boundary defined by this treaty has been established with extreme precision on the ground; and this line it is now proposed to describe.

Located in conformity with those imaginary lines with which geographers seek to determine the relative positions of places on the surface of the earth, this line had, of course, no real existence until the astronomers and engineers, by the aid of the planets and the light of other worlds, were enabled to define its true position. Thus the stars, that, for unnumbered ages, have looked down in calm sublimity upon these mountain-tops and trackless deserts, prove to be the only guides by which the solitudes of earth can be penetrated, disputed boundaries fixed, and the limits set to national aggressions.

While lying, for the most part, on an elevated plateau or table-land, intersected and crossed by a succession of detached mountain-chains that belong to the system of sierras which characterize the western part of the American continent, it also passes over a sandy desert, which, like the great Sahara of Africa, formed, within a comparatively recent geological period, the bed of an inland sea. A general elevation of land has changed the level of the surface, so that this sea, first becoming a land-locked lake, has subsequently, as the result of evaporation, been entirely dried up; leaving a vast, sandy plain below the level of the sea, destitute of vegetation and of water.

The boundary, as defined by the treaty, commences at El Paso, where the parallel of 31° 47′ crosses the Rio Grande; thence running due west one hundred miles along this parallel; thence south to the parallel of 31° 20′; thence along

that parallel to the 111th meridian of longitude, west from Greenwich; thence in a straight line to a point in the Colorado River, twenty miles below the junction of the Gila and Colorado Rivers; thence up the middle of the Colorado River until it intersects the Gila River; thence across the Colorado to a point in the Pacific Ocean, one league south of San Diego, California.

The additional territory acquired by the Gadsden purchase contained 26,185 square miles. On the north of the line are the United States Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, and the State of California; on the south, the Mexcan States of Chihuahua and Sonora and the Peninsula of Lower California. Two rivers besides the Colorado cross the line, and, running northwest, empty into the Gila. They are the San Pedro and the Santa Cruz (Saint Peter and the Holy Cross); but the latter cannot be depended upon for water in the dry season. It resembles a portion of the bed of the Upper Rio Grande, where water can sometimes only be found standing in detached pools.

The line may be said to lie in a negative zone, between the luxuriant tropics and the great cereal zone, along which civilization moves around the world—having neither the spontaneity of the one nor the vigorous growth of the other. It barely sustains the lower types of vegetable and animal life, which are alone found in that region, and which, in strange contrast to the forms of development that elsewhere obtain, afford food for curiosity, without subserving in any way a useful or necessary purpose.

This long and dreary waste of rock and desert has few or no inhabitants, and in all probability never will have any. Yet the line is crossed and re-crossed in a hundred places by roads and trails that have an interesting history, extend-back into bygone centuries. Along these roads have passed to and fro a people who are known only in tradition; the ruins of whose populous cities are scattered over a broad expanse of territory, and tell of a civilization higher in type and more vigorous in development than any now found there.

Concerning these people there is much that is mysterious yet to be unraveled. Whether, having redeemed the wilderness and made it blossom like the rose, they finally succumbed to the pressure of outside barbarism, and thus became degraded into the miserable race that now inhabit these ruins as the sole descendants and inheritors of a fallen people, or whether they have been totally exterminated, leaving behind them no record or trace except their deserted homes—is yet to be determined. Certain it is that traces of their lives and their labors are everywhere numerous and distinct.

Along these roads, from the coast to the forest, and from the mountains again to the sea, the aborigines, the Spaniards and the Mexicans have passed and repassed for centuries. The bloodthirsty savage on the war-path; the gay military cavalcade with pennons flying and lance at rest; the priest and friar in sombre raiment; the mild-mannered and subdued proselyte; victor and vanquished; master and slave—all have left their footprints in these desolate valleys. The remnants of *arrastas* for crushing gold found in the mountains tell of a people who were there even before the Jesuit fathers built their missions and gathered converts among the Indian tribes.

In describing the topography of the singular region of country we are now about to visit, it must be borne in mind that its original explorers were the Spaniards, who gave to all the peculiar features of the surface which they saw local names, and in their written descriptions applied terms and designations which have been ever since retained. It is, therefore, as well that I should here insert those terms in general use by the Spaniards, and their meaning, as many of them will necessarily be also used in the descriptions that are to follow:

MESA.—A table land, table mountain, or flat ridge.

MESILLA.—The diminutive of mesa—little mesa, or little tableland.

CANON.—A defile or mountain pass, with no outlet on either side. A cañon is most generally the bed of a river or mountain torrrent.

SIERRA.—Literally a saw. Indicates a mountain range that has a serrated edge, resembling the teeth of a saw.

LOMA.—A long mountain or ridge of hills, with somewhat smooth and flat surfaces.

LOMITA.—The diminutive of loma.

PUERTO.—A gate or gap; is used to designate a pass through the mountains.

CORDILLERA.—A long, continuous range of mountains, composed of several ridges, as a cord is composed of several strings twisted together—the word cord and cordillera being formed from the same stem.

CIENEGA.—A boggy valley, signifying the presence of a hundred springs, where the water collects and the outlet is obstructed.

CHARCO.—Signifies a hole in clay or in the rock, where the water collects and where there is no outlet.

ARROYO.—A dry bed of a former stream; a deep channel made by water, but now dry. These form serious obstacles to travel along the banks of rivers.

Let us now undertake to travel over this long boundary-line, with its plateaus, its sierras, its valleys and its deserts. It is a weary journey, even in imagination—no people, no homes, no fields, but only the solitudes of a continent's innermost depths, where civilization has raised its head in vain, and the herculean efforts of the highest intelligence have gone down before the physical forces of the lowest barbarism.

Starting from the initial point on the Rio Grande, in the parallel of 31° 47′, we pass due west along that parallel. Crossing first a low mountain called Muleras, we come to a sandy valley which was evidently at one time the bed of the Rio Grande, that, during some subsequent convulsion of nature, has changed its course on the other side of this valley. We first strike a broad *mesa*, the plateau of the Sierra Madre. The line here leads over an apparently boundless level table-land, very sandy, and, as a general thing, destitute of grass, but thickly covered with brushwood and low sand-hills four or five feet high. An isolated mountain rises from this plain, immediately on the line. This is called Monument Mountain; while to the right is seen the Sierra del Potrillo. From Monument Mountain the line descends from the tableland and passes over a series of hills with an easy ascent, that a loaded wagon can readily cross. Passing these hills, the line leads into a broad valley bounded on the west by the Sierra del Carrizahillo. Beyond the hills the soil becomes very luxuriant, and in the lower part of the valley is a beautiful sheet of water, fed by numerous springs. This place is called the Ojos Adjuntos.

Before reaching the Sierra Carrizahillo the line passes two low hills that produce a remarkable variation of the magnetic needle at a distance of three miles, indicating the presence of a very large body of magnetic iron ore crossing the Sierra Carrizahillo. The line now enters an open valley, and meets the great road from Yanos and Casa Grande in Chihuahua, where was located the ancient kingdom of Marata, described in old chronicles.

Passing on to a slight elevation, we reach the hundredth mile from the initial point, where the line makes a right angle and follows the meridian until it intersects the parallel of 31° 20′. Looking south from this point along the meridian, the high mountains of Sierra de la Boca Grande (big mouth) are seen on the left; on the right the Sierra Ojo del Perro (dog's eye.) The boundary line here runs through a broad valley or plain, covered with a fine grass that affords excellent pasturage.

The line now turns to the right along the parallel of 31°

20′ and passes through or over the Sierra del Perro, running for several miles over a series of rounded hills and then crossing a wide valley, strikes the lofty Sierra de San Luis. The soil of the valley is light and sandy, and contains a large town of prairie-dogs—those singular and interesting little creatures that seem more than other animals to imitate the gregarious habits of human beings. Posting a sentinel on its hind legs to give warning in case of danger, these little fellows busy themselves about their affairs with wonderful activity; but the most singular of all their habits is the readiness with which they afford lodgings for the rattlesnake in their little burrows, without appearing to be in the least disturbed by the presence of such a visitor.

From this point, for more than a hundred miles the road from Ianos to Santa Cruz follows the general direction of the boundary line, crossing the Guadalupe Mountains through the pass or cañon of the San Domingo River, a branch of the Gila. Through this pass the road from Fort Cumings in New Mexico to Santa Cruz also crosses the Sierras.

The boundary passes over the top of the Guadalupe Mountains near the pass afterward intersecting the road in the cañon. At the foot of the Guadalupe Mountains are the Springs of San Bernardino, where many old Indian trails meet and where a road turns off into Sonora, extending as far as Guaymas on the Gulf of California. To the west of this point the boundary crosses a mountain ridge. We see on the left the Sierra San José, and on the right the Sierra de Espinola. Near the eastern base of this sierra flows the Rio San Pedro, a considerable branch of the Gila. This river runs through a rolling prairie; but its bed is sixty or one hundred feet below the surface of the plain. Its banks are vertical and the river is not seen until the edge of the bank is reached. Near where the San Pedro crosses the line is the small town or hamlet of Santa Cruz in Sonora. This is an important point, for the reason that a number of roads centre here that lead from Sonora into Arizona, connecting many noted places in the two countries.

After crossing the Sierra de Espinola, the line en ers an attractive valley that extends westward as far as the Santa Rita mountains. This is the valley of Nogales (The Walnuts); and is covered with rich green foliage—the spot in all this region that welcomes the traveler with its marked contrast to the rugged mountains and sterile plains that he has passed over; producing a most pleasing effect upon the mind, by the verdure of the smiling valley.

Through this valley there are roads leading in all directions. The principal one is that from Mexico to Tucson in Arizona, sixty-nine miles distant, and thence to Prescott, the capital of the Territory. This road has been the scene of many events, in the past three or four centuries, that recall the wonderful history of those days when the unknown heart of the continent was penetrated by the Jesuit monks and friars, for the double purpose of gathering treasure for the world that is, and souls for the world to come.

Following the valleys prolonged from the interior of Mexico, flanked everywhere by high sierras, they passed northward, with few obstacles, to the ancient cities of Zuñi and Cibola. Ingrafting with amazing facility the wild superstitions of the savages upon their elastic creed, they soon counted their converts by tens of thousands, and established an almost superhuman power over a race until then ungoverned and ungovernable.

The military spirit with which Ignatius Loyola innoculated the creed of Jesus here developed itself in full and active force. The Gospel of Peace, that strode over Europe, in the sixteenth century, clothed in a coat of mail, lost little of its aggressiveness on the new continent, while wearing a more saintly garb; and the sentiments of fear and faith were strangely mingled when the red Indian knelt in humble submission at the foot of the cross. The narratives of the friar Marcos de Niça, in 1539, of Father Ignacio Keler, and Sedelmayer at a later period, read like the tales of old romance; but they all tell of wonderful cities that are now no more, and of a singular race of people whose ancestors, like the ancient Aryans, worshiped a God in Nature, all-bountiful and all-beneficent.

Here on this road, although some distance from the boundary, we find the still beautiful and well-preserved mission-church of San Xavier del Bac. The exterior walls are richly ornamented, carved and stuccoed, and the interior handsomely painted in bright colors, with many paintings in fresco. Not far from this is the former mission of Tomocacari, another fine structure, in the midst of rich fields, showing how carefully the old fathers selected their locations. Tubac is a town in this vicinity. Rich mines of copper, silver and gold lie in Sierra Atascosa, a league from this place.

We have now arrived at the intersection of the parallel 31° 20′ north latitude with the 111th meridian west of Greenwich, and from here the boundary makes a direct course to a point on the Colorado River, twenty miles south of its junction with the Gila. The first sierra that crosses the line to the westward is that of Del Pajarito (Little Bird). This is a granitic ridge. This region of country is inhabited by the Papago Indians, who wander over the country from San Xavier as far west as the Tinajas Altas. They were once a formidable tribe, and waged unceasing war against the Mexicans; but, having sustained repeated losses, they retired to the high peak of Babuquivari, the traditional home of the tutelary deity that presided over the destinies of the tribe. Here, in an amphitheatre surrounded by mountain-ridges, they gathered their families and their herds of cattle and horses, and, for many days, they battled in the mountain-passes and made their last grand fight. But they were defeated and overcome; and, believing that their deity had shown them by their defeat that they should go no more to war, they have, since that time, led quiet and peaceful lives; not even struggling against the depredations of the Apaches, the natural enemies of all that is peaceful or civilized. The consequence is that all over the country are scattered the remnants of deserted Papago rancherias. These are generally situated some distance from water, as there seems to be among them a superstition about living near it. The women, who do all the labor, have to bring water in *ollas*, or earthen vessels, a long distance, bearing it on their heads. They are compelled to keep very large earthen vessels constantly filled, in order to be sure of a supply. These are sunken in the ground, and have a capacity of several gallons. The tribe is comparatively well-off in worldly goods. They plant and grow corn, and possess cattle and many fine horses. Nature supplies them with many useful plants. From the suwarrow (*Cereus gigantens*) and pitaya they make an excellent preserve by simply boiling the fruit down without sugar. They also make a candy of the same material, as it possesses a large amount of saccharine matter. From a low-growing plant they collect the seeds, called *chie*, which are coated with a gummy substance. When placed in water they become partially dissolved, and make a refreshing drink, which, in that warm climate, is a much-needed refreshment. The women are better dressed than most Indian women. They all wear skirts of *manta*, or calico, covering the body from the hips down. A sub-tribe of the Papagos inhabits the country near the Gulf of California. These are called Arenenos. Their principal food is salt fish, which they prepare themselves with considerable skill.

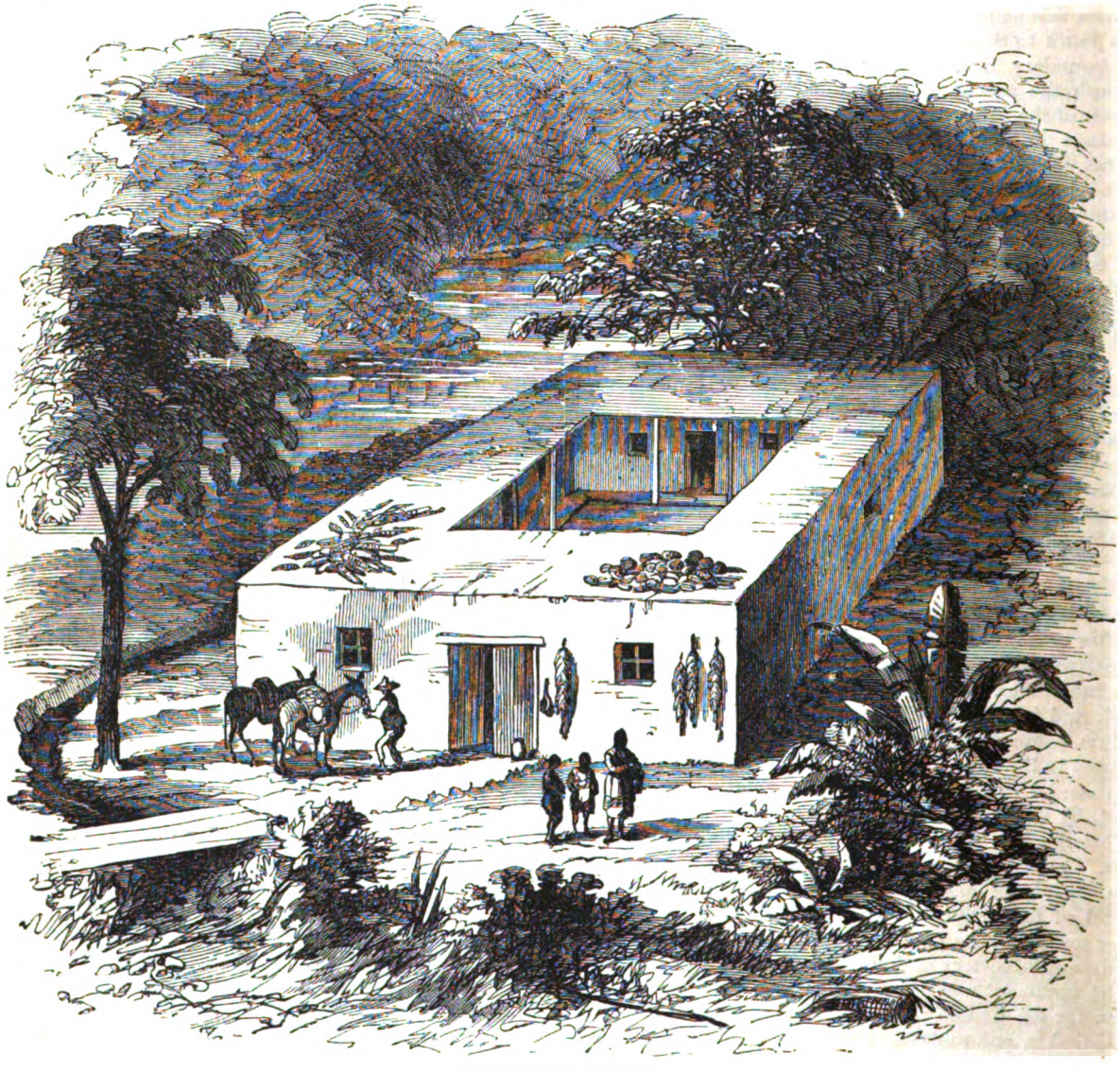
The Papagos exhibit more than any other of the tribes in

this region of country the influence of the Jesuit priests, and still maintain many of the ceremonies of the Church. Some of them remain in the neighborhood of the old missions, where, recently, two or three priests have gone among them and renewed the influence of religious services. But the dreadful cloud that is ever hanging over them is the constant fear of the rapacious and bloodthirsty Apache—their hereditary enemy.

Among all the nomadic tribes that roamed over the continent of North America previous to the colonization by the Europeans, there seem to have been three ruling nations who, by reason of organized leagues, were enabled to dominate the weaker tribes, over whom they held an almost despotic sway. These were the Iroquois, or six nations of New York; the Sioux of the northwest; and the Apaches of the southwest.

The first, with all its power for good and evil, has melted entirely away; the second is fast disappearing before the advancing tide of civilization; while the last, that has for centuries been the terror and the curse of Indians and of whites, is now passing through a last desperate struggle on the southwestern frontier.

The boundary line, through the absurdities of national comity, has been for the past thirty years their most effective ally and a convenient shelter for their crimes and enormities. Crossing and recrossing at pleasure, they bid defiance to pursuit from either nation, while both alike are their victims and ready prey. Without hindrance and with little fear they strike wherever and whenever they see fit; and instead of being intimidated, they seem to grow more bold year by year; setting up an absolute barrier to progress and civilization over a large region of country, and preventing the development of mineral wealth that is probably greater within the territory that is subject to their depredations than in any similar area of country on the surface of the globe.



A MEXICAN ADOBE HOUSE.

They are the most numerous tribe in the southwest—their range of operations extending along both sides of the Rio Grande, from the southern limits of the Navajo country at the parallel of 34 degrees, through a large portion of New Mexico and Arizona, Northern Texas, and Chihuahua, Sonora and Durango, Mexico. They range eastward as far as the Pecos, and they are found as far west as the Pimos villages on the Gila River.

They are divided into several tribes, each of which takes its name from the district in which it is most frequently found. All of the tribes are under the control of separate and independent chiefs. The several tribes which constitute

THE PLANTS OF THE ARIZONA DESERT—THE NEEDLE PALM (YUCCA BERVIFOLIA) AND BARREL CACTUS (CEREUS LE CONTEI).

this nation are as follows: the Tontos, or Coyoteros, the most westerly tribe; the Chiricagui, that take their name from the principal mountain they inhabit; the Gileños, that infest the mountains nearest the headwaters of the Gila; the Mimbreras, that take their name from the river and mountain of Mimbres, signifying the Willows; the Taracomes, that are found in the mountains between the Rio Grande and the Pecos; the Mescaleros, that take their name from Mescal, a liquor distilled from the juice of the Agave Americano; the Llanos, who make their habitations in the Llano Estacado, or Staked Plains of Northern Texas; the Lipans and the Navajos.

All these tribes occupy positions in the mountains where, among their rugged fastnesses, they are almost secure from pursuit. To their dens they carry their plunder and their prisoners. Occupying little or no cultivatable land, they never undertake to till the soil; depending either upon the spontaneous productions of nature, or upon the plunder of the more peaceful and industrious tribes. Implacable enemies to Europeans, and to all Indians that affiliate with them, habitually savage and brutal, they are cruel and inhuman to those who have the misfortune to fall into their hands. They are generally naked; making their incursions on swift horses, with a piece of skin for a saddle. With little courage, they depend more upon artifice than valor. Their lives are nearer those of the brute creation than any other human beings. Even the rude shelters that they sometimes build for themselves are the most inferior that any portion of the human race are known to inhabit, consisting of a few crooked sticks covering a hole in the ground.

Leaving these wretches with the earnest hope that the time for their utter extermination is fast approaching, we will continue our journey along the boundary line.

The Sierra del Pajarito, which we now cross, is a portion of the Arizona Mountains, which are rich in gold, silver and copper. North and northwest of this mountain range, the Sierra Domos rise up in bold terraces. These gigantic shelves are bordered with rocks, projecting out in most fantastic shapes. On the northern slope of the Sierra Janos another group of mountains occur, known as the Sierra Atacoosa, wonderfully rich in precious metals. On the northwest of the cordillera formed by these three mountains is the Sierra del Babuquivari. Between these two elevations is a rugged, narrow valley that is of great importance, not only for the valuable fresh-water springs that are found in it, but from the fact that it forms the only avenue of communication between the settlements in the Santa Cruz Valley and the coast regions along the Gulf of California. There was formerly a considerable town here, bearing the Papago name of Aribaca, or, more properly, Aribec, but it has been several times destroyed by the Apaches.

Looking northward from the peak of the Sierra del Pajarito, a rugged set of mountain ranges is spread out, and, although the single sierras do not extend very high, they form a very bold mountain relieved by the close, uninterrupted texture of the inclined plane which constitutes them. At the distance of about sixteen miles, another cordillera is visible, the principal sierra of which is called Escondida, from the fact that water from an unknown source trickles down its sides from the rocks above; *aqua-escondida* signifying hidden water. This sierra is scarcely more than a mile wide, and exceeds in barrenness any that have been mentioned. The country here assumes a new aspect. Grand convulsions and volcanic forces have here, at an early period in the history of the globe, produced extraordinary disturbances. Limestone, granite and trap rocks are all upheaved in one confused and inextricable mass, and the surface is as rough and rugged as it possibly could be.

Seventeen miles to the westward is the Sierra de Sonora. A prominent peak on this sierra, a few feet south of the boundary, serves as a good natural object to mark it. A league from it are "the Springs of Hail" (Los ojos de Granizo), where the soil is very rich and the vegetation profuse. From this point there is a wide, rich valley, running north and south, extending along the east base of the Sierra Babuquivari. Beyond this is the Sierra del Pozo Verde, at the base of which is the Aqua del Pozo Verde (Green Well), where there is a permanent supply of water, and where formerly was a Papago village, with the usual history of Apache violence and destruction.

The sharp and lofty peak of Babuquivari, to the northeast, is one of the marked topographical features of the country, and has had a place in Indian traditions from time immemorial. It is venerated by the Papagos, who regard it as their palladium. Its great height, added to its spire-like top, causes it to act as a condenser of the water in the clouds that come in contact with it, and thereby collects in its numerous and almost inaccessible recesses an immense amount of water, and the Indians, in time of drought or war or famine, find there a safe retreat.

Looking westward from the Sierra Verde, a wide plain is visible, bounded at a distance of fifteen miles by a mountain range, traversing the country with the invariable bearing southeast and northwest. The eastern half of this plain is covered with a more than usual amount of vegetation, abounding in grass and a dense growth of brushwood and mesquite; while the western part, a low flat, is entirely destitute of vegetation, which seems to have been destroyed by small, rat-like animals that burrow in the sides of the mountain and live off this verdure.

The range succeeding this valley is the Sierra de la Omion, which is unlike all the sierras eastward, being an isolated group rising out of a diluvial plain. Up to this point there has been little room for diluvial deposits, the whole region being so broken up by the continuous succession of mountain ranges. But westward great basins of diluvial characteristics form the main in which the sterile mountains lie imbedded, and completely isolated in a vast sea of drift.

Looking backward, the country so far passed over resembles a strait traversed by long mountain reefs, while looking forward it appears like a coast of shoal water, dotted with rocky islands; as if the *débris* of some vast Plutonian sea had, in the one instance, been forced together, while in the other, they resemble the ice hummocks in the Polar regions, that raise their heads above the broad expanse of frozen fields.

The line now crosses a desert about seventeen miles wide, and strikes a comparatively low and narrow sierra, which presents two vertical peaks rising up like a pair of horns, that constitute a natural monument, as the boundary line falls directly between them. The name Linderos, or landmark has been fixed to this sierra. To the northwest and southeast lie the Sierras Arteza and Soñi, the former in the United States and the latter in Mexico, both famous for their auriferous deposits.

Beyond the Sierra Linderos is another desert, sixteen miles wide, which separates it from the Sierra la Nariz (mountain of the nose), a spur of the Sierra del Ajo, that takes its name del Ajo (garlic) from its structure—the main body resembling the bulbous head of the garlic. This mountain appears about eight miles north of the line. A valley about fifteen miles wide separates the Sierra la Nariz from the next line of elevation called Sierra de Laguna, beyond which is the valley of Sonoyta. This valley is not very wide, but it affords pasturage for a large number of cattle. Numerous springs of water issue from the earth, forming

a *cienaga*, from which the River Sonoyta takes its rise; but after running for a short distance it sinks again into the earth. Here is the town of Sonoyta, the door of Sonora from the American side. It was once a flourishing Mission, but it has become, like the towns on the Rio Grande—a resort for smugglers, and a den of profligates and refugees from justice. The Papago Indians in the vicinity are far more peaceful and civilized than the whites of Sonoyta. All this region is exceedingly rich in gold and silver.

Then follows the bed of the Sonoyta River. A narrow but smooth pass leads to another *cienega*, which having but little water, assumes the general character of the desert. The course of the Sonoyta is traceable through it; but the water, except in two or three places, does not appear on the surface, and it is necessary to dig for it everywhere in the dry season. Crossing now the Sierra of Quitobaquita, the line passes westward over a broad ridge, dipping east and west, to the Sierra de Salado.

The water of the Rio Sonoyta appears above ground for the last time near Quitobaquita, on the southeast of Cerros de Salado. Water is found in its bed by digging three feet; but below this it becomes so salt that even famishing mules will not drink it. This salt water gives the name to the adjoining mountains.

From this point southward the country is open, presenting to the view a cold and isolated mountain peak known as Sierra Pinacate. This peak is celebrated for its wonderful and inexhaustible layers of rock salt, stored up in immense masses, arranged in diversified strata, and of a variety of colors. West of the Salado hills, a wild and waterless desert stretches out, studded with numberless isolated small peaks and a variety of elevated mounds. Southward, this desert is bounded by low ridges, or rather a gradual rising of the diluvial main; north and west it is inclosed by bold and rugged sierras. A rugged cordillera, known as Tule, limits this desert on the west and breaks off what would be otherwise an uninterrupted continuation of the great Colorado waste.

This is the last of the sierras traversing the State of Sonora. Westward from its crest a few rocky peaks only are visible, rising from the diluvial main, like out-posted reefs along a seacoast, and are evidently the tops of submerged sierras, that the drift has covered to their summits.

After leaving this sierra, the Colorado Desert proper is entered upon; stretching out in an unbroken sheet of shifting sand, to the foot of the California Cordilleras that separate it from the Pacific Ocean.

The Colorado Desert is a deep trough scooped out of the western side of the Continent. Its boundary on the west is the only one that is well-defined. There the Cordilleras rise abruptly, like a wall. On the north the line of demarcation may be drawn by the termination southward of isolated ridges and low hills. On the east the desert is considered to terminate at the Colorado River; but, in reality, the generally sterile aspect continues for 100 miles east of that river. Southward, the desert extends to Sonora, and embraces the apex of the Gulf of California. The whole area embraced within these limits bears unmistakable evidence of having been an extensive sea-bottom or broad gulf, such as is now the Gulf of California. In fact, this gulf undoubtedly extended, at some former period, over this whole area. A volcanic upheaval, within a very recent period, has caused a general rise of the surface on an east and west line, near the mouth of the Colorado River; forming thus an inland sea, which has since dried up from evaporation, leaving the bottom a considerable depth below the level of the sea.

The Colorado and Gila once poured their waters into this sea, but they were diverted by the upheaval. If the water could be restored, by means of a canal, from the Gulf of California to this area, and the Colorado and Gila turned into their old channels, the entire character of Arizona would be changed; its climate and soil would be unsurpassed, while its precious metals would be extracted from their mountain beds by the large population that would be found within its limits.

The boundary line strikes the Colorado River twenty miles below the junction of the Gila. This river is navigable for small steamers drawing two and a half feet of water, as far as the Gila, 160 miles. Its waters, as its name implies, are tinged with red.

The boundary line follows the middle of the river for twenty miles, until the junction with the Gila is reached. Opposite the mouth of the Gila, on the top of a mass of volcanic rock that, at some period in the past, has been thrust upward from beneath the surface, is situated Fort Yuma, an important point in many respects. It occupies a commanding position. The rock upon which it stands is an island in a desert sea—in fact, during high water, in the Spring-time, it is entirely surrounded, and is an island in fact as well as in topographical characteristics. The surface of the rock is 110 feet above low water in the Colorado, which, running south at this point, here turns abruptly northward, rounding the eminence on which the military post is placed. The southern face of the rock is denuded and partly removed by the force of the current that, here meeting with the Gila, flows in a united stream to the Gulf of California.

The Colorado, north of the Fort, spreads out into a wide stream, with low, swampy banks, for some miles, when it is narrowed again by the presence of volcanic rocks, through which it forms a cañon. In its course through the low lands below the fort, it is constantly changing its current and altering the direction of its channel. The confluence of the two streams at Fort Yuma is at such an angle that it is certain its present course is but a recent and a temporary one, that time will change. The topographical evidence, and ancient terraces and river-beds, clearly indicate that the Colorado, at a former period, flowed in a much larger volume than it does at present.

Fort Yuma is, without doubt, the most forlorn and uncomfortable station occupied by Government troops. From its bare and desolate rock it looks out upon a desert in all directions. The changing seasons bring little or no relief to the dreary isolation that makes up the whole of life in this remote region.

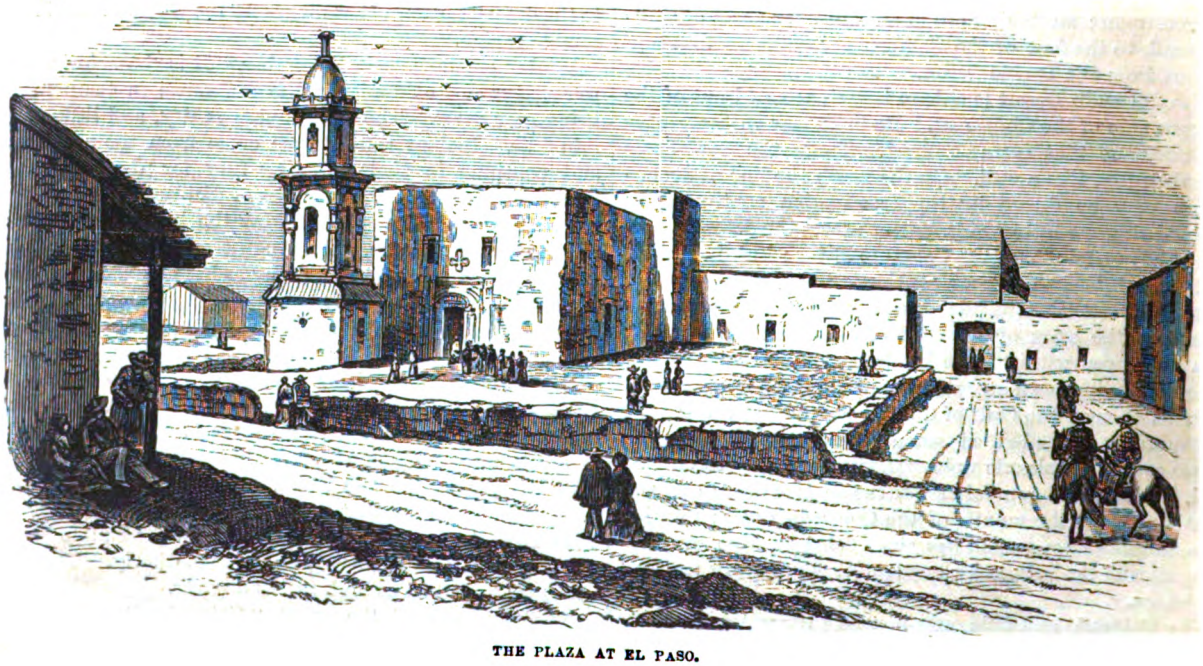
Winter commences in November. It is characterized by warm days and cold nights, the difference in temperature being very great. The atmosphere is dry, and little or no rain falls. Violent sand-storms come from the northwest, and continue in their blinding fury for days together. Spring commences about the last of February, but without rain. From the latter part of May the heat increases, and in the months of June, July, August and September it becomes intense; the mercury rising as high as 113 degrees in the shade. Perspiration is scarcely seen on the skin, which becomes dry and harsh, and the hair crispy. The furniture becomes so dry, and the wood shrinks so much, that many of the articles fall to pieces. The ink dries so rapidly on the pen that it is difficult to write, and an ordinary lead-pencil will not make a mark unless it is wet, and, in order to use it, must be kept standing in water when not in use. The earth under the feet is hot, dry and powdery, and the rocks become so hot that the hand cannot be held on them. Fort Yuma is the hottest military post in the United States, although it is far from being the most southerly. The thermometer has stood as high as 119 degrees.

The influence of the great "Colorado Desert" is felt through all this region of country. The Desert is like an

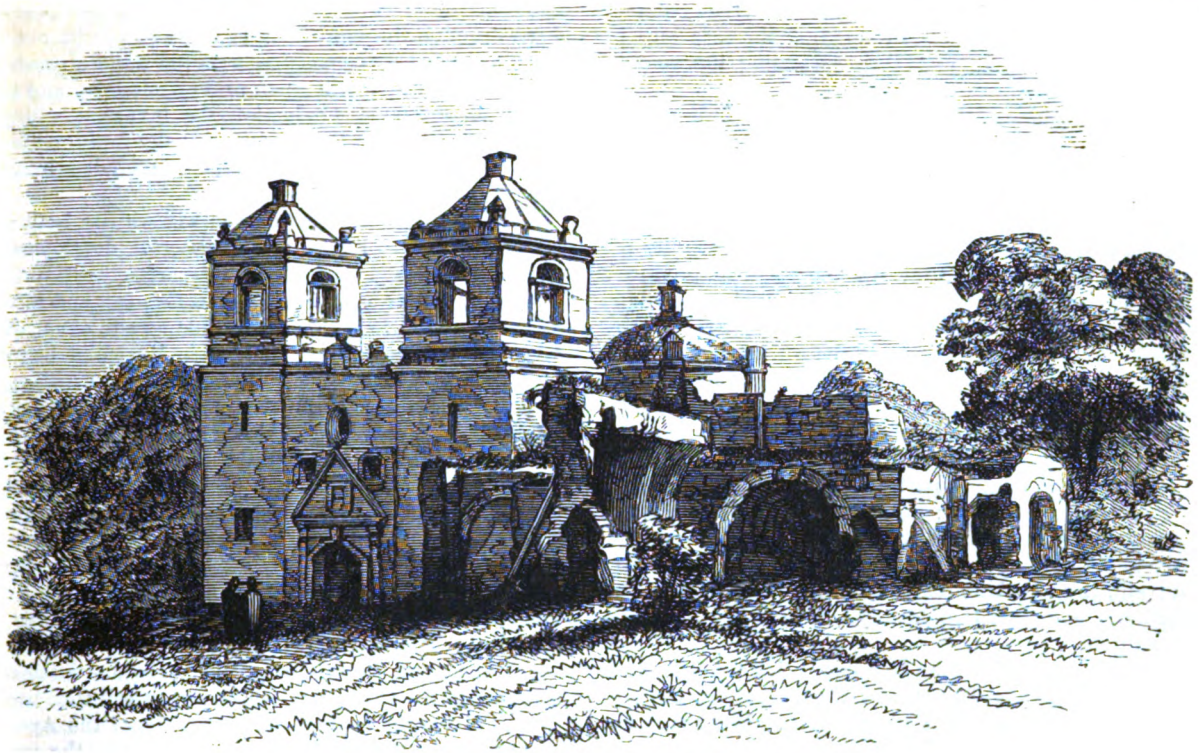
immense oven, where a hot and rarefied air is generated that is spread over the surrounding country for hundreds of miles. The rain that waters the northern States of Mexico does not find its way across the Desert, the moisture being all taken up by the hot, dry air. When, in former times, this desert area was covered with water, the evaporation from its surface, rising in the air, was met by the colder currents from the ocean, and moisture was precipitated in the form of rain over a wide area, that is now rainless for months at a time, and only occasional showers fall.

The town of Yuma lies directly opposite the Fort, on the left bank of the Colorado, at its junction with the Gila. It is not much of a place, its inhabitants being chiefly Mexicans and the lower orders of frontier people. It is a sort of freight depot, all freights for the supply of troops and merchandise for the people of Arizona being sent by steamer from San Francisco by way of the Gulf of California. At the mouth of the Colorado the goods are transhipped to light-draught essels and sent up the river to Yuma, whence they are distributed by land to their destinations. The alluvial delta lying north of the junction of the

VIEW IN THE GRAND CANON OF THE COLORADO.



THE PLAZA AT EL PASO.



MISSION OF LA CONCEPCION, NEW MEXICO.

Gila and Colorado furnishes a soil fit for cultivation, and is occupied as such by the Yuma Indians, who are semi-civilized and a very well-disposed race. The dress of these natives is very simple. The heavily fringed kilt, made of the bark of the cottonwood or of woolen yarn, in two divisions which scarcely come together at the hips, and worn about the loins, is the fashion which obtains among the Yuma women; while the men of the tribe are encumbered only with about two yards of muslin and a belt or strap. The hair of both males and females is cut square across the forehead, above the eyes; the sides and back left long. The men wear it very long, as it is considered a great ornament, and braid it in rolls. The latter are used for securing their bows, arrows and clothing above water when swimming the rivers. The women do not wear the hair as long as the men. Both the women and the men paint their faces. The

A PASS IN THE GUADALUPE MOUNTAINS.

usual colors are vermillion, black and blue. Some of them are tattooed. This is done by abrading the skin with the sharp point of a flint, and then sprinkling the wounded part with charcoal.

Besides the Yuma, there are many other Indian tribes scattered through Arizona and the lower part of California; among them are the Pimas, Diegueños, Cocopas, Maricopas and Pintos. Some of these appear to be offshoots from the others, that have separated in consequence of disagreements between their chiefs. Years of deadly feud generally follow such a separation, and this has the effect to produce a change in their respective habits. At the best, they are all fast falling into debasement under the influence of their contact with the lower classes of the whites, who, driven out of more civilized regions, congregate in these desolate wastes in pursuit of the precious metals, or for the plunder of their more fortunate fellow-beings. The Diegueños were at one time converted to Christianity by the Franciscan missionaries, and became partly civilized, were industrious and comparatively happy; but after the mission had fallen into decay they became utterly helpless, and are now absolutely worse than when in their original condition. A few years will, in all probability, see the last of these aboriginal proprietors, and their past history will only live in doubtful tradition.

What remains of the boundary-line is that portion which crosses the Colorado Desert, and then, climbing the sea-coast range, reaches the Pacific Ocean. Whenever the blighting influence of this Desert shall be removed by the appliances of art, such as the introduction of water, the creation of numerous oases by means of artesian wells, or the planting of date-trees, which are especially adapted to this sandy soil and warm climate, then the whole face of the country eastward through Arizona and New Mexico will change its character, and, instead of being, as it is now, a region where a residence is almost a banishment and a purgatory, it will become inviting and populous.

The journey across the desert is at present so disagreeable and attendant with so much real suffering, that most persons prefer the long trip by sea, *via* the Gulf of California, to the apparently shorter but more tedious journey over the desert to San Diego, than which nothing could be more desolate and dreary. Animals and even men have been known to fall prostrate and exhausted in this journey, and lie down to die in utter helplessness and hopelessness.

The coast range that separates this desert country from the ocean is rugged on the easterly slope, but on the westerly side it descends in green valleys to the sea; following which we reach the Pacific terminus of the boundary line, one league south of San Diego.

And this ends our journey. It has been a rugged one indeed, and for the most part through unfavored regions. There are few of the elements from which civilization, even of the most primitive type, can possibly spring. Those who are compelled from the force of circumstances to inhabit this desolate region, regard their lives as a virtual banishment. Even the construction of the proposed railway will have little or no local effect, for the soil and climate will always remain the same. And, in all probability, the entire border, from the mouth of the Rio Grande on the Gulf of Mexico, to San Diego on the Pacific, will always remain what it is now—the resort of the lowest orders of both nations; where lawlessness and anarchy will be the normal condition of society, and vice and crime the habitual order of things.

However, the law of compensations holds good here as elsewhere in the world, and for all this desolation there is this great advantage, that the shortest trans-continental line is along this boundary—as well as the lowest line of continental elevation—that the railway which is now in process of construction through Texas to the Pacific will not only give a more speedy connection with the western coast, but, more than all else, it will open up to commerce, and therefore to an increased production, the luxuriant valleys of Northern Mexico and those almost equally fertile regions in the cereal zone, that are now almost secluded from the outer world of industry and commerce.

In all probability the next decade will witness, both north and south of this line, a most wonderful development of mineral wealth and agricultural resources. All the productions of the tropics, including coffee, tea, and tobacco, and the most delicious fruits, now unknown to our markets, will come to us from those regions in Mexico of bountiful supply in great abundance. Lateral railways will extend through Sonora and Chihuahua that will change the current of Mexican commerce that has hitherto, under so many difficulties, found its way to the Gulf ports.

A rapid increase of the population of these States will follow, and a marked improvement in the Mexican character for industry and thrift will be the result; and the country beyond the boundary will, by its contrast, make us forget the dreary route by which it is reached.

Still another result will follow the completion of this line of railway. The iron horse has already proven to be the most potent agent in subduing the barbarous instincts of the savage of the Plains, and this railway will thus become a powerful barrier against the incursions of the Apaches. They will recognize as they never have before the mighty force of civilization, and how futile have now become their puny efforts to stay its progress; and seeing this, will accept, although perhaps reluctantly, the beneficent terms which it offers to them.

Relieved from the incubus of savage warfare, the valleys that have been so long desolate will again blossom under cultivation, and yield their increase as of yore, and terror give place to hope in the hearts of the people through all this region.

THE BLACK GUEST.

"The desire of one man's heart another coveteth not; but some temptation cometh to all."

MANY years ago, when the world was very different from now, when good men were entirely good, and wicked men altogether bad, lived a famous knight in a castle on the Rhine. He was a mirror of knightly courtesy, a protector of the poor and oppressed, a liberal donor to the Church, and having all things that men covet in this world, and being sure of a good reception in the next, Sir Rudolph's praise was on every man's tongue, and his virtues a pattern for every man to copy.

He had lands, wealth and fame, a lovely wife to share them while living, and a vigorous, sturdy son to inherit them. What more could the heart of man desire?

If any man could be supposed to be above the reach of temptation by the possession of all things which lead men into evil, that man was Sir Rudolph. And yet sometimes his time hung heavy on his hands; the hunt with hound and horn could not always be pursued; the armed fray with some robber knight, who would despoil a widow or an orphan (for of all such Sir Rudolph considered himself the guardian), must come at last to an end. The prattle of his child, and the soft words of his wife, sometimes wearied instead of charming him, and the old, droning chaplain, who told stories and legends of saintly men and maids who tormented themselves into heaven, were as tedious to him as the camp remembrances of the old seneschal, and the

recitals of struggles to gain a kingdom in this world or the other, only provoked a yawn. A book might have solaced Sir Rudolph, but books in those days were rare, and only for scholars, and, had he possessed one, he could not have read it; and so, notwithstanding his possessions and his virtues, the knight was sometimes a-weary.

On a wild December night the wind shook the turrets of the old castle, and the rain poured upon the already drenched earth. Sir Rudolph, with unheeding ears, leaned back in his great oaken chair, while the chaplain related some pious legend to which the Lady Lisberta listened with humble reverence, wondering, if one so holy found it so difficult to reach heaven, how such a sinner as herself could ever hope to find it, when a loud knocking was heard at the outer gate.

The old seneschal, a man more valiant in the morning than at midnight, and who was busy rubbing a shield by the light of the blazing fire, paused a moment in his occupation at the sound. He, too, had been listening to the wonderful story of the chaplain with as great faith as his mistress, and not doubting that the powers that work evil to man were abroad on such a dark and stormy night, he prudently resolved not to unbar the gate, lest he should admit some unholy guest, and he resumed his work with more vigor than before, hoping that the clanging of the shield might prevent the sound from reaching his master's ears. The cautious chaplain, and the timid Lisberta, he knew, would never bid him unbar the gate.

But the stranger, whoever he might be, was importunate, and would not be denied; and he struck upon the gate with such right good will, that the blows resounded above all the howling of the storm, and at last reached Sir Rudolph's ears.

"Do you not hear, Franz?" said he, rousing himself from his reverie. "Some one knocks. Open quickly; it is no night for man or beast to be without. Why do you wait? Go at once!"

Franz took a lighted brand from the chimney corner, and crossing himself as he did so, unbarred the gate with a trembling hand, and returning quickly to the hall, scarcely daring to look behind him, was followed by a tall man in a palmer's dress, from which the rain dripped as he walked.

Sir Rudolph welcomed the new-comer courteously, and bade Franz bring an oaken stool and place it in the chimney corner, that his guest might warm and comfort himself.

As the stranger took the proffered seat, he threw back his cowl and disclosed a thin face, bronzed by a fiercer sun than ever shines upon Germany, and lighted by black eyes which seemed to burn with a strange fire in their deep-sunk sockets. So hot and fierce was the light of those eyes that the Lady Lisberta shrunk back from the glance he bestowed upon her, as a dewy rose thrown into the fire shrinks and curls away from the destroying flame, and Father Hubert muttered a prayer between his teeth as he looked at him.

Sir Rudolph seemed not aware of any peculiarity in his guest, and, intent only upon hospitable thoughts, ordered Franz to bring a flagon of Rhenish wine for the stranger to drink, while a boar's steak was being broiled for him, and, glad of any new face to break the monotony of the long storm, he inquired where the stranger came from, and whither he was going.

The newcomer was not averse to answer any inquiries that the baron chose to make; yet when he pondered upon his replies, though they seemed satisfactory at the time, he found he had gained but little information from them. The stranger had come from a far country, had lost his way in the storm, and, attracted by the light of the blazing fire, had approached the castle for shelter.

Sir Rudolph's friends and acquaintances were not so numerous that he could afford to be critical in his choice of companions. But, had he been accustomed to the best society in court or camp, the stranger, who related many a story of foreign lands in tones whose liquid sweetness proved he was not German-born, would have kept him a charmed listener, and even the Lady Lisberta forgot the fire of his eyes in the music of his tongue.

It was late ere they separated for the night, and so pleased was the baron with his new inmate, that when he awoke the next morning, and found the storm raging with redoubled fury, he rejoiced that his guest would be obliged to remain with him another day.

After the morning meal was ended, and the morning prayers said, the stranger came into the hall. Sir Rudolph was looking at the shield which the seneschal had been polishing on the previous evening, and, pointing out the dents upon it, told in what a bloody fight they had been won, and how his good horse had carried him off unharmed from many a furious foe.

When he had ended, the stranger took up the theme, and, describing many a sanguine field, praised now the havoc which the Christians made of the infidels, and now the infidels of the Christians, with so much impartiality that the baron abruptly asked him "whether he was on the side of the true believers or the heathen dogs?"

"I fight on neither side," said the stranger, with a strange contortion of his thin lips, glancing down at his palmer's dress. "I only go to look after the dead and dying. Dying men need looking after," muttered he to himself; "they sometimes go over to the enemy at the very last moment."

The baron heard not the half-spoken words; his thoughts were busy with wars and fightings.

"It is a sad time," said he, "for a man when he can no longer buckle on his armor, or chase the boar or the bear; when, like a sick dog in a kennel, he cannot stir from his fireside. May that time never come for me! A week off a horse's back is enough to take the life out of any man;" and he passed his sinewy hand across his grizzly beard.

The stranger lifted up his eyebrows.

"What would you say were I to tell of knights in other lands, as bold as yourself, who would sit, day after day, moving carved bits of wood or ivory across a painted board, and grudge to stir, though a hundred trumpets called to saddle?"

The baron laughed loud.

"Nay, stranger, that were so strange a sight that a man must see it to believe it."

The palmer rejoined:

"To do that you need go no further than to Spain, or among the Saracens. I have seen men forget all natural wants, even food and sleep, in the strange charm of it."

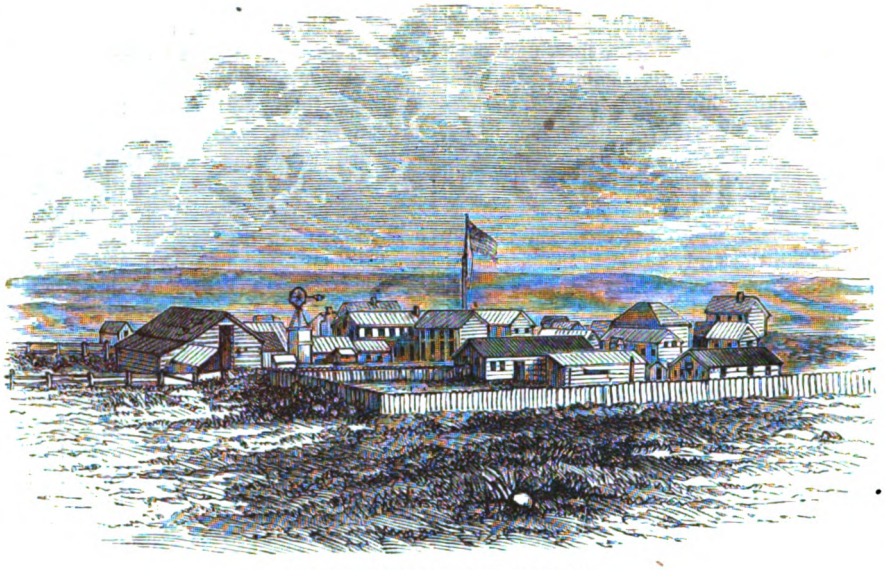
"I would," said Sir Rudolph, with a half-suppressed yawn, "that you had brought the subtle enchantment with you, that I might have something to beguile me when the chaplain bores, and my wife and child weary me; when there is no boar or stag within ten good miles, and no fighting to keep a man's blood warm in his veins."

A gleam of pleasure lighted up the swarthy face of his guest.

"If Franz would but bring some bits of pine wood, and if my fingers have not forgotten their cunning, I could fashion something like them, which would serve to explain the thing to you."

Franz brought the pine wood, and, with wide-open eyes, watched the palmer, as he drew from his bosom a slender knife of finely tempered steel, and carved, with rapid ease, kings with crown and sceptre, queens with long, flowing

robes, castles with tower and banner, bishops with mitres, men with shields, knights on horseback, and, to his bewildered apprehension, the figures seemed to start of their own accord from the bough as soon as the blade touched it.



THE OLD TOWN OF SAN DIEGO, CAL.

When he had finished carving, he drew from a leathern pouch at his side a black powder, which he put into the horn from which he had drank, and poured some wine upon it. A little steam rose up from the powder, and a faint, sickly odor filled the room. Then taking half the figures which he had carved, he dipped them in the mixture, and drew them out, black and shining like ebony.

Sir Rudolph watched his operations with the eager interest which an idle man often bestows on the work of others. His little son, Herman, laid his hand upon his knee, and begged for a smile or a word; his father shoved him away. His wife leaned over his shoulder and spoke; she received no answer. Already the mysterious figures were beginning to exercise a strange fascination over him.

"The white shall be yours, and the black ones mine," cried the palmer, wiping his stained fingers on his gown; "and now for a field whereon to display our forces."

He drew toward him a small oaken table, and dividing its surface into sixty-four equal squares, blackened half of them with a feather, which he drew from the baron's casque, and dipped in the mixture with which he had stained the figures.

Then gathering up the pieces, he placed them in certain positions on the table, and asked the baron to seat himself opposite to him, and he would explain the strange enchantment which cheated men into such forgetfulness.

The chaplain had been watching the palmer's proceedings with holy horror, and as Sir Rudolph rose to comply with the stranger's request, he laid his hand upon him.

"Do not look at it; it is some delusion of Satan. See, he has made images of kings and queens, and even of holy bishops; do not listen to him;" and he plucked him by the sleeve.

"Pshaw!" cried the baron. "If you have any scruples, tell them to Lady Lisberta; she will listen to them. I should be truly discourteous now, were I to refuse to look upon what he has taken so much pains to prepare;" and, shaking off the chaplain's grasp, he drew a stool toward the table.

SILVER MINE AT PARRAL, CHIHUAHUA.

In a few

brief, clear words, the palmer explained the game; moving the pieces hither and thither, and showing how all ranks and conditions, not even excepting the queen, must peril themselves that the king might stand in safety.

Sir Rudolph listened with earnest attention, and when the palmer proposed that, in order to understand it more completely, he should play, his game was no discredit to a new beginner. The same quick insight, and power of combination, which made him a skillful leader of men, served him well now; and when at length, caught in the toils of the crafty palmer, he saw his king neither able to remain in his present position, nor to leave it, he drew back from the table, and, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, cried out: "By the three Kings of Cologne! I believe all you have said of the game. I have ridden many a mile on horseback, and struck many a good blow with less effort than it has cost me to keep my king out of your snares."

The baron rose from his seat and walked quickly up and down the room, every firm footstep resounding on the stone floor.

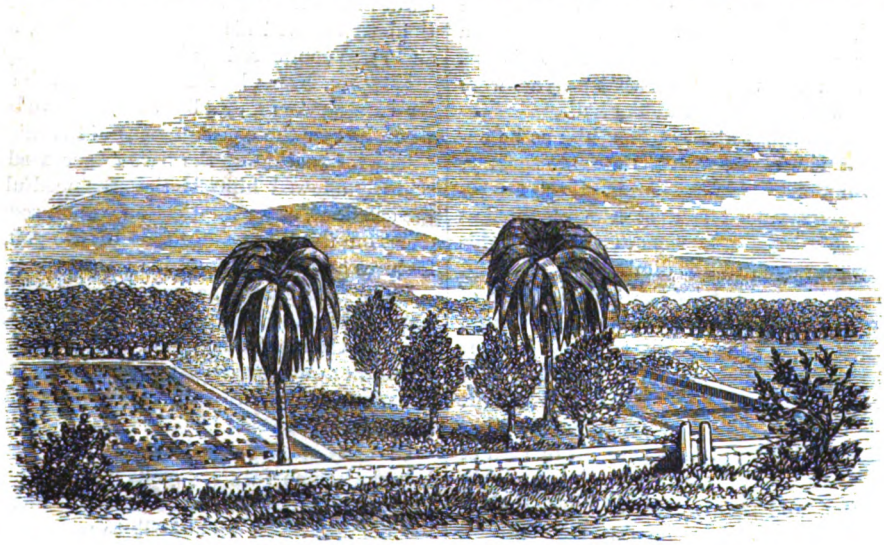
VEGETATION IN CALIFORNIA.

The palmer sat still, and a half-perceptible smile curved his lips as he saw how at every turn the baron's eye sought the table, as if he longed for a renewal of the contest. Nor was he deceived, for Sir Rudolph stopped abruptly, and seating himself, said:

"Let me try my fortune again, Sir Palmer, and see if my valor again outruns my discretion." And he gathered up his vanquished forces and placed them again on the table.

The same result followed, though he played with a wary coolness that proved he profited by his first defeat. But when the trial was over he could not rest. Leaning back in his old oak chair, with half-shut eyes, he played the game over in his own mind, and saw how, by an unguarded move, he had given the enemy the advantage, and by snatching at a tempting bait that had been presented to him, he had weakened his forces and been led to ruin.

Three times again was the contest renewed, and three times was the baron vanquished; and when he sought his bed late at night, he tossed and turned on his uneasy couch till the morning tinged the eastern sky; then sinking



OLIVE ORCHARD IN THE MISSION GARDEN, SAN DIEGO, CAL.

into an unquiet sleep, he muttered and groaned till the Lady Lisberta wondered within herself whether remorse for some untold evil deed did not weigh heavily upon him, and half breathed out a prayer for the welfare of his soul.

The palmer came no earlier into the hall in the morning, and while the chaplain performed the usual service, the baron waited impatiently for his coming, and his frequent looks toward the door told the direction of his thoughts. The day was spent like the yesterday. The palmer and the baron sat spell-bound by the table, now advancing, now retreating with their forces, plotting and circumventing with all the earnestness of a real battle; and when, toward nightfall, Sir Rudolph, by a move "wiser than he knew," destroyed all the deep-laid plans of his guest and won the game, his exultation knew no bounds.

"To-morrow!" cried Sir Rudolph—"to-morrow we will try again. Perhaps you may think me discourteous, but you rise so late that the better part of the morning is spent before you appear."

"In one respect you are wrong, Sir Baron. I rise early, but I have made a vow to hear no prayers except in a church, and I only wait till your morning service is ended. I came twice to the door to-day, but heard the drone of the chaplain's voice and withdrew. Good-night;" and the palmer glided out of the room like a dark shadow.

Sir Rudolph looked after him with surprise.

"By our Lady! 'tis a strange vow for a Christian man to make; and yet, had he heard the chaplain's prayers as long as I have, he might well wish to cut them short."

The next morning, when the household was gathered together, and the chaplain was about to begin—

"Give us a hunting mass this morning, and be quick about it!" cried the baron.

Lady Lisberta looked at her husband, and glanced at the window, from which she saw only gray sky and pouring rain.

"Surely, Sir Rudolph, there can be no hunting to-day in such horrible weather, and we might be allowed time enough to say our prayers."

Sir Rudolph drew down his grizzled eyebrows into a straight line over his keen blue eyes.

"What matters it to you? You can tell your beads all day an you choose. Father Hubert is always as long at his prayers as he is at his dinner. I will have no more of it. Do as I bid you; and if we must have prayers, end ere you are well begun."

Lady Lisberta sighed, and the tears sprang in her eyes. The look on her husband's face was one that had never been turned on her before. The terrified chaplain murmured a few incoherent words, and before the amen had left his lips Sir Rudolph bade Franz tell the palmer that prayers were over, and that he was waiting for him in the hall.

Lady Lisberta turned a timid glance upon him as he entered, and feeling that it was he, with his strange sorcery, that had wrought such a change in the baron, all the repugnance which she had experienced against him on the first night that she saw him returned—a repugnance which his stealthy step and burning eye did not diminish.

Sir Rudolph was only restrained by the consideration of his duty as host from abridging the palmer's repast, and, though he heaped his plate with viands, and pressed the wine upon him, it was with ill-concealed impatience that he saw him leisurely satisfy his hunger. But when he would eat and drink no more, he asked "if he would show him whether his victory yesterday was the result of skill or accident?"

The palmer assented, and the two men, drawing their stools to the table, bent over it, concentrating all their thoughts upon the inanimate strife between them.

Lady Lisberta sat a little apart, watching them. What could it be but some unholy magic which thus chained her husband? Not stirring, save when he stretched out toward one of those carved figures, with no eyes save for them, and ears which only heard the strange, unmeaning words which now and then fell from the palmer's lips, and which seemed to occasion him great uneasiness and deepen the furrows on his forehead. She looked at the dreary landscape through the deep-sunk, narrow windows, and prayed that on the morrow the sun would dispel the clouds, and make it no longer incumbent on them to furnish the stranger with shelter.

The morning rose as fair as the Lady Lisberta could desire, and the sun seemed to rejoice that no clouds hid the earth from his gaze. But whatever hope or joy she felt at the sight of the sun was damped when Sir Rudolph told the chaplain he would have no prayers at all, and sent Franz to desire the palmer to come and partake of the morning meal. When he entered the hall, however, he was attired for a journey.

"What is this, Sir Palmer?" cried the baron; "is my hospitality so niggardly that you can only endure it in the roughest of storms, and must speed away as soon as the sun shines?"

"I were but a churl myself were I not more than satisfied with my entertainment."

"Prove it, then, by your actions. Lay down your scrip and staff, and tarry a while longer with us."

The palmer made some faint objections, which, to the Lady Lisberta's discomfiture, were overruled by the baron, and it was with a heavy heart she saw the palmer put away his scrip and staff.

The day was spent like the preceding one, with the exception that, as the baron acquired skill and knowledge, and became a better match for his antagonist, the games became more absorbing and protracted. Lady Lisberta withdrew to her own apartment, and, like many another woman, wearied heaven with prayers to accomplish that which she had not the power to do for herself.

It was near noon. Hard pressed and sore beset, the baron was pondering on the best means of escape, when Franz rushed in, exclaiming that "a wolf had come down into the hamlet and cruelly mangled a child."

Sir Rudolph looked up for a moment.

Franz repeated his intelligence, and asked "if they should not mount at once in pursuit of the ravenous beast."

"Begone!" shouted he, "and come not here again if every child in the hamlet should be devoured!" and in his anger the baron moved his protecting knight, and in the next instant was conquered by his cool adversary.

Happily, Franz had disappeared at the sound of his master's angry words, or a blow might have been added to them when he saw the consequences of his mistake.

The infatuation of the baron increased day by day. He scarcely allowed himself time for needful food or rest, and the constant, eager application, which seemed to produce no effect on the thin, sallow face of the palmer, sharpened his features and undermined his temper.

Lady Lisberta no longer remained in the hall; she could not endure the silent presence of the hated palmer, nor bear to watch the rapid changes in the haggard face of the baron; but in her own apartment, in the society of her child, and in the pious conversation of the chaplain, she strove to forget her disquietude.

One day, as she sat embroidering a scarf with which she hoped at some future, joyous time to adorn Sir Rudolph, and Herman bestrode a broken spear as a war horse, teasing his mother for bits of silk to make a pennon to adorn a stick which he held, Franz entered the room.

"There is bad news, Lady Lisberta. Sir Bertrand is besieged in his castle by a band of robbers; his two sons are slain; he is badly wounded, and he has sent a man-at-arms to Sir Rudolph for help. The man spurred here in hot haste; his horse dropped dead just inside the drawbridge."

"Why do you come to me with the tidings? Go to Sir Rudolph at once, and tell him of Sir Bertrand's peril."

"I dare not," said Franz. "I looked in at the door. It would be as much as my life is worth to disturb him now. I narrowly escaped a buffet last week, and he is worse bewitched now."

"Then you wish me to encounter that of which you are afraid," said Lady Lisberta, putting down her silk and colors, and rising.

Franz looked confused.

"He will bear an interruption from you."

Lady Lisberta shook her head, but took her way to the hall. Better that she should suffer a rude rebuff than Sir Bertrand should perish without aid from his friend; and yet, notwithstanding her assumed courage, she trembled a little as she laid her hand lightly on her husband's shoulder.

He did not hear her footsteps, and he started as if he had received a spear's thrust at the touch of her fingers, and asked "What brought her there?"

"I come on no errand of my own. Your friend, Sir Bertrand, is in danger, and has sent to you for help."

"Sir Bertrand is a stout knight; let him take care of himself," was the ungracious answer.

"He has done all a brave man can do; but he is wounded, and his sons are slain."

"Let him send to Sir Egbert, then."

"But he has sent to you," said she, earnestly; "and shall he send in vain?"

The palmer looked at Lady Lisoerta, and said, with a sneer:

"Who is this Sir Bertrand—a brother or a kinsman?—that you seem so earnest to aid him?"

A flush stole over her cheek, for there had been a time when Sir Bertrand had been dearer to her than Sir Rudolph, though that was in her earlier Spring; but, conscious of the purity of her intentions, she answered, boldly:

"He has a greater claim upon us now than the nearest kinsfolk; he is in danger, and we can help him."

"And you would send your husband into danger to relieve him?"

"I would," said she, fixing upon the palmer a gaze as firm as his own. "Sir Rudolph is bound by his knightly vow to succor those in distress."

"Especially when the distressed knights are his wife's favorites. Go, Sir Rudolph. When you return we will commence our game anew;" and the palmer stretched out his hand to sweep away the men.

The baron caught it. The sneers of the palmer, combined with the favorable position of his pieces, caused him to turn a deaf ear to his wife.

"If you are so anxious for Bertrand's safety, let Franz take a score of men and ride over to the castle, and do not trouble me any more about it."

"It would only be sending Franz and the men into useless danger, unless you commanded them. For once, dear Rudolph, listen to me. I pray you go; the palmer will remain till you return, and when Sir Bertrand is in safety you can play with a lighter heart."

"Unless he has the misfortune to lose his head while he is gone," muttered the palmer.

"I have said all that I will!" returned the baron, hotly. "Franz can go or stay—it is all one to me. Come," nodding to the palmer, "it is your move;" and turning his back upon his wife, he gave his undivided attention to the game.

Lady Lisberta lingered a few moments, hoping that some remorseful feeling lurking in her husband's heart might change his purpose; but when convinced that all her entreaties had been useless, she stole away to tell her griefs to the chaplain, and endeavor to devise some means whereby they might exorcise the evil spirit which possessed him, and which deadened all the generous impulses of his nature.

Franz stoutly refused to lead the men-at-arms, especially as he had listened at the door and heard his master declare that he might go or stay, as he chose; and the helpless Sir Bertrand was left to fight his own battles.

Sour and ill at ease Sir Rudolph arose the next day. The recollection that he had refused to aid his once well-beloved friend and companion in arms, did not increase the serenity of his temper. The cause which made him to offend was as attractive as ever. But what was his indignation when he drew near the oaken table to find that it and all the figures had been copiously sprinkled with water. The palmer drew back from it with a shiver.

"Who has dared do this?" cried the baron, advancing toward the chaplain and Lady Lisberta, who, contrary to their custom of late, lingered in the hall after the morning meal.

The chaplain, holding on to his rosary, slid a few beads through his fingers; his eyes fell under the threatening glance of Sir Rudolph.

"It is some of your accursed nonsense!" continued he, turning to his wife. "If a woman don't understand anything, she is sure it comes from the devil."

By this time the chaplain had found his tongue.

"Lady Lisberta had nothing to do with it," stammered he. "She told me of her troubles yesterday, and I rose early this morning and sprinkled the table with holy water, hoping that thereby the evil spirit that had so bewitched you might be exorcised, and you be restored to your former self—a God-fearing knight, able and willing to succor the distressed."

"So, my wife finds nothing better to do than to bewail herself to you. I will take care that this does not happen again, and for your impudent intermeddling you shall leave the castle at once!" And he put on such a look that the chaplain retreated precipitately, followed by the frightened Lady Lisberta, who saw with dismay that her ill-judged proceeding would deprive her of her best friend.

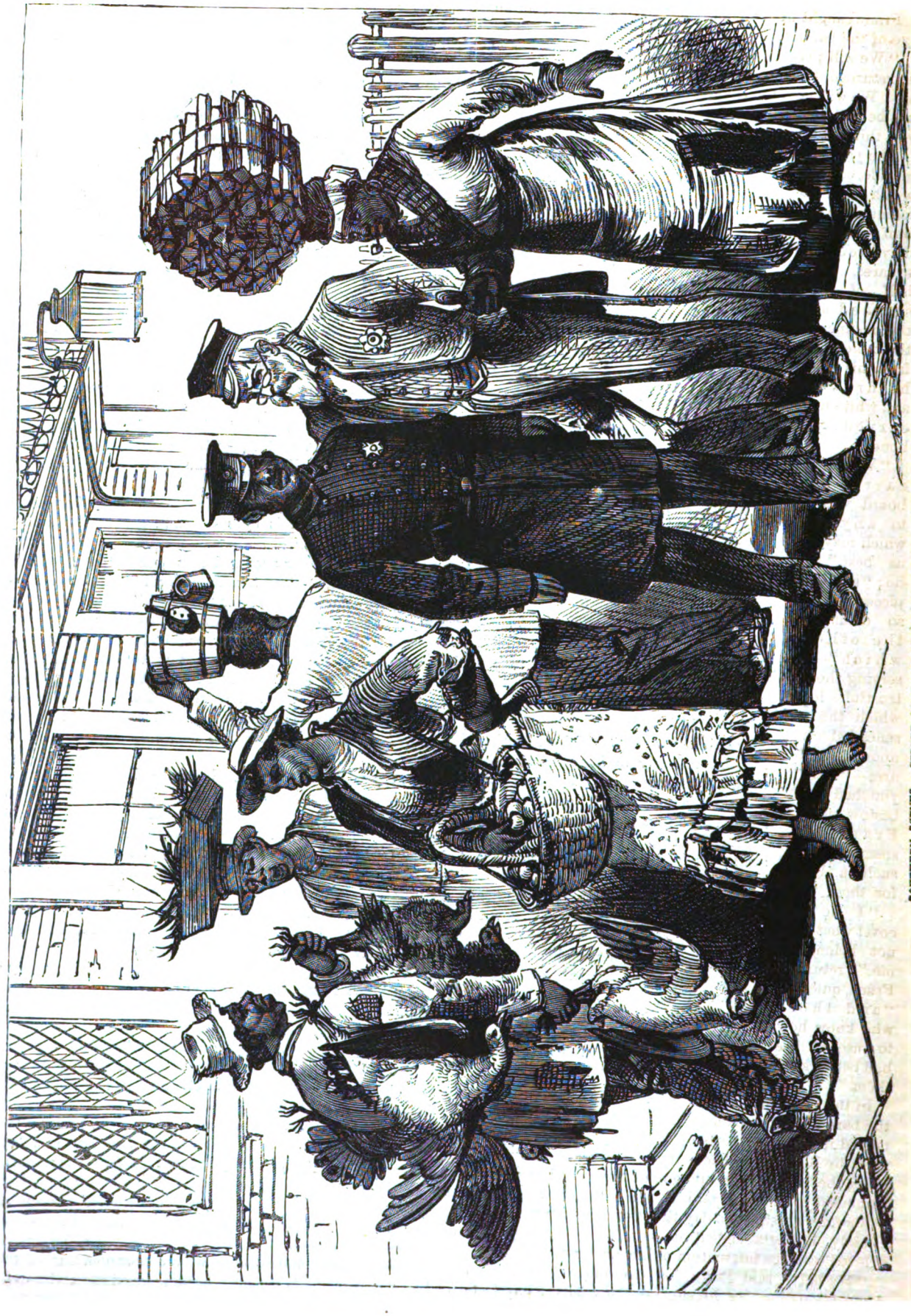
"Franz, bring a napkin, and wipe the water from the table and the pieces. I will see if all my pleasure is to be spoiled for the idle whim of a couple of fools!"

Franz, not daring to dispute the commands of his master in his present mood, brought a napkin, and taking up the pieces as if they had been red-hot coals, began to wipe the water from them.

"We will play with that table no longer," said the palmer. "I thought some time since it was cumbrous and heavy, and have occupied my leisure in contriving something better. I will go and bring it.'

The palmer left the room, and Sir Rudolph, hearing the sound of voices, strode to the foot of the staircase and listened. Franz dropped his napkin, and ceased his distasteful occupation.

"Has not the chaplain gone yet?" shouted the baron, as he caught the sound of the Lady Lisberta's and the chaplain's voices, mingled with Herman's cries. "If he lingers here ten minutes longer he shall be scourged out of the castle with dogwhips!" And he smiled grimly as he went to the window and saw the chaplain, to whom fear seemed



SOUTHERN SCENES.—STREET CHARACTERS IN CHARLESTON.—SEE PAGE 743

to have lent the fleetness of a hound, running across the drawbridge.

Franz caught up his napkin just in time to avoid the sharp eye of the baron as he turned round.

"We will play no more here," said he to the palmer when he returned, "where every fool that chooses can interrupt us. We will take the chamber in the turret, where we shall not be molested. But let me see first what you have that you think will serve us better."

The palmer produced a small, thin board, folded in the middle, covered with the remains of an old buff jerkin, divided into squares, and half of them stained after the manner of the table; then from his pouch he drew red and white men, carved from bone.

"We can carry this board with us to any place which may suit us best," said he; "and these pieces are not so clumsy as the others, which"—observing the distrustful looks which the old seneschal cast upon the figures—"I think you had better bestow upon Franz, he seems to have such a liking for them."

"I do not covet what does not belong to me," returned Franz, quickly; "and those who know how to use these had better keep them."

THE BLACK GUEST.—"'SEE WHAT YOUR AWKWARDNESS HAS DONE,' CRIED HE, WITHOUT RAISING HIS EYES. 'HUSH!' SAID A VOICE BESIDE HIM. IT WAS THE VOICE OF THE CHAPLAIN, WHO, REACHING OVER THE BARON, HELD A CRUCIFIX TO THE WHITE LIPS."— SEE PAGE 734.

In the turreted chamber, in one of the wings of the castle, the baron and the palmer spent their days. Whatever occurred in the other parts of the castle, none cared to interrupt Sir Rudolph. The horses pawed and neighed in their stalls, the hawks sat drooping upon their perches, the hounds gamboled in the courtyard, and the idle men-at-arms drank and swore, cursing the day that the palmer came.

Lady Lisberta sighed in vain for the chaplain, and grieved over the infatuation of her husband.

"My lady," said Edith, her tirewoman, to her one day, compassionating her loneliness—"my lady, a gay troop of men-at-arms is winding through the valley. It is a pretty sight. Will you not go to the battlements with Herman and see them?"

Lady Lisberta assented, and taking Herman by the hand, she led him to the tower, where they could overlook the valley and the waving plumes and pennons. The glittering armor and burnished shields delighted the child and grieved her; for she recognized Sir Bertrand's colors, and thought of the recreancy of her husband.

"Do not go, mother," said the child, as she turned away. "It is so much pleasanter here, where we can see over the whole world."

"I cannot stay—it makes me giddy—and Herman must come too; he is too little to stay here alone."

"I will be very good if you will leave me. I will not stir from this spot."

"No, Herman; you must come too."

"Then, if I cannot stay, I will run down first;" and the boy ran before his mother down the steep stairs.

"Stay, Herman; not so fast."

But the boy only ran the faster; and, possessed by the spirit of mischief, seeing a door open at the foot of the staircase, he ran into the room, intending to conceal himself there to provoke his mother to search for him. It was the turret chamber in which Sir Rudolph and the palmer were playing.

Whether the child was frightened at thus finding himself unexpectedly in the presence of a father whose sternness of late made him an object of fear; whether the speed at which he ran rendered it impossible for him to stop in his headlong career, or whether he stumbled against the outstretched foot of the palmer, the Lady Lisberta never knew.

Her slower footsteps were soon distanced by the fleet swiftness of the boy, and ere she reached the bottom of the

stairs she heard a loud crash, a fall, and a round oath from the baron, and when she entered the chamber, she saw an overturned table, chessmen scattered in every direction, and Herman lying senseless on the floor. The baron was picking up the widespread pieces, the palmer was turning the table up, while the child, who had struck his head against the sharp edge of a helmet which was lying on the floor, neither moved nor stirred.

"Oh, my child!" cried Lady Lisberta, bending over him in wild affright; "he does not stir—he is dead!"

"Nonsense! He has only got a tumble. If you don't wish him hurt, keep him out of the way. The little brat has spoiled the best game I ever played."

"But look at him, Rudolph. For pity's sake leave gathering up those senseless things, and look at the boy."

Reluctantly the baron came toward the child.

"He is only faint. He will come to presently. Franz," shouted he, "take up Herman and carry him to Lady Lisberta's chamber. Put a sponge filled with vinegar to his nose, and he will be all right in a little while." Then turning to the palmer, "Can you remember the position of your men when that imp knocked over the table?"

And even before Franz had borne the inanimate body of his son from the room he began to place his pieces.

With a swelling heart Lady Lisberta followed Franz out of the room, and after having exhausted every means to restore the boy, but without avail, she sat by his side in bitter despair.

She sent no message to Sir Rudolph. If he cared not to come and see whether his child lived or not, why should she care to tell him he was dead? With her face covered with her hands she sat silently while her attendants performed the customary offices for the dead. At last, at the sound of her own name, she withdrew her hands, and saw the chaplain standing beside her.

"I have heard of your grief, my daughter, and have come to you. Where is Sir Rudolph?"

"In the turret chamber, playing with the palmer."

"Does he know of this?"

"He might have known it if he used his eyes," said she, bitterly. "He cares not to know it."

"Have you told him?"

"Why should I? He would not listen if I spoke. He cares for none now save the palmer."

"He must know. It is as much his grief as yours."

"Let those tell him who choose—I will not."

"I will go to him," said the chaplain. "At such a time as this one has no fears for one's self."

In the turret were Sir Rudolph and the palmer. They had ceased playing, and were refreshing themselves with a bottle of wine. The Summer breeze swept through the narrow casement, and the hush that pervaded the rest of the castle reached not to them. They were talking gayly when the chaplain entered. Something in the air of the man checked the reproof which arose to the baron's lips.

"I little thought to see you here again, Father Hubert," was his only greeting.

"Nor would you see me now," returned the chaplain, "did I not feel in a man's hour of trouble those who have eaten of his bread should not forsake him."

"I know not what you mean by 'hour of trouble.' I have just fought a hard fight and won. If you had come in the midst of the battle you might have thought it an hour of trouble, for he fought bravely, and did not yield without a struggle."

"It is not of such idle, frivolous things that I would speak, but of something which comes closer home to your heart. You have lost that to-day which you can never win again—your child."

The baron started from his chair.

"The boy! you cannot mean it!—but this morning he was here; that fall—so small a thing—could not have hurt him!"

"Come and see for yourself, and let Lady Lisberta feel that her grief finds yet an echo in your breast."

The baron followed the chaplain to the bedside of his child, and when he saw the dead body he burst into such a loud frenzy of grief that his wife forgot all his hardness of heart, and mingling her tears with his, strove to give him that comfort which she did not possess herself.

The baron's self-reproaches were bitter and excessive. He secluded himself from all his household, and when the palmer asked for an interview as he was about to leave the castle and pursue his journey, he sent him a courteous message by the chaplain, but refused to see him.

Weeks went by, and Sir Rudolph, escaped from the fascinations of the palmer, seemed restored to his former self, and Lady Lisberta began to hope that the death of the child had purchased the redemption of the father. But the baron wearied at last of his quiet life; in his hours of idleness and languor he longed for the brilliant companionship of the palmer. Life seemed listless and insipid without him. He had never entered the turret chamber since the palmer had left him. Had he carried away the board and men? He would just look in and see. No, there was the little table—the magic board with its red and white armies standing ready for action. He shut the door hastily lest Lady Lisberta should see him, and yet he came and looked at them again and again. And once he seated himself, and spreading out the pieces, played over the last victorious game.

So long was he absent from her side, that Lady Lisberta, seeking for him in various places, found him there. She shuddered as she saw his occupation, and cast uneasy glances around the room, as if she must see again the sallow features and burning eyes of the palmer. She turned quickly away.

"Stay, Lisberta," said the baron. "I am coming too. I was but trying an old game again, just to cheat the time which weighs so heavy on us both, I think the days are twice as long as when——"

He hesitated. She finished the sentence:

"As when the palmer was here. You wish sometimes that he would return?"

"Not exactly for him," returned he, telling but half the truth; "but only for somebody to play with. Would you but learn the game, I should never desire to see him again. Suffer me to show so much of it to you that you can at least understand me when I talk of it."

Half persuaded, Lady Lisberta remained, and listened to his words, doubting within herself whether she were not committing some deadly sin in even looking upon the unholy things; and yet, were it not better that she should retain the little influence she was gaining over her husband by seeming to take an interest in a pursuit which he would not abandon, than by her cold indifference drive him again to seek the palmer as a companion and an antagonist? Nor would he seek long in vain; for Lady Lisberta doubted not that he still remained in the neighborhood, perhaps even in the castle; for oftentimes, when waking suddenly from a troubled sleep at midnight, she thought she saw his tall figure glide slowly along the corridors, and it required all the phantom-dispelling light of the sun to dispossess her of her terrors.

Reasoning thus, she became her husband's pupil. The baron's patience was sorely tried. Her mistakes, her stupidity, and her indifference disgusted and enraged him, and if his soul were to be benefited by his wife's experiment, his temper was in danger of being ruined. And she

discovered to her horror at last that half-way measures were useless. She must devote herself entirely to her husband's pursuit or abandon it altogether.

In this extremity she would gladly have sought advice from the chaplain; but the good man, fondly believing in the reformation of the baron, had gone on a pilgrimage to Rome, leaving her with no other counsellors than her hopes and fears.

With many sad misgivings, she applied herself to the task, and when Sir Rudolph saw that she was becoming a player fit for him to cope with, his infatuation knew no bounds. He showed no compassion for her delicacy or weakness. He grudged the few moments that she gave to her prayers, called the time wasted that she spent in her garden, and would fain have abridged her hours of rest. He followed her everywhere like an evil spirit with his board and men, and every morning began earlier and played further into the night.

The intense application and her own disquieting scruples were visibly undermining her health; but the baron had no eyes to see that the color had faded out of her cheek, nor how the sunlight showed through the thin, transparent hand that was stretched out over the chessboard. He only saw the deep-laid plot, the crafty advance, and the master-move that ended the struggle.

Lady Lisberta was fading away like a mist-wreath, and yet, as long as she could sit before him, he saw no change.

One morning he waited impatiently for her. She did not come, and he sent Edith to inquire why she delayed so long. Her tirewoman returned with the answer that she was too ill to rise.

"Too ill!" exclaimed the baron; "she was well enough yesterday. It must be some womanish whim that keeps her in bed. Perhaps she remembers her defeat last night, and has no wish to be conquered again. I will see."

And the baron ran up the stone staircase with a step which proved he had no apprehensions to check his speed.

Clear-eyed and thoughtful was the face that Lady Lisberta turned toward him as he entered, and any one less blinded than he would ave seen the shadow upon it—a shadow which never falls but once on the face of any mortal.

"What! not risen yet!" cried he, "For shame!—to waste so much time in bed!"

"I tried to rise, but my strength failed me."

"You have been too long without food. Franz shall bring you some wine."

When the wine was brought, he poured a full goblet.

"Drink that. It will put some color in your cheeks and strength in your limbs."

Lady Lisberta drank a little.

"I heard yesterday that the chaplain was at Sir Bertrand's. Send Franz for him. I would fain see him."

"Go, Franz, for the chaplain. Tell him your mistress wishes him to come to her: but though she fancies she is ill, I doubt not when he comes he will find her in the garden."

Franz shook his head as he left the room.

"Ah, how blind the baron is not to see that Lady Lisberta is dying!"

The wine revived the Lady Lisberta. It brought back the brightness to her eye and the color to her cheek."

"See!" cried the baron. "You are better already. When the chaplain comes he will laugh at you. Let me raise you up. You have been lying here too long, filling your mind with idle fancies."

She made no opposition, and he raised her gently and supported her with cushions.

"And now," cried he, "I will place the board on your lap, and while the chaplain is coming, we will while away the time with another game."

"No," said she, faintly, closing her eyes again. "We had better employ it in a different way."

"Only for a little. We will stop the instant he appears—even in the middle of the game. Take some more wine and you will feel equal to it."

And after holding the wine again to her lips, the baron arranged the board and men. Lady Lisberta said no more. What could she say—to open eyes that would not see? The game began, and the wine lending her fictitious vigor for a few moments, she followed and opposed the movements of her eager lord.

He had no thought for her. With bent brows, he studied the game. At last for a longer time than usual he waited for her to move. Her position was a perplexing one, and he thought she was considering the best method of solving the difficulty, and freeing herself from her embarrassment. Slowly the white hand was raised at last, but dropped heavily upon the board ere it touched the piece.

"See what your awkwardness has done," cried he, without raising his eyes.

"Hush!" said a voice beside him.

It was the voice of the chaplain, who, reaching over the baron, held a crucifix to the white lips which were struggling to utter a few faint words.

The conscience-struck baron bent eagerly toward her, but the words died away ere they reached his ear.

Wringing his hands, and turning a deaf ear to the chaplain's words and prayers, he rushed wildly from the room. All the remainder of the day he was seen pacing up and down the garden-walks like a man bereft of his senses.

In the morning he had disappeared, and Franz, who had been watching by the bedside of his dead mistress, declared that at midnight he saw a figure, clad in black, approach the baron, and drawing his arm through his, pass with him through the closed wicket into the forest beyond.

Whether Franz had any better foundation for his story than his own credulous imagination or not, Sir Rudolph was never seen again in the castle after the Lady Lisberta died. But others, less superstitious than the old seneschal, said that, overcome by remorse and grief, he had joined a religious community of the strictest order, and passed the remnant of his days in prayers and penance.

Be that as it may, whatever became of the baron or the palmer, the game that wrought so much mischief in Sir Rudolph's household, still remains to fascinate, perplex, and tempt the souls of other men.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

Street Characters in Charleston.

There is always much amusement attending the study of the groups of eccentric characters that form along the streets and in the squares of our large cities. Our colored citizens contribute very largely to the picturesque garniture of such sketches, both by their frequent quaintness of attire and by their more or less singular and original attitudes.

From time to time we have presented character-outlines—as we found them in the great Northern cities and in many Southern capitals—which, in their natural grouping, air of earnestness and sectional peculiarities, told many stories of the play of the passions that control all people. In our present number the artist found his inspiration in a stroll along Main Street in Charleston, meeting, almost at the

first glance, with a group of people worthy, in every way, of this form of preservation. The white officer of police jogs along in conversation with a black subordinate, while the cluster of street-venders make the locality noisy with the announcement of the freshness, ripeness and cheapness of their household necessities. The wood-purveyor, with slow and limping tread, evidently derives great comfort from her pipe, without which she would probably be unable to make a good bargain; while the poultryman wears a look that at once suggests an inquiry into the condition of the chicken-coops in the suburbs as a suitable preliminary to purchase. In marked contrast with our Northern habits is the custom of buying oysters from the bucket, by the single one, ten, dozen, quart or gallon; and many of the other trades are equally peculiar. All the characters delineated are strong and natural. The poultry-merchant is the most picturesque of the group, from the manner of displaying his stock; the wood-carrier suggests the more youthful, graceful and poetic woman of Switzerland; and the oyster and vegetable venders would not unnaturally be compared with the street-peddlers of South American and Cuban cities.

The negro element in our society is a most felicitous one for the artist's fancy, and in this instance has been treated in a legitimate, unexaggerated manner.

THE FLY-CATCHER.

THE FLY-CATCHER.—A REAL INCIDENT.

"MARY, I wish this piece of lace washed. It is good lace, and needs careful washing, so I would rather you did it than have it sent with the clothes to Mrs. Deacon."

So saying, I handed about two yards of soft, narrow lace to our parlor-maid, adding my hopes that she would do it very carefully, as I wished to use it in a tucker to a dress.

Our home is a small, old-fashioned house, and the low drawing-room has a broad bow to it, the windows of which open on to the pretty, old-fashioned garden, with its smooth-shaven lawn, bright flower-beds, and large trees—too many, perhaps, of these latter, though we should be sorry to part with any, especially the large horse-chestnut opposite the drawing-room windows, under which we make our Summer parlor when the days are hot and long, and whose leaves in the Autumn turn such a brilliant yellow that they make almost a sunshine of themselves for us, when we have to close the windows and think of such things as "drawing-in days," and a "fire looks comfortable now that the Autumn is coming on."

"There's no keeping the place tidy, nohow!" is our gardener's complaint; "what with all the leaves from our own trees, and those that blow in from the coverts, and the birds that we get from both! why, one can never keep the fruit, or buds, or seeds, for the sparrows, blackbirds, and such like!"

"Troublesome!" I reply; but, having myself a friendly feeling for these troublesome creatures, and fearing lest some incautious words of mine should lead to a more active warfare than usual against them, I change the subject, and add cheerfully, "The Fly-catchers have come back again this year, and are building somewhere in the garden, I perceive."

"Yes; they're a-building right over the drawing-room window, close by the vine. I was trimming up the yellow rose over the further window, and came across the beginning of a nest."

"I hope you left it?" I ask, hastily.

"Ay, sure! they do no harm in the garden. I only wish we had more of them; they work away wonderfully at the blight and insects."

And there, sure enough, over the drawing-room window, nestling between the rose-branches and the green, wooden trellis-work, was the little round nest of our dear little Fly-catchers. We liked to think they were the same birds that

had built the preceding year in the old chestnut-tree, and who, finding us then friendly, had thought to trust themselves with us again.

Their nest was not finished, and on they went with it during the bright, early June days, quite undisturbed by the singing, laughing and talking in the room within, and not very much even by the passing to and fro from the garden through the window.

Do you know what Fly-catchers are like? If so, then do you not agree with us in our liking for them? They are such neat little things, with their slight little bodies; soft, light-brown, Quakerish plumage; sharp beaks, and round, brilliant, watchful black eyes. Then the way they poise themselves on the rose-trees to watch for insects, followed by the quick dart at an unsuspecting fly or gnat, as it basks in the sunshine, is all so very prettily done.

We were very glad to find that the sound of our movements in the drawing-room, below our Fly-catchers' nest, did not frighten them away, and it was interesting to see their work as it went on.

They had been hard at it one afternoon, when I was sitting writing in the bow, and there had been much flying backward and forward, when my attention was arrested by a greater amount of fluttering than there had been before, and by "the something" that caused the fluttering being larger than before, and also having greater difficulty in rising to the level of the nest.

"Flutter! flutter!" there it was again; surely something must be amiss. Another flutter, and now one of the tiny birds I had been watching rose from the grass outside, and struggled valiantly half-way up to the nest, followed by a long, streaming, mysterious white tail. With its best efforts and intentions, half-way up to the nest was the very most it could do, with such a weight as the long white streamer it had chosen to bring with it.

I felt I really must see what the long white thing was, so, advancing to the window, I looked out. At my approach, the little bustling mother took flight and flew off, leaving, half on the grass, and half on a bed of newly-planted-out geraniums, my own dainty piece of fine lace!

I expect my readers will say, "You let the poor little bird have it, of course?" No; at the risk of being thought very hard-hearted and cruel, I must confess that I took possession of my property; for, you see, it was needed for the finishing-off of a dress. I found out from Mary that she had duly washed it, and hung it out to dry on a rosebush at the back of the house, where it had been seen by the little Fly-catcher, approved of as suitable for her nest, and, with hard labor—poor little bird!—carried off. But, though I took possession of my property, the little mother-bird was not forgotten.

HUNTING THE ANTELOPE.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

We found some less valuable lace, which we placed conveniently on the lawn, together with some strips of soft flannel, about the width of the lace; praising ourselves inwardly for our clever thought in putting such a soft, fluffy lining for a nest as those strips of flannel would make within the small builder's reach. Then we watched to see the result.

In a short time the little Fly-catcher returned, and, after inspecting the goods provided for her, selected—the flannel, of course!—No, indeed! The vain little thing actually flew off with the strip of common lace, lodged it safely in the nest, and returned for strip number two, which, being rather long, she allowed, after using all she needed, to trail over the side of the nest down among the roses and leaves, and in front of the drawing-room window. And there the lace staid, while the little mother laid and sat upon her eggs, and peeped over at us with her round, bright, black eyes, while the warm June sunshine opened the pale, yellow-colored roses around her, and made her chosen home one of the prettiest ever little bird had.

And for us, we could only smile and wonder at the little

thing, whose Heaven-given instinct had made her choose the common piece of lace for her nest, in preference to what we thought so superior—the softest pieces of flannel.

ANTELOPE HUNTING IN SENEGAL.

THE name Senegal, that of a river in Senegambia, a region of Western Africa, is also applied to the French colonial settlements on its banks. The country teems with game—elephants, buffalo, deer, a species of eland, antelopes, wild boars, hares, porcupines, panthers, lions and hyenas all abound. The entire region is naturally a sportsman's paradise, were it not for the danger of malaria in the lowlands along the rivers, which are the chief haunts of game. The antelope, or, more properly, the *Oryx leucoryx*, is extremely numerous; but, like all varieties of the species, so fleet of foot that it is anything but an easy task to capture or shoot it.

A favorite sport with the French settlers along the Senegal is that of "running down" the antelope. It is only where the country is comparatively open and tolerably level that the sport can be followed with any hope of success; and it is not altogether unattended with risk, since the oryx is quite a formidable antagonist when "cornered," standing about three and a half feet high at the shoulder, with horns nearly straight, and sometimes almost three feet in length. Even the lion seldom dares attack him.

For the sport of "running down," nothing more is required than a good horse, and any weapon adequate for giving the *coup de grace* when the hunter gets into close quarters with his game.

Like the celebrated recipe in Mrs. Glass's famous cookery book, "First catch your hare," the possession of the means for "running down" an antelope leaves still wanting for success the possibility that the animal will not wait to be caught. Many an antelope hunter has found, to his sorrow, after a headlong pursuit of many miles, that "a stern chase is a long chase," and been compelled to rein in his exhausted horse, with no little chagin, as the object of his pursuit bounded off, apparently as fresh as ever; leaving him to retrace his steps, musing upon the uncertainties of hunting, and the unreliability of the cunning oryx.

ROSES AND LILIES.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

"HALLO! going out for a walk, Miss Pearl?"

"Yes; my head aches."

"Which of your slaves is it to get rid of this time?"

"It can scarcely be you, since I heard you whistling when I went for my hat."

They were both standing on the top steps of the porch of a farmer's cottage, and the sunset glow lighted up each face with unreal beauty. Both were young and radiant and full of mischievous glee, and the cottage-door was shut behind them, and they were alone with each other.

Was that why she laid her soft hand caressingly on his arm, and pointing across the glistening lake, starred with water-lilies and girdled with a bank of wild roses, to the belt of dark firs and beach—boulders which walled it in from the sea half a mile distant—exclaimed, in a tone of playful mockery:

"Don't you wish you were rowing me to the beach to bid good-night to the dear old ocean?"

"I wish it, if you do," returned Vivian, flushing with pleasure. "Come, and I will fill your lap with the lilies you love so much."

"Not the lilies. No, no, you dare not pluck me them?" she cried. "They are *his* flowers, and no hand but his may offer them to me."

She nodded slightly to the half-open window, shrugged her shoulders, and then, leaning a little of her slight weight on the youth's arm, continued, dreamingly:

"But the roses—the beautiful, sweet red roses! Oh, you must pluck me them, Vivian! I love them so!

'Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
Rosebud brightly blooming.'"

She went down the steps, singing in a soft undertone, while the young man paced at her side, laughing, admiring, pleased, yet scarcely at ease, for was not Colonel Carrington, her betrothed, sitting in a deep invalid-chair by the window, and following her with worshiping eyes as she tripped away from him? And was she not going away with a fellow who she knew—surely she knew—was already more than half in love with her?

Miss Pearl and her mother were enjoying the Summer at "The Beach," the most obscure bathing-place that could be imagined. Here young Vivian had chanced to make her acquaintance not many weeks ago, having come from college at the neighboring town for his holidays. Here also Colonel Carrington had followed her, partly for love of her society, and partly to re-establish his broken health.

He had been one of the victorious expedition to the Gold Coast, had been severely wounded, promoted, and returned a hero to his Pearl, who, before he went, had been ready to link her fate with his.

They walked down the grassy lane, Pearl and Vivian laughing, singing, and gibing, as was usual with them.

Oh, she was so gay—so gay! Could it be that she forgot the white face at the window, and the wasted hand which late had clasped hers?

"Which do you love best now—come, be honest—the roses or the lilies?" said Vivian, as he filled her outstretched hands with the ruby-fringed, golden-hearted, scented blossoms.

By this time she was sitting in the stern of the boat, and the lilies were crowding close on either side, and sending up their apple-sweet perfume, a mute memory of the love which had been lavished on her.

She looked at the flowers in her hands, and she looked at the flowers in the water, and the gladness crept out of her eyes, the smile from her face.

"I wish I knew!" she almost gasped.

Vivian shoved off the boat and sprang in, and, having seated himself opposite her, gazed at her in fiery expectation.

"You wish you knew?" echoed he, at last, seeing that she added nothing more. "The Colonel should hear you say that!"

"Hold your tongue!" retorted she, laughing with restored gayety. "Let sleeping dogs lie!"

"You mean let no such awkward questions be asked?" said he.

"I mean that the world is so beautiful!—so beautiful, so full of joy and things to love!—that one cannot pour all one's admiration, delight and affection upon one object to the exclusion of all the rest. Can one?"

"He does?" answered Vivian, with rather a hard laugh. "And so should I, if I were in love with you."

"Heaven forefend you should ever be taken in by such a trifler!" cried she, almost between her teeth. "Oh, why are some women's hearts framed so?" And she fixed her eyes reproachfully on the wide, cloudless heavens which

flushed as with delight at the beauty of Mother Earth. Then there was silence, save for the long sweep of the oars and the swish of the tall, bright sedges against the sides of the boat.

The wooded banks glided by the yellow corn-fields and the scented haystacks; the boom of the ocean came nearer and nearer, and the sea-breath blew on their crimson cheeks.

"Sing!" said she, breaking the pause in her playful, peremptory way, looking up with as untroubled a gaze as if she had left her sad thoughts behind with the water-lilies.

And he sang, keeping time with his oars, this old song:

"When other lips and other hearts,
Their tale of love shall tell;
In language whose excess imparts
The power they feel so well;
There may, perhaps, in such a scene,
Some recollection be
Of days that have as happy been,
And you'll remember me."

He sang the refrain over and over again, looking at her passionately, as a man looks but once at a woman.

With her chin in her hand and her eyes on the roses, she listened, faintly smiling, as if in a trance of languorous pleasure; but she neither rebuked nor praised the singer.

The boat touched the shore; he took her cool, white hand—his own burning—and led her up the rocky path through the trees to the beach, a hundred yards beyond.

And while, hand in hand, they threaded the dusky forest-road, he still kept softly singing in her ear:

"You'll remember—you'll remember—you'll remember me!"

until, all at once, she stopped, and, as she put her hand to her heart, a shiver ran through her, and the tears gushed down her cheeks in a moment.

"Good heavens!" she burst forth, "when I am an old woman, am I to look back on this—this happy time, as only one of the golden hours that

'Came and went,
And left no trace behind,

but only a harrowing memory? I don't want to leave it behind, and I can't—I dare not take it with me!"

"What—what do you mean, Miss Pearl?" exclaimed Vivian. "Do you mean that I have anything to do with making you happy?"

"*You!*" She turned on him, a smile breaking all over her face, and her eyes sparkling mischievously through her tears. "No, you silly boy! You are nice—oh, ever so nice, to amuse one's self with; but as for a permanency—from such, good Lord deliver us!"

And, with a hearty, silvery peal of laughter, she again put her hand on his arm, and led him, half-bewildered, half-piqued, yet thrilling to her soft touch, out of the ghostly thicket into a burst of sunlight and glittering sea.

They descended the rocky belt, and sat down on the soft, bright sand, just beyond the reach of the encroaching waves; and for a time both looked at the fair scene in silent but happy companionship.

"The Beach" was a sickle-shaped bay, not a mile in circuit, perhaps; but over the hard-beaten floor Old Ocean trod in lazy strength, spreading his blue mantle, now starred with sunny spangles, and bordered with lace-like broideries of foam. Overhead arched a dome of purplish translucence, deepening, in the west, with gold and rose and opal-green.

"Look how they come!" said Pearl, gazing dreamily at the waves. "How enormous they seem out there, looming up smooth-backed, hanging over, serrated and sharp as a guillotine-knife—hanging over as if to annihilate you, and breaking into a wild chaos of foam! Don't they look formidable! But meantime, look at the undertow—how it runs out; how it saps the mighty rollers; how it steals away their strength; how it snatches shy handfuls of their frothy, vaporing menacings, and only releases them when they are so gentled and tamed that they can but creep in to our feet mere breaths of sunny foam! So," added Pearl, softly, "are the troubles we fear when they loom afar. Thanks to the undercurrent of everyday circumstance, they never reach us in their strength."

Vivian turned from the churning waters an ardent look upon his companion's face.

"I think I can guess what your trouble is," said he, with stammering eagerness. "That breaker coming in is—let us say *him;* that current running out to meet him is—let us say *me;*" and he laughed nervously.

"Nonsense!" cried Pearl. "You are quite—quite wrong. No, my dear; when I think aloud in your company, you are not expected to understand, and you are to surmise nothing. A boy of your inexperience"—here she gave him a warm and friendly glance—"need not expect to read the riddle of a woman's heart."

Then she turned away, and thought in silence for a long while, her eyes growing darker as they held communion with the darkening heavens.

Lying at her feet, his elbows buried in the sand, and his handsome, glowing young face resting on his palms, the youth watched her, his heart full of wonder and perplexity.

"Well," said he, hungering for her sweet words, "have you settled all your future satisfactorily?"

She came back from her dream—came back with a strange, deep awe in her eyes.

"Yes, I have settled it," answered she; "and it shall be in this wise—"

Here she sang, and I verily believe she improvised the words to Nara's Swedish air:

"Life once so smiling,
Bright as Summer day;
Youth so beguiling,
Garlanding the way,
Oh, ye both have traitors grown,
Brought me tear and sigh and moan;
Sad and weary! Sad and weary!
Bride—but not to thee!

Time, called so fleeting,
Haste your flight (so slow!)
Heart, faintly beating,
Cease and let me go!
I am his—oh, bitter day!
Parted love for aye, for aye!
Sad and weary! Sad and weary!
Bride—but not to thee!"

There was a vibrating sadness in her voice as she said this, her eyes not now dwelling upon his, but full of tears and turned away, that penetrated to his very heart.

Oh, surely, despite all her gibing, her laughing scorn, her continual playful casting of him back to his place as boy and playmate—surely, for once, she was in earnest!

"Pearl," said the youth, in a choked voice, and, snatching her hand, he pressed it to his hot lips; "why should this be your fate? What forces you to marry a man you don't love with your whole heart? For you can't blind me any more, Pearl—Pearl!"

These rushing words, broken by hot kisses on her hand, and half inaudible by the hiss of surf and thunder of wave, leaped from his very soul, while she bent over him mournfully, and, as it would seem, even tenderly.

"Pearl," said another voice, and Colonel Carrington stood beside her, his face so wan, his smile so fond, his eyes so full of loving delight in her, that to have seen his glorified spirit come from the "silent land," would have been a less surprise.

She rose mechanically, assisted by Vivian, and laid her trembling hand upon the arm of her lover.

"Why are you here?" she cried, while her anxious eyes took swift note of his pallor and his unsuspicion. "How could you be so mad as to walk so far in your weakness?"

"Not mad, I hope," returned Colonel Carrington, with her little hand between his own. "I craved so for you! And here—I plucked it from the margin of the lake—this

BOADICEA LEADING HER TROOPS AGAINST THE ROMANS.— SEE PAGE 750.

ROSES AND LILIES.—"'WHICH DO YOU LOVE BEST NOW—COME, BE HONEST—THE ROSES OF THE LILIES?' SAID VIVIAN, AS HE FILLED HER OUTSTRETCHED HANDS WITH THE RUBY-FRINGED, GOLDEN-HEARTED, SCENTED BLOSSOMS."—SEE PAGE 746.

golden-hearted, snowy-petaled flower of purity—so like my Pearl, with heart as true as gold!"

And he fastened in her bosom a water-lily, dripping yet, with one broad satin, red-lined leaf, beside Vivian's roses.

"These—I must take these out!" muttered she, shamefaced, while Vivian flushed, and shrank as if stung.

"Oh, no!" smiled her lover; "they give you pleasure, and you are fond of them. Why should I be so selfish as to expect you to take pleasure only in my gifts? I would not grudge you one pleasure that this world affords, dear; for my only wish is to have you happy."

Even while he spoke, the color was fading from his cheeks and lips, and his voice was growing strangely weak.

He suddenly pressed his hand to his side, and held it up reddened with blood.

"I—fear—the—walk—" he faltered; and staggering back, would have fallen heavily, but that Vivian's arms received him, and laid him gently down, insensible.

Pearl knelt beside him, white and still, as if frozen.

It was Vivian who tore open his vest and found the wound which, owing to his imprudent exertion, had reopened, and was bleeding profusely. It was he who did what he could to stanch it, and then flew for assistance, and had him carefully conveyed back to the cottage. He too, it was, who drove the fastest horse in the settlement to town for a physician, assisting him with hand and brain; just as if Colonel Carrington had been his brother, instead of Pearl's betrothed.

* * * * * * *

It was long past midnight. The little house was quiet at last. The patient profoundly sleeping, under the influence of an opiate.

He lay on a low lounge in the parlor, where they had first placed him. The lamps were shaded from his eyes and turned low, and his watchers were—Pearl and Vivian.

The young girl's mother, an invalid herself, had retired perforce, Pearl promising to follow as soon as possible.

Now she knelt on one knee by the head of the sofa, her hands tightly clasped upon the other, her eyes fastened sorrowfully upon the face of Colonel Carrington—that proud, patrician face, so like that of a golden-haired Viking in the still repose of death.

Vivian, a little apart, watched them with burning looks.

She was very wan and drooping, for she had knelt there some hours, scarce changing her position except to press her perfumed hand on her lover's throbbing brow, or to hold to his lips the cooling draught which stood beside her.

The roses hung in her bosom, half-faded now, and the heavy-headed lily, which had long since fallen unheeded to the floor, sent up a sickly sweet perfume from crushed petals. Her white dress was limp and disordered, her soft hair fell loosely about her shoulders.

How absorbed she was! Was she thinking of the days when his love was sweet to her? Was she ordering her heart upon that backward path, to find sweetness in it still? She looked round suddenly at Vivian. In a moment he was by her side, eager to do anything for her—or Carrington.

"I think he is asleep now," said she, in the soft monotone which never disturbs an invalid. "I must go, for I am weary; but I am not afraid to trust him with you. Call me if there is any change."

"Yes," answered Vivian, obediently; "but you must not be anxious. You want sleep."

She rose. By one accord they seemed to avoid each other's eyes as she moved away.

"Good-night," she said, with a shivering sigh.

But at the door she looked back at Vivian once more. Ah, once more!

"I don't know how I am to thank you for the kindness you have shown to-night," she murmured, with a smothered sob; "and yet so strange must be my return for this unselfish kindness, that I must ask you to forget that song, and that subject we talked of on the beach to-night. To suspect it would kill *him!*"

Vivian came close to her, out of the shadowy corner, and into what light there was, and he and she looked long into each other's pale faces.

"You mean to marry him, then?"

"Yes; I am done with regrets."

"Your love has all come back for him?"

"I ask Heaven to bring it back; I do, sincerely."

"And if it won't, what is to become of you—of me?"

"Oh, don't! You stab me to the heart! You have been so dear—so dear! Oh, Vivian, good-by!"

"That will comfort me," gasped Vivian, heart-wrung, yet inspired by her heroism to be heroic too. "You are right, and I dare not interfere between you. I'll go away to-morrow."

For a moment there was silence; then he whispered, with sad, yearning looks:

"Pearl, won't you give me one kiss, to last me all my life?"

Without a word she yielded to his already encircling arm, and they stood heart to heart for the first—and last—time.

"Oh Love! Oh Fire! once he drew
With one long kiss, her whole soul thro'
Her lips, as sunlight drinketh dew."

* * * * * *

A sudden movement in the dusky corner, a driving backward of the chairs, and Colonel Carrington sprang forward into the light, his deathlike face convulsed with frantic passion. Half-stunned by reason of the opiate, half-delirious with the fever, how could he judge appearances in that first terrible moment of awakening?

His hand was in his bosom as he came toward them; next moment his revolver flashed forth—a tiny toy that Pearl had often played with, and Vivian had only that morning been cleaning and priming.

Carrington aimed at the youth; Pearl sprang between with uplifted and clasped hands.

In an instant a sharp report—an awful vision of Pearl standing like a vision of snow, hands still uplifted, great, black eyes fixed on Carrington—a trembling, fleeting instant of harrowing grace—then she went down on her face.

Dead? Oh, heaven, yes; with her heart's blood bathing the roses she had given her life to wear for a little while!

* * * * * *

They bloom as brightly as of yore, the roses down by the beach, and the lilies star the lake as pure as when Carrington plucked them; but I never see the roses that I do not think them colored by Pearl's red blood, nor the lilies but I see Pearl's pale, dead face!

BOADICEA.

THIS female warrior and patriotic queen lived in the middle of the first century, and was the wife of Prasutagus, the king of the Iceni, a tribe of Britons. Prasutagus at his death bequeathed his wealth to his two daughters and to the Roman Emperor. Nero was at this time emperor, and Suetonius Paulinus, a general of great skill and energy, commanded in Britain. By the orders of the Roman procurator, Catus, for some cause not recorded, Boadicea was scourged and her daughters violated. The crime, however, brought its punishment. Boadicea's savage subjects flew to arms, destroying a Roman colony, and defeating the legion of Petilius Cerialis. The Romans and their allies lost to the number of seventy thousand, many of whom perished under torture.

Suetonius hastened to the scene of this revolt, and met the Britons, who were commanded by Boadicea, with her two daughters, and totally defeated them with dreadful carnage. Boadicea, Tacitus tells us, killed herself by poison.

Our illustration is designed to represent the commencement of this final and decisive battle. Boadicea, in a chariot drawn by three horses, is haranguing and inspiriting her troops, who show by their looks, gestures, and attitudes, how eager they are for the fray. But their savage and incomparable bravery was as nothing against the disciplined audacity, armor, and superior weapons of the invincible legions of Rome.

JACK'S FUNNY FRIEND.

LITTLE Jack sat down by the side of the fountain—it *was* a fountain, although the water never spouted now, and there was only a basin of stone, with a few water-lilies and some long green plants stretching out their slender arms and legs from the bottom.

He had been playing all by himself until he was quite tired, and so he came and sat down, and smelt the scent of the roses, and listened to the dreamy buzzing of the bees.

Presently he looked at the water, and there was a piece of wood floating lazily toward him, and—what was that brown lump at the end coming closer and closer? it was—yes—it was a frog, sitting as calmly and looking as unmoved as those Egyptian figures that Jack had seen at the Museum.

"You are an ugly old thing, Mr. Froggie," said Jack, leaning against the side of the fountain; "but you've got pretty brown eyes."

Just then a most interesting thing happened. The piece of wood drifted quite close, and Mr. Frog, blinking his eyes once, and turning his head wisely on one side, leaped on to the edge of the fountain, and looked at Jack with his brown eyes twinkling and the corners of his mouth turned up in the most good-natured manner possible.

As Jack looked at the frog it began to grow bigger and bigger and bigger, and his cheeks puffed out, and his throat swelled; and as he increased in size, so did Jack's eyes grow larger and rounder with astonishment and admiration.

"Poof!" said the frog, with a long breath, becoming rapidly smaller again. "It's hard work that; but you see what I *can* do. I learnt that from my great-great-great"—he went on saying "great" over and over, till it sounded just like croaking—"great-great grandfather. You can read about him in——"

"Oh, I know!" cried Jack, delighted, "in Æsop's Fables—the Bull and the Frog!"

"Don't interrupt," said the frog. "I've forgotten what I was going to say. Oh, ugly, am I?" he went on. "Well, I'm not conceited, like boys; that's one thing. But this I will say, that if boys had such soft, cool, smooth skins as all my family have, then, indeed, they might talk. Just feel my arms," he said, stretching out a paw.

"No, thank you," said Jack, putting his hands behind him; for, when it came to the point, he felt rather frightened.

"Can *you* breathe through your skin?" asked the frog, scornfully.

"No," said Jack, "I can't."

"*I* can, and I do, though you mightn't think it. Can you swallow air?"

"No, I breathe it," said Jack.

"Ah, *I* swallow it, always—because I have no ribs," he added, sadly. "When I was a little tadpole, like you" (Jack had a great mind to knock him into the water for that) "I used to have a tail—such a beautiful long tail, and gills to breathe water with, and if you had a magnifying-glass, you could see my heart beating, and the blood running through my veins; and I used to swim about and eat the delicious soft pulp of dead leaves, until one day my eyes came, and I began to be able to move my lips. Ugly, am I! well, I won't say anything about that; but when I was young, my coat was the loveliest olive-green satin, and my waistcoat was dotted with delicate golden yellow. None of your coarse, blue serges trimmed with white," he said, looking sharply at Jack.

"Those were, perhaps, my happiest times," he murmured, softly. "One day," he went on, "my legs began to grow, and then my arms; and as my legs grew longer, my beautiful tail grew shorter, until I was just like I am now, only not so big," he said, trying to puff himself out again.

"All this time my troubles were crowding upon me, and I had as much as I could do to avoid being eaten. Ah, the escapes I have had when I lived in the stream over yonder. If I stayed in the water, my brothers and sisters would try and bite me to death, and the newts and the fishes would try to eat me; and if I went on the bank there were the weasels, and the polecats, and the snakes, and the birds, all trying to catch me unawares. When I grew older it was very little better; there were—" here he shuddered—the water-fowl, and the dreadful pike, with his rows of teeth; and, worst of all, the cruel boys with their stones, who cut us up alive 'for fun'"—here his eyes started with terror and indignation.

"There were four thousand of us in the stream two Summers ago. Of all those only five are now alive!"

Jack felt very sorry indeed for the poor frog when he heard him tell this, and they both sat some time in silence, looking very grave.

"Well, I must be going now," said the frog, suddenly. "Good-by, little boy; and I hope you will never hurt a poor, helpless frog, for we feel pain as much as you do."

With that he leapt back into the water, making such a splash that the drops flew all over Jack's face; so he jumped up, and rubbed his eyes, and wondered what had made him have such an odd visitor as Mr. Froggie.

"AT THE YARDARM."

"Did I ever tell you, Samuel, how near I came, once upon a time, to being hanged as a pirate?"

Thus spoke my uncle Ebenezer, who, having, man and boy, plowed the salt seas for the better part of a half-century, was now sitting, literally, under his own vine and fig-tree, on the steps of the back porch of the old homestead, and, while slowly puffing at the amber mouthpiece of an immense *narghile*, which he had brought from India, enlightening my youthful mind with shreds and patches from the storehouse of his multifarious experience.

My uncle had been well educated in his youth, and he came of a race of gentlemen, so that he had preserved a certain refinement of speech and manner not usually found among mariners. He was, therefore, an excellent narrator, and forty years ago I had no greater pleasure than to sit in the old back porch, and listen to his wild tales of life on the stormy ocean.

This was the tale that followed the startling question I have just repeated:

In the month of June, 1813, about the middle of the last war (said my uncle), I sailed from Charleston, in command of a beautiful little clipper-brig, called the *Snake*. I had letters of marque, and the *Snake* was armed with eight brass six-pounders, for, though we did not hope to be able to resist any of the larger cruisers of the enemy, nor did we intend to attempt the capture of any of his merchantmen, we knew that the narrow seas were swarming with English privateers, and it *was* our intention to beat off any small craft that attacked us, if we could.

The fact was, that we were bound on a dangerous and urgent mission, which precluded any idea of privateering on our own account, and rendered it more than usually important that we should not be captured. Our cargo, in short, was powder and shot, which we were to take to the mouth of the Tagus, and transfer to one of our frigates ordered to meet us at that point.

Fighting, therefore, was not our cue on that voyage, and, accordingly, I set every stitch of canvas that would draw, and kept a good lookout night and day.

That last precaution was the means of accomplishing a greater good than even our own safety. On the afternoon of the third day out, the sharp-eyed seaman I had stationed on the fore-topmast crosstrees, spied a vessel on our weather-bow, with a signal of distress flying. I at once bore up for her, and by sunset we were alongside, just in time to rescue her crew and passengers from a watery grave.

The vessel proved to be a West India trader, under Spanish colors, bound from the Havana to Norfolk, Virginia, with a crew of eight, including officers, and two passengers. They had lost their boats, when their craft was thrown on its beam-ends in a squall, four days previous, and though working at the pumps steadily, they had been unable to prevent the vessel from filling slowly, through the leaks, which were the result of the same disaster. She was only just afloat when we came up with her, and sank before we were fairly clear of her, after taking off her people.

When we were standing on our course again, I had leisure to look after the comfort of our involuntary passengers. The crew of the Spanish vessel were easily disposed of among my own men in the forecastle, and the captain and his passengers I invited into my cabin.

Much to my surprise, one of these passengers turned out to be a very beautiful young lady, the other being her father—a gray-haired, portly old gentleman—a Virginian, by the name of Manson. They were evidently people of wealth and refinement, and the Spanish captain proved to be a hearty good fellow, so that we were speedily on a friendly footing, and my vague anticipations of discomfort in a crowded cabin were as quickly dissipated.

Of course, I should have done all I could for them had they been much less agreeable, but now my duty became a real pleasure, which was, doubtless, enhanced by the fact that the young lady was both amiable and beautiful. I was but young at the time, and easily impressed by female charms, so that it was not strange, under the circumstances, that I soon began to indulge in vague hopes that Laura Manson might eventually be induced to entertain a warmer feeling than mere friendship for the man who had saved her life. Not that I ever dared to breathe a word of my

love in her pure ear. The very fact that she had thus been thrown upon my protection made her sacred in my eyes; but before she had been a week on board, I resolved that when she was once again restored to her own home, I would seek her there, and ask her to be mine.

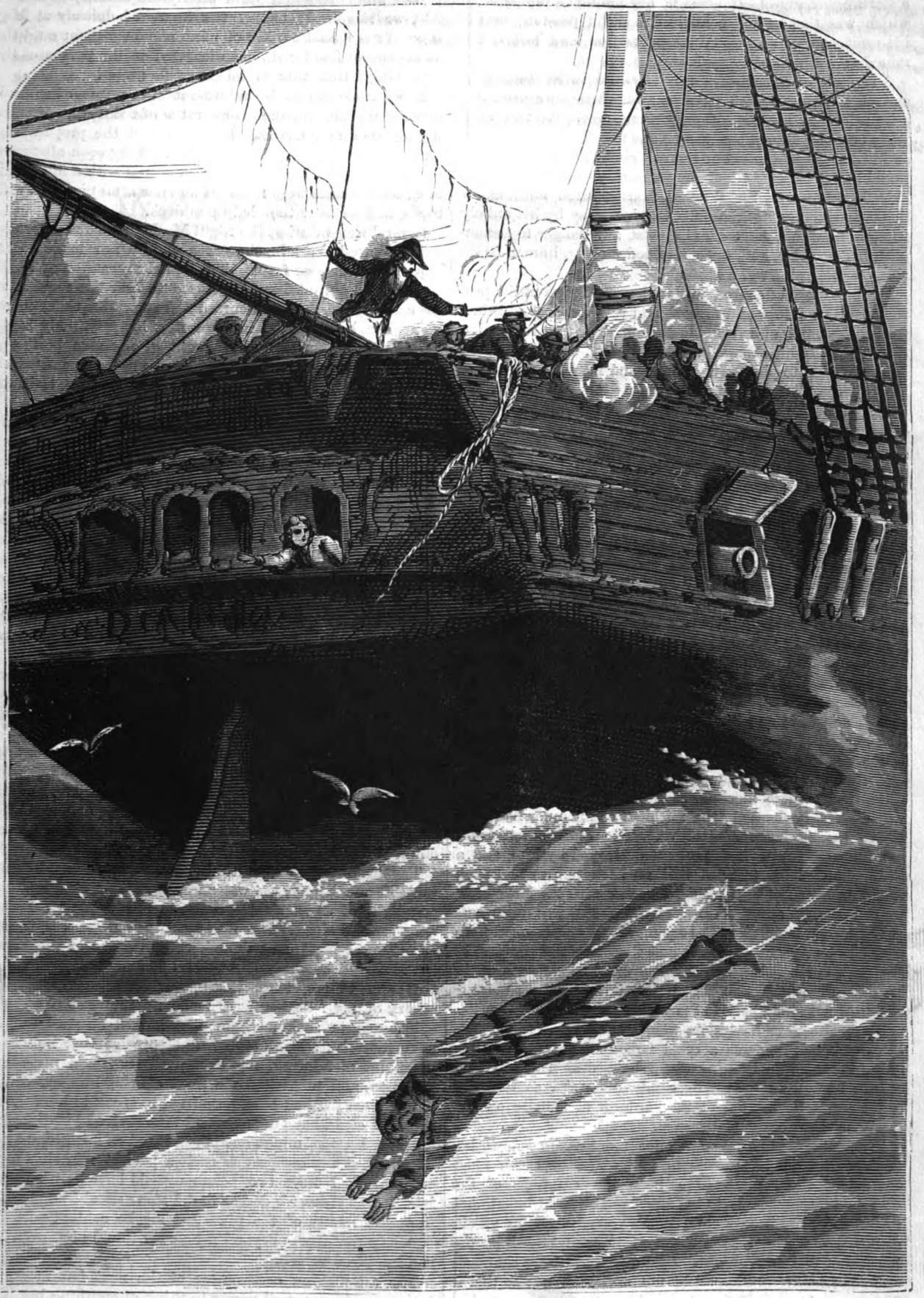
But these fond dreams and tender fancies were destined to be quickly brought to an end by the sudden approach of a peril that menaced both of us with a fate more fearful than the wildest imagination could conceive.

JACK AND HIS FUNNY FRIEND.— SEE PAGE 750.

Ten days after the rescue of Laura Manson and her fellow-voyagers, a suspicious sail was sighted on our weather-beam, and before long it became evident that the stranger was an English man-of-war, in chase of us. Every exertion was made by myself and my crew, aided by the Spanish sailors, to escape our enemy, but fate was unpropitious, and all our skill and energy availed us nothing. The *Snake* was swift, but her pursuer was swifter.

On the second morning of the chase, the foe was within gun-shot, and gave us a broadside that carried away both our topmasts. It would have been mere insanity to continue to resist a force so superior when thus helplessly at its mercy. It is possible that some desperate expedient might have suggested itself if my crew and myself had been alone in the brig. But none of us dared to propose anything which would expose the lovely maiden in our charge to further danger; and, having done our whole duty as sailors and men, we struck our flag.

Our captor proved to be the frigate Diana, of thirty-six guns, commanded by as great a brute as ever shamed the name of man by wearing it. His true character, however, was not perceptible until after we had been in his power for some time. He was still young, a baronet by hereditary right, and his person was pleasing, while his manners were the perfection of courtesy. To judge by his kindness when he first received us, you would have imagined us his guests rather than his prisoners; but ere many days had passed,



AT THE YARDARM.—"THE SHOUT OF SURPRISE THAT RANG UPWARD FROM THE FRIGATE'S DECK REACHED MY EARS BEFORE I STRUCK THE WATER, AND THEN DOWN, DOWN I WENT, AS IF I MEANT TO DIVE TO THE BOTTOM."—SEE PAGE 751.

a startling change took place in his conduct, the secret of which was that he had conceived a sinful passion for the innocent maiden cast upon his protection, and had determined to gratify it at every hazard.

A captain of a man-of-war is absolute in his authority, and at that day British naval commanders were even less responsible to higher authority than now. At any rate, when cruising alone there was no one to call him to account, and in the present case our tyrant's civil rank and influence would have protected him in any arbitrary exercise of power. Probably, however, Sir Edward Martin cared nothing for the consequences to himself. Carried away by his unholy passion, he would have dared almost any danger to accomplish his purpose, and, once resolved, no law, human or divine, was regarded as an obstacle.

His first step, of course, was to deprive Laura of the protection of her father and myself, and this was accomplished with the cunning of a veritable demon. The first intimation that we had of his changed attitude toward us, was an order issued by him to place Mr. Manson and myself in irons, we having been allowed perfect liberty up that time. On the afternoon of the same day we were taken into the captain's cabin, and, in the presence of all the *Diana's* officers, formally charged with piracy.

My indignant denial of the charge was imperiously cut short by the tyrant, who curtly informed us that we would be allowed to defend ourselves before a court-martial on the following morning, and we were then immediately hurried back to our place of confinement between decks.

Quite stunned by this unexpected calamity, we were utterly unable to divine its cause; but during the evening one of the marines who guarded us slipped into Mr. Manson's hand a note which threw a flood of light upon our bewilderment. It was from Laura, stating that the brutal commander had plainly told her that her father's life was at his mercy, and that it depended upon her to save him.

Mr. Manson was really frantic for a time, but all his fury was of no avail; and thus, in darkness, chains and despair, we passed the weary night, until the red morning dawned which was to seal our fate.

I need not detail the particulars of the court-martial, which was a mere mockery at best. With a cunning that was absolutely fiendish, the faithless commander had marshaled the evidence against us. The *Snake's* letters-of-marque were suppressed, perhaps destroyed by him, and a willing tool of his testified that no such papers had been found on board of her. This, together with the large crew we had carried, and the cargo of the *Snake*, was quite sufficient to condemn us. The Spaniards we had rescued were stated to be part of our crew, and therefore not allowed to testify in our behalf. Mr. Manson was made to appear to be the owner of the *Snake*, and the utter absurdity of our carrying a refined lady to sea with us on a piratical cruise was passed over as having no weight at all.

The whole thing was a cruel farce—an outrage such as only irresponsible tyranny could have designed and executed; but we were formally condemned, and as formally sentenced to be hanged at the yardarm at sunrise on the following morning.

My feelings, when we were once more chained down between decks, are impossible to hint at. How much more agonizing, then, must have been the emotions of the wretched father, about to be murdered in cold blood, and forced to leave his only child in the power of such a villain as the captain had proved himself? I cannot dwell on the horrors of that awful night. The guard had been changed, and the friendly marine could not approach us; so that if Laura was in a condition to send another message to her father, no messenger was available. Thus without tidings of the unfortunate girl, and utterly despairing of our own fate, we sleeplessly passed the hours of darkness. May Heaven grant that no kin of mine may ever endure a tithe of the agony I suffered, and witnessed in the person of the sorrowing father, that terrible, terrible night!

Dawn came at length, and with its first glimmer the shrill notes of the fife and the hoarse rattle of the drum summoning the crew to quarters, announced that the preparations for our execution were already made. Very soon afterward the marine officer, a lieutenant, appeared with a file of his men, our shackles were removed and our arms pinioned with ropes, and we were then led upon deck.

Several times during the night Mr. Manson had entreated to be allowed to see his daughter, and he now made a final appeal for this poor favor. The brutal myrmidon of a still more brutal tyrant harshly refused to bear the request to his commander, and even cursed and struck the unfortunate man when he persisted in imploring his pity. My blood boiled within me, and all thought of my own peril was swallowed up in the rage which filled my heart, and which would have prompted me, had I been free, to have slain the coward with my naked hands.

A platform was erected between two of the starboard guns abreast of the mainmast, on a level with the hammock nettings, and when we had been forced to mount this, I perceived that the vessel was close to the shore of a large island. Of course I did not know where we were at the time, but I may as well say now that I afterward discovered that the island was Hayti, the frigate having been bound to Jamaica when we unfortunately met her, and she had now reached the Mona Passage on her way thither. This was a most providential circumstance for me, as you will soon learn; but at that melancholy moment the sight of its smiling green shores and picturesque cliffs was an intolerable aggravation of my misery.

It seemed as if Heaven had given me this glimpse of firm land and freedom only to overwhelm me with the awful sense of my utter helplessness. Like the patriarch of old, I was ready to curse God and die; for there, within half a mile, was liberty and safety, but above my head swung the engine of my apparently inevitable doom, and I felt as if the Preserver himself had quite forsaken me. The lesson I soon received has given me a steadfast faith, and, amid the most fearful perils of my subsequent life, I have never since doubted His almighty power to save.

The morning was beautiful beyond description. The air was soft and balmy, the water was calm and still, and the rosy light of dawn shed a radiance like that of Paradise upon sea and shore. But the supreme moment of my death was close at hand, and though every feature of the scene has remained indelibly impressed upon my memory, it did not seem to me, then, that I saw anything. Even the misery of my fellow-sufferer made no impression on me. Selfishness, in such an hour, may indeed be pardoned in mere mortals; and, though I did perceive that he was at the point of fainting, my own peril engrossed my whole attention, and prevented me from offering him any consolation, even if I had been permitted to speak to him. Perhaps if I could have done so, and thus revived his drooping courage, he, too, might have been saved as miraculously as I was. But my escape was such a perfect miracle that I can scarcely believe two persons would have been successful. It was Heaven's decree that I alone should be plucked from the mouth of the pit. Let me be content with the certainty that it was beyond my power to aid him, even if I had sacrificed myself.

The astonishing occurrences of the next few moments took away from me all power to think of anything but how to profit by them. Two whips had been rove through

jewel-blocks on the starboard mainyard arm, and their nooses hung down close above our heads. The other ends were manned by a score or more of stalwart sailors, who were to run us up to the yardarm when the report of a gun, ready at our feet, should give the awful signal.

The lieutenant and his marines had halted at the foot of the scaffold, and we were now attended by two brawny, sunburnt seamen, whose rough hands were busy tying our feet together at the ankles, and seeing that the fastenings which secured our hands behind our backs were firmly knotted. At least, this was the duty they had been set to perform; *but I suddenly became conscious that my attendant was loosening the rope around my ankles, so that a slight exertion would serve to free me of it!*

Astonished at this, I attempted to turn round to look at him; but he grasped me firmly, so as to prevent any motion, and instantly afterward a thrilling whisper in my ear caused every nerve in my body to quiver with excitement.

"Can you swim?"

Imagine, if you can, the flood of hope that surged through my brain at the sound of this singular question. I could not reply, but my looks must have told him that I understood his meaning, for he continued, rapidly, while still pretending to be busy with my bonds:

"The young woman has promised to pay us well for trying to save you two. We believe she will keep her word; and, besides, we think it's a shame you should be strung up for nothing. Now, listen! I've cast loose the rope round your ankles, and there is only one turn of the line on your wrists. When I stop speaking I'll cut that line with one slash of my knife. Keep your wrists together as if you were still bound, and jump overboard the instant I say 'Now!' Dive deep, and come up on the other side of the ship. Swim to the rudder-chains, and hold on there until night. They'll think you wanted to drown yourself rather than be hung, and won't lower a boat. When night comes, you must try to swim ashore. There! that's all I can do for you. Be ready."

I can scarcely make you understand how rapidly all this was said, but yet how clearly I heard and treasured every word. There was a momentary pause, a sharp tug at my wrists, as with one slash the keen knife severed my bonds, and then the low-whispered but fearfully clear signal-word:

"Now!"

I stood just inside of the hammock-rail, and, without an instant's hesitation, I threw myself bodily overboard, head first. The shout of surprise that rang upward from the frigate's deck reached my ears before I struck the water, and then down, down I went, as if I meant to dive to the bottom. I was an excellent swimmer, and had no difficulty in following my preserver's directions. When I turned to come up, I could plainly see the loom of the frigate's hull through the clear water, and easily guided myself so as to reach the surface on the port side of her rudder-post. Once there, I seized the chains under water, and, keeping my head out only far enough to breathe, prepared to keep a vigilant watch so that I might conceal myself entirely if a boat should be lowered.

This did not occur, and I clung there quite safely all that weary day. What happened on deck, of course, I could only guess at; but I heard shots fired into the water on the starboard side, as if the marines were watching for my reappearance, and aiming at anything that looked like a human form. Very soon, however, all bustle and noise ceased, and I have no doubt that the tyrant and his men adopted my preserver's account of the affair as the truth, and believed that I was drowned. Years afterward I learned that the guard had fired a volley after me as I sprang from the platform, and that a stray bullet had slain the unhappy father of Laura. Better thus than if he had been hanged like a dog; but, though vengeance overtook his murderer even in this world, I have the firm faith that Sir Edward M—— still endures the tortures of the damned for his inhuman villainy.

It continued calm all day, and when night fell the frigate had drifted within a quarter of a mile of the shore. I had lived a lifetime of apprehension during those torturing hours of daylight, varied only by still more agonizing thoughts of Laura Manson's peril, and I hailed with rapture the approach of darkness.

As soon as it was dark enough to hide me effectually, I quitted my hold of the rudder-chains, and, floating silently until the ship had drifted far away, I summoned all my strength and struck out vigorously for the shore. One hour afterward I was more than a mile inland, lying prone upon the ground in the deep sleep of utter exhaustion.

Thus ended my fearful adventure; but its consequences shaped the course of my whole future life. While clinging to the rudder-chains through that weary, weary day, I took upon my soul a solemn vow that, if I succeeded in escaping, I would devote my rescued life to the pursuit and punishment of the arch-villain who had brought about the destruction of my love and murdered her father.

Three years after the war was ended, I met him in a crowded assembly of the rank and beauty of his native land, and put upon him such an insult, before them all, that he was forced to meet me in deadly strife.

He did not recognize me until we were face to face upon the field. Then I made myself known, and his heart failed him. He fell before my unpracticed weapon ere a score of thrusts had been exchanged, though he was a famous swordsman, and was renowned as a successful duelist. Malicious and brutal to the last, he cursed me with his latest breath, and went to his account with all his sins upon his guilty head. It is well for humanity that there are so few such unmitigated villains in the world.

To the hapless Laura's fate I have never obtained a satisfactory clue, though I have been untiring in the search. From the few of the frigate's crew whom I encountered in my quest, I learned that she was kept a close prisoner in the captain's cabin until the ship reached Jamaica. There she was released, doubtless at the price of keeping silence as to her wrongs, and there she seems to have disappeared from the living world. God grant that her unmerited sufferings have won her a place in His Kingdom, and when I die may I at last meet her for whose sweet sake my heart has ever since been sealed to love.

HUNTING THE LEOPARD IN DAMARALAND.

THE leopard of Africa (*Felis leopardus*), there very commonly called tiger or panther—which, Captain Harris tells us, is very similar in appearance to that indigenous to India—is common throughout Damaraland, as also Southern Africa generally; but, from its cunning, active nature and nocturnal habits, is but rarely seen.

It is about two feet seven inches high at the shoulder, and seven feet six inches in extreme length. The chin, neck, breast, belly and inside of the extremities are white, the rest varying in different specimens between tawny, fulvous and reddish-brown, irregularly marked with spots of black, which differ greatly in number, size and appearance at different ages and seasons. It is monogamous, or solitary.

In its wild state it is an exceedingly beautiful creature, its motions in the highest degree easy and graceful, and its agility in bounding amongst the rocks and woods quite

HUNTING THE LEOPARD.—"SPRINGING UPON THE MAN WHO HAD FIRED, IT PULLED HIM TO THE GROUND."—SEE PAGE 755.

"HE SEIZED THE LEOPARD WITH BOTH HANDS, AND FOR SOME MOMENTS HELD IT DOWN BY MAIN FORCE."

amazing. Of its activity no person can have an idea by seeing it in the cages in which these animals are usually exhibited, humbled and tamed as they are by confinement and the cold and damp of the climate.

Casualties from leopards in my vicinity were not of unfrequent occurrence. On one occasion, indeed, my Swedish lad, Axel, was beating some low bushes in search of game and specimens, when he suddenly found himself in presence of one of these beasts, which, apparently, was in the very act of springing upon him, its head being ensconced between its fore-legs, as is its wont on such occasions. Being, probably, startled at the unexpected vision, the youth hurriedly raised his fowling-piece to his shoulder and fired. But the contents, unfortunately, only lodged in one of the animal's fore-paws, which it smashed, as was afterward ascertained; and before he could pull the second trigger he found himself in a deadly struggle with the exasperated brute. However, being a strong-limbed and courageous young man, he seized the leopard with both hands, and for some moments held it down to the ground by main force.

Hearing cries of distress, some Damaras who were herding cattle hard by came up; but, seeing the danger, they beat a precipitate retreat. My poor boy repeatedly pointed with his foot to the gun, but all in vain; and he began to despair of his life, as the beast had by this time dreadfully lacerated both his hands and his arms, and consequently unfitted him for prolonged strife with such a fierce and powerful opponent.

Providentially the dogs, though not the most courageous, came to the rescue, and, by persistently worrying the beast in his hinder parts, finally compelled him to decamp, though not until he had killed one of the number. It is satisfactory, however, to add that he himself was shortly afterward destroyed by a party of natives, who, on hearing the poor fellow's cries, promptly ran to the spot and afterward went in pursuit of the leopard, which died game, having slain a second dog—two others, moreover, being accidentally shot by their owners in the general *mêlée*.

As I have said, the lad was fearfully knocked about and mauled. In some places, especially about the hands and

"THE SAVAGE BRUTE STRUCK HIM ON THE HEAD WITH ITS CLAWS, AND ACTUALLY TORE THE SCALP OVER HIS EYES."

"IT INSTANTLY TWISTED ITS BODY ROUND MY LEG, ON WHICH I HAD NOTHING BUT A PAIR OF THIN TROWSERS."

wrists, the teeth of the animal had actually met in the flesh. I am, however, happy to be able to add that, with care and quiet, he ultimately regained the use of his arms and hands, though not until after much and prolonged suffering.

On another occasion, a herd of mine espied a leopard amongst some rocks, and, being armed, he unhesitatingly discharged his musket; but either missed his mark or very slightly wounded the brute. The next moment the poor fellow felt himself struck violently to the ground, with the teeth of the infuriated animal deeply buried in his left shoulder. However, by the assistance of some dogs, the leopard was made to retreat after a while, but not until it had fearfully mauled the man, who, though he recovered temporarily, eventually died from the effects of the dreadful wounds inflicted.

Numerous other instances of the ferocity of the leopard have come under my own notice, and very many others are on record, of which I shall instance a few.

Two African farmers, returning from hunting, roused a leopard in a mountain ravine, and immediately gave chase to it. The beast at first endeavored to escape by clambering up a precipice; but, being hotly pursued, and wounded by a musket-ball, it turned upon its assailants with the frantic ferocity peculiar to this animal, and, springing upon the man who had fired at it, pulled him to the ground, biting him at the same time on the shoulder, and tearing open his cheeks with its claws. The other hunter, seeing the danger of his comrade, sprang from his horse and attempted to shoot the leopard through the head; but, whether owing to trepidation, the fear of wounding his friend or the quick motions of the animal, he unfortunately missed. The leopard, abandoning its prostrate foe, darted with redoubled fury upon its new antagonist; and so fierce and sudden was the onset, that before the Boer could stab it with his hunting-knife, the savage brute struck him on the head with its claws, and actually tore the scalp over his eyes. In

THE NIGHT BEFORE MARTYRDOM.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

this frightful condition the hunter grappled with the leopard, and, struggling for life, they rolled together down a steep declivity. All this passed far more rapidly than it can be described in words. During this dreadful scene, the hunter first attacked had started to his feet and seized his gun, and, after reloading it, he rushed forward to save the life of his friend. But it was too late; the leopard had seized the unfortunate man by the throat and mangled him so dreadfully that death was inevitable; and his comrade, himself severely wounded, had only the melancholy satisfaction of completing the destruction of the savage beast, already exhausted with the loss of blood from several deep wounds from the knife of the expiring huntsman.

Again, another instance of the ferocity of the leopard occurred in the case of the Missionary Schmidt. This worthy man had gone out with a party of Hottentots to another Moravian station to hunt some hyenas which had been very destructive to their flocks; and, in company with one of the men, entered a thicket in pursuit of a beast they had wounded. Instead of the hyena, however, the dogs started a leopard, which instantly sprang on the Hottentot and bore him to the ground. Mr. Schmidt ran forward to the aid of the man, with his gun cocked; but before he could find an opportunity of firing, the animal left the Hottentot and flew with fury at himself. In the scuffle he dropped the gun, but luckily fell above the leopard, with his knee on its stomach. The animal seized him by the left arm with its jaws, and kept striking him with its paws and tearing his clothes in tatters from his breast. Schmidt, however, being a powerful man, succeeded, after receiving another severe bite or two, in seizing the leopard by the throat with his right hand, and held it down, in spite of its desperate struggles, for a few minutes, and until his strength was on the point of giving way, when a Hottentot on the outside of the jungle, who heard his cries, came to the rescue and shot the ferocious beast through the heart, so that its death was instantaneous. Had any life been left, its dying struggles might still have proved fatal to Mr. Schmidt. As it was, he was so terribly lacerated that for several weeks his life was in the greatest danger. The Hottentot who was first attacked was less severely wounded, but his face was so much torn by the animal's talons that his eyes were filled with blood, and he was unable to render any aid to the missionary who had so generously come to his aid.

On one occasion Mr. Orpen and Present (a native follower) had gone up the river to shoot sea-cows, when they fell in with an immense leopard, which Present wounded very badly. They then sent natives to camp to ask for dogs, of which I sent them a couple. In about an hour the natives came running back, and said that Orpen was killed by the leopard. On further inquiry, however, I found that he was not really killed, but fearfully torn and bitten about the arms and head. They had rashly taken up the spoor on foot, the dogs following behind, instead of going in advance. The consequence of this was that they came right upon the beast before they were aware of him, when Orpen fired and missed him. The leopard then sprang on his shoulders, and, dashing him to the ground, lay upon him, growling and lacerating his hands, arms and head most fearfully. Presently the creature permitted Orpen to rise and come away.

Numerous instances of hairbreadth escapes from the leopard are also on record, amongst which that of Moffat, the missionary, is, perhaps, not the least remarkable, the rather as, in the avoidance of the threatened danger, he incurred another of even a more perilous nature, thus verifying the old saying, "Out of the frying-pan, into the fire."

"In one of my early journeys," he writes, "I had an escape from an African tiger and a serpent, no less providential. I had left the wagons and wandered to a distance amongst the coppice and grassy openings, in quest of game. I had a double-barreled gun on my shoulder, which was loaded with a ball and small shot. An antelope passed, at which I fired, and slowly followed the course it took. After advancing a short distance, I saw a tiger staring at me between the forked branches of a tree, behind which its long, spotted body was concealed, twisting and turning its tail like a cat just going to spring on its prey. This, I knew, was a critical moment. I moved about, as if in search of something on the grass, taking care to retreat at the same time. After getting, as I thought, a suitable distance to turn my back, I moved somewhat more quickly; but in my anxiety to escape what was behind, I did not see what was before me, until startled by treading on a large cobra-da-capello serpent asleep on the grass. It instantly twisted its body round my leg, on which I had nothing but a pair of thin trowsers, when I leaped from the spot, dragging the enraged and venomous reptile after me; and whilst in the act of throwing itself in a position to bite, I, without turning round, threw my piece over my shoulder and shot it. Taking it by the tail, I brought it to my people in the wagons, who, on examining the bag of poison, asserted that had the creature bitten me I could never have reached the wagon. The serpent was six feet long."

The chase of the leopard, by both colonists and natives, is commonly conducted on foot, the hunters being accompanied by dogs, of which the more there are the better, as they are the greatest of safeguards from this fierce and agile beast; and, though the native fox-like breed are awful-looking creatures, I have never found any others equal to them for daring or pertinacity.

THE NIGHT BEFORE MARTYRDOM.

I THRILL to think what weight of joy doth press
Those brows which here were wreathed in the flame;
How that most cruel crown of blood and shame
Is brighter grown than mortal eyes can guess.
And how exalted in thought her voice doth bless
Her peerless King with everlasting fame;
And how she is inscribed with that name,
And clothed in unuttered loveliness;
And how she, yearning, looks upon that face,
Which here did weep for her that sweat of blood,
And looking, live, and gather grace on grace;
And harp her rapture till her praises flood,
Sea-like, the shores of all that blissful place,
Wherein she dwells for ever great and good.

SAGACITY OF WILD GEESE.—The large flocks of geese which are constantly passing over towns are frequently shot at, but they generally fly at too high an altitude to be reached by the leaden missiles. Sometimes, however, the shots take effect. The other day several persons were watching a flock flying southward, when the report of a gun was heard, and they observed one of the geese begin to fall slowly. The others, perceiving that their comrade was wounded, uttered shrill cries of distress, and about a dozen of them flew under the wounded bird, huddling together so that their backs formed a sort of a bed upon which the wounded one rested. They buoyed it up for some time, the others meanwhile looking on, manifesting their concern by uttering loud, discordant shrieks. Finding that their companion was unable longer to accompany them in their flight, they abandoned him to his fate, and he fell to the earth, and into the hands of the expectant gunner.

THE HISTORY OF ELECTRICITY

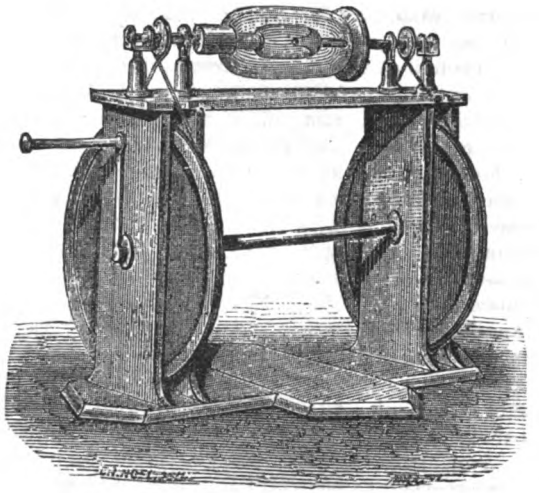
From the Pith-Ball to the Magneto-Electric Machine.

By Professor Charles A. Joy, Ph. D.

The moment we enter upon the study of electricity we are met at the threshold by the word *electron*, carrying us back to the ancient Greeks, and indicating that a peculiar property of amber, when rubbed, to attract light bodies, was observed by the earliest races. The Greek philosopher Thales, who lived about 600 years before the Christian era, mentions this phenomenon, and explains it after the manner of the ancients. According to him, amber is possessed of a soul, and draws to itself light bodies as by a breath. Six hundred years later the naturalist Pliny wrote: "When, by friction, heat and life are imparted to the amber, it attracts light bodies." This was pretty much all that the Greeks and Romans knew about it; so that our indebtedness to them is not of a kind to weigh us down with an overwhelming debt of gratitude.

If we turn to China, that inexhaustible quarry of scientific history, we shall find much richer deposits brought down through the drift of ages. The Chinese used the magnet as a means of guiding the wayfarer over the vast and trackless plains of Eastern Asia, long before it was applied to maritime purposes. To the Emperor Hoang-Ti, who lived 2,000 years before our era, is attributed the invention of a chariot, upon which stood an elevated figure pointing to the south, independently of any position of the chariot. Nearly ten centuries later there is an account of a learned Chinese teaching the use of this chariot to some envoys from the maritime provinces. The compass appears to have been used by this remarkable nation about the third century of our era, during the Tsin dynasty.

At what precise period the compass became known in Europe is disputed. Gilbert refers its introduction to Marco Polo, about 1260; but it is probable that earlier accounts of it were brought from the East by the Crusaders. The discovery of the dip of the needle is due to Robert Norman, a nautical-instrument maker at Wapping, near



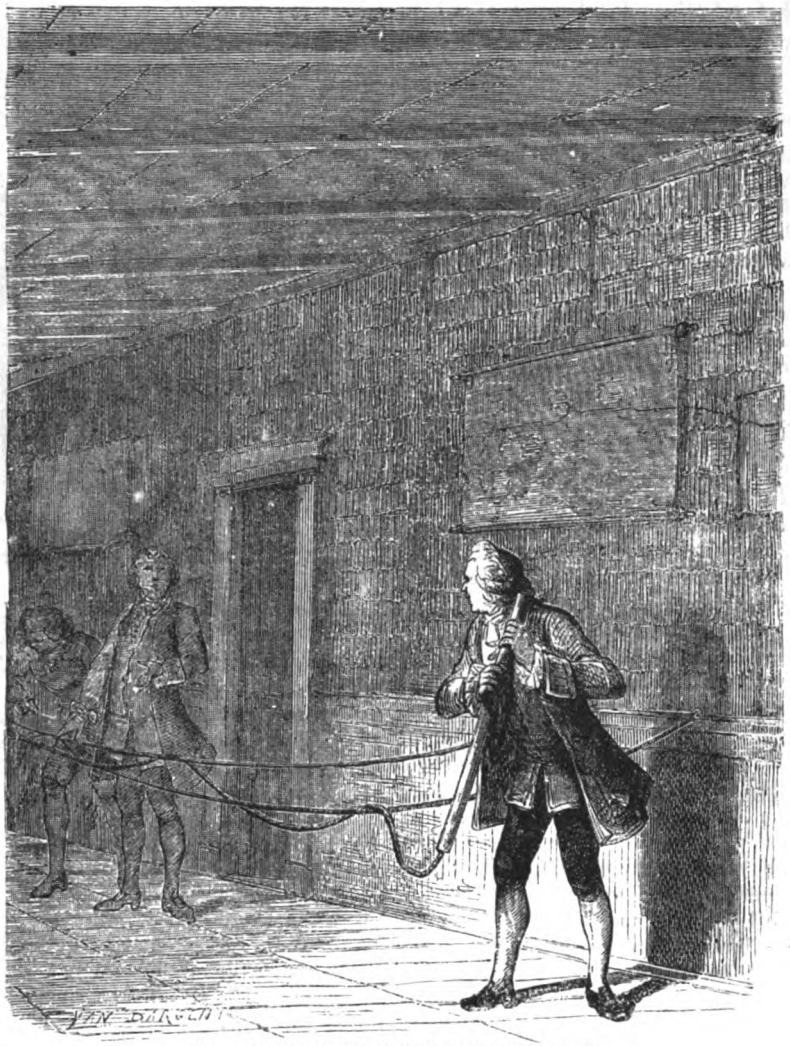
HAWKSBE'S MACHINE.

London, who is described by Gilbert as "a skillful sailor and ingenious artificer."

In the year 1600 was published the celebrated treatise, "De Magnete," by Gilbert, of Colchester, who was pronounced by his great contemporary, Galileo, to be "great to a degree that might be envied." Gilbert regarded our globe as a great magnet, and its centre as the centre of the magnetic motions of the earth. This William Gilbert, who lived during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and died in 1603, must be regarded as the true father of the science of electricity. He was not content to look upon amber as the only body endowed with the property of attraction when excited, but went to work to examine, with wonderful acumen, a great number of other substances, and published a list to which very few members have been added since his day. While conducting these experiments, he soon observed that it required much less force to move a needle suspended or balanced on a polished point than it did to lift a body, however light, in a direct line; and thus he was able to prove the electric attraction of bodies in which the property was too feeble to become manifest in any other way. Gilbert took a needle such as is used in a compass, and balanced it upon a pivot. Thus sustained, it was much more easily moved than the lightest body resting on the table. To this needle he approached the body, previously rubbed, in which he wished to show the presence of electricity. However small the amount, the sensitive needle was sure to disclose it. By operating in this way, Gilbert recognized that the property of attracting light bodies after friction was not exclusively confined to amber, but was held in common by the majority of precious stones, such as the

VON GUERICK'S ELECTRICAL MACHINE.

diamond, sapphire, ruby, opal, rock-crystal, etc.; and he also found that glass, sulphur, mastic, wax, resin arsenic, salt, talc and rock-alum were possessed of similar property, and the same was true of liquids, such as water and oil. In this simple manner Gilbert performed a vast number of experiments, and laid the foundations to a great science; but there was wanting an electrical machine before further progress could be expected.



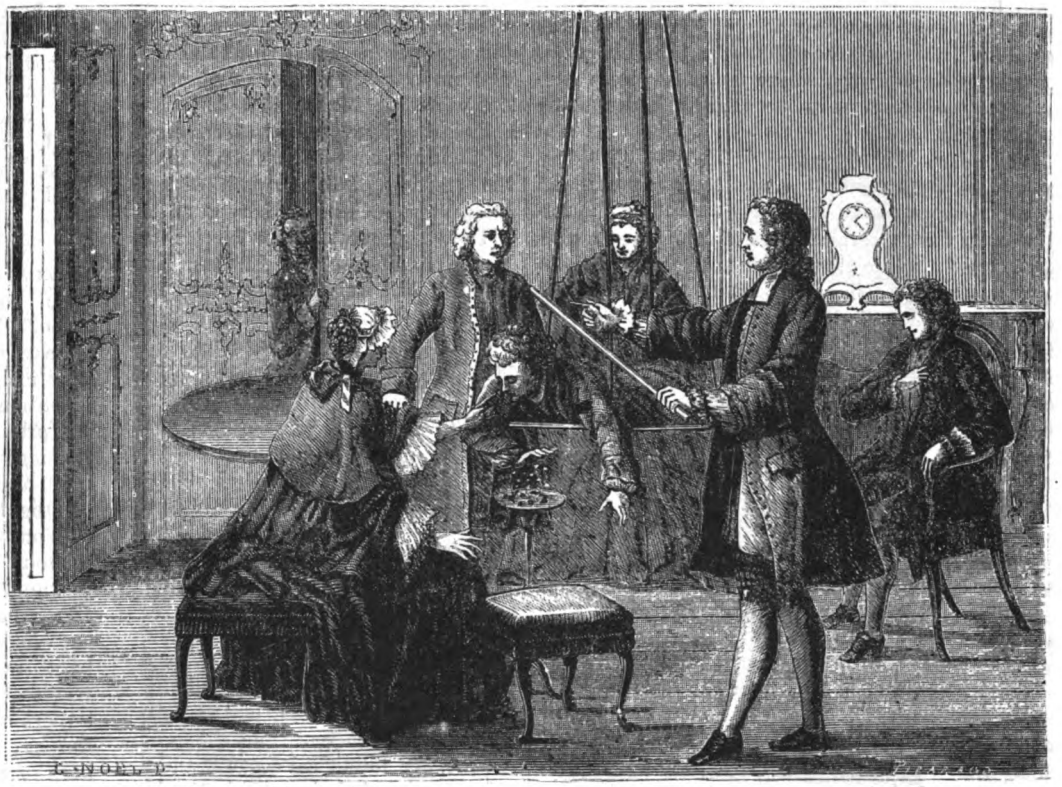
GREY AND WEHLER TRANSMITTING ELECTRICITY.

It is to the illustrious Otto von Guericke, of Magdeburg, the same who invented the air-pump, that we owe the first electrical machine. A simple tube of glass, which he rubbed with a piece of cloth, sufficed for Gilbert's experiments. Otto von Guericke formed, with a globe of sulphur, a machine more convenient and more powerful. Sulphur is a substance which becomes highly electrified on friction. By giving it the form of a sphere, and disposing it in such a manner that a rapid rotary movement could be imparted to it, Von Guericke obtained a machine admirably adapted to serve for electrical experiments. The operator turned the globe with one hand and held a cloth upon it with the other. In his celebrated work, "Experimenta Nova Magdeburge," he describes the method of preparing this simple machine: "Take a sphere of glass, or a bottle as large as a child's head; fill it with fragments of sulphur broken up in a mortar; approach it cautiously to the fire, and heat it until the contents are melted; allow the sulphur to cool, and when it is solid, break the glass, and afterward pierce the globe with an iron to serve as an axis, and you have your machine." This may appear to be a very insignificant invention to us at the present time, and many a small boy has carried out the directions of Von Guericke without knowing to whom he owed the suggestion; and yet the electrical machine was scarcely less important than the air-pump, both of which instruments are of the first importance in physical research, and must place the name of the inventor on the list of immortals who have conferred untold blessings on the human race.

Otto von Guericke's machine was greatly improved by an English physicist, Hawksbe, who substituted a glass cylinder for the sulphur. The supreme idea in the mind of this inventor was to use the machine as a source of light. His first machine was composed of two cylinders of glass, one within the other, which he could revolve separately or together, as he chose. When he applied his knuckles to the outer sphere, after a rapid movement, a brilliant spark shot in curious ramifications along the surface of the inner globe. He afterward improved the effect by producing a vacuum in a glass globe and allowing the electric current to pass through it.

EARLY ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENTS.

Hawksbe's machine was not fully appreciated in his day; but



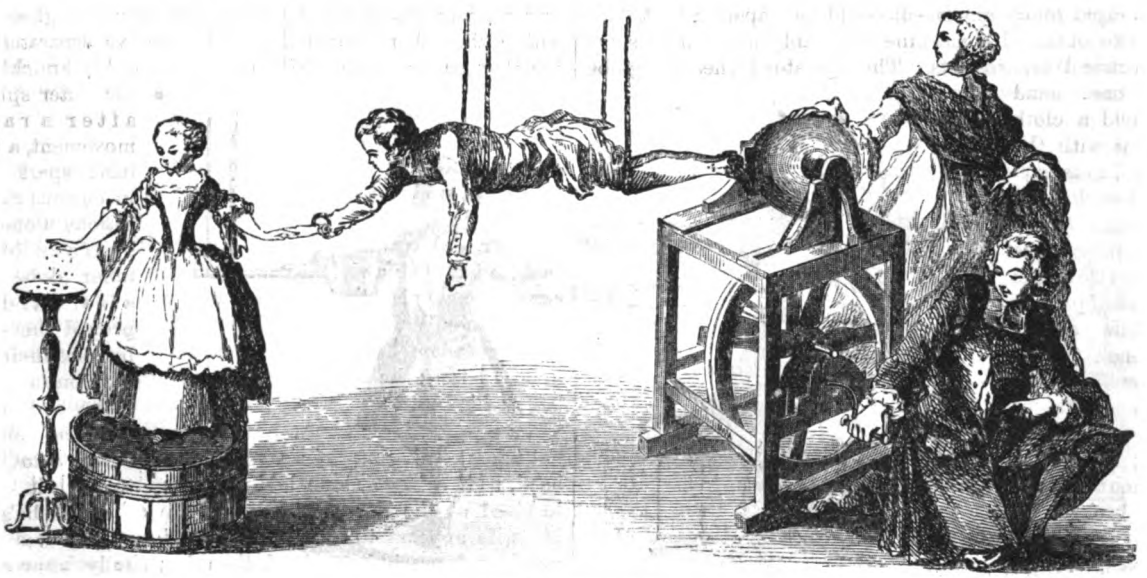
ELECTRICITY FROM THE HUMAN BODY.

later, in the hands of German philosophers, it was made to play an important part in the march of discovery.

We all know at the present time with what prodigious velocity electricity travels from one point to another. The telegraph has now made us familiar with this phenomenon, but in that day this was a new field of research. Two English physicists, Grey and Wehler, were the first to discover this property of electricity, and also were the earliest to divide bodies into conductors and non-conductors, or into electrics and non-electrics.

The instrument which served in 1729 for electrical experiments was a simple glass tube. Wishing to try some new experiment, Etienne Grey procured a glass tube, three feet long and an inch and a half in diameter, so arranged that he could open or close the two ends at pleasure. While operating with this tube, he noticed the rapid movement of a feather or light particles from one end to the other. This suggested the propriety of trying to see if electricity would travel beyond the tube over a road prepared for it. Grey took a pine stick, attached an ivory ball to one end and fastened the other in the tube. On rubbing the glass tube as usual, and approaching the ivory ball to light objects, he observed that they were attracted the same as if the end of the glass rod had been applied to them.

Delighted at his success, Grey hastened to substitute much longer rods of wood, to find the same result. Then



DUFAY'S EXPERIMENT.

he took copper wire, iron wire, and attached them to the cork of the tube, and found that they too conducted the mysterious fluid. Having reached the limit of his room, he had recourse to the balcony, where he could use a perpendicular line twenty-six feet in length, and here too the experiment succeeded.

On the 2d of July, 1729, he called in his friend Wehler, also a physicist, of local reputation, and the two continued these interesting experiments, until they arrived at the important discovery that a certain class of bodies were conductors of electricity, while others were not; and that there were electrics and non-electrics all about us. They shewed that for seven hundred and fifty feet, the electric current was conducted without perceptible loss of time; and they pointed out the necessity of insulating the conductors in order to obtain the full effect.

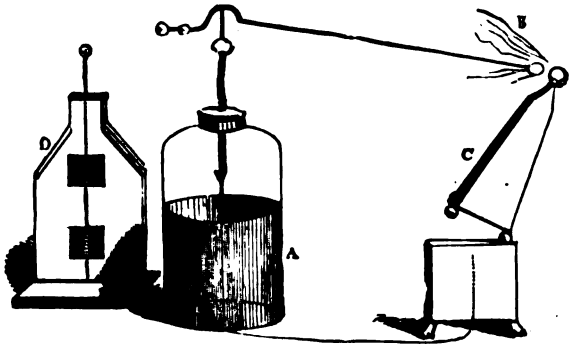
The contributions of Grey and Wehler were of the utmost importance in paving the way for further investigations.

England, thus far, had pretty much a monopoly of experiments in electricity, but between the years 1733 and 1745, a French physicist, Dufay, published important contributions. He proved that all bodies, without exception, could be electrified by friction, provided they were supported on glass or resin, or, in other words, were isolated. He also showed that moisture was necessary to insure the conductibility of organic substances over the first, to make the distinction between resinous or vitreous electricity, or positive or negative electricity.

Perhaps his greatest service was in classifying the experiments of others, and in bringing order out of the chaos of opinions on the subject of electricity. Dufay caused himself to be suspended on strong silken cords, and to be charged with electricity by a glass rod. The Abbé Nollet was present and applied his knuckle to Dufay's cheek, when, to the great astonishment of both, a spark passed from the insulated actor in the scene to the one standing on the floor. This was the first spark drawn from a human being, and the fame of it soon spread over Europe, and led to numerous repetitions.

The Abbé Nollet subsequently became an active experimenter and inventor in the field of electricity. His electrical machine was especially a most important contribution. Other machines were invented by Boze, Hausen, Winckler, Gordon, Adams, Nairne, Ramsden, Van Maram, Watson, and a host of others too numerous to mention—all of which contributed more or less to the progress of electrical science.

We now reach the year 1746, celebrated in the annals of electricity for the discovery of the Leyden jar. Priestley, in his "History of Electricity," published in London in 1767, says: "The end of the year 1745, and the beginning of 1746, is celebrated by reason of the most astonishing discoveries which have ever been made in the whole field of electrical science—namely, the wonderful condensation of this force in a glass named the Leyden jar, because it was first made by Cuneus, of Leyden, while experimenting with Professor Van Muschenbrock."



THE LEYDEN JAR.

Priestley lived to hear of the experiment of Galvani, and of the invention of the Voltaic battery, and thus witnessed the opening of a new path of research which has since brought us such a rich harvest of discovery.

The origin of the Leyden jar was as follows: Professor Van Muschenbrock, of Leyden, Holland, and some of his friends, observing that electrified bodies, exposed to the air, lost their electricity rapidly, imagined that if they inclosed a conducting body in a non-conductor, it would become possible to charge more electricity into the conductor and retain it longer.

As a glass bottle was the most convenient non-conductor, and water the most common conductor, water was placed in a bottle, a brass rod put in the water, and the fluid charged by the intervention of the rod; but nothing particular was observed till M. Cuneus, who supported the glass flask by his left hand while it was being charged, supposing that the water had received as much electricity as it could contain, attempted to withdraw the brass wire with his right hand, when he was suddenly frightened by a violent shock in his arms and chest. The water served here for the inner coating of the jar, and his left hand for the outer coating; and yet, however simple and easily repeated the experiment is, there were, at that time, many experimenters who, after reading the published account and trying it for themselves, did not succeed; being still in the dark about the conditions required for success, which at the present day are so well known.

Those who succeeded gave the most exaggerated accounts of their feelings. Professor Van Muschenbrock, who made the experiment with a flask of very thin glass, and therefore obtained a most powerful charge, declared in a letter addressed to Reaumur on the 20th of April, 1746, that he would not submit to a second shock for the whole kingdom of France. "I wish to communicate to you a new but terrible experiment," he writes to Reaumur, "which I advise you not to repeat on yourself. I was making some researches in the force of electricity, and had suspended by two silk cords an iron rod, one end of which received the charge from an electrical machine; from the other end hung down a tin wire which dipped in a thin flask partly filled with water, and which I supported by my right hand, while I endeavored to draw a spark from the rod by my left hand. All of a sudden, my right hand received a violent shock, and my whole body was struck as if by an explosion of gunpowder. The flask, although made of thin glass, was not broken, nor was the hand displaced, but my arms and body were affected in a terrible manner which I cannot explain, but which I thought would make a finish of me."

M. Allamand made the experiment with a common glass tumbler, and says also, that the shock took his breath away, that he felt such a violent pain in his arms as to fear serious consequences; but that it passed over without injury to him.

Professor Winckler, of Leipsic, tells another story. He says that when he first performed the Leyden experiment upon himself, he felt strong convulsions over his whole body; his blood was brought into a most violent agitation, and a burning fever would have been the result if he had not taken cooling medicines. He felt also a heaviness in his head, as if a large stone laid upon it; it caused him twice to bleed at the nose, which otherwise seldom took place. His wife appears to have been of an investigating turn of mind, and much less afraid than he; she took the shock twice, but Winckler says that she was then so weakened that

she could not walk, and a week later, having obtained the necessary courage to permit him to give her another shock, she commenced at once to bleed from the nose. But everybody was not so foolishly frightened. M. Boze, with a true philosophical courage, wished to be killed by the electric shock, in order that the account of his scientific death might procure an article for the Memoirs of the French Academy of Sciences, but his wish was not fulfilled.

The electric shock produced by the Leyden jar attracted so much interest that many persons traveled around Europe and made a living by administering it; some of them pretending to cure by it all kinds of diseases.

Gralath, of Germany, in 1746, gave the shock at great distances, and through twenty persons at once, and invented the electric battery, consisting of a number of Leyden jars. It is claimed in the "Philosophical Transactions" that Drs. Watson and Bevis found the modern method of covering the outside of the jars with tin-foil, while the first connected several separate masses of combustible fluid with metallic wires and ignited them all with the same spark.

In France, the Abbé Nollet hastened to repeat the experiments. Finding that the number of persons who wished to take a shock was inconveniently great, he conceived the idea of forming them into a ring, and of administering the shock to the whole company at once. Having succeeded in this attempt, the experiment was repeated at Versailles, in the presence of the King and the Court. A company of 240 soldiers were placed in a line, holding each other by the hand. The abbé placed himself at one end of the chain, while a soldier at the other held the charged bottle of water in his hand. As soon as the abbé plunged his finger in the water the current was closed, and the shock was instantly communicated along the whole line, much to the amusement of His Majesty and the courtiers surrounding him. Subsequently, Abbé Nollet killed fish and birds by means of the jar; thus showing that the experiment might be pushed too far with human beings. There was such a demand for the Leyden jar that all the apparatus necessary was made in a compact form by manufacturers of instruments, and rapidly sold.

A curious story is told of the experience of a French professor while experimenting with his pupils. In attempting to give a shock to a collection of boys, it was found that the effect ceased at a certain boy, and all beyond him experienced no sensation at all. The poor lad who was the innocent cause of the interruption of the current, was ignominiously dismissed, and it was asserted that there must be some serious imperfection in his body. On further examination it was found that the spot in the court where he stood was very moist, and that thus the current was diverted. When the boys stood on the benches, all went perfectly well, and the much-abused pupil was brought back in triumph.

The velocity with which the electric current was transmitted from one point to another, was the subject of numerous experiments, varied in every conceivable manner, introducing large numbers of men, and using great length of wire.

In London a most interesting experiment was made, near Westminster Bridge, by Martin Folckes, Cavendish and Bevis. An iron wire was stretched across the river, supported on boats, and a Leyden jar was charged by an electrical machine on one bank, which was so arranged that it could be introduced into the circuit at any moment. As soon as the circuit was completed by the operators on the opposite banks of the river plunging a rod into the water, a shock was appreciated by both at the same instant of time; thus proving that the river could be used as a part of the chain of connection in the circuit. They also succeeded in igniting alcohol by the current which was conducted across the river.

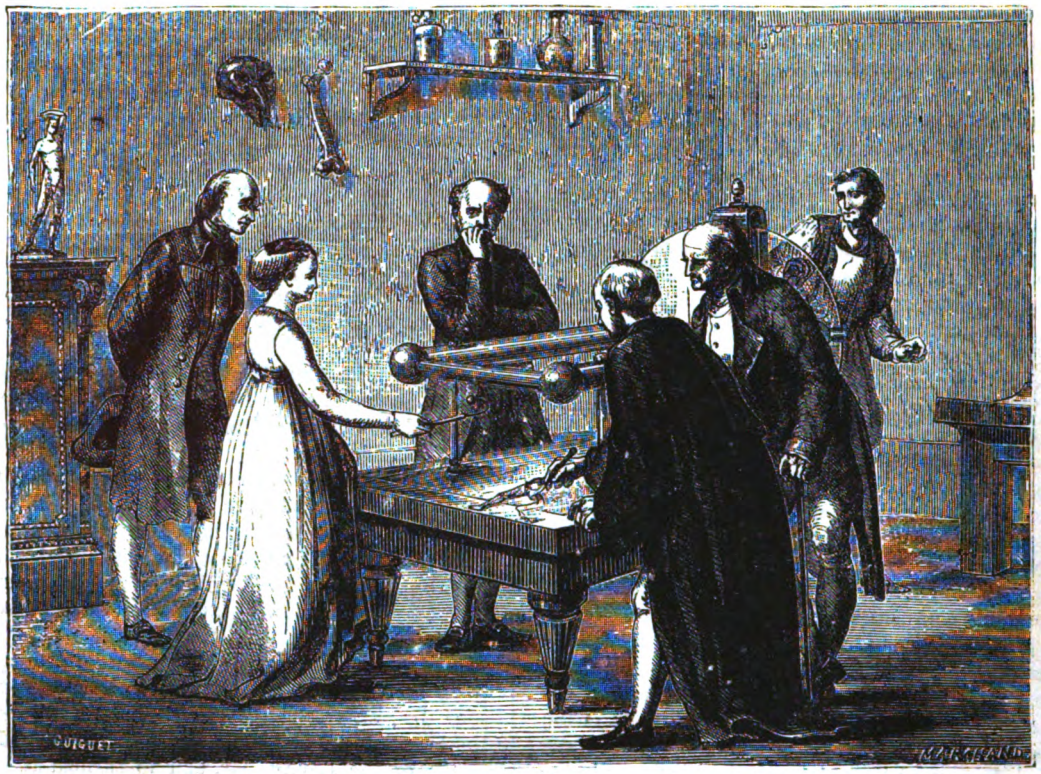
These experiments produced a profound sensation everywhere. They were repeated at Stoke Newington (London), in July, 1747, with greatly increased length of wire, and everywhere the passage of the electric current was shown to be instantaneous.

The English physicist, Bevis, introduced important modifications in the Leyden jar. Suspecting that the water in the vessel played no other part than that of a conductor, and knowing that metals were better for this purpose, he tried a sheet of lead, and found it to work much better. He also coated the outer jar with tin-foil, and thus gave us the apparatus as it is known and used at the present day.

The Leyden jar consists of a thin glass bottle with a wide neck. A coating of tin-foil is pasted upon both the internal surface and the outer surface to within three or four inches of the neck. The upper portion of the glass is left free from conducting matter, in order to preserve the insulation of the two coatings. A wire surmounted by a brass knob, and supported by a smooth plug of dry wood, serves to convey the charge to the inner coating, with which it is in contact. The power of the Leyden jar may be increased by placing a number of small jars side by side upon a sheet of tin-foil, which connects together all their outer coatings, while, by means of wires, all their inner coatings are similarly connected with each other. Such an arrangement of jars is called an electrical battery. It was left to our illustrious countryman, Benjamin Franklin, to perfect the construction of the Leyden jar, and to furnish the scientific explanation of its action.

It was in 1747 that accident induced Franklin to occupy himself with electrical phenomena. Franklin's early education was far from being a suitable preparation for scientific research; but he was endowed by nature with a remarkable genius, and his example shows how the flame of scientific inspiration can smolder and break forth, despite the most discouraging circumstances. We are all familiar with his history. Apprenticed in early life to a tallow-chandler, then a journeyman printer, finally publisher of a political journal; deprived of all elementary education, separated by thousands of miles from countries where science flourished, deprived of all counsel, of all the aid that persons of similar pursuits could have suggested; without suitable instruments, with no money to have them constructed in Europe—such was the man who dared to attack the phenomena of electricity with the hope of being able to resolve the difficult problem which was presented to him for the first time as an investigator.

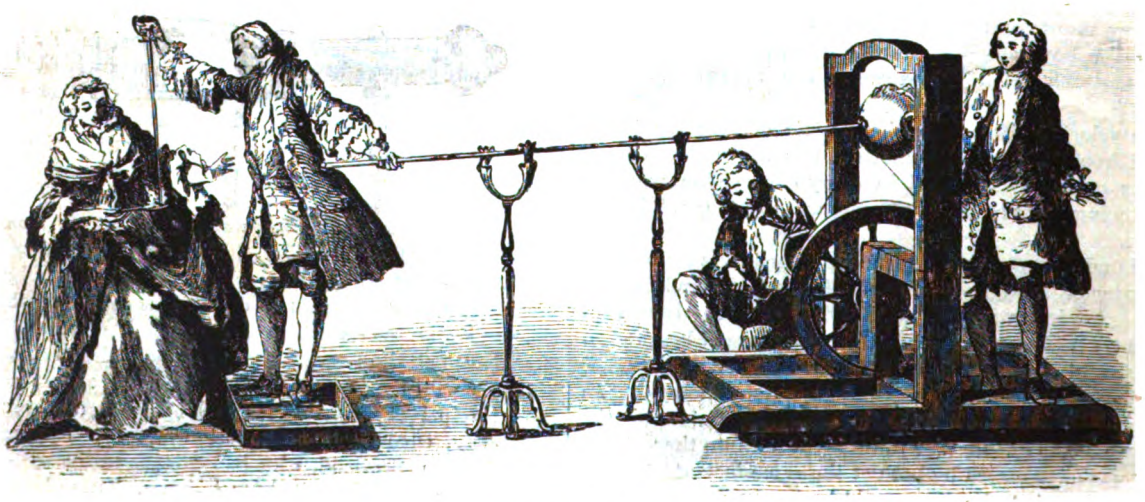
Franklin was naturally endowed with originality of conception and independence of view. He was without prejudices, and prepared to accept any new light that crossed his path. It was this rare and precious intellectual freedom that laid the foundation to the scientific triumphs of our American philosopher. Franklin had established a scientific Society in Philadelphia, of which the most intelligent young men of the day were members. At the commencement of the year 1747, Peter Collinson, Member of the Royal Society of London, addressed to the small society presided over by Franklin a detailed account of the new electrical discoveries which at the time commanded the attention of all the Academies of Europe. He accompanied his letter with the instruments necessary to repeat some of the principal experiments. Franklin had, a short time previously, encountered in Boston Doctor Spence, just arrived from Scotland, who had witnessed some of the experiments before he sailed for America. These he showed to Franklin, and thus greatly excited his interest; so that



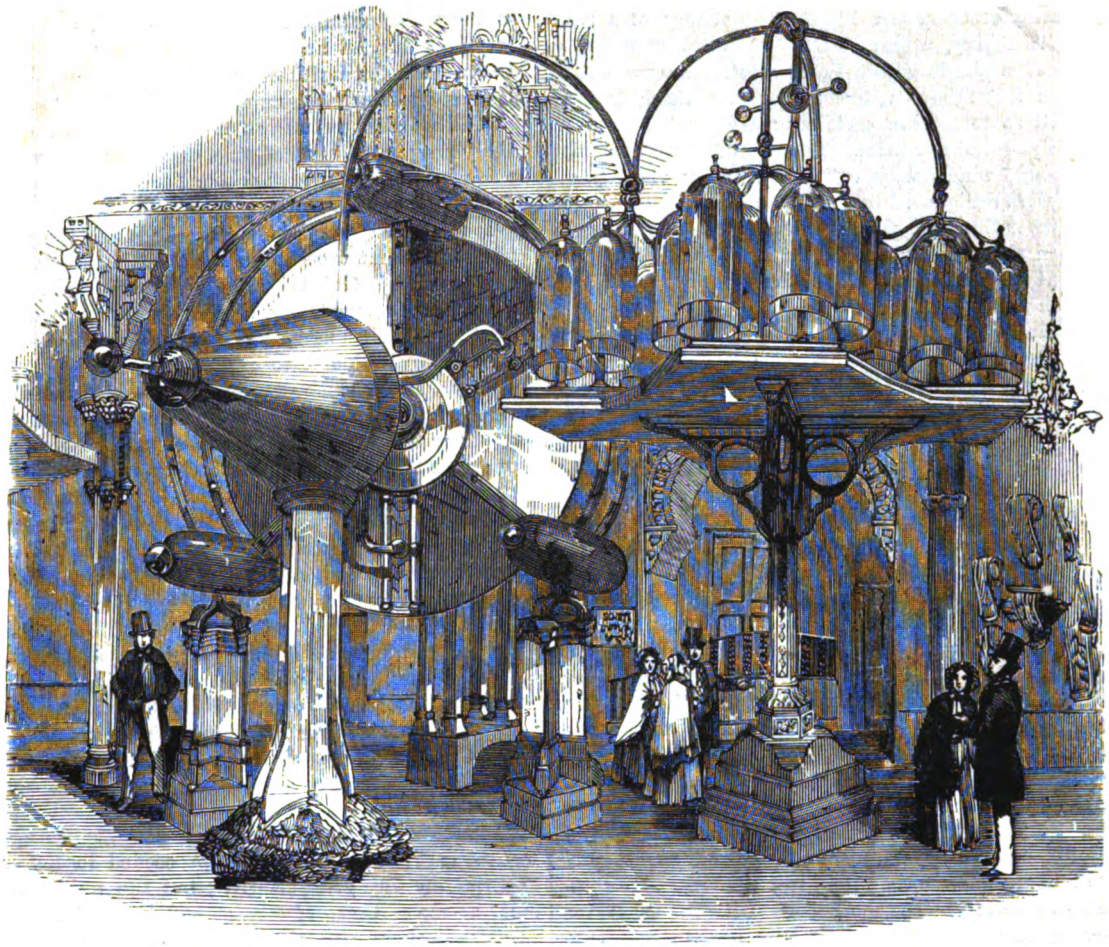
GALVANI DISCOVERING THE EFFECT OF ELECTRICITY ON THE NERVES.

when Collinson's letter and package arrived he was prepared to take up the subject with great activity. He commenced by repeating before the Society, with the apparatus sent over by Collinson, the experiments he had seen performed by Doctor Spence in Boston. Franklin's house was filled every day by crowds of curious people who came to witness the extraordinary experiments, and he had a number of tubes blown at the glass-house for presentation to his friends. In writing about himself at this time, in his celebrated autobiography, Franklin says: "I flattered myself that by the sufficient, though moderate, fortune I had acquired, I had found leisure, during the rest of my life, for philosophical studies and amusement. I purchased all Dr. Spence's apparatus, who had come from England to lecture in Philadelphia, and I proceeded in my electrical experiments with great alacrity; but the public, now considering me as a man of leisure, laid hold of me for their purposes—every part of our civil government, and almost at the same time, imposing some duty upon me. The governor put me into the Commission of Peace; the corporation of the city chose me one of the Common Council, and soon after, alderman; and the citizens at large elected me a burgess to represent them in the Assembly."

But, notwithstanding all of these disadvantages, Franklin continued his wonderful series of experiments, which resulted in the most important discoveries. These experiments and discoveries are described in detail in letters addressed to Peter Collinson, the first bearing date July 28,



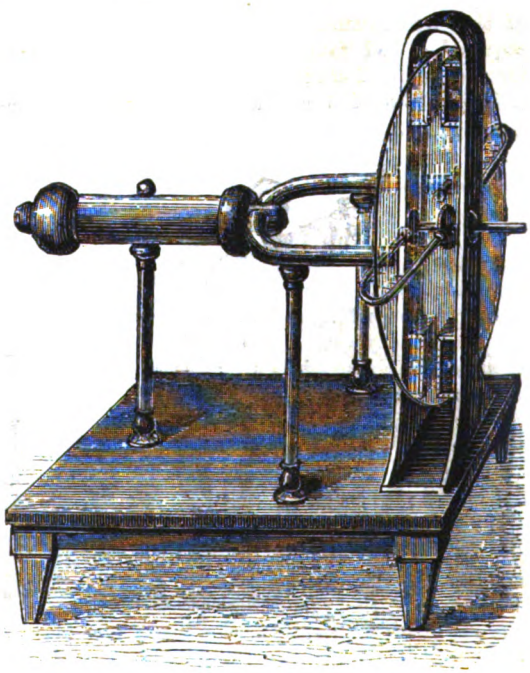
IGNITING SPIRITS OF WINE.



CLARKE'S GREAT ELECTRICAL MACHINE.

1747. They have been frequently reprinted, translated into foreign languages and made the subject of criticism and commentary all over the world. Two theories, based upon the phenomena of attraction and repulsion, were formed to account for the nature and origin of electricity. They are known as the theory of two fluids and the theory of the single fluid; or, the theory of Dufay and the theory of Franklin. Dufay's theory supposes that all bodies, in their natural state, are pervaded by an exceedingly thin, subtle fluid, which is composed of two constituents or elements, viz.: the vitreous and the resinous electricities.

FRANKLIN'S EXPERIMENT.



RAMSDEN'S ELECTRICAL MACHINE, 1768.

Each kind is supposed to repel its own particles, but attract the particles of the other kind. The theory of a single fluid, or the theory propounded by Franklin, supposes the existence of a single subtle fluid, without weight, equally distributed throughout nature; every substance being so constituted as to retain a certain quantity, which is necessary to its physical condition. The two different conditions of electricity, which were called by Dufay vitreous and resinous, were designated by Franklin as positive and negative, or plus and minus. Franklin's theory has so impressed itself upon the popular belief that it will take a long time to supplant it, as it seems likely to be, by the modifications founded on modern research.

Before closing the account of electrical machines, I must speak of the action of steam in this connection. In 1840 an English engineer accidentally passed his hand through a jet of steam, while the other had hold of the valve. Instantly he received a shock, and perceived the characteristic sparks. The experiment was repeated by Armstrong, and further investigated by Faraday, the latter of whom showed that the electrical action was produced by the friction of the particles of water contained in the steam—superheated, or dry steam not producing any effect whatever.

A very ingenious electrical machine was invented in 1865, by Herr Holtz, of Berlin. As constructed by Mr. Ritchie, of Boston, it has proved one of the most useful of modern electrical inventions. The explanation of its action is somewhat difficult of reconciliation with present theories; but this rather adds to than detracts from the interest excited by the new machine.

Having given an account of the rise and progress of electricity from the pith-ball to the Leyden jar and frictional machine, and of the two principal theories which were proposed to explain the phenomena, we come to what may be called the romantic period of the history, namely, the discovery of Voltaism, or Galvanism.

Aloysius Galvani, Professor of Anatomy at the University of Bologna, was one of the most distinguished men of his age. Without neglecting his legitimate studies of physiology and anatomy, he took great interest in chemistry and physics, and was familiar with the progress made by those sciences up to his day. Having for a long time been occupied with the study of the nervous system, he was curious to see what effect would be produced upon the living organism by the electric fluid, and he experimented upon different animals with a view to determine this question. He was, therefore, fully prepared to appreciate and understand the value of the discoveries he was destined to make; and to Galvani belongs the glory of having pointed out the path of research which has conducted to such vast results, and even down to the present time appears to be only partially explored.

In order to impart a certain romance to the story of Galvani's researches, it is said that, being ill, a ragout of frogs' legs was ordered for him, and that one of these legs, having been hung on a copper hook connected with an iron wire, was seen to twitch and jerk in an extraordinary manner. The circumstance was related to him, and on examination and repetition, laid the groundwork to the science which bears his name.

This anecdote is discredited by all of the writers who have examined into its authenticity; and Galvani's discovery is shown to have been the direct result of investigations conducted by him upon the legs and muscles of animals, as affected by electricity.

One evening, in the year 1780 (some authors say 1790), Galvani was in his laboratory, occupied with several pupils in repeating his experiment on the irritability of the nerves of the frog. Preliminary to his experiments, he had dissected the legs of a frog from a living animal. While he was engaged upon this work, one of his pupils was amusing himself with an electrical machine which was in the room. Dr. Galvani having prepared his subject, placed the legs on the electrical machine, and retired to another part of the building to fetch something. In his absence one of the young men touched the exposed nerve with his scalpel, when the lower extremities became convulsed as if suddenly seized with tetanus.

It is easy to imagine the surprise of all the persons who at that moment were in the laboratory. Among those present was Lucia Galvani, the devoted wife and constant companion of the professor, who exercised a great influence over the destiny and labors of the celebrated anatomist. While they hastened to repeat the experiment by placing the legs in the same position as before, Lucia Galvani observed that the contractions of the muscles only took place when a spark was drawn from the electrical machine. Surprised at this fact, she hastened to call her husband, who was still absent from the laboratory. Professor Galvani was successful in repeating the experiment every time the legs were placed upon the table and a spark was drawn from the electrical machine.

He wrote an account of his experiments in Latin, of which the following is a translation: "The event happened for the first time, as I will recount it to you. I had dissected a frog, and being just then occupied with some other matters, I laid it down on a table, on which was also standing an electric machine. The frog was in no way in contact with the conductor of the machine, but was at considerable distance. One of my assistants, by mere accident, touched with his scalpel the crural nerve of the frog, and instantly the lower muscles contracted as if they had been suddenly seized with tetanic convulsions. In the meantime, a lady, who happened to be present when they were making the experiments, noticed that the effect was only produced when a spark was drawn from the electrical machine. Amazed at the novelty of this circumstance, she hastened to inform me of what had taken place. I approached my scalpel to the crural nerve, and the phenomena were exhibited as described."

It appears from the records of the time that Galvani had been occupied with researches on the nervous system of frogs since 1772, and this new experiment was only a part of a long series of researches.

He went diligently to work to try to find a suitable explanation, and the favorite idea with him was the doctrine of animal magnetism, and that the living body was in fact an organic Leyden jar. We now know that the convulsions of the legs were due to the return shock produced by discharging the condenser, and that the frog's legs were merely a sensitive electroscope. Galvani repeated the experiment, using the electricity of the clouds during a thunderstorm, to effect the result.

One day, while engaged in pursuing the subject, he suspended a frog's leg, through which he had passed a copper hook over an iron balustrade, to see if the convulsions would not make their appearance, even without the presence of electricity in the air. He watched in vain for any manifestation, and becoming weary, hastily severed the member from the iron railing, thus producing close contact and a little friction—immediately the convulsions made their appearance. He repeated the experiment in a different form, and made the observation that convulsive movements were produced in the limbs of a frog recently killed, if brought into contact with two dissimilar metals, such as zinc and copper, which were themselves in contact. The experiment may be readily repeated in the following manner: Expose the crural nerve of a recently-killed frog, touch

it with a strip of zinc, and at the same time touch the surface of the thigh with one end of a bit of copper wire—the moment that the other end of the copper wire is made to touch the zinc, the limb is convulsed; but the convulsions cease when the two metals are separated from each other, though they are still in contact with the animal tissues. Each time that the zinc and copper are made to touch, the convulsion is renewed.

A live flounder laid upon a pewter plate, shows no particular sign of uneasiness; a silver spoon may also be laid upon its back without any apparent effect; but if the spoon be made to touch the pewter plate, while it rests on the fish, the animal becomes strongly convulsed.

If a piece of zinc and a silver coin be placed one above and the other under the tongue, no particular sensation is perceived so long as the two metals are kept separate, but if the silver and the zinc be allowed to touch each other, a peculiar tingling sensation or taste is experienced. And if the silver be placed between the upper lip and the teeth instead of under the tongue, each time that the two metals are brought into contact, not only will a taste be perceived, but a momentary flash of light will appear to pass before the eye. This experiment is now often resorted to for the detection of counterfeit money.

These phenomena we now know to be analogous to each other, and have an electrical origin; and by tracing them to this source, a branch of electrical science has gradually been developed, which in honor of its first discoverer has been termed galvanism. The term is applied to electricity which is set in motion by chemical action, and is usually developed by the contact of two dissimilar metals with a liquid.

Professor Galvani being a physiologist, and not a physicist, naturally sought an explanation of the phenomena in the vital economy, and insisted upon the necessity of animal bodies to the performance of the experiment. In this he was mistaken, but he contended stoutly for it with the scientific men of the day in which he lived, especially with Volta, who called the phenomenon "metallic electricity," instead of animal electricity.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

ORIGIN OF METEORS—Views differ widely as to the origin of meteors. All of them that have fallen on the earth are so much like our volcanic rocks, that Professor Ball, the Astronomer Royal, of Ireland, thinks they were driven up from our earth in the tremendous volcanic activity of a very remote past, and that they again, after the lapse of ages, meet the earth in its orbit. In passing through the atmosphere, shooting stars are burned and fall in dust upon the earth. Sometimes, however, they are so large when they reach the earth as to be very awkward to our inhabitants—for instance, in some parts of South America there was a bombardment of the region at one time, which would have been very destructive to life; the whole country being strewn with masses of meteorites often more than a ton in weight. The great showers of shooting stars are periodical; they come from the same parts of the heavens, and are supposed to have some connection with the comets; but meteorites are never known to come from the path of a comet.

EXPERIMENTS WITH SOLUBLE GLASS.—If a weak solution of oxalic acid is poured into a solution of silicate of soda (soluble glass) the two liquids do not commingle, as there is immediately formed a silicious layer of great resisting power, upon the upper side of which crystals of oxalate of soda are formed. Upon prolonging the experiment, the silicious layer becomes thick and strong, and yields hydrated silica harder than glass. Another experiment is to plunge a single crystal of sulphate of iron into a moderately concentrated solution of soluble glass contained in a tall test glass; presently shoots of deodritic crystals of silicate of iron will take root on the crystal, and grow like a tree to the top of the liquid, throwing out branches on every side as they ascend. The tree grows so rapidly that it can be projected on a screen by a magic lantern and followed with the eye. Acetic acid also decomposes silicate of soda, yielding a hydrated silicic acid which, on being washed and carefully dried, will yield a light product as white as snow.

INFLUENCE OF SOUND ON RAIN.—There is a popular impression, apparently sustained by actual observation, that the vibrations of the air occasioned by the sound waves, act upon the clouds and produce rain. Nearly every great battle has been followed by rainfall, sometimes so violent that the combatants have been obliged to desist. During the War of the Rebellion 86 per cent of the battles are said to have been followed by storms. That sound-waves are capable of exerting considerable force, is indicated by experience in the Alps, where great avalanches of snow have been caused to fall by the firing of a pistol. The Alpine guides, when passing a dangerous spot, observe the utmost silence, and forbid any singing or whistling. A writer in the Washington *Star* asserts that during eight years past there has been a thunderstorm at Washington every 4th of July, and a particularly violent one on the evening of that day twelve years ago. Whether this was an accidental coincidence or the effect of artillery firing, cannot be decided. It has been proposed to make experimental trials in times of drought, in order to test the question.

AN ALKALOID OF THE EGG.—The egg bile contains an alkaloid called neurine. It is usually prepared from the yolk by extracting with alcohol and ether, combining with platinum, separating by sulphuric acid and evaporating in a water bath. It is a colorless, syrupy, hygroscopic, alkaline liquid, which absorbs carbonic acid from the air, and is condensed into a carbonate. It is soluble in all proportions in water and alcohol. It has lately been used with good success in diphtheria, and deserves to be further studied.

A NEW GALVANIC PILE.—A galvanic pile, of which carbon is the active electrode, has been invented by Jablohkoff. The substances used to act on the carbon are fused potassium or sodium nitrate. The passive electrode is either platinum or iron. This pile gives a high electromotive force—between two or three times that of a Daniell. The new battery gives off an inconveniently large quantity of gas, but this the inventor proposes to utilize.

THE SKELETON OF A MAMMOTH.—The skeleton of a mammoth has just been found in Hanover, in some excavations which are being made for waterworks near the Ricklinger Beeke. The skull and one tusk have been brought to light, the latter having the circumference of a human leg. The fossils were found at a depth of 18 feet. Careful search is being conducted for other portions of the skeleton.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

DINNER A LA RUSH.—A meal in a city restaurant.

SNORING is now politely described as indulging in sheet music.

A BARBER in Lockport became dumb. He is now immensely wealthy

WHICH is the best of trees? A straight fir. Why? Because it is fir-strate

A MAN recently knocked down an elephant, a lion and a rhinoceros. He was an auctioneer.

WHY are actors like Arabs?—Because, previous to taking the road, they invariably look to their dates.

THE wife who is presented with a new waterproof by her husband exclaimed, "Water-proof of affection!"

GOOD PARTNERS AT CARDS.—A chimney-sweep and a bugler. One can follow soot, and the other can trumpet.

GOOD WAR STEED.—An irrepressible joker, in selling a horse said, "He's a good war steed; he'd sooner die than run!"

ROUGH.—A man who lately sent a communication to a newspaper, signed it "Æquitas"; but the signature came out, "A Quiet Ass."

THE NEW IDEA.—A little boy, sentenced to be whipped, said, "Very well; go ahead. All I ask is to take chloroform before you begin."

IT will never do to let women vote. They would die before election day, trying to find out the color of the other party's new ballots.

A NEVADA politician was elected on the merits of one single speech. All he said was, "Fellow-countrymen, follow me to yonder saloon!"

THE only difference between a cat and a comma is, that one has the claws at the end of the paws, while the other has the pause at the end of the clause.

FERRYMAN—"One penny, please, sir." *Yokel*—"Ain't got only a 'a'pny." *Ferryman*—"The charge is one penny." *Yokel* (who's tond of being on the river)—"Well, take me back again, then."

"DO YOU think, William," said Mrs Brown to her husband the other night, "that the telephone will ever be as generally used as the telegraph?" "Why, yes," replied Brown, "the time is coming when it will be as common to telephone as it seems to be now to tell—a fib."

A DANBURY boy was taken to task by his mother for striking a companion. She told him he must ask the forgiveness of the wronged one. He went up to him and whispered through his clinched teeth, "I've got to ask you to forgive me for hitting you, and you'd better speak right up at once that you do, or I'll give you something to remember." The victim spoke up.

MAKING GAME OF THE SPORTSMAN.

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